

The Arnewood Mystery

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

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

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"Much about the same, I fancy," was the reply, "so far as memory goes. The chief difference is that my first pal is always trying his hardest to recollect the past, whereas the bookkeeper seems to shirk all reference to it. I'm pretty sure it was an awful fright of some kind turned his brain; he sometimes fancies he sees eyes following him about everywhere, until it's quite a job to quiet him. But he's a lot better than he was when I first came across him. Heaven save us! He was more like a galvanized corpse in the horrors than a human being! Now, sir, what I'd like to have is your opinion of 'em both, after seeing and talking to 'em—more especially my own particular pal. Our crib ain't five minutes' walk from here, if you don't mind going that far."

"Very well, I'll do my best," I rejoined, upon one condition.

"What's that, sir?"

"That you'll regard my visit as merely a friendly one, and make no further allusion to fees."

To this, after some demur, he gratefully assented, and we proceeded to pick up the money-taker, who was awaiting his friend and protector in the tent. Poor old Tom Webb! My heart went out to him when I set eyes upon his distorted, imbecile face, but I did not in any way court his attention. He glanced at me furtively, in a puzzled sort of way, but gave no sign of recognizing me.

"This gentleman's coming home with us to see Ned," explained the Strong Man. "He's a doctor, you know."

"A doctor, is he?" echoed Tom, suspiciously. "Can he minister to a mind diseased?" I don't see what he can do for Ned, otherwise." However, as he had no definite objection to urge against my company, we all three set off together.

One large room sufficed as bed room for the good-natured pocket-Hercules and his two proteges, while a smaller apartment did duty as sitting room and kitchen. I saw no signs around of anything approaching real poverty; indeed, to judge from the ample and varied contents of the cupboard, the housekeeping was characterized by a rough abundance indicative of brisk business and good salaries.

Stay-at-home Ned welcomed the Strong Man and Tom with unaffected delight. He was a tall, well-built man, rather under than over thirty, but appeared weak, as though convalescent from some serious illness, and there was something in his voice and manner that plainly indicated an enfeebled intellect. He seemed to me, however, to be a far saner man than Tom Webb.

"Dick's brought a doctor to see you," remarked the latter, a little maliciously, as I thought.

"A friend of mine, Ned," put in the Strong Man, hastily, "who has just dropped in for a friendly chat. If he's a bit of a doctor, too, that ain't no harm, is it, old chap?"

"Certainly not," answered Ned. "I am very pleased to see you, sir. By the way," he added, sinking his voice, and indicating Tom Webb, "you must not mind what that poor fellow says. He's a little bit—your know." And he touched his own forehead significantly.

I nodded sympathetically, though I could scarcely repress a laugh. Each knew the other to be mentally weak, but neither seemed to realize his own deficiencies. A very common thing, especially among persons not hopelessly insane; but grimly humorous, for all that.

As it was my special business, both for my host's sake and my own, to arrive at some reliable opinion as to the actual mental condition of the patient, I laid myself out to sound them upon every likely topic I could think of, while Dick (as they called him) prepared a very ample supper. With Tom Webb the task was an easy one enough, familiar as I was with well-nigh every incident in his previous career. Yet, although I tried him, with the most thinly-veiled allusions to his boyhood, his family, myself and his journalistic life, I failed utterly to elicit a single responsive echo on any of these points. Only when, in desperation, I alluded to the Great Fog, did I succeed in arousing him.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, placing his outstretched hands at some distance from his face, as though to ward off some dreaded sight. "I know! A thick, brown fog, nearly black. And then—something lying in the room—a something with wild, staring eyes! Ugh! They follow me still, sometimes, especially when I'm alone! Ugh—those eyes!"

"Never mind the eyes," put in Ned, soothingly, and with a warning look at me, "they can't hurt you, and it only worries you to think about them."

But if my progress with Tom Webb was unsatisfactory, my efforts to draw out his companion were scarcely more successful, although I chatted with him freely throughout the supper. Upon ordinary, or, at the very least, upon quite sensible, but any reference to even the best-known events, six months old, merely seemed to distress him.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you what little I know of the smash that knocked him silly," whispered Dicky to me, seeing that I made no headway. "They usually go to bed just after supper, and leave me to my pipe and a glass of grog."

I nodded assent, for although the story of Ned's mishap could have but little interest, as I thought, for me, I might, later on, pick up some further scraps of information about Tom Webb. As he had foreseen, the afflicted pair very soon retired to rest, and Dicky needed no pressing invitation to redeem his promise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Strong Man's Adventure.

"Well, doctor," he began, "although I've been in the show business, off and on, for a good many years and in most parts of the world, I've often had a try at other things by way of a change, sometimes from choice, sometimes because I couldn't help it. Just about this time last year, for instance, the boss of a circus I was traveling with went stone-broke, and left the lot of us stranded at Queensland, Australia. There wasn't a cent to pay salaries, and the boss himself sloped, and every one did the best he could for himself. As for me, I collared one of the horses and started off gold-hunting. At first I had some luck, but that didn't last, and I was going to give the game up for good, when I chanced across an old German named Schneider, in Cooktown. I'm a Dutchman by birth myself (though I reckon myself English now), and, as I know German pretty well, I became rather chummy with the old fellow. Well, sir, he fell ill, and, feeling his end near, he told me of a rich claim he had discovered in the back country, and described its position, so that I felt sure I could find it. But, although I tried, time after time, I never could hit it off, and was half-inclined to believe old Schneider had lied to me. I soon had reason, though, to alter this opinion, and to satisfy myself that the old German's claim had been tracked out by some smarter chap than me. I waited and watched for a chance to follow this fellow when he should come to town for tucker, and one evening I spotted him in an inn. I was not quite sure about him at first; but the savage, sulky way he rounded on me when I spoke about the old German's claim satisfied me I was on the right track. So that night I removed one of his horse's shoes, cut a bit off with a chisel, and replaced it. Of course, if he should not happen to notice the dodge, his horse's tracks could be easily followed on anything like soft ground, and there had recently been heavy rains."

"I saw him next morning just as he was mounting his horse. I again chaffed him about Schneider, and he made a brute lash at me so that my brains escaped but a few inches. A right-down vicious brute, and no mistake, was Nat Rainsforth."

"I traced him to a store, where he had ordered a lot of supplies to be sent to a place called the Forty-Mile. I then saddled up the old circus horse and started after him. I did not expect to overtake him, but I hoped to be able to track his horse from the Forty-Mile onward. And so I was, with occasional checks on patches of hard ground, for about five miles. Then the country became too broken and stony for any one but a black tracker; and although I had a full moon to help me, I lost all traces of hoof-marks. I was within half a mile, too, of Black Horse Gully, somewhere in the vicinity of which I knew that the claim sought was located, and I felt real wild at being brought to a stand-still."

"Finally, I resolved to hobble my horse and examine a mile or two of that part of the gully on foot. It was, of course, mere guess-work, done rather for the sake of doing something than with any real hope of success; and, indeed, my chief care was to take careful note of the place where I had left my horse."

"I presently struck what bore some faint resemblance to a path leading down the side of the ravine, and after following it some distance, I perceived the familiar mound and windlass which surmounts a mine-shaft. This meant little or nothing, because the district had been prospected for years past, and abandoned shafts were common enough. But, upon a closer inspection, this particular mine gave evidence of being in actual work, or, at all events, of very recent work, indeed. The footprints in the soft mullock were quite fresh, and I thought I could detect an outline at the top showing where someone had sat or lain down. The windlass and rope also showed signs of having been lately in use. Clearly, I had struck an active claim, and the owners were probably not very far off."

"Now, prospectors, in out-of-the-way places, bitterly resent anything like spying upon their work, and it's seldom wise to make oneself known too abruptly. Let them, rather, find out that someone is prowling around in the neighborhood, and the chances are (if the ground is really good) they'll try to come to terms to keep it dark. For a while I knew, the claim I had stumbled across might be the very one old Schneider had found so rich, and which Rainsforth had, as I believed, re-discovered. It was clearly no new claim, at all events, (judging from the size of the mullock heap, and if so, it was certainly not safe for me to be caught inspecting it in broad moonlight. I could easily return next day and observe the owners at work, before allowing my presence to be suspected."

"I was just about to descend from my exposed position at the windlass, when I heard what struck me as the most awful, blood-curdling, moaning cry ever uttered outside the walls of a hospital. I can tell you, sir, it made me fairly jump, and if I hadn't made a grab at one of the uprights, I'd have come near tumbling down the shaft. I was certainly not safe for me to be caught inspecting it in broad moonlight. I could easily return next day and observe the owners at work, before allowing my presence to be suspected."

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was not very deep—three feet at the most. Being, however, so very short in stature, I had to lower myself very cautiously, and to empty all my lower pockets into my topmost coat pocket, before I touched the bottom. It was lucky I thought of this, because otherwise all my matches would have been spoiled, to say nothing of my 'bacey' and some bank-notes I had on me. I had plenty of matches, but the air was so damp and foul they weren't much use. However, I was able to make out that at the bottom of the shaft a tunnel had been driven in one direction, while opposite to this it sloped somewhat, owing, perhaps, to the fall of dirt from the surface. And, lying huddled up upon this slope was the head and trunk of a man, his legs being almost hidden in the deeper water!

"Well, of course, the conclusion I came to straightaway was that the poor chap had fallen down the shaft, and that he must be better than a mass of bruised flesh and broken bones. But when I plucked up nerve to handle him, I found he wasn't nearly so badly damaged as I expected. You see, I hadn't taken into account the three feet or so of water to break his fall."

"I can understand that," I remarked, "but the real marvel is that he should have escaped suffocation, stunned, as he was, by the water."

"Well, yes, there was water enough to have drowned him had his head sunk into it," assented Dicky. "But, fortunately for him, it didn't. I take it he fell in feet first, and that his shoulder blades dropped backwards upon the slope where the water was the shallowest."

"Probably the correct explanation. All trick-diving into nets, etc., from a great height is done upon the principle of striking the net with the shoulder blades. As for the fall down a forty-foot shaft not proving fatal, such cases are common enough. I remember at Mount Arthur, in Tasmania, a drunken miner falling down a seventy-foot hole, one dark night, into less than two feet of water. He was rescued next morning, sober, and none the worse for either fall or immersion."

"Anyhow, all I could discover as wrong with him was a broken arm and a general shock to the system which rendered him perfectly helpless. He let out another moaning yell while I was examining him, which satisfied me that, though he might be in great pain, he had still plenty of life left in him. I tried talking to him, but could get nothing more intelligible than a sort of grunt in reply. It did not occur to me that he might have been drunk when he fell in, and that even the shock had failed as yet to sober him. I found that out afterwards."

"The question was, how could I get him to the surface? And a pretty hard question it was, too. I at once gave up the idea of leaving him there while I beat up the neighborhood for help. He couldn't survive much longer in that foul well, and there might not be another man within miles of me. Succeeded or fail, I must trust entirely to myself."

"If you will believe me, doctor, I don't think I ever felt more grateful to God for the strength of my arm and grip than I did at that trying moment. I thought I saw how, with His help, I might save that poor, crushed creature."

"Without further delay, I seized the rope and climbed up, hand-over-hand, to the surface. Then I hauled up the black tracker, and, as being useless for my purpose, what I needed was a good length of fairly-strong cord, and this I procured by the simple expedient of untwisting the strands of about ten feet of rope, which I cut off. There was still plenty of slack; that is, the rope was still considerably longer than the depth of the shaft. Then I descended."

"Now, had the injured man been sufficiently conscious to hold on to the rope, even enough to keep his body perpendicular, I could have fixed him up by simply rigging a loop for him to sit in. But he wasn't; he was just as limp and helpless as a baby. So I had to pass a couple of slings around his chest as well, and then lash him to the rope by means of the strands. It was an awkward job in the dark, amid the water and mud, but I managed it somehow. I then climbed again to the surface, and prepared for a long, steady haul upon the windlass."

"It must have been a severe strain, even upon your muscles!" I interjected.

"Well, it was, sir," he assented, "because it lasted some time, and the hardest part was at the finish, when I had to steady the handle with one hand while I pulled the swaying body upon the mullock-heap with the other. Anyhow, I got through right enough; and, having freed him from the rope and wrapped him up in my jacket, I started along the pathway at a run, shouting occasionally as I went. Presently I struck a log-end of recent work, showing clear signs of being inspected, though I hadn't seen it. I particularly noted a couple of empty brandy bottles alongside a bunk, and then I guessed that the man I had pulled out of the shaft must have been on the booze. I hurried back to the mine and carried him to the hut. I could find no more brandy, but there was plenty of tea and enough food to last for some days, and I had to bring him round upon what I could find. I fixed his broken arm in bark splints, and, as soon as he felt himself comfortable in his bunk, he fell asleep, and never woke until mid-day."

"Then we had a feed, and I tried to find out who he was and how he came to fall into the hole; but he only shook his head and stared at me stupidly. I tried him upon a very tack I could think of but to no purpose. He knew nothing about the claim. He had no name. He could not remember his name. What he did know was that his arm was very painful, and he felt sore and stiff all over, and that he had strange buzzings in his head."

"Finding it impossible to get anything out of him, I had to do the best I could on my own judgment. The man was clearly an imbecile, and his arm demanded prompt surgical treatment. It was, therefore, my plain duty to get him to Cooktown without delay; and, once I make up my mind, I like carrying it out straightaway. I was real glad to find he could walk, with a bit of help now and then, and I started packing up his swag, cheered with the thought that I would not have to carry

him as well to where I had left my old horse.

"I turned the contents of the hut pretty well upside down, keeping a sharp look-out for letters or other papers that might be of importance to him; and I found £70 in notes, in an empty tobacco tin, but not a scrap of writing. So I rolled up a flannel shirt and a pair of socks in his blankets, humped the swag and led him off, leaving the hut to take care of itself. I found the old horse almost where I had hobbled him, got my new companion on his back, and made tracks for Cooktown."

"There my comrade (whom I called Ned for want of a better name) remained in hospital until his arm was fairly on the mend; but I could get precious little hope from the doctors as to his intellect. One of them advised a voyage to London to consult some specialist; and this idea, somehow, took such a hold of Ned that he left me no peace until I consented to the trip. He had a hazy notion that he had lots of friends in the old country, who would welcome him eagerly, although he could not remember a single one of their names. Besides, I had a bit of money put by, and he could well afford the journey out of his £70."

"So, the end of it was that we bought two steerage passages, and reached London safe and sound. I hate doing nothing, and I returned to the show business, as you see, doctor. I've consulted two doctors about Ned. They both agreed he ought to be treated in an asylum, and recommended their own particular institutions. But that ain't good enough. Ned and I are too good pals now to be parted by the walls of a madhouse. And he's just as likely to recover his memory living with me as cooped up with a lot of lunatics, isn't he, sir?"

"Most certainly he is!" I replied, emphatically.

"God bless you for that, sir!" cried Dicky, joyously. "He's a sight better than he was, and I believe that, one of these days, everything will come back to him as clearly as before he fell down the shaft."

"I see no reason why it should not," I assented, encouragingly. "Meanwhile, you are, I suppose, still without any clue to his identity?"

"That's so, sir, unless one can call the initials of a forgotten sweetheart a clue. I saw them on his arm."

"Sweetheart, Ned?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, coloring up, "but I can't remember her name. Well, I didn't see much use in advertising for an unknown girl, with such common initials as L. A., and so let her slide."

"L. A.," I repeated, musingly. "That's an odd coincidence. Done in red and black and surrounded by a wreath?"

"Quite right," he assented, looking at me, inquiringly. "It's a common design enough."

"I daresay," I rejoined. "I last saw it upon the arm of a man who was murdered, not long ago, and who also came from Cooktown. That's what made the thing somewhat remarkable. Could you show me your friend's right arm without awakening him?"

"Rather!" confirmed Dicky. "He sleeps like a top."

"He took me to the adjoining bedroom, and bared his sleeping companion's arm."

"Uncover his chest!" I whispered, eagerly.

With a look of mingled surprise and expectation, he obeyed. The coincidence was complete. Upon the right breast was a rudely-drawn log bearing the letters R. N.

I could have cried out in the greatness of my amazement; but I kept my head, and merely beckoned Dicky to follow me into the other room.

"Can you safely leave these two for about half an hour and accompany me to the Strand?" I asked.

"To be sure I can," he replied, promptly. "They're right enough here. Does it concern him?" he added, eagerly.

"Yes," I replied, "though it may turn out a false scent, after all. We shall soon know."

As fast as a well-bribed driver could take us, we sped to the Adelphi and hastened up to my rooms. Do what I could to keep my head cool, my hand trembled as I unlocked my desk, and sought out a copy of the portrait sent from Cooktown.

"There!" I exclaimed, handing it to Dicky. "That man bore precisely the same tattoo-marks as your friend Ned, and he, too, came from Queensland. Do you recognize him?"

"Recognize him?" echoed Dicky. "I should say so! Why, that's Nat Rainsforth!"

CHAPTER XIX.

I Find an Ahoy.

For some moments Dicky stood staring at the photograph, as though to make quite sure he was making no mistake. Then he handed it back to me, and I gave him the ghastlier picture of the murdered man. There were two, full-face and profile.

"It's the same man, and Nat Rainsforth, right enough," was his comment, after a careful scrutiny. "Looks as though he'd been strangled."

"So he was, most probably," I assented, "and the principal object of my life is to find who strangled him. You know him, you say, as Nat Rainsforth, but his real name was Luke Arnewood, and he was heir to a large property."

"There's some blooming error about all this," remarked Dicky. "His name was no more Luke Arnewood than mine is. I knew him and all his people down in Brisbane, from his grandfather, old Bill Rainsforth, down to his younger brother, Tom, who was legged for cattle-duffing. If the man whose photograph you've shown me passed himself upon a piece of duck some time ago, he was here as anyone else than Nat Rainsforth, he just lied, that is all."

(To Be Continued.)

Tit for Tat.

It is characteristic of those who are severe on others that they cannot bear severity. Dean Swift, the severest satirist of his day, was one day dining with a company of gentlemen, one of whom he made the butt of his ridicule, with repeated sallies. At last the dean graved upon a piece of duck some graven intended to be eaten with a roasted goose. The unfortunate gentleman, seeing this, immediately said: "My good dean, you surprise me—you eat a duck like a goose." The company roared, and the poor dean was so confused and mortified that he flew into a rage and left the table.

STRUGGLE WITH A PYTHON.

An Experience He Had No Wish to Repeat.

From "Wild Animals in Captivity," by Edward Bartlett. Some few years since I was invited to the house of a surgeon who had just returned from Ceylon, to see a freshly imported serpent of this species. Upon arriving at the house I found that the doctor was absent and that his wife and maid-servant were the only inmates.

Upon mentioning the nature of my visit I was told that the serpent was in a large box in the greenhouse. I was handed the key of the box and informed that there was no danger in opening it because the serpent was below wire netting and therefore I would be able to see it without the chance of its making its escape. I accordingly proceeded to the greenhouse, unlocked the box and opened the lid. To my utter astonishment the snake was coiled up on the top of the wire netting, and with the quickness of lightning darted at me. I had just time enough to seize it by the neck, when it instantly wound itself around my right arm, and I had not the power to disengage myself from the grip this serpent had upon me. The two women were horrified, and nothing would induce them to come to my assistance. My only chance of getting rid of this powerful brute was by trying to strangle him, to do which with both hands I strove my utmost. It appeared to me at the time that I should not be able to accomplish my efforts to squeeze his life out. The constant increase of the pressure he put upon my arm caused me to fear that I should entirely lose the power of my right hand, as I was grasping the brute just below the head with all my strength. The time appeared to pass very slowly without any visible diminution of its extraordinary grip. However, I felt some relief on finding after a time that it was slowly relaxing the pressure, and presently it gradually slid off my arm until its tail touched the ground. So soon as I found the snake sufficiently disengaged from my arm I dropped it into the box, apparently more dead than alive. After this I did not consider it worth while to purchase the reptile, although I heard from the owner that it was none the worse for the squeezing I had given it.

POOR LO IN DECORATIVE ART.

A Late Fad for a Turkish Divan Corner.

It is no longer customary to cry "Lo! the poor Indian," but lo! the fine, dashing, decorative Indian, superb in war paint and feathers, who suddenly burst upon us in vividly colored prints not many weeks ago and took the town by storm. They now hang in "dens," snuggeries, bachelor girls' apartments, studios, and have even ventured into semi-Oriental cozy corners, which seemingly require that bit of tribal savagery to strike a healthy balance, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. These prints have found their way in single copies, in several framed together, or have been turned into a wall frieze, where sporting tastes were uppermost. They may be bought for the small sum of \$1. As they were originally drawn from life, the reproductions are worth the money. Far more interesting are Calthorpe series of reproduced Indian portraits, dating from 1836 to 1838, and ordered at that time to be painted for the United States government. A fine reproduction of the originals may be purchased singly, or in sets, at \$1.50 each. The southern Indian tribes figure in these prominently, their handsome faces and half-civilized costumes presenting a fascinating picturesqueness in strong contrast to the northern bloodthirstiness more familiar to us. A late fad, for Turkish divan corners, is to have queer porcelain men-monsters, with small smoking tube attachments at their backs and in front a receptacle for a cigarette, which is smoked through the tube mentioned, as one smokes a Turkish pipe. They sell for \$2 and \$2.50 each, and go off like hot cakes," because of the novelty.

The Professional Shake.

Mrs. Stubb—John, I do believe that friend you brought up to dinner is a gambler.

Mr. Stubb—Why so, Maria? Mrs. Stubb—Because he shook the pepper cruet like it had been a dice-box.—Chicago News.

The Mystery of Dust at Sea.

It is a puzzling fact that the decks of sailing vessels show dust at night, even if washed in the morning, and no work is done during the day. This is like indigestion and dyspepsia, which creeps on one unawares. The only way to cure them is by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also prevents malaria, fever and ague.

A Diplomat.

She—If a woman were to ask you how old you thought she was, what would you tell her? He—A lie, of course.—Detroit Free Press.

"A Thread Every Day"

Makes a Skein in a Year."

One small disease germ carried by the blood through the system will convert a healthy human body to a condition of invalidism. Do not wait until you are bed-ridden. Keep your blood pure and life-giving all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes this as nothing else can.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPOINTS

AVOID DANGER.

The Danger of Catarrh Ointments That Contain Mercury.

This journal, although more particularly devoted to all that interests finance, commerce and manufacturing, is nevertheless always awake to the need and wants of its readers, left the subject be what it may. We were asked to investigate and report upon the merits of the various catarrh remedies on the market. The production of preparations of injurious composition cannot, unfortunately, be stopped or restricted at present, or until our state legislatures can be induced to pass such suitable and stringent laws as will effectually prevent their appearance on the market. In the meantime, the people must look out for themselves. In this matter, we have made a most careful and painstaking investigation, realizing the confidence that would be placed in our reply. Our medical staff employed to make such investigations were most favorably impressed with the preparation known as Hall's catarrh cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co. of Toledo, Ohio, and agreed that this peerless remedy deserves our highest indorsement. Many of the catarrh remedies on the market contain mercury, which destroys the sense of smell and deranges the whole system when entering through the mucous surfaces. From analysis we found that Hall's catarrh cure contains no mercury. It is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. We have no interest whatever in this matter beyond faithfully serving our readers, and as our indorsement is extended without reward of any kind, and is wholly unsolicited by this company, and will be received with the full credence that all our statements have met with for the past eighteen years.—Southern Review of Commerce.

POOR LO IN DECORATIVE ART.

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If a man realizes how careless he is about paying back what he borrows he seldom lends anything.

Anti-Nic! Anti-Nic!

You cannot chew or smoke tobacco if you chew ME. It has cured thousands. Will cure you. Perfectly harmless, and costs only 5 cents per package. For sale by all druggists. Manufactured by Capital City Gum Company, No. 181 East Eighth street, St. Paul, Minnesota. If your druggist does not keep it, send 5 cents and get sample package by mail.

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THE GRIP CURE THAT DOES CURE.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets removes the cause that produces La Grippe. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. See.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Taylor.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fee or remuneration for first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. J. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.—Joubert.

Two bottles of Pisco's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1885.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Jeremy Taylor.

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Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Garbled.
"I guess," said the sad-eyed editor, "we'd better take a few days' vacation. His assistant was surprised out of a week's growth. "I expect the Rev. Dr. Thirdly's congregation will mob us if we don't," the editor continued. "That 'personal' you wrote about him in connection with the water question appears in the paper thus: 'The Rev. Dr. Thirdly of Bethel is an expert on flirtation.'—Philadelphia Press.

The man who trusts to luck seldom pays his bills promptly.