

The Arnewood Mystery

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

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

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

"Such as my own opinion, also," I rejoined, "and I am very glad to have it so authoritatively indorsed. I trust to have two of the culprits under lock and key within less than a week, providing I am not detained through the inquest."

"That will mainly depend upon the evidence you may give," he remarked, with a volume of dry meaning in his tone. "Perhaps, less said the better in this particular case. You may be sure that neither the coroner nor jury will be anxious to prolong the inquiry during Christmas week."

"I understand," I said, "and shall say as little as possible. Many thanks, Mr. O'Brien, for your timely advice."

Subsequent events fully confirmed the old lawyer's forecast, so far, at least, as I was concerned. My evidence was as terse and brief as I could make it. I was an inquiry agent, employed by deceased to probe the mystery of his cousin's violent death. I was explaining to him the results of my inquiries so far, when he suddenly fell back in his chair and expired. Was the nature of my statements such as to cause unusual excitement? Yes; more so as deceased took a very strong personal interest in the matter. Had I formed any opinion as to the cause of death? Knowing deceased to have a weak heart, and judging from the suddenness of his demise, I at once attributed it to heart disease. I was heckled a little as to the imprudence of unduly exciting a person so afflicted; but there my share in the matter ended, and I was absolved from further attendance, subject to recall at a day's notice.

The medical evidence was, however, by no means so easily disposed of. Two doctors who had previously attended deceased, expressed no surprise at the suddenness of the death. Dr. Redwood, on the other hand, insisted that death had been accelerated by means of some drug having a specific action upon the heart. The coroner sided with him; and the inquiry was adjourned for ten days to admit of an exact analysis of the remains.

This was how the matter stood two days after my departure for London and upon the eve of the meeting arranged between James Blogg and the stranger at the corner of Gower Street Avenue. Of the stranger I had neither heard nor seen anything more. He had not again called at the Shelburne Hotel, finding his mission probably frustrated by Captain Arnewood's death.

Mr. Philip Blake had taken the demise of his relative with characteristic coolness. Greatly to my surprise, he had entirely changed his hostile attitude towards me, and had even gone the length of tendering a sort of half-apology for his previous incivility. He had done his utmost to check the inquiry, but the inquest, which he described as "a bit of a bore," but, nevertheless, called upon to appear, he had stated quite frankly his motive for seeking a private interview with deceased as his pressing need of a check, which the latter had given him. This was, of course, a wise admission, because the counterfoil bore his name and had passed into the hands of the law officers. Incidentally, it had also supplied the only diverting incident in the dreary inquiry. He had, he informed the coroner, cashed the check in question almost immediately, or, at all events, before news of Captain Arnewood's demise had reached the National Bank; and this instance of smartness had half-amused the jury. To me, of course, the incident had conveyed a deeper meaning. In conjunction with the disappearance of the stranger, it seemed to intimate some connection between the latter, Mr. Philip Blake, James Blogg and the two dead Arnewoods.

Such, then, was the position upon Dec. 26th, the evening of the fateful meeting which, if I played my cards aright, and with ordinary luck, seemed destined to solve the mystery of Luke Arnewood's death. But I had yet to decide upon a plan of action. With Billy as guide, it would, doubtless, be easy enough to effect an entrance into the house, either before or after the arrival of the confederates. I had to take into account, however, that I should have two men to deal with, both probably armed and sure to offer a desperate resistance to capture. That I had no legal right to seize them, no matter how compromising their interview, was a detail I intended to ignore; but I could not ignore the fact that I would be helpless single-handed. To whom could I apply for help?

Once more the name of Inspector Traill suggested itself. I had but to see him and the difficulty would be at an end. But again I revolved at the idea of seeing the fruits of my labors carried off by Scotland Yard. As a very last resource, I might have to fall back upon Traill; but I vowed it should only be when all other means should fail me.

I might hire the services of a couple of prize-fighters or bullies; but even they would perhaps draw back when they realized that burglarious entry of a house formed part of the job, and any hesitation on the part of my assistants might ruin all my plans.

While I was puzzling over this awkward detail, I stumbled across a dirty-looking letter addressed to me, which I had somehow overlooked. It was from the little news vendor, and ran as follows:

"Honored Sir:— Hoping this will reach you in time as I have important news to tell you. It shows Tom and I can find him any time but not after tomorrow."

Honored Sir, hoping to see you at the Crown and Scepter, Barrow Street, Clerkenwell, any time between 6 and 8 tonight Thursday. If I don't see you I will pay my respect tomorrow. Your servant to command,

"Sam Nobbs."

I at once decided upon visiting the Crown and Scepter, though I did not

wholly believe the newsman's statement that he could find Tom "any time." Still, he probably had a clue to his whereabouts, and would follow it up all the better for a little active co-operation on my part.

So I went, and lucky for me it was that I did so.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sam Nobbs Visits a Show.

The Crown and Scepter, despite its pretentious sign, proved to be a very small affair, indeed, in the way of public houses—a mere beer-shop, in fact. But, as I was not visiting it for purposes of refreshment, that mattered nothing; indeed, it augured well as indicating a healthy preference, on the part of my emissary, for beer over rum. He had established himself, perhaps, in honor of my expected advent, in a little den labeled "Private Bar," and there I found him in full enjoyment of a pipe and a pint of mild-and-bitter. Four-ale, he understood, is infra dig, even in beer-house private bars.

"Thank 'eaven, you're come, sir," was his greeting. "They're off to-morrow. We'll just be in nice time for a look-in, if we starts now."

This was not a very clear introduction, but the Crown and Scepter was scarcely a suitable spot for explanations, and so I bade him finish his beer and accompany me outside.

"Have we far to go?" I inquired.

"Nigh upon two miles, sir," was the reply. "Away up the Hampstead Road, beyond the Canal. But we've time enough to walk it—without you'd rather drive?" he added, suggestively.

"No, I'd rather walk," I rejoined, "a part of the way, at all events. I can hear what you have to say better. Now, tell your story in your own fashion, but cut it as short as you can."

"Right 'ere, sir," he assented, "more specially as there ain't a great deal to tell arter all. Well, y' see, I kept on the prow around Clerkenwell, with a bit of King's Cross and the Euston Road thrown in, but nary sight could I get of my man until I spotted him on Christmas eve, near Gower Street Station. It was nearly dark, with a bit of fog besides, and I couldn't feel quite sure of him until I overtook him in the Hampstead Road. Even then, though I knowed I wasn't mistaken in the lobsided figure and shuffling walk of the man, I was well-nigh choked when I seed his face. You know, sir, as well as I do, that whatever might be said about Tom Webb's boozin', no one could ever mistake him for a fill-of. Well, the face of the man I'd been followin' was just that of a mad 'un. Not a glimmer of sense nor understandin' in the fishy eyes, and a set grin, that had no lark in it, on the half-open, dribbling mouth. It was Tom Webb, right enough, but more like a bloomin' caricature, such as I sells in the 'alfpenny comics, than the genuine article."

"Hello, mate," says I, slappin' him on the shoulder, friendly-like, "what on earth?"

"Tom looked at me, and, for half a minute I thought he knew me. But he didn't. He only grinned and mumbled somethin' about the fog gettin' worse. Then, seeing as how he disappeared the night of the great fog last month, this seemed a good line to follow."

"Yes, it's coming on a bit thicker, mate," I tells him, "but 'twon't be anything like what we had five weeks ago. A regular bad 'un that war."

"The grin died away, and with a queer, fibberin' moan, he slunk off as fast as he could. Of course, I followed him."

"Just as we got past the canal bridge, he stopped short and rounded on me. 'Who are you?' he asked, jerkin' out the words like. 'Why are you a-dogging my steps?'"

"Well, I'm your old pal, Sam Nobbs," says I, quietly. "And I'm a-dogging your footsteps, as you calls it, to find out where you're goin' to, Tom Webb."

"The names 'ad just the same effect on him as when I first spoke to 'im. He seemed to know 'em for an instant, and then to forget 'em again."

"You can if you like, of course," says he, and your friends, too. There's no half-price, though, except nine on Saturday nights."

"All right, mate," says I, "no bloomin' 'alf-price for me. Front seat and no favor's my motto." Of course, I hadn't the least idea what he was drivin' at, 'cept that it seemed to be about a show of some sort he was goin' to. But when you've one of the cranky sort to deal with, 'tain't no manner of use tryin' to make 'im speak out plain. You've just got to 'umour 'im and wait."

"Well, sir, Tom seemed satisfied with my reply, and we walked on together to a piece of buildin'-ground that wasn't yet sold, and was let now and then to caravans and small circuses-folk. There was a tent rigged up, and I soon guessed this was the show Tom and me was to patronize; but I was a bit took back when I heard that Tom belonged to the show himself. It took some time to get at the bottom of all that he told me; but in the end, I made out that he was employed as the money-taker and to look after the 'gof and books generally. It seemed a bit stagerin', just at first, to find a poor, barmy cove like Tom with a job like this; but when you come to think of it, it figures out all right. Tom is a first-rate scholar, and a dab at figures, fit, mebbe, to keep the books of a bank. He's as honest as a sheep-dog, as anyone can tell. Also a bit barmy, well, ain't a barmy scholar better nor a wide-awake whong 'un? Anyhow, that's how the boss of the show 'pears

to have worked it out, and I don't see as he was very far wrong.

"I had to wait more than an hour before the show opened, and Tom left me when the lights began to be lit, to look after his tickets and passes. I asked him to have a drink at a pub across the road, but he rounded on me like an angry dawg. He said pubs was all cellar-flaps to perdition. It struck me as funny to hear Tom Webb say a thing like that, until I remembered he was barmy and didn't know no better. However, we had some coffee at a stall, and he swallowed it as though he was used to it. Ain't it awful, sir, wot a change madnass can bring about in a man?"

I could scarcely restrain a laugh at the little news vendor's quaint appeal. He was himself a goner fellow enough, who looked forward to his glass, at proper intervals, with relish. But, like thousands of his fellows, he had a profound contempt for the rigid teetotaler, and I deemed it no business of mine to discuss the point.

"I have heard of worse than a change of rum to coffee," I replied.

"But go on with your yarn."

"Well, sir, not caring much about coffee, myself, at a time when I usually has a 'alf-pint, I went across to the pub, and there, as I expected, I came across some of the show-people. Thinks I to myself, 'Sam Nobbs, you're a bloomin' 'tec, for the present, that's wot you are, an' you've got to go one or two better nor Sherlock Holmes, on this 'ere occasion. And I went 'em, too, sir, for all I was worth."

"I precious soon spotted the boss of the show, a fat, good-natured looking chap, as was standing drinks to a regular crowd of 'em. All his own people, though; and I found out as 'ow he always did it, afore openin', if business was anyway brisk. A rum-looking lot they was, too, mostly wrapped up in rugs or great-coats for to hide the fleshings they showed in. And that jolly, sir, it did one good to listen to 'em. Of course, as it was my game to get in with 'em, I watched my chance, and asked the clown to have a drink."

"Right you are!" says I. "Make it a 'alf, an' my 'ere will go halve 'er Dick's? Dick's our Strong Man, you know?"

"At first I thought he was joking, because the blanket-covered cove beside him was barely five feet high, and I laughed. So did the little 'un."

"Wot's this hold?" he asked, holding up a quart pewter.

"A quart," says I.

"Bet you a bob it won't," says he.

"Done," says I, wondering where the bob came in.

"He linked his two hands around the pewter, and a moment later handed a flattened-out piece of metal to the barman."

"You've got to get a quart into that, Jimmy!" he cried, shaking with laughter.

"Wot are yer givin' us?" said the barman, pretendin' to be out of the 'know.' 'How did this happen?'"

"Can't say for sartin', answers the little Strong Man, 'but I rather think the Stout Lady sat on it by mistake!'"

"Put-up job, sir? Well, I suppose it was, and had been worked on lots of other besides me. But I didn't see it in that way at the time, and I larfed fit to kill myself. After all, it only cost me the price of the beer, for cithers stood the racket of the pewter. The Stout Lady clipped in for a three of gin cold, though, before the boss took 'em all across the road to give the show. I went with them, and might easily have seen the performance free, if I'd wanted to. The boss invited me, and the Strong Man threatened to take me under his arm. But that warn't no Sherlock Holmes about that, and so I pays my bob to Tom Webb and sithers into my front seat, 'long with all the 'Amsted Road red tie and fancy veskit, but I reckon I held my own pretty middlin'." They ain't no class down that way.

"I kept on tellin' myself I warn't there to see the show, only, but for all that, I couldn't help enjoyin' some of the truns. However, as you'll see 'em for yourself presently, there ain't no occasion for me to tell you about 'em—except just one thing. That little Strong Man fairly fetched me, perhaps, 'cos I ain't built that way myself. Sir, he's only a little 'un, as I've told you, sir, but he's as strong as a cart-horse. And wot's more, he's a great pal of Tom Webb's."

"How'd? That redoubles my interest in 'im, Sam."

"Well, it's so, Mr. Weston. After the show was over, he waited ever so long for Tom (who was delayed somehow by his accounts), and they went off home together. From what I heard from some of the others, I think the Strong Man has a crippled brother, who is also a bit dotty, and that's why he and Tom are such pals."

"Did you have any further conversation with Tom himself?"

"Very little, sir. I couldn't get sight of him until just before he went off with the Strong Man, who gave me a pretty broad hint not to follow 'em home. I wanted to, but somehow I didn't care about riskin' a row with a chap who juggles with hundred-weights and breaks horse shoes in his fingers. So, with just a few words to Tom, that I thought might jog his dead-and-gone memory to life again if he thought them over, I wished 'em good-night, and promised to bring a pal or two to see the show some other night."

"You'll have to hurry up, then," says the Strong Man. "We're off in three days' time." From which I reckon to-night's about the last time they'll show in Hampstead Road. I don't know as I've anything more to tell you, sir."

"Very good, Sam," I remarked. "I think you've done your work smartly and well. All you've got to do now is to contrive some sort of introduction for me to your Strong Man, and leave me to manage the rest. Remain with me until I give you a hint to go, but, as soon as I do, clear out at once. Do you understand?"

"I'm fly, sir," was the reply. "I'm glad to make the rumnin', and drop out when we gets into the straight, leavin' you to finish alone—Right you are, sir!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Strong Man at Home.

Following his previous plan, the little news vendor took me first of all into the public house, where, however, on

this occasion, only four or five of the show people were assembled. One Fat once identified as the Strong Man, from his quaint build, while another proved to be the "boss" himself. They both greeted Sam cheerfully, and received me affably as a prospective patron of the entertainment. Nor had they any hesitation in accepting an invitation to join us in liquid refreshment, and we soon became quite friendly. I kept the conversation chiefly upon the topics most likely to interest them until I, so to speak, forced the card I wished upon the owner of the show. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are you in the 'pro' yourself?"

"No, not in the 'pro,' but I am a professional man for all that," I made answer. "I am very fond of not over-pretentious entertainments, such as I understand yours to be, as a relaxation from my serious work. But I am making a specialty of cases of mental derangement, or madnass, as it is commonly termed. That is, perhaps, why I do so greatly enjoy a little amusement in my leisure time."

Sam looked at me approvingly, in order, doubtless, to let me see he thoroughly appreciated the motive of this mis-statement. The other two exchanged glances which seemed to indicate that the bait had taken.

"Strange thing is madnass, sir," remarked the Strong Man, reflectively.

"Very strange," I assented, assuming an impressive, persuasive manner.

"A fall, a blow, or even a nervous shock, and the strongest brain may become a wreck. Fortunately, the subject is much better understood now than it used to be, and we are learning to distinguish between downright insanity and merely temporary mental aberration."

I was aiming all this heavy talk at the Strong Man, of course, and the result surpassed my expectations. He seized me by the hand, vowed it was allike an honor and a pleasure to meet a professor of my distinction, and begged, me almost plaintively to see him after the conclusion of the performance. To this request, after some affectation of hesitation, I assented, and we adjourned to the tents.

I would not hear of any free list, but as I did not wish to run any risk of premature recognition by Tom Webb, I made Sam take the tickets.

"You may clear as soon as you like when the show is over," I told him, slipping a sovereign into his ready hand. "See me in the morning."

"Right 'y' are, sir!" he replied, with a broad grin. "You've got the inner running, sir, and no mistake!"

A broad, clumsy compliment enough to my strategy, but it pleased me. It seemed to me that yet another veil was about to be removed from the great mystery.

The "truns" of the little show were, naturally not of a very interesting description, and I am afraid that even the Strong Man's feats, which so interested Sam, were not beyond suspicion as to exact avoidpoids. The entertainment had, at least, the merit of brevity. Within an hour it was over.

Sam forthwith disappeared, and I kept me waiting long, but explained that a dear friend of his, whom he particularly wished me to see, would be delayed perhaps a quarter of an hour. Would I do him the very great favor of accepting a glass of wine pending his friend's arrival? Of course, I assented, and he led me back to the inevitable pub, but this time into a more select "saloon-bar." Despite my protests, he insisted upon ordering champagne and sixpenny cigars; and when a man of this class does this, it either means that he is going to ask some favor of me, or that he wishes to show off. I lit the proffered cigar, took a sip of the wine, and waited for him to break the ice.

"See here, professor," he began, "I want you to understand from the start that I can't pay any very heavy fee for your advice, but so far as five pounds go, you're welcome to them if you'll only make it plain to me what I ought to do."

"Go on," I said, quietly.

"Well, sir, I've got to be living with me, and I've got to be very fond of some months ago he met with a bad accident. It nearly cost him his life, but I nursed him through, somehow. I'm afraid he'll be a bit soft to the end of his life, but that ain't the worst of it. Although he's fairly sensible in most things—not exactly 'all there,' but still understandin' most of what's goin' on—he remembers nothing of his past life before the accident came about him, not even his own name."

"That is a bit of a means uncommon result of severe injury to the brain," I remarked; "and, more often than not, the injured person imagines himself to be somebody else. But, pardon me, are you referring to the friend for whom we are waiting?"

"No," he replied, a little awkwardly. "Though, oddly enough, he's a bit crazy, too. A poor, harmless creature, whom I found, more than a month ago, half dead from cold and hunger, on Mitcham Common. I took him home with me, my friend took a fancy to him, and he stayed on with us. He is a first-rate scholar, and the boss finds him A1 at figures and looking after the takings, though he laughed at me at first for giving the poor chap food and shelter. I'd like to know, sir, what the Almighty gave me the strength of two ordinary men for, except to help those who can't help themselves?"

There was not the faintest trace of cant about the little giant. Every word he spoke rang clear and true, and I began to conceive a great respect for him.

"Quite right!" I assented, warmly. "And is the mental state of the second protegee as clouded as that of the other?"

(To Be Continued.)

Crocodiles for the Thames.

That much maligned reptile, the crocodile, is, in fact, a friend of man, although he tries—generally with success—to hide a sentiment of which perhaps he is ashamed as a weakness. He is an active sanitarian, his special line being the purification of rivers and bakes. With such a certificate of character before them, perhaps some of our river conservancies may be stimulated to secure the services of a few vigorous crocodiles. With these in our rivers and a sufficient supply of eels in our reservoirs and cisterns the difficult problem of water purification might be finally solved.—British Medical Journal.



Old-time valentines, with their lace paper and sentimental rhymes, have very nearly fallen into disuse. What little of their splendor remains has been relegated to the children. But if the tawdry types have been cast aside better things are offered in their place. If the poet is less heavy, entertainments of various sort flourish. Diners, luncheons, teas and dances are all chronicled for the fateful fourteenth, and suitable and significant favors and souvenirs are being sought and purchased by the score. Cupids, hearts, bows and arrows and lovers' knots make the favorite designs. One or more, if not all, are included in every list; but as jewels, precious metals, flowers, painting, fine needlework and ribbons all go to make up, there is considerable variety and a fine opportunity for the display of personal skill.

One dinner which is to precede a dance is to be pink in its decorations, and, as far as practicable, pink in its food, while its souvenirs and those of the cotillon, which will make the finale of the evening, have all been designed with the purpose of the day in view. In the center of the table is to be a huge heart of a France roses, while over it will be suspended a bisque Cupid, with bow stretched and arrow aimed.

Encircling the entire table will be smilax in a succession of hearts, each designed to mark off the space for a cover, and before each guest will be placed a menu card in heart-shape and a silken box of the same design, within which will be candied rose leaves, and which later can be made receptacles for jeweled pins. The ices will be pink, and in heart shape, and both candles and lamps will be provided with pink shades.

During the dance arrow pins will be presented to the men, and pins in a design of lovers' knots to the girls. Bunches of roses and boutonnières will be made the features of another figure; sachets, in heart shape, of a third, and calendars, painted upon water color paper, showing Cupid hovering over a mail box, for a fourth.

At a second dance, the invitations for which name an early hour, the dancing up to the supper hour will be general, but as each guest leaves the supper-room he or she will be required to draw from a bag containing sections of hearts. Upon each section will be written a part of some familiar and suitable quotation, one portion having been among those distributed to the women, the other among those given to the men. The two which shall match, making a perfect heart and a complete couplet, will designate partners, and when all have been matched the cotillon will begin.

Among the favors are to be bonbon boxes in heart shape, tiny Cupids, silver arrow pins, pink ribbon tied with true lovers' knots and engagement calendars made from a succession of hearts, each cut from water color paper and painted with suitable design.

After dinners and dances, card parties afford the greatest opportunity, and are in greatest demand. Among the younger set progressive hearts is much liked, and affords an excellent opportunity for the decorations and favors suited to the day.

One clever hostess has had her plans laid for some time. The large room in which the tables will be arranged is to be decorated with pink flowers and with smilax arranged in hearts and bowknots. On each table is to be placed a heart-shaped dish, in which will be bonbons, also in heart-shape and all pink. When the guests arrive each will be given a section of a paper heart, which exactly fits some other

There Was Sorrow There. The colonel halted his horse in front of a Dakota dug out and uttered a vigorous "Hello!" and after a minute a tow-headed girl of about sixteen years of age showed up and looked him over and said:

"Now, then, what ye whoopin' fur and who be ye?"

"Can I get anything to eat here?"

"Not a thing."

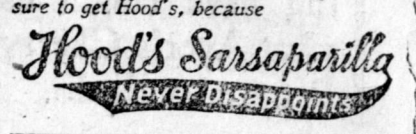
"Any water for my horse?"

Our Increased Trade With China. England can no longer compete with us in the shipment of many products to China. This is merely natural. The best wins in everything. For a like reason, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has for fifty years acknowledged no superior, because there is nothing better to cure constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Her Reason. "I often wonder why you don't get married." "Because I'm too fond of men's society."—Life.

"Nature Abhors a Vacuum."

Nothing in the world stands still. If you are well and strong day by day the blood supplies its tide of vigor. If you are ill, the blood is wrong and carries increasing quantities of diseased germs. You cannot change Nature, but you can aid her by keeping the blood pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this as nothing else can. Be sure to get Hood's, because



A Cinch. Mrs. Kelly (14 a. m.)—How could you get drunk without a pint in your pocket?

Mr. Kelly—Who, Rooney was talkin' war, Casey was talkin' politics and Hogan was talkin' baby! All I had to do was to kape me month shut!—Puck.

Read the Advertisements.

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

A Congenial Style.

"I just heard of a good property for Senator Billy Mason to buy." "What is it?"

"It's a country newspaper office, where they recently ran out of the capital U, and have to print United States like this—United States."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

A Bad Break.

Nell—Mad at him? Why, he wrote a lovely poem to her.

Belle—Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it "Lines on Mabel's Face."—Catholic Standard and Times.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.

—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kan., Dec. 12, '05.

The Old Trouble.

"Alexander gave his wife a piano." "Ah, so she would stay at home more?"

"Either that, or he would have an excuse to get away oftener."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Terrific Example.

Jimson—I hear France is going to use electric vans for the transportation of troops.

Weed—What of it?

Jimson—The automobilize very readily.—New York Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The student who takes up medicine finds it far more pleasing than taking it down.

His satanical majesty is probably the Nick of time we hear so much about.

THE NERVES OF WOMEN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves the Suffering from Overwrought Nerves.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so grateful for the benefit derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I wish you to publish this testimonial that others may know the value of your medicine. I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that my life was a burden. I could not sleep at all and was too weak to walk across the floor without aid. The disease had reached a condition where my heart was affected by it, so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."—Miss ADELE WILLIAMSON, 195 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Thin, Sallow and Nervous

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—Miss LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.



RELEGATED TO THE CHILDREN.

section, and will be required to find its mate before partners can be arranged.

The prizes are to be a china bonbon box, painted with a Cupid design, and a volume of sentimental poems, with an extra cover painted in a similar manner, with borders of leather cut in heart-shape, and showing etched Cupids weeping over broken hearts for the boobies. After the game supper will be served, and among the dishes will be salads upon heart-shaped plates, with crisp little lovers' knots taking the place of the usual finger rolls, and ices molded into miniature gods of love.—Republic.

Merely a Hint.

Mr. Borem (11 p. m.)—"My motto is, 'Pay as you go.'" Miss Cutting—"Well, I'm willing to lend you a small amount if it will help you out."—Chicago News