

TUMORS CONQUERED

SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so slow that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



Mrs. Fannie D. Fox

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation. "Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my periods around once more, and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

Many a lonesome and expensive trip to Florida, California or the Adirondacks has been saved by the use of

Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure. If this great remedy will not cure the cough, no medicine will, and then all hope rests in a change of climate—but try Kemp's Balsam first.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

YOU CANNOT

CURE

all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine ills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach.

But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for feminine ills ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact. 50 cents a dozen.

Send for Free Trial Box THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

Biblical Law.

From the Bohemian. Husband—"Job's wife was to blame for his boils." Wife—"She wasn't either." Husband—"I beg your pardon. Didn't she keep him in hot water?"

AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS.

Terrible Scaly Humor in Patches All Over the Body—Skin Cracked and Bleeding—Cured by Cuticura.

"I was afflicted with psoriasis for thirty-five years. It was in patches all over my body. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap, six boxes of Ointment, and two bottles of Resolvent. In thirty days I was completely cured, and I think permanently, as it was about five years ago. The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would ooze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or blood warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable. W. M. Childrester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

The highest mountain in the moon is thought to be at least 35,000 feet in height; that is 6,000 feet higher than Mt. Everest.

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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XI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING THREE-QUARTER.—Continued.

A woman, young and beautiful, was lying dead upon the bed. Her calm, pale face, with dim, wide-open blue eyes, looked upwards from amid a great tangle of golden hair. At the foot of the bed, half sitting, half kneeling, his face buried in the clothes, was a young man, whose frame was racked by his sobs. So absorbed was he by his bitter grief, that he never looked up until Holmes' hand was on his shoulder.

"Are you Mr. Godfrey Staunton?"

"Yes, yes, I am—but you are too late. She is dead."

The man was so dazed that he could not be made to understand that we were anything but doctors who had been sent to his assistance. Holmes was endeavoring to utter a few words of consolation, and to explain the alarm which had been caused by his friends by his sudden disappearance, when there was a step upon the stairs, and there was the heavy, stern, questioning face of Dr. Armstrong at the door.

"So, gentlemen," said he, "you have attained your end, and have certainly chosen a particularly delicate moment for your intrusion. I would not bawl in the presence of death, but I can assure you that if I were a younger man your monstrous conduct would not pass with impunity."

"Excuse me, Dr. Armstrong, I think we are a little at cross-purposes," said my friend, with dignity. "If you could step downstairs with us, we may each be able to give some light to the other upon this miserable affair."

Minute later, the grim doctor and ourselves were in the sitting room below.

"Well, sir?" said he.

"I wish you to understand in the first place, that I am not employed by Lord Moulton-James, and that my sympathies in this matter are entirely against that nobleman. When a man is lost it is my duty to ascertain his fate, but having done so the matter ends so far as I am concerned, and so long as there is nothing criminal, I am much more anxious to hush up private scandals than to give them publicity. It is as I imagine, there is no breach of the law in this matter, you can absolutely depend upon my discretion and my co-operation in keeping the facts out of the papers."

Dr. Armstrong took a quick step forward and wrung Holmes by the hand.

"You are a good fellow," said he. "I had misjudged you. I thank heaven that my punctum at leaving poor Staunton all alone in this plight caused me to turn my carriage back, and so to make your acquaintance. Knowing as much as you do, the situation is very easily explained. One year ago Godfrey Staunton lodged in London for a time, and became passionately attached to his landlady's daughter, whom he married. She was as good as she was beautiful, and as intelligent as she was good. No man need be ashamed of such a wife. But Godfrey was the heir to the crabs old nobleman, and it was quite certain that the news of his marriage would have been the end of his inheritance. I knew the lad well, and loved him for his many excellent qualities. He did all I could to help him to keep things straight. We did our best to keep the thing from everyone, for when once such a whisper gets about, it is not long before everyone has heard it. Thanks to this lonely cottage and his own discretion, I could keep his secret. The poor boy was a Godfrey has up to now succeeded. He appears in some inexplicable way to have seen. I did not tell him how urgent the danger was, for I knew that he could do no good here, but I sent the truth to the girl's father, and he very judiciously communicated it to Godfrey. The result was that he came straight away in a state bordering on frenzy, and has remained in the same state, kneeling at the end of her bed, until this morning death put an end to her sufferings. That is all, Mr. Holmes, and I am sure that I can rely upon your discretion and that of your friends."

Holmes grasped the doctor's hand.

"Come, Watson," said he, and we passed from that house of grief into the pale sunlight of the winter day.

XII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE ABBEY GRANGE.

It was on a bitterly cold and frosty morning, towards the end of the winter of '97, that I was awakened by a tugging at my shoulder. It was Holmes.

The candle in his hand shone upon his eager, stooping face, and told me at a glance that something was amiss.

"Come, Watson," said he, "the game is afoot. Not a word! Into your clothes and come!"

Ten minutes later we were both in a cab and rattling through the silent streets on our way to Charing Cross station. The first faint winter's dawn was beginning to appear, and we could dimly see the occasional figure of an early workman as he passed us, blurred and indistinct in the opalescent London mists.

Holmes nestled in silence into his heavy coat, and I was glad to do the same, for the air was most bitter, and neither of us had broken our fast.

It was not until we had consumed some hot tea at the station, and taken our places in the Kentish train that we were sufficiently thawed, he to speak, and I to listen. Holmes drew a note from his pocket and read it aloud:

Abbey Grange, Marsham, Kent.

3.30 a. m.

My Dear Mr. Holmes—I should be very glad of your immediate assistance in what promises to be a most remarkable case. It is something quite in your line. Except for releasing the lady I will see that everything is kept exactly as I have found it, but I beg you not to lose an instant, as it is difficult to leave Sir Eustace here.

Yours faithfully,

Stanley Hopkins.

"Hopkins has called me in seven times, and on each occasion his summary has been entirely justified," said

Holmes. "I fancy that everyone of his cases has found its way into your collection, and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection, which atones for much which I deplore in your narratives. Your fatal habit of looking at everything from the point of view of a story instead of as a scientific exercise has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical series of demonstrations. You slur over work of the utmost fineness and delicacy, in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite, but cannot possibly instruct, the reader."

"Why do you not write them yourself?"

"I will, my dear Watson, I will. At present I am busy with a French study, but I propose to devote my declining years to the composition of a text book, which shall focus the whole art of detection into one volume. Our present research appears to be a case of murder."

"You think this Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"I should say so. Hopkins' writing shows considerable agitation, and he is not an emotional man. Yes, I gather there has been violence, and the body is left for our inspection. A mere suicide would not have caused him to send for me. As to the release of the lady, it would appear that she has been locked in her room during the tragedy. We are moving in high life, Watson, crackling paper, 'E. B.' monogram, coat-of-arms, picturesque address. I think that friend Hopkins will live up to his reputation, and that we shall have an interesting morning. The crime was committed before twelve last night."

"How can you possibly tell?"

"By an inspection of the trains, and by reckoning the time. The local police had to be called in, they had to communicate with Scotland Yard, Hopkins had to go out, and he in turn had to send for me. As it is a fair night's work, well, here we are at Chislehurst station, and we shall soon see our doubts at rest."

A drive of a couple of miles through narrow country lanes brought us to a park gate, which was opened for us by an old lodge keeper, whose haggard face bore the reflection of some great disaster. The avenue ran through a noble park, between lines of ancient elms, and ended in a low, widespread house, pillared in front after the fashion of Palladio. The central hall was evidently of great age, and shrouded in ivy, but the large windows showed that modern changes had been carried out, and one wing of the house appeared to be entirely new. The youthful figure of Stanley Hopkins confronted us in the open doorway.

"I'm very glad you have come, Mr. Holmes. And you too, Dr. Watson. But, indeed, if I had had my time over again, I should not have troubled you, for since the lady has come to herself, she has cleared up the account of the affair that there is not much left for us to do. You remember that Levisham gang of burglars?"

"What, the three Randalls?"

"Exactly; the father and two sons. It's their work. I have not a doubt of it. They did a job at Sydenham a fortnight ago, and were seen near here. Rather cool to do another so soon and so near, but it is they, beyond all doubt. It's a hanging matter this time."

"Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"Yes, his head was knocked in with his own poker."

"Sir Eustace Brackenstall, the driver tells me."

"Exactly—one of the richest men in Kent. Lady Brackenstall died the morning room. Poor lady, she has had a most dreadful experience. She seemed half dead when I saw her first. I think you had best see her, and hear her account of the facts. Then we will examine the dining room together."

Lady Brackenstall was no ordinary person. Seldom have I seen so graceful a figure, so womanly a presence, and so beautiful a face. She was a blonde, golden haired, blue eyed, and with no doubt have her perfect complexion which goes with such coloring had not her recent experience left her drawn and haggard. Her sufferings were physical as well as mental, for over one eye rose a hideous, plum colored swelling, which her maid, a tall, austere woman, was washing assiduously with vinegar and water. The lady lay back exhausted upon a couch, but her quick, observant gaze, as we entered the room, and the alert expression of her beautiful features, showed that neither her wits nor her courage had been shaken by her terrible experience. She was enveloped in a loose dressing gown of blue and silver, but a black sequin covered dinner dress was hung upon the couch beside her.

"I have told you all that happened, Mr. Hopkins," she said, wearily, "could you not repeat it for me? Well, if you think it necessary, I will tell these gentlemen what occurred. Have they been in the dining room yet?"

"I thought they had better hear your ladyship's story first."

"I shall be glad when you can arrange matters. It is horrible to me to think of him still lying there." She shuddered and buried her face in her hands. "Perhaps you had better let me fall back from her forehead. Holmes uttered an exclamation.

"You have other injuries, madam! What is this?" Two vivid red spots stood out on one of the white, round limbs. She hastily covered it.

"It is nothing. It has no connection with this hideous business tonight. If you and your friend will sit down, I will tell you all I can."

"I am the wife of Sir Eustace Brackenstall," she said, wearily. "I suppose that it is no use my attempting to conceal that our marriage has not been a happy one. I fear that all our neighbors would tell you that, even if I were to attempt to deny it. Perhaps you had better let me fall back from her forehead. Holmes uttered an exclamation.

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slonate sobbing. At last she continued:

"I will tell you about last night. You are aware, perhaps, that in this house all the servants sleep in the modern wing. This central block is made up of two dwelling rooms, with the kitchen behind and our bed room above. My maid, Theresa, sleeps above my room. There is no one else, and no sound could alarm those who are in the farther wing. This must have been done well known to the robbers, or they would not have acted as they did."

"Sir Eustace retired about half-past ten. The servants had already gone to their quarters. Only my maid was up, and she had remained in her room at the top of the house until I needed her services. I sat until after 11 in this room, absorbed in a book. Then I walked round to see that all was right before I went upstairs. It was my custom to do this myself, for as I never always to be trusted. I went into the kitchen, the butler's pantry, the gun room, the billiard room, the drawing room, and finally the dining room. As I approached the window, which was covered with thick curtains, I suddenly felt the wind blow upon my face, and realized that it was open. I flung the curtain aside, and found myself face to face with a broad-shouldered elderly man, who had just stepped into the room. The window is a long French one, which really forms a door leading to the lawn. I held my bed room candle lit in my hand, and by its light, behind the first man I saw two others, who were in the act of entering. I stepped back, but the fellow was on me in an instant. He caught me first by the wrist, and then by the throat. I opened my mouth to scream, but he struck me a savage blow with his fist over the eye, and felled me to the ground. I must have been unconscious for a few minutes, for when I came to myself I found that they had torn down the bell rope and had secured me tightly to the oak chair which stands at the head of the dining table. I was so firmly bound that I could not move a muscle, and I had secured my mouth prevented me from uttering a sound. It was at this instant that my unfortunate husband entered the room. He had evidently heard some suspicious sounds, and he came prepared for the worst. He was dressed in his shirt and trousers, with his favorite blackthorn cudgel in his hand. He rushed at the burglars, but another—

It was an elderly man, stooped, picked the poker out of the grate, and held it high above his head as he passed. He fell with a groan, and never moved again. I fainted once more, but again it could only have been for a very few minutes during which I was insensible. When I opened my eyes I found that they had collected the silver from the sideboard, and they had drawn a bottle of wine which stood there. Each of them had a glass in his hand. I have already told you, have I not, that one was elderly, with a beard, and the others young, beardless lads. They might have been a father with his two sons. They talked together in whispers. Then they came over and made sure that I was securely bound. Finally they withdrew, closing the door behind them, and leaving quite a quarter of an hour before I got my mouth free. When I did so, my screams brought the maid to my assistance. The other servants were soon alarmed, and we sent for the local police. They were called in at once with London. That is really all that I can tell you, gentlemen, and I trust that it will not be necessary for me to go over so painful a story again."

"Any questions, Mr. Holmes?" asked Hopkins.

"I will not impose any further tax upon Lady Brackenstall's patience and time," said Holmes. "Before I go into the dining room, I should like to hear your experience." He looked at the maid.

"I saw the men before ever they came into the house," said she. "As I sat in my bed room window, I saw three men in the moonlight down by the lodge gate yonder, but I thought nothing of it at the time. It was more than an hour after that I heard my mistress scream, and down I ran, to the door in my nightgown, and in him on the floor, with his blood and brains over the room. It was enough to drive a woman out of her wits, tied there, and her dress spotted with him, but she never wanted courage, did Miss Mary Fraser of Adelaide, and Lady Brackenstall of Abbey Grange hasn't learned new ways. You've questioned her long enough, you gentlemen, and now she is coming to her own room, just with her old Theresa, to get the rest that she badly needs."

With a motherly tenderness the gaunt woman put her arm round her mistress and led her from the room.

"She has been with her all her life," said Hopkins. "Nursed her as a baby with her to England, and when they first left Australia, eighteen months ago. Theresa Wright is her name, and the kind of maid you don't pick up nowadays. This way, Mr. Holmes, if you please!"

(Continued Next Week)

"Let Me Forget."

American Grocer: There was a time when tallow candles cost 10 cents each and gave less than one-twentieth of the illumination for a dollar than gas gives. There was a time, and very recently, when each unit of illumination (candle power) cost the public double what it now does.

There was a time (still more recently) when there was no electric light turning night into day.

There was a time when we were satisfied to travel four miles an hour in an omnibus or horse car without light or heat or transfers and pay 6 to 10 cents for what we now get for 5 cents, with light and heat, and with speed doubled.

There was a time when we thought it was a great thing to be able to telegraph to a friend for 15 cents, and yet we are not satisfied.

Business a Century Ago.

The merchant kept his own books, or, as he would have said, his own accounts, wrote all his letters with a quill, and when they were written, let the ink dry or sprinkled it with sand. There were then no envelopes, no postage stamps, no letter boxes in the street, no collection of the mails. The letter written, the paper was carefully folded, sealed with wax or a wafer, addressed, and carried to a post-office, where postage was prepaid at rates which would now seem extortionate. To send a letter, which was a single sheet of paper, from Boston to New York by Philadelphia, cost 1 1/2 cents, and to Washington 25 cents, and this at a time when the purchase power of a cent was five times what it is at present. To carry a