The Rajah's Heirloom

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, Author of "Her Lord and Master," etc. Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bachellen.

John Busby, a Scotland Yard detective, is sent to Manning ford to investigate the robbery of a diamond necklace worth f30,000. This belonged to Sir Henry Ellesmere, who has just died, and the jewels were found missing after the reading of the will. Busby puts up at the hotel, and overhears the customers discussing the matter, one of whom suspects the young wife of Sir Henry to have taken them. The detective questions his stepson, the new baronet, who tells him the jewels were given to his father by an indian prince, were intended as an heirioom, and that his stepmother always wanted them. He tells of his own marriage and of a quarrel with his father, who was angered by it. Busby questions the widow, and she hints that her stepson himself has taken the jewels. He also hears of and sces a deaf and dumb woman, Julia Craley, a dwarf, who has a home in the house, and has always been very devoted to Sir Charles and his father. He talks with the butler, who asks his confidence, and tells of strange meeting on the part of the old baronet's young wife with a man hanging about the grounds. Busby himself suspects she has stolen the jewels, and inquiries among the servants confirm this helief. He is much puzzled, and tele-SYNOPSIS.

PART V.

and inquiries among the servants confirm this belief. He is much puzzled, and tele-graphs for his fellow-detective. Crewe, to whom he tells the whole story.

Ben Crewe was a man of a long head and solid judgment. He thought slow-ly, but, as a rule, he thought sure, and by, but, as a rule, he thought sure, and he generally came to the right conclu-sion. We had been acquainted ever since we entered the force, and had worked a deal together, and knew each other's methods and ways. I told him everything I had seen and observed, and waited rather anxiously for the remarks that should follow. In my idea there could be no doubt who had com-mitted the robbery, but Ben would not give any opinion on the subject. "You know, Jack," he said, "that you must always give me time to think over

things. Let us have a pipe together, and when that's through maybe I may have seen summat, but it looks dark to

So we sat in the coffee room of the hotel and smoked together in silence. Hen finished his first pipe and filled another, and sat there, with crossed knees and closed eyes, for all the world like a graven image and about as motionless. I thought he would have never done, but I knew him too well to interrupt his train of thought. At last, after a good hour or more, he opened his -stretched himself-yawned and

Let's go for a walk and have a look about the place!"

It was a wet morning, not at all fitted for a stroll, but I wouldn't gainsay Ben, so we sallied out side by side, and took our way up the village street, until we reached the open country.

"You don't seem to catch on to the idea of a lover, Ben," I ventured to say.
"No. Jack! I don't," he answered

"Because no lady would be such a fool as to meet a man, as she oughtn't to, in her own grounds and before the eyes of the servants. Mind! I don't say as they haven't done it and worse things besides, but not such a woman as you describe this Lady Ellesmere with a determined character and mas-terful will. If she went to meet the man at all, which I doubt,—and you know how servants are always ready to make the worst of everything their employers may do, especially if, as in this case, they don't like them—she went to send him away, or warn him off the grounds. Sir Charles told you he believed that a spy was set upon What if this loafer were the spy, and her ladyship, believing the young man was gone for good, went to pay and dismiss him? It's as likely a notion as not.

"Of course it might be," I answered, in a dissatisfied tone, for I had felt so sure that Ben would fall in with the ideas I had formed concerning the is I had formed concerning the "but how, then, do you suppose jewels were abstracted?" he replied. "T haven't come to that part of the mat-

were walking along some fields as he spoke, and drawing near to the churchyard where Sir Henry lay

This is where they put the poor old man." I observed, as we entered the wicket gate. "It's a pity he can't rise wicket gate. "It's a pity he can't rise again for an hour or two and let us hear what he knows about the affair!" Hen grinned in his queer manner, and he walked to the opposite side of the churchyard where the baronet was burled. It had been his particular wish so I had been told, but to be lab! so I had been told-not to be laid in the damp family vault, with his mold-ering forefathers, but out in the open space where the light and sunshine might fall upon his grave. So as yet there was only a mound of earth heaped above his remains, the monuwhich Sir Charles had ordered erected to his memory not being

As Ben and I came in sight of the grave we were startled to see what looked like a bundle laid upon it, but which proved on a nearer inspection to be the figure of the poor dwarf. Miss Cratey, who was lying out there all of a heap in the rain. "Poor creature!" I exclaimed: "they

told me her love for the old gentleman was more like that of a dog than a huwas more like that of a dog than a hu-man being, and so it must have been. No one but a dog would have the fidel-ity to forget discomfort like this in its grief for the loss of what it loved. But she musn't lie here. She will catch her death of cold! Here, Miss Craley." I continued, raising my voice, "Miss Craley!" you must let me take you home! You must no! stay here in the rain!"

But I might as well have spoken to the grave itself, for all the notice she

fook of my words."
"Hush!" said Ben, laying his hand on my arm; "this is the poor little humpback you told me of! Let us try and communicate with her! It is an excellent opportunity, finding her here

"But she is deaf and dumb," I replied; "she can neither hear nor an-

"I know the dumb alphabet," said Ben, "and doubtless she knows it, too! They have told you that if these jewels were taken from the were taken from the baronet's bed-room, she must have seen it done, as she was present all the time! Let us

Have YOU Tried the great SKIN CURE?

try if she can tell us anything about the matter! "It is useless," I demurred; "if she

could talk with her fingers, they would have got it all out of her at once." And the upshot proved I was right. We went up to the grave and touched the dwarf gently on the shoulder. She took no notice at first, but after re-peated taps she raised her head, and I saw that her eyes were swollen with crying. The sight moved me. Poor, unhappy creature! Were her bodily afflictions not enough to bear, that she was called upon to sorrow for the loss of her best friend?
"Mustn't lie here!" I sald, talking as

"Musta't he here!" I said taking as if she were a little child, and pointing up to the dull sky and down to the damp ground; "you will catch cold—be very very sick—let rue take you home!" pointing to where the thatched roof of The Gables was visible among the trees. She made some unintelligible reply and shook her shoulders free from my touch, but she did not scream in the painful manner in which I had heard her when in the presence of Str Charles and Lady Ellesmere. I reiterated my argument, and I saw she watched my lips and gained some knowledge of my meandown again upon the wet clay piled above the grave. Around her and all over the mound were scattered such wild flowers as one can find in late autumn, they looked draggled and wet as herself, and she raid laid on them till they were all crushed and disfigured. "Did you love him?" I asked pointing downwards to the grave and making such actions with my lips and hands, as to my ideas were emblematic of affection though Ben told me afterwards that I looked like nothing but the repre-sentation of a windmill, and that he had the greatest difficult to prevent himself bursting out laughing, which would of course have spoiled the whole

thing. I am sure the poor creature understood what I meant, for she gave a low moan like that of a wounded animal, and the tears gushed forth from her eyes again. Suddenly she appeared to be all comprehension, for she sat upright, and gazing up at me, she pointed to her mouth and mouned—then turning to the grave, she scratched the earth about with her fingers-turning from the useless task with another mean, and again pointing to her mouth. as though she deployed her inability to speak to us. "What can she mean?" I

said, musingly.

Ben made no reply, but I could see from the expression of his face that he was struck by the coincidence, but finding, after awhile that we could not persuade Miss Craley to leave her posi-tion, we strolled away, and turned our

steps again towards the village.
"Jack!" said Ben, presently; "who
was the medical man who attended Sir Henry on his deathbed?" "A Dr. Stone, I believe-a local prac-titioner!"

"Have you interviewed him? "No! I didn't see the necessity! Sir Charles told me he had the certificate

of death, which said that the old man died of paralysis of the brain."
"I propose that we go and see this Dr. Stone at once!"

"Good heavens man! what have you got in your head now?"
"Only an idea, Jack, raised by the actions of that poor idiot yonder. Did you notice how she pointed to her mouth and then scratched at the earth above the grave as if she wanted to scratch the body up?"

"And what do you make of that— from an idiot, Ben?"
"Idiots often have more sense than men give them credit for. This Miss Craley was in the old baronet's room till he died, you tell me, and saw all that passed, though she has but few means of relating the story. Why should she want to scratch him up again? Why does she associate the idea with her mouth—with something going into her open mouth? Has she seen anything go into his? Will tak-

ing up the body reveal the truth? His death appears to have been a sudden and rather mysterious one—the widow tells you that before the quarrel with his son he was as well and hearty as herself. The son says that he never heard that his father was ill until he received the news of his death. Quarels, however painful, do not as a rule, "But the old gentleman had a de

cided stroke. Goddard, the butler, and Mrs. Nelson bear witness to that." "I dare say; but strokes do not kill the first time of occurrence—at least not as a rule—especially when the sublect is strong and hearty. I think it is our duty to see the doctor who attended him."

"But we are not trying to find out a case of murder." I objected.
"Well! that is my notion," answered Ben, "but if my head's no good to you I'd better go back to London."

I didn't like to hear the old boy talk like that, for I had the greatest admiration for his cuteness and faith in his coinion, as a rule, though this proposal of his did seem rather unneces-sary to me. But Hen Crewe was a strange fellow! Occasionally we others have said amongst ourselves that there was something uncarny about him. would refuse to see a reason for a thing. sometimes, when it seemed as clear as day, and all of a stiden he would start the wonderfullest notion—dream, as it were, or it came across his mind just like a flash of lightning, without apparent rhyme or reason, but it would prove to be the right thing in the end, and left us all wondering how he got and left us all wondering now he got hold of it. So I had great faith in Ben, even when he seemed most unintelli-gible, and wouldn't have flown in the face of his wishes for ever so much. I told him something of the sort on the present occasion, but he only answered eather cruffly as though he didner till rather gruffly, as though he didn't like it mentioned: "Never mind where I got it, or if it's my own idea or some one else's. I want to see this doctor, and the sooner we go to him the bet-

Accordingly we stopped at his house on our way back to the hotel, and were soon ushered into his surgery. Of course, he had heard, in common with everybody else, of our pres-ence in Manningford and the reason for our being there, and he came into the our being there, and he came into the room with a rather perturbed expres-cion of countenance, as if he hoped he were not going to be mixed up with the affair. I left Ben to be the spokesthe affair. I left Ben to be the spokes-man, and accordingly he began:

"We have faken the liberty of call-ing to see you. Mr. Stone, in the inter-ests of justice. There was a robbery committed at the Cables, as doubtless you know all about, whilst the old baronet was lying ill, and whom we understand, you attended on his death-

bed."
That is true, Mr.—Mr.—" said the "Crewe, at your service, sir," inter-

posed Ben.
"Mr. Crewe! thank you; but I cannot. see how my having attended Sir Henry in his last illness can have any bearing on the case. I was only there twice. I cannot possibly know anything about the robbery!"

"Perhaps not, sir," said Ben, "but I conclude that you know what Sir Hanry.

conclude that you know what Sir Henry died of."
Dr. Stone looked startled-almost frightened.

"Of course I do! He died of paralysis of the brain. I gave a certificate to that "We've heard as much," said Ben. "but you are certain that was the only cause of death?"

"As certain as I am that I sit here," "And what did it arise from? Lady Ellesmere says the baronet was well and hearty the week before!"

"She is right. Sir Henry was a re-markably hale man for his time of life. But he received a terrible shock at the But he received a terrible shock at the quarrel with his son, and it acted on his system in a deplorable manner. It is not always possible to account for such things. They are attributable to the state of temperament in which they find their victims. Had that quarrel not taken place, Sir Henry might have lasted for the next twenty years—as it was, it killed him. He never rallied after the attack."

"And nothing else but the shock could have accounted for his symp-toms?" inquired Ben.
"I do not understand you, Mr. Crewe." "Then to put it more plainly, is it quite impossible that the late baronet may have been subjected to foul play— that similar symptoms might not have

presented themselves on the adminis-tration of a noxious drug, for example?"
"Good God! Mr. Crewe, such an idea
never entered my head! Who would
have thought of such a thing? Whom
do you suspect of so terrible a crime?"
"It's not our business to tell you anything further, Dr. Stone! We come here
to ask you a simple question. Could

to ask you a simple question.

the symptoms shown by the late baro-net be produced by the administration of any poison? Will you give us a straightforward answer. PART VI.

The doctor was trembling visibly as he replied:
"Well, certainly, there are narcotic

poisons, the action of which is to par-alyze the limbs and speech, and if ad-ministered in large quantities, would prove fatal to the patient—but mind you, I am only giving you this informa-tion under protest and without the slightest suspicion that any such drug, or any poisonous matter at all, was given to the late baronet—in fact, I am certain there was not, and that he died a natural death, or else I should not have given the certificate I did." We feel assured of that, sir, but in

the interest of justice, we are bound to stop at nothing. We intend to demand an exhumation of the late baronet's an exhumation of the late barons body, and shall require your assist-The doctor sat down, shaking from head to foot. An exhumation—and of one of his own patients! Such a thing had never been heard of in Manning-ford before! It would be a scandal—a

disgrace—he would have done anything in his power to prevent it!

"Remember, gentlemen," he said,
"that this aplication will be made against my express wishes or consent. You must do it on your own responsibility! I will have nothing to do with from a stroke of paralysis, and nothing else! It will be iniquitous if he is dis-turbed from his last repose!" "O! it won't hurt him." said Ben

cheerfully; "and I don't think we shall need to trouble you any further, sir, either. I've took down your remarks in my little book, and I think they will be sufficient. If not, it's easy to apply to you again. Good morning." and tak ing a polite leave, we bowed ourselves out of the doctor's premises

"I can't see the good of this, Ben." said, as we strolled back to our inn. "Whatever do you want to rake up the old gentleman for? If he was mur-dered, which don't seem likely, it won't help us on with our jewel case. Only going out of the way, I call it, for noth

You bide a bit. Jack." was his reply. "I've got a little roundabout way, perhaps, but I know what I'm coming to! You're such an impetuous fellow. You haven't the patience to see a thing

"If I'd stopped as long as you do.
to see a thing through," I retorted,
"I'd never caught those two rascals,
Mears and Wallcock, at Chicago!"
"Cockadoodledoo!" cried Ben, and
then I felt a bit ashamed of my braging before a man who was worth two ging before a man who was worth two of me. When I understood what Ben would be at, I wanted to interview the little humpback again at once, but he

said it wasn't necessary.

"I've got all out of her that I want."
he replied. "She struck the match, and
the fire is kindling all over me! But
this will be a long business, Jack, and we must take Sir Charles Into our confidence at once. Let us go on to the

As soon as we met the baronet Ben startled me by saying:
"Have you the certificate of Sir Henry's death, which was written by Dr. Stone, Sir Charles? "It is, I believe, in the library drawer

with other papers.' "Have you seen it yourself?"

"Have you seen it yourself?"
"I have only glanced at it cursorily. I did not arrive here till an hour before the funeral. Lady Ellesmere, my stepmother, received the certificate from Dr. Stone for the benefit of the undertakers, and locked it away immediately afterwards."

"We should like to see it, if you have no objection. Sir Charles."

"None in the world," replied the young man, "that is, if it can be of any possible use to you in tracing my property." And he rang the bell, and desired a servant to fetch his bunch of keys off his toilet table. In a few minutes the certificate was in Ben's hands. "On what day did the funeral take place?" he asked.
"On the 13th," replied Sir Charles.

"On the 13th," replied Sir Charles. "And when was the coffin closed?"
"The day before, I believe," was the answer; "at least my steomother told me so. At all events, I did not see my father again." father again'

Why is this certificate then dated e lith, sir? Can you tell me that?"
"I had not noticed that it was, but it may have been because Dr. Stone was called away at the time of my father's death and did not return till the morning of the funeral."

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The condition of the placed in my former condition for any money. Gratefully yours,

The condition of the baronet's body?"

Ben looked very grave.

"I can't tell you. Jack. I don't know myself. But sometimes, there comes to me a knowledge—I can't 'say from whom or from where, but it fixes Itself upon my mind, and I can't get rid of it until, rightly or wrongly, I have acted upon it. Don't laugh at me, Jack, but as I stood by the grave with you, the first time we saw it, somebody said to me: 'Disinter the body!' Most of my lucky hits have come to me in that way. Brooklyn, Jackson Co., Mich.

I suppose so. But was that inform al? He knew perfectly well what Sir Henry died of, He had seen him at the first, but did not believe in his danger, I know nothing of such matters. I thought it was all right." "Doubtless, Sir Charles, but Dr. Stone should have known better. However, he has rendered our task easier. Busby

and I, we are going to apply for an exhumation of the body."
"What!" exclaimed the baronet, in a tone of horror; "you surely do not "We suspect nothing. Sir Charles, but would be a satisfaction to us to view

the body. It's all in the matter of busi-On the contrary, if there is likely to be any good in it I shall help you ail in my power. What do you intend to do?" Then I put myself forward.

"With your leave, Sir Charles, I shall stay here," I said, "whilst Crewe goes back to London to make the application. I don't feel that my work is finished. I must take more soundings before I shall be satisfied that the jewels are not still in Manningford." I feel convinced they are!" chimed

Of course we had not confined our

precautions to the place itself. For miles around search had been made at pawnbrokers and all places where stolen goods were likely to be disposed of—and information of the loss, with a description of the article, had been sent to every seaport town and principal railway station in the kingdom. But no news of any sort had arrived of it, or anything like it. I confess I was beginning to be fairly puzzled, and Ben's behavior puzzled me still more.
"What in the name of all that's holy. I said to him, as soon as we were out-side The Gables, "are your plans, Ben? What are you going to next?"

"You leave that to me, my boy," he replied; "you don't approve of my ac-tion in the matter, so you stick to your 'own. You shall stay here and look for tion in the matter, so you stick to your own. You shall stay here and look for the lewels under the beds and in the maids' pockets and I'll go up to town and get an order for an exhumation of the old sentleman's carcass."

I am 77 years old, I have been afflicted with that dreadful complaint

and get an order for an exhumation of the old gentleman's carcass." We parted the best of friends, but I the old gentleman's carcass."

We parted the best of friends, but I really thought he had gone a bit dotty. The old baronet may have been helped out of the world by his missus, for I could see that was what Ben thought. could see that was what Ben thought, but how would the discovery of murder but how would the discovery of help us to find the rajah's heirloom? So I continued to keep a sharp eye on all the inhabitants of Manningford, while he was busy with his application to the home secretary. These sort of things generally take some time, but at things generally take some time, but at last the order came, and down came last the order came, and down came and the condition of the con The widow protested against the dis-turbance of her late husband's remains. She declared it was an outrage and an indecency, and she would not allow it. But Ben only winked his eys when she wasn't looking, and

assured her, sympathetically, that she hadn't a voice in the matter, and that government had a good reason for the demand. The dwarf, Miss Craley, who demand. The dwarf, Miss Craley, who appeared to have gained some inkling of what was about to happen, seemed delighted at the idea. She capered and screeched all day, constantly making signs with her hands that she wanted the earth removed from the coffin, and then pointing to her own mouth, and then to the dowager, Lady Ellesmere, as though she would inti-Ellesmere, as though she would inti-mate that she had something to do with her beloved patron being put under-ground, until I really began to believe myself that Ben was right after all, and the widow had given the old gentleman his quietus. And yet he had treated the idea of a lover with indifference. Aha! I said to myself, Ben may supplement the discovery with another, but he'll find I'm right after all, and that the jewels were taken by her and de-

the jewels were taken by her and de-livered over to an accomplice—the one doubtless, who helped her to hasten her husband's death. But the idea of that beautiful face and figure in the dock didn't please me, and I wished Ben hadn't been quite so sharp, but contented myself with looking after the lost property.

The exhumation was carried out

very quietly. The coffin was disin-terred by night and conveyed to the mortuary chapel, where two medical men beside Dr. Stone were prepared to examine it, I and Ben, of course, being present, with Sir Charles Ellesmere I felt very sad as I watched the proceedings commence. I was thinking of the beautiful widow up at The Gables, and how it would fare with her. Gables, and how it would fare with her, if Ben's suspicions proved correct. I have rather a soft heart for women; I can't help it! It seems so terrible to me that they should ever go wrong, when there's so much good in each one of them! As the coffin lid was removed, I stepped forward rather curiously to view the corpse. It was that of an attenuated, shriveled-up old man, with a stern expression. The appearof an attenuated, shriveled-up old man, with a stern expression. The appearance of the body was almost unchanged by the short time it had been under ground, but at the doctors moved it about for the purpose of performing the post-mortem, the stench became unbearable, and I saw Sir Charles turn deadly pale and make a bolt for the outer air. I was about to follow him

when I was startled by an exclamation from one of the medical men.
"Why! what is this" he said, as he took something from under the corpse and held it up. It was a glittering mass of jewels. Ben Crewe and I pounced upon it at the same moment. "The rajah's heirloom!" we cried,

"The rajah's helrloom!" we cried, simultaneously.

But however did it come here?" demanded Dr. Stone, curiously.

"I know!" I exclaimed, and "I can guess," said Ben—"the dwarf!"

It proved to be true. Miss Craley, having overheard the baronet threaten his son with the loss of the heirloom and the Dowager Lady Ellesmere tell Rachel Marks that the jewels were her's, conceived the cunning idea to secure them for Sir Charles by putting cure them for Sir Charles by putting them in the coffin with the corpse, whence they might never have been disinterred, had not both Ben and I

gone on a wrong tack to find out th truth. A brief examination proved that Sir Henry had died from natural cruses, and the body was reburied with dusolemnity. But we cared little for the failure in that direction. We had unearthed the missing heiricom, and we had the control of the correction of the correction of the correction of the correction of the correction. kept the rest of the secret to ourselves All our suspicions melted into thin air Lady Ellesmere had not murdered be husband—she had never had a lover or an accomplice—she had not purloined the jewels—we were almost ready to believe that she had been a devoted wife and steomother! Sir Charles was delighted with the recovery of his property—the little dwarf screamed with pleasure when she saw it back again— and Ben and I were laden with compliments and congratulations. So ended the robbery of the rajah's heirloom. "Ben," I said, solemnly, as we wend-

ed our way back to Scotland Yard to report proceedings, "Isen, don't you think we had better smooth this matter over a little to the chief? We are considered the two sharpest detectives in London, yet I made sure the dowager had purloined those leweis; and you made sure she had poisoned her husband—but we were both mistaken. I don't understand it, but it is the ease, leaft to now?

isn't it, now?"
"Hum!—yes," replied Ben, thought fully; "but we found the jewels, Jack, after all, and that's the main thing!"
"True—but now that we are alone, tell me, what was it that made you first think of exhuming the baronet's

"And consequently did not see the l wouldn't repeat it to everybody, but body before giving the certificate," persisted Bern.

I wouldn't repeat it to everybody, but you'll respect my fancy, old chap, if it is a fancy, and know that however rum may seem, I am in earnest in telling

t to you."
I looked at rough old Ben, with his shaggy beard and hard features, and thought he was a strange subject to be inspired, from whatever source his information may have come, but he was good and true all through, and if the angels help any one in their earthly work, they may have helped him. But, in another hour I was in the lit-tle cottage at Fulham, and Nancy and the supper she had prepared for me put everything else out of my head. (The End.)

CONSOLING.

Walter's mamma was very sick with rheumatism and he was rubbing her arms when she said: "Walter, it is too had that mamma is such a trouble to you."
Walter replied cheerfully: "Never mind, mamma, if you are only just allve, we don't care how much you suffer.

Mr. William Thornton, of 127 W. Marker Street, Explains How and

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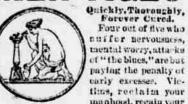
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