

(Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.) CHAPTER XV. I Am Called for Consultation.

The incident was certainly a puzzling one, for when a few minutes later my chief entered the study his face, usually ashen gray, was flushed with excitement.

T've been having some trouble with a lunatic, he explained, after greeting me the present there is not quite sufficient evidence of insanity to sign the certificate. Did you overhear her in the next room?" And seating himself at his table he looked keen, penetrating eyes that age had not dimmed or time dulied.

"I heard voices," I admitted. "That was The circumstance was a strange one, exact words I had overheard.

"Like many other women patients sufferwith her, or she might have attacked me and further, the old man had openly defied tooth and nail just now," and, leaning back in his chair, he laughed at the idealaughed so lightly that my auspicions were almost disarmed.

But not quite. Had you been in my place you would have had your curiosity and suspicion roused to no mean degree-not only by the words uttered by the woman and Sir Bernard's defiant reply, but by the fact that the female voice sounded familiar.

A man knows the voice of his love above all. The voice that I had heard in that adjoining room was to the best of my belief that of Ethelwynn!

With a resolution to probe this mystery alowly and without unseemly haste I dropped the subject and commenced to ask his advice regarding the complicated case of Lady Twickenham. The history of it and the directions he gave me can serve no purpose if written here, therefore suffice it to say that I remained to dinner and caught the 9 o'clock express back to London. While at dinner, a meal served in that

severe style which characterized the austere old man's daily life, I commenced to talk of the antics of insane persons and their extraordinary antipathies, but quickly discerned that he had neither intention nor desire to speak of them. He replied in those snappy monosyllables which told me plainly that the subject was distasteful to him and when I bade him goodby and drove to the station I was more puzzled than ever by his strange behavior. He was eccentric, it was true, but I knew all his little odd ways resulting from the eccentricity of genius and could plainly see that his recent indisposition, which had prevented him from attending at Harley street, was due rather to nerves than to a chill.

The trains from Brighton to London or Sunday evenings are always crowded, mainly by business people compelled to return to town in readiness for the toil of day excursionists fill the compartments to overflowing, whether it be chilly spring or popular with the jaded Londoner who is enabled to "run down" without fatigue and low hours after the busy turmoil of the paetropolis.

On this Sunday night it was no exception. The first-class compartment was and when he had started I noticed in the again into oblivion. far corner opposite me a pale-faced young girl of about 20 or so, plainly dressed in shabby black. She was evidently a thirdclass passenger, and the guard, taking compassion upon her fragile form in the mad rush for seats, had put her into our carriage. She was not good-looking; ina sad, preoccupied expression as she leaned her chin upon her hand and gazed out upon the lights of the town we were leav-

I noticed that her chest rose and fell in a deep long-drawn sigh and that she wore black cotton gloves, one finger of which was worn through. Yes, she was the picture of poor respectability.

The other passengers, two of whom were probably city clerks with their loves, regarded her with some surprise that she should be a first-class passenger, and there seemed an inclination on the part of the loudly-dressed females to regard her with

Presently, when we had left the sea and were speeding through the open country, she turned her sad face from the window and examined her fellow passengers, one after the other, until of a sudden her eyes met mine. In an instant she dropped them modestly and busied herself in the pages of the 6 penny print of a popular novel which she carried with her.

In that moment, however, I somehow entertained a belief that we had met before. Under what circumstances, or where, I could not recollect. The wistfulness of the white face, the slight hollowness of the cheeks, the unnaturally dark eyes, all seemed familiar to me, yet, although for half an hour I strove to bring back to my mind where I had seen her, it was to no purpose. In all probability I had attended her at Guy's. A doctor in a big London hospital sees so many faces that to recollect all is utterly impossible. Many a time I have been accosted and thanked by whom I have no recollection of ever having seen in my life. Men do not realize that they look differently when lying in bed with a fortnight's growth of beard to when shaven and spruce, as their ordinary habit, while women, when smartly dressed with fashionable hats and filmsy very serious and confidential matter." she veils, are very different to when in illness they lie, with hair unbound, faces pinched and eyes sunken, which is the only recollection their doctor has of them. The duchess and the servant girl present very

There was an element of romantic mystery in that fragile little figure huddled up said. "They were so happy together, and in the far corner of the carriage. Once or twice when she believed my gaze to be This was scarcely the trut averted she raised her eyes furtively as are often deceived as to their daughters' though to reassure herself of my identity, domestic felicity. A wife is always prone and in her restless manner I discerned a to hide her sorrows from her parents as all a suitable companion for a girl of my has failed." desire to speak with me. It was very far as possible. Therefore the old lady probable that she was some poor girl of had no doubt been the victim of natural jady's maid or governess class to whom | deception. had shown attention during an illness. We have so many in the female wards at terrible thing. The mystery is quite un-

But during that journey a further and "To me the police are worse than use- to London in the season, was a trifle behind whom a my much more important matter recurred to less," she said, in her slow weak voice, the times. More charming an old lady could attraction." had overheard and felt more convinced that less inquest with its futile verdict. Ethelwynn herself.

Sometimes when a man's mind is firmly "No." I said. "Not one."

Samed upon an object the events of his daily "And my poor Mary," exclaimed old Mrs. her daughters she bemoaned the latter-day life curiously tend toward it. Have you Mivart, "she is beside herself with grief. emancipation of women, which allowed them "But

for which medical science has never yet accounted, namely the impression of form upon the imagination? You have one day auddenly thought of a person long absent. You have not seen him for years, when without any apparent cause, you have recollected him. In the hurry and bustle of city life a thousand faces are passing you hourly. Like a flash one man passes and and inquiring why I had come down to you turn to look, for the countenance bears "The woman's people are a striking resemblance to your absent anxious to place her under restraint, yet for friend. You are disappointed, for it is not he. A second face appears in the human phantasmagoria. You are amazed that two persons should pass so very like your friend. Then, an hour later, a third faceat me through his glasses with that pair of actually that of your long-lost friend himself. All of you have experienced similar vagaries of coincidence. How can we ac-

count for them? And so it was in my own case. So deeply and those words were so ominous that I had my mind been occupied by thoughts was determined not to reveal to him the of my love that several times that day, in London and in Brighton, I had been startled by striking resemblances. Thus I wonder ing from brain troubles, she has taken a whether that voice I had heard was actually violent dislike to me, and felleves that I'm hers or only a distorted hallucination. At the very devil in human form," he said, any rate the woman had expressed hatred not let her know you are here. Then you can be done. smiling. "Fortunately she had a friend of Sir Bernard just as Ethelwynn had done,

"Where is Mrs. Courtenay?" I asked. asked you to come down." "Is she unwell?"

"I really don't know what alls her. talks of her husband incessantly, calls him

Her statement startled me. I had no idea that the young widow had taken the old gentleman's death so much to heart. As far as I had been able to judge it seemed very much as though she had every desire to regain her freedom from a matrimonial bond that galled her. That she was grief stricken over his death showed had entirely misjudged her charac-

"Yes, in her own sitting room-the room we used as a school room when the girls disturb you," her mother explained. were at home. Sometimes she mopes there all day, only speaking at meals. At others a maid.

"You mean that she's just a littlewell, eccentric," I remarked seriously. "Yes, doctor," answered the old lady in I remained silent, thinking deeply, and anxiety." as I did not reply she added:

can judge for yourself."

The situation was becoming more

instead of bringing forgetfulness, as I will, Like all such mothers, she considered wealth a necessary adjunct to happiness, and it had been with her heartiest ap-"Here. She's been back with me for proval that Mary had married the unforover a month. It was to see her, speak tunate Courtenay, notwithstanding the difwith her and give me an opinion that I ference between the ages of bride and bridegroom. In every particular the old lady was a typical specimen of the squire's widow, as found in rural Eugland today.

Scarcely had we seated ourselves and by name and sometimes behaves so had replied to her question when the door strangely that I have once or twice been opened and a slim figure in deep black entered and mechanically took her chair. She crossed the room, looking straight before her, and did not notice my presence until she had sented herself face to face with

Of a sudden her thin, wan face lit up with smile of recognition, and she cried: "Why, doctor! Where did you come from No one told me you were here," and across the table she stretched out her hand in

"I thought you were reposing after your long walk this morning, dear, so I did not

But, heedless of the explanation, she con tinued putting to me questions as to when she takes her dressing bag and goes away I had left town and the reason of my visit for two or three days-just as the fancy there. To the latter I returned an evasive takes her. She absolutely declines to have answer, declaring that I had run down because I had heard that her mother was not altogether well.

"Yes, that's true," she said. "Poor mother has been very queer of late. She strange voice, quite unusual to her and seems so distracted, and worries quite unfixing her eyes upon me. "To tell the truth | necessarily over me. I wish you'd give her I fear that her mind is slowly giving way." advice. Her state causes me considerable

"Very well," I said, feigning to laugh, " "You will meet her at dinner. I shall must diagnose the ailment, and see what

The soup had been served, and as I carried my spoon to my mouth I examined her



"I SAW MARY WALKING WITH A GENTLEMAN, AND THE GENTLEMAN WAS

love had been hollow and false.

Mrs. Mivart and learning from her full

particulars of Mary's eccentricities. My

hostess told me of the proving of the will,

which left the Devonshire estate to her

daughter, and of the slow action of the

executors. The young widow's actions, as

described to me, were certainly strange

and made me strongly suspect that she

very strong suspicion of a circumstance l

had not before contemplated, namely, that

CHAPTER XVI.

Reveals an Assounding Fact.

crude coloring and rude inartistic draw-

ings, and certainly he was an acknowl-

do in the country always, but somehow I

parson, whom she declared was guilty of

edged expert in ceramics.

of Ethelwynn.

pleasant."

gratulate herself upon her liberty.

for any statement she might make. crowd on the platform, I saw her no more. of her movements, for, truth to tell, I held She was a triffe paler than heretofore, but of complaint. "Yet they have not the a cheap health-giving sea breeze for a final glance and I fancied that a faint smile ure seeking during her husband's illness.

I was going my round at Guy's on the following morning, when a telegram was put into my hand. It was from Ethelwynn's mother, Mrs. Mivart, at Neneford, asking me to go down there without delay, but giving no reason for the urgency. I had always been a favorite with the old lady deed, rather plain, her countenance wearing and to obey was, of course, imperative, even though I were compelled to ask Bartlett, one of my colleagues, to look after Sir Bernard's private practice in my ab-

Neneford Manor was an ancient rambling. old Queen Anne-place, about six miles from Peterborough on the high road to Leicester. Standing in the midst of the richest grass eountry in England, with the grounds sloping to the brimming river that wound through meadows which in May were a blaze of golden buttercups, it was a typical English home, with its quaint old gables, high chimney stacks and old-world garden. with yew hedges trimmed fantastically as in the days of wigs and patches. I had snatched a week end several times to be old Mrs. Mivart's guest, therefore I knew the picturesque old place well and was entertained by its many charms.

Soon after 5 o'clock that afternoon I descended from the train at the roadside station and, mounting into the dogcart, was driven across the hill to the Manor. In the hall the sweet-faced, silver-baired family portraits and miniatures. Old old lady, in her neat black and white cap. greeted me, holding both my hands and pressing them for a moment, apparently mens of old Montelupo and Urbino hangunable to utter a word. I had expected to find her unwell; but, on the contrary, being the finest in any private collection she seemed as active as usual, notwithstanding the senile decay which I knew had already laid its hand heavily upon her. looking old mediaeval plates with their

"You are so good to come to the doctor. How can I thank you sufficiently?" she managed to exclaim at last, leading me into the drawing room, a long old-fashloped apartment with low ceiling supported by black oak beams, and quaint diamondpaned windows at each end.

"Well?" I inquired, when she had seated herself, and with the evening light upon her face I saw how blanched and anxious

she was. "I want to consult you, doctor, upon a began, leaning forward, her thin white hands clasped in her lap. "We have not met since the terrible blow fell upon usthe death of poor Mary's husband."

similar figures when lying on a sick bed in I said, sympathetically, for I liked the old "It must have been a great blow to you. lady and realized how she had suffered. "Yes, but to poor Mary most of all," she

This was searcely the truth, but mothers

"Yes," I agreed. "It was a tragic and can never bring myself to like her." solved."

eclipsing all thought of the sad-faced "They don't seem to have exerted them- not be, yet in common with all who vegegirl apposite. I recollected those words I selves in the least after that utterly use- tate in the depths of rural England she was voting time and patience to a matter which the speaker had been none other than far as I can gather, not one single point she found fault constantly with the village Mivart remarked.

never experienced that strange phenomenon Time seems to increase her melancholy to go hither and thither at their own free Mary urged.

her with a harsh laugh which showed con- | plicated. Since the conclusion of the in- | furtively. My hostess had excused me from the coming week. Week-end trippers and fidence in himself and an utter disregard quest I had seen nothing of the widow, dressing, but her daughter, neat in her day excursionists fill the company and un-She had stayed several days with Ethel- widow's collar and cuffs, sat prim and up-At Victoria the pale-faced girl descended wynn at the Hennikers; then had visited right, her eyes now and then raised to blazing summer, for Brighton is ever quickly and, swallowed in a moment in the her aunt near Bath. That was all I knew mine in undisguised inquisitiveness.

She had before descending given me a her in some contempt for her glddy pleas- her pallor was probably rendered the more slightest clue." of recognition played about her lips. But Surely a woman who had a single spark of hands seemed thin, and her fingers toyed I have confidence in my friend Jevons. If stifled as I was by the disinfectants in hosof recognition played about her lips. But surely a woman who had a single spara of there is a clue to be obtained depend upon it pital wards and the variety of perfumes and herevold a connected a situation. Out would sent it out." the shadows are heavy and I could not see could not go out each night to theaters betrayed a concealed agitation. Outwardly, sufficiently distinctly to warrant my re- and supper parties, leaving him to the however, I detected no extraordinary signs crowded, mostly, be it said, by third-class turning her salute. So the wan little figure care of his man and a nurse. That one of either grief or anxiety. She spoke passengers who had "tipped" the guard, so full of romantic mystery went forth fact alone proved that her professions of was only natural. I did not expect to find flying trip abroad might be in connection While the twilight fell I sat in that her bright, laughing and light-hearted, like long, somber old room that breathed an her old self in Richmond Road. air of a century past, chatting with old As dinner proceeded I began to believe

that with a fond mother's solicitude for her daughter's welfare Mrs. Mivert had slightly exaggerated Mary's symptoms. They cer- that a slight coolness had fallen between tainly were not those of a woman plunged | them. She did not, somehow, speak of her in inconsolable grief, for she was neither in the same terms of affection as formerly. mopish nor artificially gay. As far as I It might be that she shared her mother's could detect, not even a single sigh escaped She inquired of Ethelwynn and of the

was not quite responsible for them. That her remorse was overwhelming was plain Hennikers, remarking that she had seen strained relations and that fact aroused within my mind a nothing of them for over three weeks, and then, when the servants had left the room. she placed her elbows upon the table at the during the life of her husband there had risk of a breach of good manners, and, restbeen a younger male attraction. The acuteing her chin upon her hands, looked me full ness of her remorse seemed proof of this. in the face, saying: And yet, if argued logically, the existence

"Now, tell me the truth, doctor, What of a secret lover should cause her to conhas been discovered regarding my poor hus- was just that slight touch of grief which band's death? Have the police obtained any told me plainly that she was a heart-broken, The whole situation was an absolute clue whatever to the assassin?" "None-none whatever, I regret to say,"

"They are useless-worse than useless!" she cried angrily. "They blundered from Dinner was announced and I took Mrs. the very first." "That's entirely my own opinion, dear," Mivart into the room on the opposite side

was my response.

of the big old-fashioned hall, a long, lowher mother said. "Our police system nowadays is a mere farce. The foreigners are ceilinged apartment the size of the drawfar ahead of us, even in the detection of ing room, and hung with some fine old crime. Surely the mystery of your poor husband's death might have been solved if Squire Mivart had been an enthusiastic they had worked assiduously." conjector of antique china and the speci-"I believe that everything that could be done has been done," I remarked. "The

ing upon the walls were remarkable as case was placed in the hands of two of the smartest and most experienced men at in the country. Many were the visits he Scotland Yard, with personal instructions had made to lisly to acquire those queerfrom the superintendent of the criminal investigation department to leave no stone unturned in order to arrive at a successful

"And what has been done?" asked the The big red-shaded lamp in the center of young widow in a tone of discontent. "Why, the table shed a soft light upon the snowy absolutely nothing. There has, I suppose, cloth, the flowers and the glittering silver, and as my hostess took her seat she been a pretense at trying to solve the mystery, but, finding it too difficult, they sighed slightly, and for the first time asked have given it up and turned their attention to some other crime more open and "I haven't seen her for a week," I was plain-sailing. I've no faith in the police compelled to admit, "Patients have been whatever. It's scandalous!" so numerous that I haven't had time to go I smiled, then said:

out to see her, except at hours when calling "My friend, Ambler Jevons-you know at a friend's house was out of the queshim, for he dined at Richmond Road one evening-has been most active in the af-"Do you like the Hennikers?" her mother fair. inquired, raising her eyes inquiringly to

"But he's not a detective. How can he expect to triumph where the police fail?" "Yes, I've found them very agreeable and "He often does," I declared. "His methods are different from the hard and fast rules "H'm." the old lady ejaculated dublously. followed by the police. He commences at "Well, I don't. I met Mrs. Henniker once, whatever point presents itself, and laboriand I must say that I did not care for her ously works backwards with a patience that in the least. Ethelwynn is very fond of is absolutely extraordinary. He has unher, but to my mind she's fast, and not at earthed a dozen crimes where Scotland Yard

daughter's disposition. It may be that I "And he is engaged upon my poor hushave an old woman's prejudices, living as 1 band's case?" asked Mary, suddenly interested. "Yea. Mrs. Mivert, like the majority of elderly

"For what reason?" widows who have given up the annual visit "Well-because he is one of those for to London in the season, was a trifle behind whom a mystery of crime has a fascinating

"But he must have some motive in de-As just a trifle narrow-minded. In religion, does not concern him in the least," Mrs. "Whatever is the motive, I can assure

ritualistic practices, and on the subject of you that it is an entirely disinterested one," "But what has he discovered? Tell me,"

LOWIRATES TICKETS, 1502 FARNAM STREET. "I am quite in ignorance." I said. "We der, honest and indulgent husband until he and the low roar of the distant welr. The are most intimate friends, but when en- had been snatched from her. Mother and sky was cloudiess and the moon so bright gaged on such investigations he tells me daughter, both widows, were a truly sad and that I could have read a newspaper. I nothing of their result until they are com- sympathetic pair. plete. All I know is that so active is he

abroad for two or three days." "Abroad!" she echoed. "Where!" "I don't know. I met a mutual friend in the Strand yesterday, and he told me that he had returned yesterday." "Has he been abroad in connection with

the inquiries, do you think?" Mrs. Mivart "I really don't know. Probably he has.

When he takes up a case he goes into it with a greater thoroughness than any detective living." "Yes," Mary remarked. "I recollect now

the stories you used to tell us regarding him-of his exciting adventures-of his patient tracking of the guilty ones, and of his marvelous ingenuity in laying traps to get them to betray themselves. I now recollect quite well that evening he came to novel I had been reading on my journey, night attracted me, and, finding a hurdle, I Richmond Road with you. He was a most interesting man." "Let us hope he will be more successful

"Yes, doctor," she remarked, sighing for the first time. "I hope he will-for the mystery of it all drives me to distraction." Then, placing both hands to her brow, she

than the police," I said.

added: "Ah! if we could only discover the truth-the real truth!" "Have patience," I urged. "A complicated mystery such as it is cannot be cleared up without long and careful in-

quiry." "But in the months that have gone by surely the police should have at least made some discovery?" she said in a voice

"We can only wait," I said. "Personally,

I did not tell them of my misgivings, nor did I explain how Ambler, having found with the case, but I felt confident that it was not. He knew, as well as I did, that

the truth was to be found in England. Again we spoke of Ethelwynn, and from Mary's references to her sister I gathered prejudices, and did not approve of her taking up her abode with the Hennikers. Be it how it might, there were palpable signs of

Mary had learned of her sister's secret en- river bank. gagement to her husband?

hood. In her voice, as in her countenance,

at this moment that I seldom see him. He noted her every movement attentively, but tions of the situation. In the final hour I is often tied to his office in the city, but failed utterly to discern any suggestion of had spent in the drawing room I had cerwhat her mother had remarked. has, I believe, recently been on a flying visit

> volce, full of genuine emotion: "Ah, yes. He was so kind, so good always. I cannot believe that he will never

quietly soothed away.

When we rose I accompanied them to the drawing room, but without any music and the river Nene, rippling on, were touched with Mary's sad, half-tragic countenance with silver. The river path was wide, runbefore us, the evening was by no means ning by the winding bank, away to Petera merry one, therefore I was glad when, in borough and beyond. As I gained the rivpursuance of the country habit of retiring | er's edge and walked beneath the willows early, the maid brought my candle and I heard now and then a sharp, swift rustling showed me to my room.

no mood for sleep, I took from my bag the hiding. The rural peace of that brilliant and, throwing myself into an armchair, first seated myself upon it, and, taking my pipe, gave myself up to deep reflection over a pipe, and afterward commenced to read.

the village aroused me, causing me to world of London had no attraction for me, glance at my watch. It was midnight, I my ideal being a snug country practice, rose, and, going to the window, pulled aside with Ethelwynn as my wife. But alas! my the blind and looked out upon the rural idol had been shattered, like that of many view lying calm and mysterious beneath the a better man. brilliant moonlight.

How different was that peaceful aspect to that long, blank wall in the noisy Marylebone Road. There the cab bells tinkled all terruption, I glanced quickly around, but night, market wagons rumbled through till saw no one. dawn, and the moonbeams revealed drunken revelers after "closing time."

Truly the life of a London doctor is the most monotonous and laborious of the himself utterly baffled, had told me of his learned professions, and little wonder is it man and a woman. whom a great calamity had fallen, but that intention to relinquish further effort. The that when the jaded medico finds himself in the country or by the sea be soldom fails to take his fill of fresh air.

At first a difficulty presented itself in letting myself out unheard, but I recollected that in the new wing of the house, in which I had been placed there were no other bed rooms, therefore with a little care I might | none other than her dead husband! descend undetected. So, taking my hat and stick. I opened the door, stole noiselessly down the stairs, and in a few minutes had made an adventurous exit by a windowfearing the grating bolts of the door-and latest achievement in hygienic science, was soon strolling across the grounds by says an exchange. The victim is seated in Could it be possible, I wondered, that the churchyard, and afterward down to the shoulders enveloped in a rubber pad that

childishly happy in each other's love. remorseful woman-a woman, like many Nothing broke the quiet save the shrill drawers where towels are kept are microbeanother, who knew not the value of a ten- cry of some nightbird down by the river, proof.

strolled on slowly, breathing the refreshing As we spoke I watched her eyes, and air, and thinking deeply over the complica-

tainly detected in the young widow a slight Once, at mention of her dead husband, eccentricity of manner, not at all accentushe had of a sudden exclaimed in a low ated, but yet sufficient to show me that she had been strenuously concealing her grief during my presence there. Having swung myself over the stile, I come back," and she burst into tears which passed round the village church yard, where her mother, with a word of apology to me, the moss-grown grave stones stood grim and ghostly in the white light, and out across

the meadows, down to where the waters of in the sedges, as some water rat or other, It was not yet 10 o'clock, and, feeling in disturbed by my presence, slipped away into enjóyed a smoke.

Even since my student days I had longed The chiming of the church clock down in for a country life. The pleasures of the

With this bitter reflection still in my mind, my attention was attracted by low the one to which I was, alas, accustomed— voices—as though of two persons speaking earnestly together. Surprised at such in-

Again I listened, when of a sudden footsteps sounded, coming down the path I A strong desire seized me to go forth and had already traversed. Beneath the deep enjoy the splendid night. Such a treat of shadow I saw the dark figures of two perpeace and solitude was seldom afforded me, sons. They were speaking together, but in

> Nevertheless, as they emerged from the semi-darkness the moon shone full upon them, revealing to me that they were a

Next instant a cry of blank amazement escaped me, for I was utterly unprepared for the sight I witnessed. I could not believe my eyes, nor could you, my reader, had you been in my place.

The woman walking there close to me was young Mrs. Courtenay-the man was

(To Be Continued.)

An Up-to-Date Shave. The antiseptic shaving saloon is the

the private path, which I knew led through an enameled iron chair, with his neck and has been dipped in an antiseptic solution. With Ethelwynn I had walked across the Previously the razor, soap dish and brush I looked full at her as that thought flashed | meadows by that path on several occasions, | have been sterilized by haif an hour's hard through my mind. Yes, she presented a and in the dead silence of the brilliant boiling. Nothing is allowed to touch the picture of sweet and interesting widow- night vivid recollections of a warm sum- face that has not been either sterilized or mer's evening long past came back to me- disinfected antiseptically. Even the finger sweet remembrances of days when we were tips of the operator are dipped in a solution. Taps are turned by the foot, and the

## THE ORDER OF THE AGE



W. A. COOK, M. D.

The order of the age is improvement. A substitute may be good, but there is nothing in the world as good as the best. In the treatment of disease a physician's claims are empty unless exemplified by actual results. Old methods are crude and unsatisfactory and a truth-loving people demand that the arguments and claims of specialists nowadays be accompanied with tangible results. In order to met thee demands a doctor must be qualified by natural endowments and the right kind of experience. When these natural gifts are bequeathed to him he is recreant to duty if he does not diligently apply himself and make the most of them. The iron rules of ethics should be made to yield to the inexorable necessities of the times, and bestow as much good upon his fellow man as possible. Such qualifies and qualifications were never given to man to be used in a medical trust incorporated under the head of ethics, and until people learn to accept truth where found, whether in the office or newspaper, the crowning achievements in medical science will not have been reached.

The many degenerates in specialty practice and the fraudulent, alluring advertisements of so many pretending specialists militate against a doctor who really tries to faithfully meet the public demand, and gives the code of ethics its only semblance of right to exist; but you may as well reason that because there are fake merchants, good ones must keep their doors closed.

The present generation demands, and has a right to demand, that a doctor who places his services upon the market shall give in return for money paid him the product of past discoveries boiled down and crystallized into facts, not experiments, and the sick man who accepts the services of a doctor who has not kept himself fully abreast of the times is to blame for encouraging fraud in medicine almost as much as the fakirs themselves. We hear people talk of so much humbuggry in medicine, and then, when they need the services of a doctor, accept the nearest at hand, without investigating his reliability or When I treat an aliment I do so on a legal, written guarantee that has unlimited capital as well as reputation behind it, and try to treat every man as I would want to be treated if conditions were reversed. I cure

In one week, without knife or radical surgical operation, and cause no detention from business or loss of time. I do not merely attempt palliative measures by the use of lotions, electricity or any of the other nonsensical methods resorted to by pretenders, but I cure the varicoccle to stay cured forever so that the results are self-evident. I cure

SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON in 27 to 90 days, without the use of potash or mercury, and when we see doctors advertising that they give the Hot Springs treatment for this condition, we know that their treatment is mercury, bethe counce, and a same man would as soon have the disease as too much of the remedy. Ask victims who have gone there LOST MANHOOD and reflex disorders I treat on the most approved scientific methods and in the average case will guarantee perfect and permanent results in from 30 to 20 days. A man makes the mistake of his life to neglect such aliments; there bitterly regret his neglect. My consultation is not an advanced or complicated case of this kind anywhere that does not my plan of Home Treatment. Address

COOK MEDICAL CO. 110-112 South 14th St., Omaha.

(Over Dully News.) Office Hours 3 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.