

THE CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT

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CHAPTER IV.

The men on the ground took no notice, but continued to stare doggedly before them. The man working at the tent looked round quickly for a moment, and the old man on the bucket looked up and nodded.

Quick to see the most likely friend, Hewitt at once went up to the old man, extending his hand. "Sarshin daddo," (Good luck, brother), he said; "dell mandy tooty's varst." (How do you do, father? Give me your hand.)

The old man smiled and shook hands, though without speaking. Then Hewitt proceeded, producing the flat bottle of whiskey: "Tatty for pawny, chiss. Dell mandy the pawny and lell pash the tatty." (Spirits for water, lads. Give me the water and take your share of the spirits.)

The whiskey did it. We were Romany ryes in twenty minutes or less, and had already been taking tea with the eyes for half the time. The two or three we had found about the fire were still reserved, but these, I found, were only half gypsies and understood very little Romany. One or two others, however, including the old man, were of pure breed, and talked freely, as did one of the women. They were Lees, they said, and expected to be on Wilkes-Barre course in three days' time. We, too, were pilgrimages or travelers, Hewitt explained, and might look to see them on the course. Then he fell to telling gypsy stories, and they to telling others back, to my intense mystification. Hewitt explained afterwards that these were mostly stories of poaching, with now and again a horse-couping

the old Lee said: "You're right, pal--you're cleverer than we took you for. That's what they call his ten. He is a petulogro (smith), and he comes with us to show the gries (thieves) and mend the various (traps). But he is with us and so is a Lee."

The talk and the smoke went on, and presently the man with the broken shoe returned and lay down again. Then, when the whiskey had all gone, and Hewitt, with some excuse that I did not understand, had begged a piece of cord from one of the rones (good night). By this time it was nearly ten o'clock. We walked briskly till we came back again to the inn where we had bought the whiskey. Here Hewitt, after some little trouble, succeeded in hiring a village cart, and while the driver was harnessing the horse cut a couple of short sticks from the hedge. These, being each divided into two, made four short, stout pieces of something less than six inches long each. Then Hewitt joined them together in pairs, each pair being connected from center to center by about nine or ten inches of the cord he had brought from the gypsies' camp. This done, he handed one pair to me. "Handkerchiefs," he explained, "and no bad ones, either. See--you use them so, and he passed the cord over my wrist, attaching the two handles and giving them a slight twist that sufficiently convinced me of the utter helplessness of a prisoner thus secured in the hands of captors prepared to use their instruments.

"Whom are these for?" I asked. "The man with the broken shoe."

Hewitt smiled. "Yes," he said, "I expect you shall find him out about midnight. You know how to use these now."

It was fully eleven before the cart was ready and we started. A courier of a mile or so from the gypsy encampment Hewitt stopped the cart, and gave the driver instructions to wait. We got through the hedge and made our way on the soft ground behind it. In the direction of the van and the tent, the two handles and giving them a slight twist that sufficiently convinced me of the utter helplessness of a prisoner thus secured in the hands of captors prepared to use their instruments.

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He carried something in his hand that looked like a large bundle of sticks and twigs, and he appeared as anxious to be secret as we ourselves. From time to time he stopped and listened; fortunately there was no moon, or in turning about as he did once or twice he would have observed us. The field sloped downward just before us and there was another hedge at right angles, leading down to a slight hollow. To this hollow the man made his way, and in the shade of the new hedge we followed. Presently he stopped suddenly, stooped, and deposited his bundle on the ground before him. Crouching before it he produced matches from his pocket, struck one, and in a moment had a fire of twigs and small branches that sent up a heavy white smoke. "What all this portended I could not imagine, but a sense of the weirdness of the whole adventure came upon me unchecked. The horrible corpse in the wood with its severed wrist, Hewitt's enigmatical forbodings, the mysterious tracking of the man with the broken shoe, the scene around the gypsies' fire, and now the strange behavior of this man, whose connection with the tragedy was so intimate, and yet so inexplicable--all these things contrived to make up a tale of but a few hours' duration, but of an inscrutable mystery that I began to feel in my nerves.

The man bent a thin stick double, and, using it as a pair of tongs, held some indistinguishable object over the flame before him. Excited as I was I could not help noticing that he bent and held the stick with his left hand, except in a few instances, and as I stood across three years behind him and looked over his shoulder the form of the object stood out clear and black against the dull red of the flame. It was a human hand.

["To Be Continued"]

A Queer Kisses Well. From the Wagoner Times. A freak of nature had been discovered on Prof. St. John's farm, north of Belvue, in the shape of a deep well which supplied fresh water alternately every two weeks.

Yes; During All Times. Experience shows that during such times as these in Cuba, vigilance is needed for the protection of the interests and rights of American citizens.

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DON'T TAKE MEDICINE.

Disease Is to Be Surely Cured Only by Destroying the Microbes That Cause It.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER WILL DO IT.

It Is Pleasant to Take, Efficient and Inexpensive.

One of the surest ways to be sick and keep on being sick, is to fill one's self with medicine. It is not infrequently the case that the medicine taken to cure some comparatively trivial ailment, produces on the stomach the effect of a poison. Most of the treatment physicians give is a matter of guess work, and often it does more harm than good. The few physicians who are looking to the comparative trivial ailments of the general public, and who are studying the microbe theory of all diseases, are among the most important practitioners. Among the more important practitioners, physicians who are giving pills and powders to cure their patients' ailments, the microbe theory is still unbelieved. Among liberally educated and liberal-minded doctors, there is not one who does not know that every disease is caused by a specific microbe, which varies with the character of the disease. The man most responsible for this knowledge is Dr. William H. Radam, who, by his experiments and by his discovery of the microbe theory, has actually proved that there is a separate and distinct microbe for every disease. His discovery of the microbe theory is a modern medicine, and is a medicine that is a modern medicine. Just as the latter is charged with carbonic acid gas, so the former is water charged with anti-septic gases. It is used as water only in a similar manner. His anti-septic water is a medicine. No microbes, not even the number of bacteria, can live in it, but the dose must be given in the form of a medicine. Doctors give a spoonful at a time. The dose of the "Microbe Killer" is a wine glass full, or more. It is a safe and certain cure for every disease. It kills microbes and thus immediately stops the disease. It is a safe and certain cure for every disease. It kills microbes and thus immediately stops the disease. It is a safe and certain cure for every disease. It kills microbes and thus immediately stops the disease.

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of woe and want that the two women, who had started out with vengeance in their hearts, gave him some money and sent him on his way rejoicing. For women will be wiser even when they run ranches in the San Luis Valley.

Willing to be content with it. From the Wilkes-Barre Times. Says the Scranton Tribune: "A contemporary avers that ten seconds after the Wilkes-Barre court house struck down on either evening, the Scranton court house struck down also. This is a serious charge, which should be thoroughly investigated. Scranton is not ten seconds behind Wilkes-Barre in anything." Not! What's the matter with our fire-department and the court house we are going to build--and our glass streets--and our Susquehanna river--and--but there's no use going into facts too deeply. Shoen Hollow would feel her degradation too keenly.

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From the "Tribune" to Toledo. The April fool can be endured. It is the year-around fool that makes life a burden.

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Weakness of Young Men Cured. If you have been given up by your physician as incurable, and are suffering from the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Neuritis, Old Sore, Catarrh, Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Tumors, Cancers and Consumption, and all strictly secret and confidential, write for a free pamphlet and confidential, office hours daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

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French Injection Compound. Guaranteed to cure all venereal diseases, including gonorrhea, syphilis, and all other venereal ailments.



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Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

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HORSE - SHOE REMOVED. DR. JOHN HAMLIN, The Acknowledged Expert Horseshoer and Dentist is Now Permanently Located on West Lackawanna Ave., Near the Bridge.



One Leg Was Thrown Over the Other as He Lay.

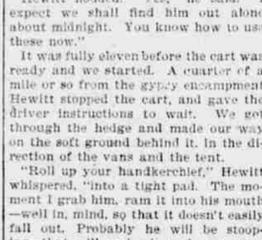
anecdote thrown in. Since then I have learned enough of Romany to take my part in such a conversation, but at the time a word or two here and there all I could understand. In all this talk the man we had first noticed stretching the tent rope took very little interest, but lay with his head away from the fire, smoking his pipe, and was a much darker man than any other present--had, in fact, the appearance of a man of even a swarther race than that of the others about us. Presently in the middle of a long and, of course, to the unintelligible story of the old man, I caught Hewitt's eye. He lifted one eyebrow almost imperceptibly, and glanced for a single moment at his walking stick. Then I saw that it was pointed towards the feet of the very dark man who had not yet spoken. One leg was thrown over the other as he lay, with the soles of his shoes presented toward the fire, and in its glare I saw that the right sole was worn and broken and that a small triangular tag of leather was doubled over beneath in just the place we knew of from the prints in Retherby wood.

I could not take my eyes off that man with his broken shoe. There lay the secret. The whole mystery of the fantastic crime in Retherby wood centered in the shabby ruffian. What was it?

But Hewitt went on, talking and joking furiously. The men who were not speaking mostly smoked gloomily, but whenever one spoke he became animated and lively. I had attempted, once or twice, to join in, though my efforts were not particularly successful, except in inducing one man to offer me tobacco from his box--tobacco that almost made me giddy in the smell. He tried some of mine in exchange, and though he pruned it with native politeness, and smoked the pipe through, I could see that my Hignett mixture was poor stuff in his estimation, compared with the swifl stuff in his own box.

Presently the man with the broken shoe got up, slouched over to his tent and disappeared. Then said Hewitt (I translate): "You're not all Lees here, I see?" "Yes, pal, all Lees."

"But he's not a Lee," and Hewitt jerked his head toward the tent. "Why not a Lee, pal? We be Lees and he is with us. Thus he is a Lee." "Oh, yes, of course. But I know he is from over the pawny. Come, I'll guess the tem (country) he comes from--it's Roumania, eh? Perhaps the Wallachian part."



He Held Some Indistinguishable Object Over the Flames.

When that was accomplished, she stood before the tent, and a surplus of energy that she began ratcheting, inspired by the example of Miss Mallon, who had already won fame as a rancher. Miss Beebe took up a claim in the San Luis valley and hired a practical farmer and his wife to live with her and help in the work. She herself had a fine stock of cattle and horses, and in buying time drove the team and cut the grass. This year she sold 212 head of cattle and twenty-three carloads of potatoes, besides sending to town nineteen loads of hay. She says, with pardonable pride, that her ranch has been as profitable as any of its size in the San Luis valley.

She has more of the exciting adventures since she became a ranchwoman. One night she was awakened by some one who was trying to cut his way into the house through the wire window screens. Miss Beebe politely requested him to desist, and when he refused she shot at him. He was not killed, but was disabled and he gave up the profession of a midnight marauder.

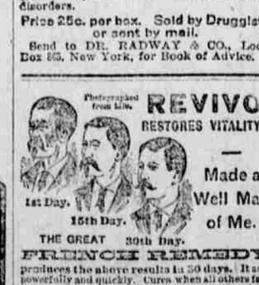
Another time one of Miss Beebe's horses was stolen. As soon as she discovered her loss she mounted her swift steed, seized her trusty rifle and galloped off for her trusty neighbor, Miss Mallon. Soon the two girls were in hot pursuit of the horse thief, and finally they overtook him. He made no attempt to guard himself against two young women riding along the road, nor realizing, of course, the connection between one of them and his horse. Consequently it came upon him like a bolt of lightning when he found himself covered with their rifles and ordered to dismount. He did so, protesting with westerly chivalry that he would never have taken it had he known that a woman

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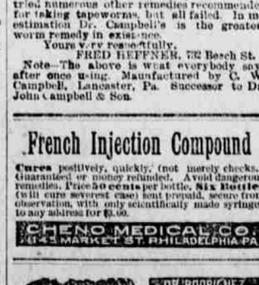
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