

# BY AN UNSEEN HAND

A Story of the Secret Society Known as the "Ragged Thirteen" By Edward Hughes.

## CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

The fact that my father had sent me to Mr. Travers, by whom I had been so warmly welcomed, viewed in the light of my new knowledge, clearly indicated that they were old friends, and this being so, then could Mr. Travers most probably enlighten me as to the origin of his and my father's fears—could give me, in fact, some history of the common enemy. But dare I ask him? Dare I stir up the past, with the sure and certain result of clouding the future? For it was evident, from the peaceful way in which he was pursuing his present occupation, that he was ignorant of the fact that the suburban outrage, which most people had long since forgotten, was an outrage committed by his terrible foes. I felt that, after the way in which my father had refused to enlighten me, I had no right to trouble him who had been so kind a friend to me except under the most exceptional circumstances, and I, therefore, settled down to work harder than ever, for I was to proceed to Oxford in the October of this same year.

## CHAPTER III.

In touch with the Thirteen. I found life at Oxford very pleasant, although at first it was passing strange to me to mix with so many men of my own age, and I was at a considerable disadvantage, for my ways were not as their ways, and while I might have held my own when the folks or gloves were to the fore, I was, so to speak, entirely at sea on the river, and all abroad on the football or cricket field. Thanks to Mr. Travers' able teaching, I found my work easy enough; but as I had no ambition to excel in the schools, and, indeed, no great ability to do so had I wished, I contented myself with just sufficient reading to pass my exams. I made very few friends, but among them was a young Irishman of strikingly brilliant parts, a scholar of the college to which I was attached, and one who was looked upon as likely to distinguish himself in the final schools. He worked very hard, but such leisure hours as he indulged in were spent, for the most part, in my company, and so intimate did we become that I went with him to his home in the Midlands during part of my long vacation.

Not wishing to cumber the narrative with descriptions of persons who play but minor parts, I shall not further describe my friend, young O'Brien, and he would not have been mentioned at all but that it was owing to my visit to his people that I heard something of my father's college life, and the manner in which it ended, and what was still more remarkable, his uncle was the first person from whom I heard my surname. I had been in the house but two or three days when I became conscious that this uncle was watching me very closely. In the midst of a meal, if I turned to him unexpectedly, I would find him regarding me intently, and at last, one evening in the smoking-room, perhaps because I showed that his scrutiny was apparent to me, he told me the reason.

"Do you know, Tremayne, you remind me very much of a man I knew at Cambridge a good many years ago. Strange to say, you have some of his little mannerisms, and, as I remember him, you are strikingly like him. His name was Robert Tremayne Morton. It is possible that he could have been a relative of yours?"

"He may have been," I said; "but I have been abroad so much that I could scarcely tell you, off-hand, who my relatives are. How long ago is it?"

"Oh, let me see. It would be about twelve years ago. Morton was a fine fellow, and everyone expected him to do well; but he vanished at the end of the summer term, and the curious thing about it was that four or five men went with him. We never heard what became of them, but some time afterwards particulars came to hand of the deaths of two of the men who left at the same time as he did. One of them was found at the foot of a cliff in South Africa, and the other name was Robert Tremayne Morton. He was stabbed in the streets, I fancy, though it is so long ago that I almost forget the facts, and—ah, yes, I recollect—they found some cards, or dice, or something connected with gaming upon him. Dear me, now, what a memory I have!"

You may be sure that I was deeply interested in his reminiscences, for, in all probability, the Robert Tremayne Morton, of whom he spoke, was my father. It was only natural that I should resemble him in build and features, and it was very likely that I had acquired such peculiarities of manner as were noticeable in him when he was my age, and that they should be accentuated in my case by reason of my long and close companionship with him.

"Did you ever hear," I asked, in as steady a voice as I could command, "why these men left college in such a strange way? Were they rusticated, or had they given the authorities offense in any way?"

"Well, I could never get at the truth of the matter; but I believe there was some row or other in one of the men's rooms; but whose rooms they were or what it was all about, I could never discover. There was one man among them who, apart from what he might have done at college, was intended for a diplomatic career. He was of very good family, and his name was—wait a moment—ah, yes! His name was Rupert Starleigh. He was supposed to be the best man of his year, and Royce, his tutor, made certain that he would be Senior Wrangler."

"What sort of a man was he?" I asked.

"Rather dark, medium height, with prominent features—but, there, I can't particularize, it's so long ago, and I

should probably never have thought of him again had I not seen such a curious likeness in you to Morton. Dear me, how one's mind travels back when once it starts," and he went on with his recollections until I was tired of listening to him.

I had a good many questions to put to myself when I got to my room. "Was this Morton my father? Was Rupert Starleigh the Kendal crammer? Was that row in someone's rooms the origin of all the trouble? And what was the nature of that trouble?"

To three of these questions I answered "Yes." To the last I could, of course, give no answer at all. But Mr. Travers probably could, and some day the necessity of asking him might arise.

It is wonderful what results may follow one little slip.

If those newspaper cuttings had never fallen into my hands I should have had no clues whatever, should never have identified Willie Ruddock, nor dreamed of connecting Mr. Travers with the mysteries I was now, more than ever, bent upon unravelling.

I stayed some time with the O'Briens, and towards the end of my visit the uncle left us, and the morning after his departure the papers were full of an affair that had happened at Manchester. A man who had been a prominent politician was found dead in his bed; and perhaps this would have occasioned no surprise, for he was known to be suffering from some form of heart disease, but that in his right hand were found five cards, exactly the same as those I had in my possession, and that there were certain marks about his throat and upon his face, that aroused suspicions of foul play. Two or three days later came the news that an eminent medical authority had given it as his emphatic opinion that the unfortunate man had been suffocated, and with this opinion all the other doctors that had been called in had agreed.

One man could not possibly have committed the crime, if crime it were, for the gentleman's wife was sleeping beside him, and nothing occurred to awaken her, as she must assuredly have awakened had her husband struggled. Moreover, there was a large staff of servants, and none of them had heard any sounds during the night.

Someone must have placed the cards in the dead man's hand. The wife and servants were above suspicion. The unfortunate gentleman never had an enemy so far as could be ascertained, and it was not for a moment supposed that any of those who had fallen under the lash of his political satire would have proceeded to such lengths as to deprive him of what, at most, could not have been more than a few years of life.

I had arranged to spend the latter part of my vacation with Mr. Travers, and when I read the particulars of the Manchester outrage I became so curious to see whether he had noticed it, that I left my friends and started for Kendal two or three days before I was expected there. I arrived late at night, but my old latch-key was still hanging to my bunch, and I let myself in without disturbing the servants.

I found Hugh in the dining room, and when he had got over his astonishment at seeing me he told me that his uncle had been taken ill some little while before I arrived, and, on making further inquiries, I ascertained that his attack dated from the very day upon which the papers with the particulars of the Manchester affair had appeared.

He would not allow his nephew, as I shall still call Willie Ruddock, to send for medical aid, and though he tried to make light of his ailment, and attributed it to overwork, it was evident to those who were nursing him that something weighed heavily on his mind.

Hugh Travers had sat up with him, but, strange to say, he (Hugh) had not read the papers for some time back, as I discovered on speaking with him. I purposely put certain questions to him as we sat smoking, questions that were of burning interest on account of the crisis through which the country was then passing—questions, moreover, that were being discussed in nearly every journal of the day; but he confessed at once that he knew nothing of the matters to which I alluded, for he had been working even as he sat in his uncle's room.

I had the papers with me containing an account of the outrage at Manchester, and I watched him closely to see what effect their perusal would have upon him. When he came to the paragraphs in which the cards were mentioned every vestige of colour left his face. He dropped the paper and sat staring at me, and in that moment I knew that he had read the accounts of the Oldburgh affair in which he had taken so prominent a part, and the cards mentioned as having been found then connected in his mind, as they had done in mine, with this latest outrage.

"Can you guess now," I said, "what caused Mr. Travers' illness?"

He tried to answer me, but his voice was no more than a whisper, and I gathered that he was saying "Yes" from the movement of his lips, rather than from any sound I could hear.

"I have something to tell you," I said "when you feel stronger—something that, I think, will touch you most nearly, for it has to do with Mr. Travers' safety. You go and have a good night's rest. I'll sit up with your uncle, and to-morrow morning you can hear what I have to tell you, and we can take steps as to what had better be done."

He got up from the table and went to the sideboard. He was a very abstemious man as a rule, but now he poured himself out some brandy, and adding but little water to it, drank it

at a draught; and presently, when he had breath to speak, he sat down and, leaning towards me, said slowly:

"You don't leave this room until I have heard everything you have to tell. What do you know of those accursed cards? What do you know of the fiends who handled them?"

He rose quickly from his chair and walked to the door and locked it, and, resuming his seat, said, almost fiercely:

"Now, go on!"

"I must begin," I said, by reminding you that only three cards were picked up at Oldburgh. In this last case there were five. When I came here first I came on the evening of the day on which a foul crime had been perpetrated in London. It was styled 'A Suburban Mystery,' and it is very like you were so taken up with your studies that you never read or heard anything about it. Is that so?"

"I don't in the least know what you are talking about."

"Let me tell you, then. A man was found by the police in a half-empty house. He had evidently met with a violent death at the hands of some person or persons unknown. That man had five cards precisely similar in all respects to those found upon this man at Manchester. The police know nothing of this peculiarity of the London case, because the cards were taken away before they discovered the body. My father took them away, and I have them now."

"Good Heavens! Tremayne!" he exclaimed, "who are you? And what fresh horror is this?"

"I am the son of a man who, I verily believe, is Mr. Travers' greatest friend, and who is involved, just as Mr. Travers is, in some terrible manner that I cannot understand. My father has left the country; I have no idea where he is, or by what name he calls himself. He sent me here, and I should never have known who you are, or who Mr. Travers is, had he not left behind him a small parcel containing some extracts referring to what happened at Oldburgh, and the five cards he had picked up near the man."

"He forbade me to speak of anything I saw that night to the police, or to any stranger; but I don't look upon you as a stranger, for you are as deeply concerned in the matter as I; and I have found out several other things bearing upon the doings of these fiends—for there must be more than one in it—and I shall put them before you as briefly as possible."

And with that, I told him what I had heard at O'Brien's, and gave him more complete details of what had happened in our house in London, not omitting to mention, also, the deaths of the men who had, as I firmly believed, been assassinated abroad.

He heard me to the end without interruption.

"I can see now," he said, "why neither your father nor Mr. Travers would let us inform the authorities. They were both convinced that the publicity would bring these—well, we can't call them men, and they're too bad for demons—these assassins down upon them, when the police protection was withdrawn. What can it all mean? Why are they taking the lives of men that your father, on his own showing, doesn't know, and that Mr. Travers, doesn't know? You say the fellows who were here with you talked of this Dr. James, and my uncle didn't seem to recognize the name at all? Do you really think that it was a coincidence that this doctor was killed in your house?"

"My father did," I said. "I saw him examine the poor fellow closely, and I'll swear he had never seen him before. Now, Travers, I'll tell you what you must do. You must get that young brain of yours in working order. Go to bed now, and sleep as long as you can. I'll take care of Mr. Travers to-night, and to-morrow we'll put our heads together and settle on some definite plan of action."

I had the stronger will, and I persuaded him to come with me to his uncle, and when he had bidden him good-night I took him away, and having seen him comfortably bestowed, I returned to Mr. Travers' room to begin my long vigil.

Had I needed any stimulus for the efficient carrying out of my self-imposed task, I should only have to look at the pinched face and the bright eyes of the man who had been so good to me. His voice was very weak, but so clear that one could easily hear every word he spoke.

"I'm glad you've come, Tremayne," he said, "I've been expecting you, and you're going to stay with me to-night. It's very good of you, but I hope I shall soon be about again, and not be a nuisance to you young people."

I told him that he could never be that, and as I looked at his worn features, and as the bright gleam that his coming had called up began to fade away, I thought within myself that here was a man suffering from the burden of some secret that was too great for him to bear, and, at all hazards, I determined to let him know that I was perfectly cognizant of what had caused his illness. I gave him the medicine that he had prescribed for himself—and he was no mean master of the healing art—and shook up his pillows, all the while trying to think of some opening that might give me the chance of leading up to what I wished to say.

The opening came from him.

"I feel very restless, Tremayne," said he, "would you read to me a little, or, better still, tell me how you like your work, and something about the people you were staying with? What was the name?"

"O'Brien," I said, and though I watched him closely, I could not see that the mention of the name had any effect upon him, as would have had he and O'Brien been friends. So I went on: "They are, very nice people, Irish, of course, and an uncle of my friend, who happened to be staying with them, is an old Cambridge man, and had some interesting stories to tell of his college days."

He was all attention now.

"How long is it since he was up?" he asked.

"Oh, about twelve years, I think—I'm not sure; but he told us one of his reminiscences, that would probably fix the date for anyone who happened to have been up at the time."

"Tell me that story of his," he said.

"It will amuse me, and I have known a good many Cambridge men."

I looked at his face, and his eager-

ness to hear what I had to tell revealed itself plainly in his eyes, although had my back been towards him I should have noticed nothing in his voice other than the listless tone of the invalid. I was about to put him through a trying ordeal, and the fact that he had so much self-control urged me to go on. He wanted somebody to lean upon, and although my shoulders were, at the best, but very young ones, still if I could take part of his anxiety upon them, and could make him understand that my inexperienced wits might be sharpened by the working out of my purpose, by what he could tell me, and by his advice, I felt that I should be doing what no medicine could do—that I should, in fact, be ministering to a mind diseased. And so I told the tale, not exactly as 'twas told to me, but with such few additions as would make it easier to let Mr. Travers know, when he had heard it all, that I could answer part of the riddle, and that I looked to him to unravel the rest. I was careful, too, to mention no names, and although he seemed excited by the narrative, he was not unduly so.

I had been leaning over the foot of the bed while I spoke. When the story was finished I sat down and took his hand in mine.

"I have told you this tale of malice prepense," I said, "and before I say why I have done so, I want you to understand, Mr. Travers, that for me, of all men on the earth, my father and you stand far above the rest. For your sake I would gladly run any and every risk."

I could feel his poor, weak hand tremble in mine as I spoke of danger, and then he gripped me as hard as his strength would allow.

"Don't speak, Mr. Travers, my kind friend; don't agitate yourself. A chance circumstance—the finding of an old paper—put me in possession of part of your secret. I know that there are demons about who are hunting for you and my father, and I know that when they take a life they leave traces of their handiwork behind, by which those they have threatened may know they are still on the trail. My father's real name is Robert Tremayne H. Morton, and yours is Rupert Starleigh, and I only tell you this that you may safely be my one and only consideration."

I made him take a little stimulant to help him to recover from the shock I had given him.

"I know the cause of your present attack. It was because you happened to see the account of the case in Manchester, and you recognized the sign of the cards. Don't speak yet. Wait until I have finished, and if you can bring yourself to tell me the particulars of what happened at Cambridge, of what it was that has brought all this trouble upon us, I shall be the better able to help you. My father would not tell me why he was leaving me, but that was because I was utterly ignorant then of everything connected with the matter. Now I know so much that I am convinced he would let me hear all. God knows, no father could have been kinder to me than you have been. Don't speak if it distresses you, but if you think you can tell me what I ought to know, press my hand."

He looked at me so lovingly, and so tenderly, withal, that, as I felt the gentle pressure I had asked for, I stooped over and kissed him.

"God bless and keep you," I said. "And now, my dear friend, try and sleep, and try to think too, the particular row told in a sorrow shared, and to-morrow you will be stronger and better able to help me."

Ah! that to-morrow! How wise and beneficent a provision it is that we know not what it may bring forth! Had anything been wanting to convince me of the terrible position in which we all—and by "we all" I mean my father and Mr. Travers, young Travers and myself—were placed, the events of this night would have supplied it. I set beside the patient until I saw that he was becoming calmer, then I gently withdrew my hand, and changing my coat and boots for a dressing gown and soft woolen slippers, I turned the gas down and made myself as comfortable as possible on a low couch that stood in the shadow on the side of the bed remote from the door. From time to time I peeped at the patient's white face, scarcely distinguishable in the dim light from the pillow on which his head lay, and I was pleased to find that presently his eyes were closed, and, bending over him, I could tell from his quiet breathing and his relaxed look that he was sleeping; and I was comforted by the thought that he might have found peace from the knowledge that one who was involved in the great peril overshadowing him was watching beside him.

It was past 1 o'clock, and the silence of the early hours of the morning had settled upon the house. I was wide awake. The bed upon which Mr. Travers lay was an old-fashioned, half-tester, standing very high. I had drawn the curtains forward on my side, so that I could see his face by looking round the hinder edge.

The gas jet was fixed in the side wall, and a string, one end of which lay close to Mr. Travers' hand, had been attached to the clip in such a way that he could, by pulling the cord, turn the gas on full if he wished to do so. The night was very warm, and since I had been entirely forgotten, I had left the door ajar and one of the windows a little open. The gas, as I have said, had been turned low, but there was still plenty of light in the room to readily distinguish the different objects, and from my position as I lay I could see the door plainly by reason of the fact that the curtain had been pulled a foot or two forward.

The handle of the door was of a peculiar construction, and every time I glanced at the sleeper it had caught my eye, being so exactly in the line of sight. I was lying thinking, and looking at it, when it began to move, but so slowly that I had to take a prolonged stare at it to make certain of the fact.

Yes! surely but steadily it was approaching the edge of the curtain, and as I watched, it passed out of my sight, and there could be no doubt that the door was opening.

There was no draught that could have moved it, for there was scarcely a breath of air stirring, not even enough to shake the light curtains of the open window. It was most uncanny,

for, strain my ears as I would, I could not detect the slightest sound.

I cannot explain why I lay there passive, or why I did not spring from the couch and see for myself what motive power was pushing it open.

It was not fear that held me inert. It was, perhaps, because I was unwilling to move about the room, lest I should wake Mr. Travers, and I knew that in his present condition every minute's slumber was of the utmost importance.

And then another curious circumstance arrested my attention. The light was becoming brighter, and the flame of the gas, as I looked at it, was slowly increasing. My eye travelled along the string by which, as I have explained, the gas could be turned on, and there, about a foot from the end nearest Mr. Travers, I saw a hand moving slowly over the bedclothes. It was the hand of a man who might once have earned his living by the sweat of his brow, for it was large and showed the signs of wear, but now it was well kept, and a heavy gold ring encircled his third finger.

If you were to ask me the motive that governed my next movement, I am sure I could not tell you. The couch upon which I lay had no sides to it, and so, without making a sound that could be heard across the room, I slipped on to the soft, thick carpet, and, gently lifting the counterpane, crept under the bed, and there, in the interval between the overhanging coverings and the floor, I saw two feet covered with thick woolen socks.

Even then I thought I had only to do with an ordinary burglar, although in that case the encounter might easily prove a desperate one, seeing that I had nothing wherewith to fight but my naked hands, and he, most probably, had both revolver and loaded stick.

Suddenly there was a convulsive movement above me. Then came the sound of a voice, and though the words were hissed out rather than spoken, I heard them plainly:

"You don't know me, Rupert Starleigh, but you know Brian Lennon. The Ragged Thirteen gave you. I shall tighten the gag presently and suffocate you, and I'll leave you the cards to play with. The next man I deal them to shall be Morton, and I'll find him if he's alive!"

The bed shook again with the movements of the man upon it.

### (To Be Continued.)

### Cause of Its Gloom.

An elephant and a donkey were jogging along the road, side by side.

"You seem downcast, my friend," observed the elephant. "Doubtless, you are comparing yourself with me, and wondering why, relatively, you are so insignificant. Let it console and bring happiness. It only increases the number of your enemies, the parasites that may prey upon you, and makes you an easy mark for the arrows of the envious. Think, besides, how much larger and more stately you are than the opossum or the chipmunk. To them you are probably an object of envy."

"You mistake me," replied the donkey. "If you think I am dissatisfied with myself because I am a donkey. The cause of my dejection is that I am everywhere pictured as the sign and symbol of the Democratic party."

There could be no consolation for this palpable injustice and humiliation, and the two trudged on in silence.—Chicago Tribune.

### Bound to Borrow Something.

In the poorer parts of some towns a very popular custom is that of borrowing from neighbors when short of little articles of grocery, etc.

The other morning, in Reading, a child came from two doors up the street with the message:

"Please, Mrs. So-and-so, mother says would you lend her a little bit of black lead and some pepper, and the big flat-iron for an hour?"

Now, Mrs. So-and-so was very busy just then, and rather put out about something; so she said to the child:

"No. I haven't got time to look for them. Tell your mother I've got other fish to fry this morning."

The girl went, but was back in two minutes, with a dish and another request:

"Please, mother says could you lend her some of the fried fish?"—Tit-Bits.

### Identified.

"Max Muller is dead," remarked the Literary Man.

"Who was Max Muller?" gruffly inquired the Sordid Politician.

"He was a brother to Maud Muller," answered the Literary Man, with a pained expression on his face.

"O, I see!" said the Sordid Politician, "the girl that raked the hay?"

"Yes," said the Literary Man, "he drove the horse-rake while Maud was flirting with the Judge. He was the one for whom she was figuring on buying a broadcloth coat if she had caught the Judge."—Buffalo Express.

### Why It Was All Right.

A fragment from the conversation of two Socialists:

"Let us remain ever faithful to our glorious principles to divide everything."

"But would that be really advantageous to us in the end?"

"Idiot! Of course it would be advantageous to us, since we have nothing."—Exchange.

### Advice to Weary Willie.

"I see yer movin' out, boss," remarked a very disreputable-looking Weary Willie, who had stopped to watch the operation.

"Is dey anything you don't need at the crusty suburbanite, tossin' a bundle into the van, 'a bath'?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Not Exactly What He Meant.

A member of parliament, after a long and tiresome speech, in which he went into the dismal depths of political economy, whispered to a friend:

"I endeavored to use nothing but classic language throughout my entire address."

"And you succeeded admirably," said his friend. "It was all Greek for your audience."—Exchange.

### Fall Economy.

"What a pretty felt hat that is of Mrs. Flynn's!"

"Yes; that's her summer hat turned around with the back to the front."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## WHY MRS. PINKHAM

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family phy-



Mrs. G. H. CHAPPELL.

sician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham, and whose advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the United States.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill., whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice and use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as they cured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is absolutely free.

### Memory of a Benefactor Toasted.

Toasting Sir Francis Drake is an interesting ceremony. The town of Plymouth, Eng., consumes 5,000,000 gallons of water per day, and its first regular supply was given to the town during Sir Francis Drake's mayoralty. Annually the town indulges in the quaint ceremony of toasting his memory, which is done in this way: The pious memory of Sir Francis is drunk in water at the head weir. But then the company drinks in wine, to the sentiment, "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want for wine."—Pearson's Weekly.

### A Wonderful Old Lady.

Lord Rosebery's mother, the duchess of Cleveland, is a wonderful old lady. Though she is in her eighty-first year she is still full of energy, and is a delightful companion. The king mentions as an illustration of her activity that she did not indulge her love for travel until she was over seventy years of age, and since then she has made many a journey, including a tour to India, the West Indies and British South Africa. The duchess was married to the late Duke of Cleveland in 1854, three years after the death of Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's father.

### AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Woman Who Has Done a Great Deal to Put Down This Evil.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 2.—(Special)—When the Independent Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith, of 1217 West 33d Street, this city. The American Anti-Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far-reaching.

About twelve years ago however, it seemed as if this noble woman would have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physicians were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three months' treatment however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about him for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says:

"Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box.

They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple, and sure Remedy is at hand.

### Compassless.

Mrs. Hibbits—Where were you last night, my dear?

Mr. Hibbits—Really, my dear, I can't say. I had no guide book.—Ohio Statesman.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### Hard Luck.

He—For goodness' sake, what are you sighing about?

She (behind the papers)—Oh, there are such lovely bargains here in Jones & Jones' advertisement, and I can't take advantage of them.

"Bonnets, I suppose?"

She—No; a complete line of patent medicines reduced one-half, and there's not a blessed thing the matter with any of us.—Philadelphia Press.