

The Arnewood Mystery

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

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CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

The light that had dawned upon me in the bedroom at Hampstead Road seemed to grow clearer. If Dick's assertions were true (and I saw no reason to doubt them) the murdered man was simply an impostor who had personated the real Luke Arnewood, and that, too, with considerable cleverness. The thing was, obviously, quite possible. One had only to suppose him intimate enough with the real man to learn his true parentage, to have access to his papers, and to have seen my advertisement. A clever scoundrel would quickly see his chance. The subsequent correspondence, backed up by the stolen documents and the photograph, would follow, as a matter of course. No one over here knew Luke Arnewood; the game seemed a safe one to play, provided the real man did not subsequently turn up. Had the advertiser taken this risk, or was Luke Arnewood dead?

It flashed across my mind that the man who had returned by the Waterloo had caused himself to be tattooed on the board by a quartermaster. He had chosen the initials L. A. for his arm, and the printing R. N. (wood) upon his breast, clearly an imitation of the man he was personating. And now these very same letters, with precisely the same designs, were found upon the arm and breast of the imbecile digger, whom Dieky had pulled out of the shaft! Taken in conjunction with the fact that Nat Rainsforth had, that very day, been tracked to within a mile or so of this very shaft, the conclusion seemed as inevitable as it was startling. Rainsforth must have watched his opportunity to touch Dieky's protegee down the shaft, and had left Queensland in the full belief that his victim was lying dead at the bottom. And, moreover, the evidence seemed to indicate, very strongly that this resuscitated victim was the real heir to Arnewood Hall. Well, if all this were indeed so, the vengeance of Heaven had already overtaken the would-be murderer. Was it still my duty to hunt down his slayer, or did my task end here?

I thought of my promise to Madge, that answered the question. Her brother was still "wanted" for the Greek street murder, and, even though insane, a criminal lunatic asylum would still be his doom, upon the finding of the coroner's jury. So far as O'Brien and Grudger were concerned (and Hawkins & Co., too, for the matter of that), the case might, perhaps, be regarded as concluded. But for me, it would end only with the fulfillment of my mission.

I needed help. Why not take the kindly little Strong Man entirely into my confidence? He was sitting opposite to me, also deep in thought.

"Mr. Dieky," I said, abruptly, "light up your pipe, mix yourself some grog, and listen to me. I need your advice, and if you can't I shall need the help of those strong arms of yours a few hours hence."

"Both are at your service, sir," he answered, "and by the way (not that it matters), my real name is Dirk Vanston."

Without further preface, I told him all the main facts of the case, as I knew them, supplemented by such plain deductions as seemed to arise from his own narrative. He listened intently, but never put in a word until I had finished.

"And yet I have heard men say there is no God," he said, "Why, blame me. If his hand ain't plain to be seen throughout the whole piece? * * * You'll pardon me, sir, but I can't hardly realize yet the wonder of it all. Ned a gentleman of family and fortune! Nat Rainsforth (who, no doubt, tried to kill him) murdered here in London, and poor, silly Tom suspected of the crime! It just fair dazes me to take it all in, just at first."

"I quite agree with you there, Dirk," I assented. "We must accept the facts as they are, though, and see if we can not bring everything to a satisfactory termination. So far as I can judge, the meeting at the house in Rodney avenue between the stranger and Blogg is almost certain to result in conversation of a compromising character; not impossible, the whole scheme of the murder may leak out, especially if they should quarrel. We must contrive to be present, or, at all events, within earshot at the interview, and we must be prepared, if need be, to seize the two confederates. One of them is a powerful man, and both may be armed."

"Very good," said Dirk, quietly. "I think I had better go armed, also. But I think I shall need your grip on this Blogg. I shall need nothing more than a piece of cord to tie him up with. Can you manage the other?"

"Yes," I answered, "you may safely leave the stranger to me."

"May I as just one question?" he inquired, a little awkwardly. "Would it not be simpler, and even safer, to leave the arrest of these two villains to the police?"

"Yes," I answered, "it would, and Inspector Trull would only be too pleased to have the job thrown into his hands. But my personal pride and—well, a great many reasons—impel me to see the thing through without police help."

"Say no more, sir," rejoined Dirk. "Your reasons, whatever they are, are more than sufficient for me. Only take me at what time and where I am to meet you to-morrow, and I'll be there, fully prepared, to the minute. Luckily, we don't show to-morrow, and I can take a day off without any reference to the boss. As for Ned and Tom, I'll be a sort of Sunday for them, and they'll be as right as trivets until I get back."

"Very well, Dirk," I said. "Meet me here at 2 o'clock. Take a couple of my cards, in case you forget the address. And now, help yourself to a night-cap and get back home; it's past 1 o'clock now, and you may need a good night's rest for to-morrow's work."

Despite his protests, I insisted upon seeing the worthy little Hercules into a cab and forcing a half-crown into his hand. I felt upon good terms with him, with myself and with all the world; for, surely, never had such an extraordinary stroke of luck ever befallen an inquiry agent as had resulted from my visit to the Hampstead Road show.

CHAPTER XX. Blackmail.

Somewhat to my surprise, the news-vendor to whose accidental recognition of Tom Webb I owed so much, did not put in his usually punctual appearance, but when I remembered the extra sovereign I had given him, his absence did not surprise me much. Sam could "celebrate a bit of luck," like most of his tribe, and was probably not exactly in form for paying visits.

Almost exactly at 2 o'clock Dirk Vanston called at my rooms, dressed in his very best suit, and looking broader and stronger than ever. He carried a parcel, which proved to contain a length of strong rope, and from his hip-pocket he produced a revolver.

"There, sir!" he exclaimed, surveying these possessions with great satisfaction. "Now I feel ready for any sort of scrimmage that may turn up, though I'd rather have a good rough-and-tumble for choice."

I took a revolver, also, and we started eastwards, pretty confident as to the result should the expedition end in a fight. By previous arrangement the Weiroa steward, Mr. Gray, had agreed to keep Billy on board that afternoon, and when we reached the docks we found that he had kept his promise. He also told me that Blogg had resigned his place on board, although he there-by sacrificed a month's wages, and that Spratt had obtained leave of absence "to visit his sick mother."

"He don't quite trust Blogg," remarked the steward, drily, "that's about the strength of it, and wants to keep an eye on him. He don't seem to have the least idea he's being snooded himself by a 'tec, but he is, though, and has been for some time back. Now, then, Billy, you know exactly what you have to do; just what this gentleman tells you, and ask no questions."

"I'm fly, sir," replied the boy, with one of his foxy leers. "We'd better get there a bit ahead of them too, hadn't we? Without those greasy warts ter get in by the window." And he looked doubtfully at Dirk's vast width of shoulder. There was, obviously, sound sense in this suggestion, and we acted upon it forthwith. The steward saw us to the gates.

"On account, Mr. Gray," I whispered, slipping a ten-pound note into his hand. "I trust you'll have some good news for your wife before morning."

"Thank you, sir, and good-luck," he answered, with a grateful look. "Keep the boy well in hand, sir; he's a bit tricky."

Preceded by Billy, we walked on to Rodney Avenue, near which the boy lay outside an ironmonger's.

"It 'as just struck me, sir," he remarked, "as ov an augur or a good-sized gimlet would come in handy. You see, last time I could 'ear most of what was said, but I couldn't see 'em, on account of the door."

"The lad's right," said Dirk. "Let me get it."

"He soon emerged with the required tool, wrapped up in brown paper, which he described as "a half-inch." Billy chuckled and rubbed his hands, though whether with the prospect of perforating doors or spying upon Mr. Blogg, he did not inform us. We had decided to leave the question of our entrance into the house to him, and he took the lead with a full sense of his own importance. He certainly possessed the elements of successful strategy in his cunning young brain—coolness and audacity.

"We'd better not wait till it's quite dark," he remarked, "for fear the others might get in afore we're ready for 'em. It's dusky enough already, I reckon, seein' the 'ouse is set back a good bit from the road. Well, I'll walk in, carryin' that gent's parcel, as though I was a shop-boy, and knock at the 'all door, just to make sure there ain't no one there yet. If there is, an' they answer the knock, why, I'll just ask if Mrs. Brown lives there, an' 'oaks it. But, of course, there won't be no one, an' so round I goes to the back as bold as though I lived there. Then I shins up the ladder and in through the window, same as afore-an' opens the front door for you two gents, arter I whistles."

"That boy'll die in gaol yet, if he don't get hanged," muttered Dirk, shaking his head, as Billy sauntered down the footpath, swinging his parcel and whistling "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" in realistic errand-boy style.

It was on special business to see that no policeman was watching his movements; an easy task, seeing that there was not a guardian of the law in sight. In a remarkably short space of time we heard the whistle-signal, and were admitted into the house.

It was quite dark in the hall, but our youthful guide had profited by his previous experience, and now produced a small blue-eye lantern in great triumph. He lit it, tested the slide to see that it worked smoothly, and led the way down stairs into the kitchen. It was a large one, and fairly well furnished with cooking utensils but showing no signs of recent use. It had two doors beside the one we entered by, and both were locked, though the keys had not been removed. One opened into a scullery. The other gave entrance into a small room containing various odds and ends, brushes, boxes of soap

etc., and, apparently, had once been used as a sort of store room. "This is our plan," remarked Dirk, delightedly. "Could scarcely be better for our purpose. We've only got to lock the door from the inside, bore a couple of holes, as suggested by our smart young friend here, and we'll see and hear all that goes on splendidly. Billy, my lad, just take your boots off and slip up into the hall, so as to be able to warn us should you hear a latch-key in the front door, will you?"

"All right, guv'ner," said the boy, with a longing look at the augur. "I'll keep covey. If you hear a cat miaowing up stairs, douse the gilm right away and lock the door."

"What about yourself?" I inquired. "Well, I'd rather get back here, for course," he replied, "but I mightn't get down fast enough, specially in the dark. Besides, 'tain't no dead certainty as they'll meet down here at all this time. There's 'eaps of other rooms up stairs. So I'll just 'ang about on the stairs, and perhaps dodge down later on, same as afore. So, go ahead with your holes, guv'ner."

"I don't believe that lad will hang, after all," growled Dirk, as the boy disappeared, noiselessly. "He could see and hear everything safely by remainin' with us, and yet he's taking a big risk up stairs, upon the off-chance of being useful. There's grit in him, sir!" I thought so, too, and registered a mental memo. very considerably to Billy's subsequent advantage. Meanwhile, Dirk had got his augur at work, from the kitchen side (to insure clean, unsplintered holes), and our peep-holes were speedily made. There was the risk, of course, that they would be noticed; but this risk, such as it was, had to be taken. Then we stacked the contents of the room in a corner, so as to allow ourselves elbow room without danger of upsetting anything, and, extinguishing the lantern beforehand, awaited the cat-call. Waiting under such circumstances is an excellent test alike of a man's nerve and his temper, and I must confess that the Dutchman's racial phlegm gave him a marked advantage. I was becoming quite irritable from excitement, when the welcome feline cry at length reached our ears, and the watchful Dirk had quickly locked us in.

A minute later some one entered the kitchen, which was thereupon illuminated by an exuberantly feeble hand-lamp. This the newcomer placed on the central table, and, as the light fell upon his face, I was surprised to recognize, not the stranger, but Mr. Philip Blake. "The master has come, instead of the man," was my natural inference.

(To Be Continued.)

Earnings Versus Salary.
"There is in the employ of our house," says a Philadelphia salesman, "a young man who is assistant book-keeper. He's a steady chap, minds his own business, and is as shrewd as any man I know. The other day the senior partner of the firm, who seldom comes around, made a tour of inspection, and as he approached the assistant bookkeeper he noticed the solemn expression on his face. Desiring to be congenial, he said:

"How are you, young man? I see you are at your work. That is good. Close attention to business will always bring its own reward. Tell me, what are you earning now a week?"

"The young man, with a moment's hesitation, answered: 'Twenty dollars, sir, but I only get half of that.'"
—New York Tribune.

Historic House Sold.
White Webbs, England, is to come under the hammer on the last day of this month. In 1570 Queen Elizabeth granted old White Webbs House to her physician, Robert Hucike, and "Guido Fawkes" stated in his confession that Father Garnet took the house from "Dr. Hewicke." The house gained its greatest notoriety in connection with the gunpowder plot, and a carnival is held every year on the 5th of November in the district. Fawkes staid at the house with the conspirators from the Wednesday till the Sunday before his arrest on November 4, 1605, and it is during that period that Harrison Ainsworth makes his romantic marriage take place in the forest with Vivand Radcliffe, the heroine in his "Guy Fawkes." This forest is part of the original Endicott Chase, a portion of which is included in the estate of about fifty acres.—London Leader.

Produce Little Shock.
In North Africa all the wounded men agree as to the very small amount of shock produced by the Mauser bullet, many stating that they went on some distance after feeling that they were hit, one man telling me that he did not notice being hit at all until he began to feel dizzy and found that he had lost a lot of blood. One notable circumstance is that the vast majority of the wounds are in the extremities. This the men attribute to the wild firing of the Boers, and to the fact that they were generally hit just at the moment of leaving or taking cover.

A New Motive Power.
While one group of inventors is at work on liquid air as a motive power, with a temperature enormously below zero, another makes a claim of remarkable merits for superheated water in light and heavy transportation. The water is heated in upright steel tubes to 150 degrees above the temperature of steam in a locomotive. When released into an engine it expands nearly 1,000 times and performs the services required of a storage power.—Indianapolis News.

Gatneres Had Gumption.
Gen. Gatneres, a day or two before embarking, remarked to a military friend that our forces were not by any means going to an easy task in South Africa. "It was no child's play in the Soudan," said he, "but it will be stern work against the Boers, and I can tell you that I don't expect to be present at an unbroken succession of victories. We shall win eventually by sheer perseverance."—London Daily News.

The Incomes of Sovereigns.
Russia's Czar has an income of \$1,000 per hour, the Sultan \$850, the Emperor of Austria \$500, the Kaiser \$450, the King of Italy \$350, Queen Victoria the same, the French President \$250, the King of the Belgians \$85 and the President of the United States \$7.50 per hour.—Chicago News.

HOW BOERS FIGHT.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S COMMENTS ON PRESENT WAR.

Millionaire Mine Owner of South Africa Pays the Usual High Tribute to the Farmer Republicans—Served with Them in Basuto War.

J. B. Robinson, a millionaire mine owner of South Africa, who fought side by side with the Boers in the Basuto war, comments interestingly on the present campaign. As an example of what Boers can do in the way of holding a strong position by dint of courage and marksmanship, Mr. Robinson gives an experience of his own in the Basuto war. Potgieter was out with a scouting party of thirty men, and found himself between two large parties of Kaffirs. Four of the little commando tried to get away, trusting to their well-bred horses, but only one got through, and he could not make his way to the laager to give warning. Potgieter and the remaining twenty-six men galloped for a small ridge, and, getting there in time, at once started throwing up stones in a semicircle to form a rampart of defense. Mr. Robinson goes on:

"They had only raised the rampart two feet high when the Kaffirs were on them. Potgieter quickly issued his orders. 'No one is to fire until after me,' the leader said; 'I will bring down the chiefs, so many of you are to fire at the horses, and the remainder are to shoot down the dismounted men when they get on their feet.' All the Kaffirs were mounted, and they rode up to the little band in apparently irresistible numbers, the chiefs, gray with their war plumes and heavy with Kaffir beer at their head. The first body that had been sighted consisted of between 400 and 500 men, and a second strong force was afterward discovered in the rear. Potgieter let them approach to within seventy yards and then fired. Down fell chief after chief. The rifles of his men rang out, and all the horses of the leading men stumbled, shot through the breasts. The fire was so resistless that the charging party edged off to the right and then the left, and made a circle in retreat. Again the Kaffirs came on. They were armed with rifles. The fight started at 8 o'clock in the morning. By 2 o'clock five or six of the Boers were so exhausted they declared they could do no more. Their mouths were parched, their tongues were swollen with intolerable thirst. Their arms ached so that they could hardly move them, and they were stiff in every limb. They said: 'We cannot fight any longer,' but he laughed at them. 'Put two pebbles in your mouths,' he said, 'that will lessen your thirst. If you cannot fire any more let me have your guns. You keep them loaded, and I will do the shooting. We must fight or die; there is no escape.' And so he heartened them. The fighting kept on till 6 o'clock in the evening and then the Kaffirs drew off.

"Perhaps this incident will help you to realize what kind of fighters the men of South Africa are. Yet against such men our generals have blindly hurled their infantry, to be shot down like sheep. The madness of it! To see so much courage in our British troops thrown away, and for nothing at all. We do the Boers no damage. Up to now their losses have been infinitesimal.

"The British soldiers are too dependent on their commissariat, too slow. A Boer commando, the men armed with their rifles alone, will take with it sufficient food for four or five days, each man carrying his own provisions in saddlebags. In that four or five days the commando can with ease cover 150 miles, a distance that infantry would require from twelve to fifteen days to cover. This Boer war will lead to the revolutionizing of European military methods, and the hope of its speedy end is the liberal use of properly selected irregular horse."

Another New Light.
The complete triumph of light over darkness ultimately, in a physical sense, seems to be an assured fact, if the ingenuity of inventors has its perfect work. The latest device in this line is that by M. Denayrouze, one of the leading spirits in the introduction and application of the incandescent gas and oil lighting systems now in general use, who has lately explained to the French Society of Civil Engineers a system of incandescent lighting in which alcohol furnishes the heating flame. While, as is well known, alcohol under a Welsbach mantle produces a brilliant flame, it is not an economical one, but M. Denayrouze's plan is to charge the alcohol with hydro-carbons, in solutions, to such an extent that the carbon in the flame and deposited on the mantle adds greatly to the light without causing any increased consumption of alcohol. It is asserted that this system offers many advantages for portable lighting plants, such as railway carriages, etc.

The Highest Monument.
The highest monument in the world is in Washington, D. C. It was erected in honor of George Washington. It is 555 feet high, 55 feet square at the base and contains 18,000 blocks of marble two feet thick. In the interior is an elevator and fifty flights of stairs eighteen steps each.

Convicts to Make New Roads.
Michigan will endeavor to have a law passed that will allow the use of convicts in the building and repairing of the state highways. Kentucky will have a similar law before its legislature.

British Civilization.
This year famine in India covers 350,000 square miles, and renders miserable 30,000,000 people.

AWKWARDNESS

Of Speaking to a Strange Person Under a Misapprehension.

It is sometimes most awkward to speak to the wrong person. "Why, there is Nellie Miller's husband!" exclaimed one of two women who were lunching at the Waldorf-Astoria the other day. "Isn't it odd how every one turns up here? I have not seen him since he carried Nellie off to his home in the west, two years ago. I must speak to him and ask how dear Nellie is!" So on her way out she made the tour of the room, and, stopping at a table where a well-dressed man was sitting alone, she said graciously: "Perhaps you do not remember me. I am Miss X. Nellie, you know, used to be one of my dearest friends. You have no idea how we grudged her to you." The man rose to his feet with a bow, looking admiringly at the pretty woman. "I wish I had a Nelly," he said, regretfully, "so that I might claim acquaintance with you. Unfortunately I am a bachelor and my name is Brown," whereupon Miss X retreated in confusion. "Harry," said his wife, as they took their seats in the dining-room of a well-known restaurant, "I am sure that woman over there is Mme. Melba. I met her in Paris, and I am going to speak to her when we go out." The curious glances of a number of people in the neighborhood toward the supposed diva confirmed Mrs. S. in her recognition, and on their way to the door she stopped at the latter's table. "I met you at the house of Countess M. Mme. Melba," she said, "and I hope you will allow me to recall myself to your memory." "Now, isn't that funny!" exclaimed the fair stranger. "This is the third time since I have been in New York that I have been taken for that opera singer, but I'm pleased to see you all the same. Do sit down," she continued, hospitably, "and let me give you some of this chicken; it's real good, and they have given me the whole bird. I expected my husband," she proceeded volubly, not giving poor Mrs. S. a chance to retreat, "but I guess he's kept downtown." Here she paused breathless, and Mrs. S., seizing the chance, made her apologies and fled.—New York Tribune.

Called Him Down.
But One Little Circumstance Made It a Waste of Words.

Jones was staying at home for a day's rest, and Mrs. Jones thought she might as well make him useful. "I wish you would go to the back door," she said, "and if that's the grocer knocking, I wish you'd tell him that I've sent down for that soap three times already, and if it doesn't come today I shall go to the store myself and complain." "There's no use in wasting words, Mary," said Jones, briskly. "I know how to bring such people to time. I'll attend to the man so that you'll have no more trouble." He went to the back door and confronted the man with a pleasant but firm expression on his countenance. "Now look here!" he said with decision. "This thing has been going on long enough. Mrs. Jones can't afford to await your pleasure in the matter of soap or anything else. This delay has caused her much annoyance, and it is entirely inexcusable on your part. It isn't possible that an establishment like the one for which you work shouldn't be provided with soap enough for all its customers. I see plainly that the fault lies with you; you've neglected to give the order. Now, I've only one thing to say—if our trade isn't worth your employer's while, we'll go somewhere else. I'm a man of few words! Unless the soap comes this morning, Mrs. Jones will order from Smith & Brown in the future." The man looked confused, but said nothing, while Jones paused for breath. "Come, come," said Jones, "have you any excuse to offer—any reason to give for your failure to bring this soap?" "I don't know as I have, sir," said the man slowly, "except that I'm the milkman, and I've come to collect this little bill for the month of December."

Ready Wit.
Saved a Western Congressman from a Certain Lecture.

In the seclusion of the house cloak-rooms a story is being told on a western member. There are 357 men in the house. Three hundred and fifty-six are hereby released from any connection with the story. The other man—and the other man's wife—will recognize the truth of what is here recorded. The western member went home at a very early hour in the morning. He had made a night of it with some friends. He knew that his conduct would be considered reprehensible by his better half, and so, as he ascended the steps of his modest home, he racked his brain for some plan to avert the lady's wrath. As he entered the hall he saw an umbrella. Instantly it occurred to him that the umbrella might be his salvation. He carried the umbrella upstairs. Seating himself on a chair in the corner of the bedroom, he raised the rain guard over his head, and then he coughed loudly. His wife awoke and saw in the dim gaslight her liege lord sitting solemnly under the raised umbrella. "What are you doing?" she asked, in natural surprise. "It is 3 o'clock, my dear," said he, "and I am waiting for the storm." The congressman's ready wit saved him from a Caudle lecture. He is worrying now, however, to find an equally effective act for the next time he stays out late.—Washington Post.

Unfulfilled Programme.
Visitor (in Kansas town)—What made you people cool off so suddenly toward General Funston?
Native—Well, when he walked through the city he used the bridges instead of swimming the streams.—Baltimore American.

Barnacles on Ocean Cables.
The recent investigations for cable laying in the Pacific Ocean have revealed the fact, that if not upon rock bottom, they become encrusted with seaweeds, heavy enough to break them. This is like dyspepsia, which grows until it breaks down the health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure it, as well as indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

An Expiring Typewriter.
Dobbs—I see that a man has invented a typewriter that you just sit down and talk to and it writes out everything you say.
Dobbs—I guess I'll keep mine. She doesn't write everything I say, and I'm glad of it.—Baltimore American.

"Deeds Are Better Than Words."
What does Hood's Sarsaparilla do? The answer comes full-throated from a gigantic chorus of healthy men and happy women. "It does just what it claims to do." It purifies the blood as nothing else can. The number of those who answer thus is legion and their sentiment is unanimous.

Kidney Trouble.
"Grip left me with severe pains in my back and kidneys. Could not walk without support. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and was soon relieved. Am also cured of catarrh and indigestion." W. A. Reed, 17 Mowry Avenue, East Providence, R. I.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Selfish Thing.
"No, mamma," sobbed the unhappy young wife, "George doesn't love me. I found it out last night."
"Oh, my poor child," the mother exclaimed, "what has happened? Ah, I see it all! You found a letter in his pocket!"
"It wasn't that," the miserable young woman answered; "he came home and told me that he had had his life insured."
"Well?"
"Well, if he really loved me, wouldn't he have had mine insured instead of selfishly going and having all this protection put upon himself?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Success for the Dairy.
To secure the best results in the care of milk and butter, attention must be given details. The milking must be properly done, and all vessels used must be kept scrupulously clean by washing morning and night in hot water with Ivory Soap, then rinsing well in cold water and setting out to air and sun.

ELIZA R. PARKER.
A Misnomer.
"Who is that man who spends all his days digging away in the library and all his nights writing for dear life?"
"He? He's one of the busiest people alive. He writes those long, chatty chapters signed 'The Lounger.'"
—Washington Star.

Friendly Comment.
"I am afraid my speech was a little too long," said the orator.
"No," said his friend, "I don't think it was, considering you were only talking. If you had had anything to say, it would have been better to have used fewer words."—Indianapolis Press.

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