

The Arnewood Mystery

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

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

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

"Yes, I think so, with help. But it seems I must go through the formality of taking possession of Arnewood Hall in person. Grudger tells me there is a bidding clause to that effect in the title deeds; and, of course, I must comply with it. I sent for you, in fact, to ask you to accompany me."

"Most certainly. But are you fit to travel?"

"It is no distance, barely twenty-four miles, and there is a railway station within three miles of the house. I can manage it all right with your assistance. Indeed, I feel better already. The knowledge that you are with me seems to brace me up. I told Grudger that, in the event of your coming, we would all three travel down to Naas by the 12.15 train; so I've nothing to do but notify him that you are here. If you'll order breakfast, I'll try and share it with you in the next room. Meanwhile, perhaps you won't mind telling them to send some one to help me dress."

There was an attempt of briskness in his tone which the weak voice sadly belied. Nevertheless, I affected not to notice it, and proceeded to execute his orders with great show of alacrity. In the hall a short, stout man was talking to the porter. He turned his head at the sound of my voice. It was the mysterious "stranger."

CHAPTER XIV.

A Tell-Tale Check.

From the utterly uninterested look with which my late fellow traveler favored me, I felt pretty sure that he was not aware we had crossed the Channel together, nor did I affect to take the slightest notice of him. I simply ordered breakfast for two, and a valet for No. 8, as requested. Then I became interested in time-tables and play-bills, wondering the while what the stout man was trying to explain to the hall porter. This latter functionary looked extremely perplexed, not to say distressed, but kept on shaking his head as though resolved that nothing should extract an affirmative reply from him. His questioner, with an impatient shrug, went toward the hotel office, as though to pursue his inquiries there, but suddenly changed his mind, turned upon his heel and walked out into the street.

"Beg pardon, your honor," said the hall-porter to me, in an apologetic tone, "but as you're a friend of the Captain's, maybe you'll tell him there's another of them wanting to see him. My orders to say he's not here at all (except) to your honor and the lawyers, but this chap wouldn't take that for an answer. He's as good as told me I was a liar; but in the end, he said he'd call again in the afternoon."

"Did he leave no name or message?"

"Never a one, sir; except that his business was very important."

"Very well," I said. "I'll let Captain Arnewood know. Meanwhile, you stick to your orders."

"Trust me for that, sir," he rejoined, grimly. "Shure, it's paid I am to tell lies to order."

I was agreeably surprised to see what an improving effect a careful toilet (or was it, really, the result of my arrival?) had produced upon the Captain's appearance. Weak, he certainly was; indeed, he could scarcely walk without help. But the hopeless, weary-to-death look had given place to something approaching animation. Coffee and dry toast were all I could persuade him to touch; and he nibbled and sipped while I did ample justice to a first-rate breakfast. I kept up as lively a conversation as possible during the meal, but when the things had been cleared and we had our cigars fairly under way, I deemed the opportunity a good one to deliver the hall-porter's message, adding thereto a very careful description of the inquirer.

I could not refrain from a deep drawn sigh of relief. Suddenly and pointedly as I had sprung the very marked peculiarities of the man upon the Captain, he evinced not the faintest sign of recognizing him.

"I haven't the least idea who the fellow can be," he remarked, carelessly; "but I may tell you that ever since the news of my succession to Arnewood has become known, relatives to the tenth degree and hangers-on of the family of all sorts are (as I understand) hunting for me everywhere. Hence, my orders to the hotel people are to deny all knowledge of my whereabouts."

This was as plain and satisfactory as any statement could well be, but I naturally intensified my desire to find out the identity of the stranger and the name of his employer. And I think my heart beat a little faster than usual when I reflected that if I could but satisfactorily ferret out either of these secrets, the key to the solution of the great Arnewood Mystery would be in my hands.

"I should very much like you to see the man," I rejoined, "even though you do not recognize him from my description. It may be you would remember having seen him at some time or other, and I may as well tell you that I attach the utmost importance to finding out who he is."

"In connection with the murder?"

"Yes," I assented. "I have reason to believe he could throw some light on it if he chose."

"Then you must yourself know something of the fellow?" he urged, eagerly. "You have, at all events, seen him before?"

"He answers very exactly to the description of an individual who inquired for you at your London club, and who certainly traveled by the mail last night from Euston. More than this, I scarcely felt justified in saying at present, because I have, after all, nothing but a description to go upon, and I might be quite wrong in my conjectures."

"You have made me feel quite anxious to see him, and as you suggested just now, I may possibly be able to identify him. I certainly think I shall tell the people here to show him up, should he change his mind and call again before we start."

Of this proposal I expressed my entire approval, and the necessary instructions were accordingly given. Our conversation then became somewhat embarrassing to me, for the reason that Captain Arnewood would insist upon harping upon the subject of his unknown visitor, and pushed me very hard to reply to all his questions with telling him everything. This I could not make up my mind to do. He was of too excitable a temperament (especially in his then overstrained nervous state) to be entrusted with so trying a secret. He would be unable, I felt sure, to keep it to himself, even if he did not go to the length of once invoking police aid to effect his visitor's arrest. Now, anything like premature action of this sort would infallibly ruin my plan to entrap Blogg and the stranger in the old house in Rodney Avenue. So I had to parry the questions as best I could, and saw plainly that he was but poorly satisfied with my explanations. I was right down glad when a sharp rapping at the door eased the situation.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Captain, with a glance of eager curiosity toward the door. We, naturally, both expected the earlier visitor.

No greater contrast could well have been found than the tall, slim, yellow-mustached, blue-eyed, well-bred young man who entered a moment later.

"How do you do, Dick?" was his greeting, spoken in the leisurely manner characteristic of idle men. "Not looking very bright, I must say. London evidently, don't agree with you, old fellow, and the sooner you settle down to your new life at Arnewood, the longer you'll live to enjoy it."

The look of expectation upon Captain Arnewood's face had been succeeded by one of barely concealed annoyance upon the entrance of the newcomer. But the calm assurance of the latter's introductory remarks—so utterly at variance with the invalid's own convictions—seemed to irritate him exceedingly.

"London agrees with me well enough," he answered, testily. "It is this confounded place that is killing me. As to living at Arnewood Hall, I'd rather inhabit a garret in the Seven Dials! So soon as ever I can get through the absurd formalities which the lawyers say are so essential, I'll either shut up the house or let it. I've told you so before."

"I know you have," was the rejoinder, "but it never occurred to me to believe you were in earnest. In fact, I don't see how you possibly can be in earnest. It's just a whim that has come over you, and I mean to cure you of it."

"See here, Philip," said the Captain, with frigid distinctness. "I wish you to understand that my mind is quite made up on that point, and that I shall regard any further reference, on your part as to my future movements as an unwarrantable liberty. Moreover, I am engaged upon business of the utmost importance, and cannot just at present spare time for discussion of any sort. The gentleman with me is my London agent, Mr. Weston. Mr. Weston, this is my kinsman, Mr. Philip Blake."

There was little to choose between us for coldness in acknowledging this introduction. Mr. Blake probably regarded me as an interloper, while I most certainly felt prejudiced against him for irritating my client. We merely bowed.

"Oh, bother business, Dick!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Fancy a man who has just come into ever so many thousands a year, bothering about business!"

"My business with Mr. Weston does not concern the thousands a year," rejoined Captain Arnewood, drily.

"What! Still worrying about that Soho affair? What's the use, I dare say it's quite the correct thing for you to offer rewards and stir up the police, but why worry about a dead man? You never even saw? You can't bring him back to life!"

"No; but I may do him the tardy justice of bringing his murderer to the gallows."

"Ah, well! You were always a romantic sort of fellow," remarked Mr. Blake, with a half-pitying shrug of his shoulders. "I hope you'll succeed in hanging the brute, if you think you'll feel the better for it. Meanwhile, does it occur to you that the day after tomorrow will be Christmas Day, and that, if you don't show up at Arnewood for the silly old festival, there'll be something like an insurrection among the tenantry?"

Captain Arnewood looked by no means pleased in having his hand forced in this manner. "Mr. Blake," he said, turning towards me, "refers to an old family tradition which makes it out to be an extremely unlucky event for everyone connected with the place, should the Squire be absent from the Hall at Christmas. But," he added, with a marked pause upon the pronouns, "as you and I are going down there to-day, the claims of superstition will be amply satisfied."

Mr. Philip Blake ignored the emphasized pronouns completely. "The deuce you are!" was his comment. "Then I'll go, too!"

I pitied Captain Arnewood. His visitor's persistence evidently annoyed him extremely, and yet he seemed to lack the moral courage to assert himself. He shifted uneasily upon his chair and signalled me plainly to leave the room. Of course, I did so, upon some half-muttered excuse, allowing them a quarter of an hour to arrive at an understanding, and then returned. I noticed, as I entered, that my client's

check-book was lying open upon a writing table.

"Well, ta-ta for the moment, old fellow," said Mr. Blake, apparently accepting my reappearance as a signal for leave-taking. "If I'm anywhere near Broadstone I'll see you off, Good-day, Mr.—er—Watson."

There was a poorly-veiled insolence in the man's tone that convinced me the mistake in my name was intentional, and I am slow at pocketing an affront.

"Should you ever have occasion to address me again," I retorted, "be good enough to remember that my name is Weston."

He looked at me as though about to complicate matters by an angry rejoinder, but suddenly seized his hat and quitted the room.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Captain Arnewood—but he offered no further explanation, and I was left to form my own conclusions for my abrupt dismissal and the presence of the check book upon the table.

Once more I felt myself upon the horns of an awkward dilemma. I had been sent away, and, during my absence, Philip Blake had received a check. This much seemed quite clear. But why had this check been given to him? Was it merely the usual sop thrown to a hard-up kinsman by the head of the family? Or was it—blackmail! There are times when one has to decide upon a prompt course of action at a moment's notice. This was no exception. Fair or unfair, good form or bad, I deemed it essential that I should know something more about that check, and my instant thought was to examine the counterfoil. This I did, under pretext of handing the check-book to its owner. The last check was drawn in favor of Richard Blake, Esq., or Bearer, for £850. And this was the exact amount payable to Blogg by the stranger, on behalf of his employer, four days later, in Rodney Avenue!

As I understand, then, Mr. Blake will not accompany us to Arnewood?" I asked, with an effort to appear unconcerned.

"Thank Heaven, no!" he again ejaculated. "I have enabled him to hide over a difficulty he has got into in London, and he leaves for the Metropolis to-night, or, at latest, to-morrow. The dearest wish of my heart is that I may never see him again."

There was no mistaking the bitter sincerity of either the words or the tone that expressed them; and, little subject as I am to emotional weakness, my heart went out to him in very pith of his misery. And then there came upon me, as though by inspiration, a revelation of my duty. I was no brief counsel defending a prisoner on trial for his life, and justified in taking almost any measures to achieve that end. I was the paid agent of a client, and my mission was to unravel a mysterious murder. Evidence had, more or less indirectly, throughout, tended to incriminate my client himself; and now came the utterly convincing check, obviously paid under pressure. In the face of this I could no longer feel any confidence in my client's innocence. The time had come for an explanation with Richard Arnewood.

"Captain Arnewood," I said, very earnestly, "you are in some heavier trouble than you have deemed it expedient to confide in me, and I am compelled to form an opinion as to what that trouble is."

"Are you, Mr. Weston?" he echoed, with a poor, wistful attempt at a smile. "Why?"

"The lawyers cannot be here for another half-hour. Do you think you are well enough to hear all that I know—and suspect—about your cousin's death?"

"Yes!" he answered, with almost startling force. "That is precisely what I want to learn: what you know, and (above all) what you suspect?"

I looked at him, more puzzled than ever by his strange changes of humor. Expectancy—eager expectancy—was all I could read in his face. My task was not a very lengthy one, as I had merely to superadd what I had previously supposed to what he already knew. He only once interrupted me, with a request for some brandy, while I was speaking of Billy's adventure in Rodney Avenue. I paused at the incident of my dismissal from the room in favor of Mr. Blake.

"Well?" he interjected, passing his hand several times across his forehead.

"There is little more to be said, Captain Arnewood," I rejoined, "except that, unless you can satisfy me that the check you gave your relative had no reference to the case entrusted to me, I must ask you to place it in other hands. I have seen the counterfoil in your check-book!"

The unhappy man started to his feet, but fell back, limp and helpless, in his arm chair. One look he gave me—a look of such wild horror, that I shall never forget it—and then he seemed to double up on the chair and from it slip to the floor. I sprang forward to raise him just as two gentlemen entered, in one of whom I recognized Mr. O'Flynn.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the latter. "Another fit! Is it? Sure, it's lucky they sent Dr. Redwood with me! Do you think he'll manage the 12.15 train, doctor?"

"No," replied the doctor, gravely, after a careful examination of the prostrate form. "Captain Arnewood will raise him just as two gentlemen entered, in one of whom I recognized Mr. O'Flynn."

"Did anyone ever hear the like?" groaned the confidential clerk. "Another of 'em cut off at a moment's notice, without so much as a 'by your leave'! Is it sure you are, doctor, that he'd dead entirely?"

"Quite sure," was the convincing reply. "But, although I have several times attended the deceased gentleman, I am not prepared to certify the cause of death. There has been some other general weakness. You should at once notify the coroner, Mr. O'Flynn."

"This is deplorable, of course, the effect of expelling us from the chamber

CHAPTER XV.

News of the Newsmen.

For some moments Mr. O'Flynn and I stood staring at the doctor in speechless surprise. Was it, indeed, true that another heir to the fateful Arnewood succession had been stricken down ere he had fairly entered into his inheritance?

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of death, and I accompanied the head clerk to the solicitor's office, where we found Mr. O'Brien upon the point of starting for the Sherborne Hotel to pick up his client. A clean-shaven, portly, hard-featured man, little likely to be upset by even a sudden death. Nor was he. He simply removed his overcoat, issued such instructions as the occasion demanded, and expressed regret that my mission should have such an abrupt termination.

"Oddly enough," he remarked, "Captain Arnewood had a strange foreboding of impending death, which he seemed to think your presence would somehow avert. He was, nevertheless, prepared for the worst, and only yesterday signed a codicil to his will, which I drew up at his request. I may, without indiscretion, inform you that this codicil provides for the payment of the reward as well as of all inquiry fees, and I may congratulate you upon a bequest of one thousand pounds to Ralph Weston, Esquire, as a mark of personal esteem." My late client thought very highly of you."

"You astounded me!" I exclaimed. "My acquaintance with Captain Arnewood was so brief that such a bequest is absolutely bewildering!"

"No reason for declining it when the will is proved," was the dry rejoinder. "May I ask whether you see any hope of a speedy termination of the Soho affair?"

"Impossible to say at present," I replied, guardedly; "but I must, if possible, be back in London within four days."

"Nothing to prevent you, as far as the inquiry is concerned, from returning to-morrow. You will merely have to give evidence as to the death in your presence. The doctors will do the rest."

I was not so sure of that. Dr. Redwood's opinion had not been a reassuring one, and it was bound to carry great weight in the inquiry. Almost certainly I would be cross-questioned as to the subject-matter of our conversation immediately preceding death. And how could I bring myself to make admissions that would besmirch my unfortunate patron's memory with almost obvious complicity in a terrible crime? It was not only that he had been throughout a model client; it was not that he had made a handsome posthumous provision in my favor. As a man of the world, these facts could not fail to enlist my sympathies on his behalf, living or dead. But, quite apart, I had an underlying belief against the weight of evidence and my own judgment that Richard Arnewood had been guiltless of his cousin's blood; and, for once in a way, I resolved to obey instinct rather than reason.

Mr. O'Brien looked at me curiously, and the hard, stern face gradually softened.

"See here, Mr. Weston," he resumed. "I have no wish to pry into your affairs, but your manner leaves me under the impression that you do not exactly court an inquiry into the decease of Captain Arnewood."

"Sir," I exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"No harm, I assure you," he rejoined, placing a friendly hand upon my arm. "The position is simple enough. For many generations the Arnewoods have been valued clients of our firm, and we would go very far, indeed, to save the old family name from the breath of scandal. Do you follow me?"

"Scarcely," I answered. "Surely no scandal attaches to the sudden demise of a man known to be suffering from disease of the heart?"

"You are fencing with me, Mr. Weston. This was so true that, had he spoken with even a trace of sarcasm in his tone, I should have retorted hotly. But his words were uttered in such kindly fashion that I could not.

"Will you please tell me exactly what you would suggest?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I will. Let me compliment you, also, upon your use of the word 'suggest.' It exactly fits the case. What I would suggest, then, is, that you have ascertained more about the facts of the so-called Soho Mystery than you have yet made public."

"Well, admitting that, what more?"

"That—were Captain Arnewood still alive—you would, say, dissuade him from pursuing the inquiry, with the same zeal as heretofore, lest results disastrous to the family name should ensue."

"Were he alive, I should simply obey his instructions," I replied. "I could scarcely offer advice implying a doubt of his own innocence, especially as I am convinced that he had no hand or part in the death of his cousin."

Mr. O'Brien gave a deep sigh of relief.

"Your words take a load off my mind," he said, earnestly. "The fact is that Captain Arnewood's manner had been so strange, ever since that terrible affair, and his references to it so mysterious, I was driven to conclude he was somehow mixed up in it. I even ventured to hint as much once, and was by no means favorably impressed by his incoherent reply. The reward I came to regard as merely a herring across the trail. In short, I have been in daily dread of some awful exposure, and my anxiety has been fully shared by my partner. May I take it that no real cause exists for this anxiety, as regards our late client?"

"I hope so, and believe so," I replied, still strong in my conviction that Richard Arnewood was innocent, despite appearances. "But, even should it prove otherwise, would you ask me to spare the guilty living in order to shield the memory of the possibly guilty dead?"

"God forbid, Mr. Weston!" exclaimed the old lawyer, energetically. "The utmost I intended to ask of you was that, should the evidence in your possession point to my late client as the instigator (if not the actual perpetrator) of Luke Arnewood's murder, you will refrain from publishing the disgraceful fact to the world. Captain Arnewood has passed beyond the jurisdiction of any earthly tribunal, and no good could result from branding his name with infamy. But if, as your words imply, others than he were guilty, you are, I think, bound by every consideration of duty and honor to bring them to the bar of justice."

(To Be Continued.)

Champagne.

It is asserted that the wine cellars of France contain champagne enough to supply the world's demand for three years—nearly 150,000,000 bottles.

Dairy Notes.

It surprises western men to see how little interest eastern farmers and dairymen take in the associations for dairy advancement. Some of the old states seem hardly to support any kind of a dairy association. It was not very many years ago that the New York Dairymen's association was almost a minus quality. Its meetings were so slimly attended that it could be considered in no sense representative of the dairy interests of the state. But within the last three years there has been quite an improvement in the attendance at the meetings of this association. Recently a dairy convention was held by the Pennsylvania Dairy Union at which it is reported that the attendance was discouragingly light. One would suppose that in the older states the people would long since have learned the lessons of the value of organization.

The great dairy exhibit in Russia may mean a good deal to dairy interests of other countries. The Russian government includes in its purposes a good deal of socialism, and may be depended on to exert itself to greatly encourage any infant industry. If it takes hold of dairying it will give the producers of dairy goods advantages not only of transportation but of cold storage and inspection. It is easy to imagine that the Russian government, by reason of its absolute power, could place Russian dairy products in such a high place in the markets of Europe that even Danish products would be hardly able to compete. It is able to make the inspection of all export goods so close that a man finding Russian butter on the London market could say: "We know this butter to be pure and of good quality."

The apathy of the general farmer on dairy matters is regrettable. It is manifested continually and in nearly all parts of the country. The recent dairy convention held at Mason City, Iowa, devoted one whole day to the discussion of topics relating to dairying on the farm, yet the attendance by local farmers was almost nothing. We have seen the same thing illustrated in the case of other associations. We have seen dairy conventions held in populous farming communities and the only attendance was that from abroad. On the other hand the writer has attended conventions at which the whole community turned out. We fear that one reason why farmers do not attend these conventions is a misunderstanding as to the object of these conventions. In every case the meeting should be thoroughly advertised and the farmers urged to attend. They should be impressed with the idea that the dairymen's association is not a sort of trust.

It now seems likely that the movement to secure the passage through congress of a law increasing the tax on all oleomargarine to ten cents will be abandoned. The sentiment throughout the country was strongly against it, and even many agriculturists and dairymen refused to uphold the movement. The putting of a tax of ten cents per pound on colored oleomargarine is a different thing, and this bill will be pushed. But before the bill for the heavy taxing of colored oleomargarine is put through, an attempt will be made to pass another bill far-reaching in its effects. This bill will provide that as soon as any package of food reaches one state from another it shall be subject to the police powers of the state in which it is found, irrespective of whether it is in an original package or not. This will set at naught the "original package" decisions, which have so long proved an obstacle in the way of enforcing the laws against adulterated and prohibited food products. The friends of dairy progress will be glad at this change in the plans of the National Dairy Union, for it increases very greatly the chances of success.

Rancid Butter in New Zealand.

New Zealand has a law, recently enacted in the interest of honest dairy products, says Breeders' Gazette. One clause provides that "in every case where dairy produce is condemned by an inspector, he shall at the cost and expense of the owner, cause the same to be removed to boiling down works, soap works, or other place where such produce shall be so treated as to be absolutely unfit for human consumption." Evidently they are far behind the times in New Zealand. In this country our "axle grease" is renovated and made into "process butter" and sold without let or hindrance as pure, fresh butter. This is the up-to-date way. But a little of the old-fashioned honesty behind the New Zealand law would be gladly welcomed here. All efforts to secure the sale of imitation goods on their merits encounter the determined opposition of the manufacturers and vendors of the substitutes and courts are lending themselves to construction of the law which render its plain provisions inoperative.

Properly Ripened Cream.—A properly ripened cream has a thick, but even and smooth appearance, a ladle dipped into it, the cream will drop off without streaks, the casein is precipitated in minute particles, and to the taste it is mildly acid with a certain piquant aroma, which later is imparted to the butter, and which is especially in the English market—highly appreciated.—Ex.

Every bacterium that is in the milk when it leaves the stable will multiply twenty-three times in two hours at a temperature of 95 degrees; 215 times in four hours, and 3,800 times in six hours. But if the milk is cooled to 55 degrees they will multiply only four times in two hours, eight times in four hours and 435 times in six hours; while if chilled in ice they will hardly increase at all.—J. H. Monrod.

A Considerable Difference.

Waglip—What is the difference between a modern manufacturing establishment and a clock?
Tullip—I can't see it.
Waglip—In a clock, when the hands are busy the works strike; but in a factory where the works are busy the hands strike.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Artificial Sight.

An inventor has perfected an electrical appliance, which he claims will enable the blind to see. This will bring much happiness to those who have defective eyesight. Another great discovery which will bring happiness to those whose stomachs have become deranged, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a certain cure for indigestion, dyspepsia, malaria, fever and ague.

Optimism and Pessimism.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?
Pa—An optimist enjoys a thing he can't like, and a pessimist likes a thing he can't enjoy.—Chicago Daily News.

"Do Not Burn the Candle

At Both Ends."

Don't think you can go on drawing vitality from the blood for nerves, stomach, brain and muscles, without doing something to replace it. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nerve, mental and digestive strength by enriching and vitalizing the blood. Thus it helps overworked and tired people.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Far Beyond His Years.

A couple of diminutive newboys, both white, got into a scrap at the corner of Tenth street and Pennsylvania avenue the other night. They were about a size, but they weren't evenly matched by a large number of points. The kid that had the science pummelled the other to a standstill, then picked up his papers from where he had thrown them and walked off. The licked boy dug his hands into his pockets and surveyed his papers, lying on the pavement, thoughtfully. A man who had witnessed the scrap walked up and said:

"Well, you got it right that time, my son."

The kid looked up, spat, pulled his hands out of his pockets, picked up his papers and said, philosophically:

"Aw, wot 'ell. It'll be all one in a hundred years."

Then he plodded on like a little man, ready to take up the white man's burden all over again.—Washington Post.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

The Whistler and His Load.

A young business man says he was taking a stroll on a recent Sunday, when he heard somebody gaily whistling. It was on a quiet East End street, and he was astonished at the careless levity of the act.

Then he recognized the tune. It was "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night."

He turned around and looked for the whistler.

It was a young fellow driving an undertaker's wagon, and he had a load. And the observer couldn't help but think it was decidedly suggestive.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Behind Their Backs.

"You have moved three times this winter?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, with a sigh. "It was a dreadful lot of work, but we had to do it. We have had so much trouble with servants. When I discharged them they got angry, and when Charley discharged them they just laughed. So the only thing to do was to wait until their afternoons out and move to another neighborhood."—Washington Star.

Britain's Coast Guard.

Once every twenty-four hours, the year round, coast guardsmen complete a circuit of the British coast, and, being ever wary and ready, the finding of contraband is practically impossible. In the event of Jack seeing smugglers, he would "tap" his bottle of blue lights, and the result of such a signal would be the rallying of all the seamen from the coast guard stations for miles.—Pearson's Magazine.

Passing It On.

"The Buddhists have a fine idea concerning gifts."

"What is it?"

"Why, if I give Jones an umbrella I have paid Brown for the box of cigars he gave me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rosenbaum—Mein gaealous, yust dink of der wedding expenses dot I saved py id!

An Easy One.

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher.

"The Buddhists have a fine idea concerning gifts."

"What is it?"

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An Adage Punctured.

"John, when you are very angry, count 100 before you speak."

"Fiddsticks! When I'm mad I can't count, and I can't speak."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Resemblance.

"Spanish prisoners in the Philippine islands remind me of some base ball players," said Mr. Penn to Mr. Pitt.

"In what way?"

"They are getting their release."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Juvenile Diagnosis.

Grandma—And weren't you homesick, Ethel, when you were sailing away on the wide ocean?

Ethel—No, ma'am; I didn't get homesick, but my stomach did.

Quite a Sufficiency.

Walter—Have a spoon, sir?
Guest—No; I've eaten all I care for, thank you.—Judge.