

# PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

## CHAPTER II.

GENERALLY I do not tarry long in the vicinity of a house that I have looted, for the police have an unpleasant way of arresting suspicious characters simply to cover up their inability to find a clew otherwise. It gives the impression that they are really doing something to capture the burglar. They are always so close mouthed, too, that people imagine they are working diligently on the track and that the arrested characters form a part of their deeply laid plan. But in this case I overruled my better sense and decided to hang around the scene of my last engagement just to satisfy a feeling that I was in some way to meet again the man who had so generously shared his spoils with me. True, he had found himself in such a position that something had to be done to buy me off; but, as I thought afterward, he could easily have outwitted me and escaped with all the plunder.

On the following afternoon I dressed myself in a spare suit of clothes which I always keep for an emergency and wandered out of the city limits toward the old fashioned mansion. As I approached it I caught a glimpse of an active little man who seemed to be inspecting the premises with great concern. Without hesitation I put him down as a detective, one of those half policemen whose shrewdness consists chiefly in following a trail that is as clear as daylight.

I felt no fear of him, for I knew that he was not the kind of man to capture a professional. I knew that a bold front would disarm him of all suspicion quicker than anything else. If he caught me sneaking about the neighborhood, he would very likely arrest me.

Passing near the front of the house where he seemed busily engaged in studying the broken shrubbery, I accosted him.

"Is this the house that was robbed last night?" I asked innocently, looking with great curiosity at the place.

"Is it? Why, who said any house was robbed?"

He gave me a hard stare, which I returned without seeming bold.

"The papers are full of it," I replied.

"And, being out this way, I thought I'd look around a bit and see the house."

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, it isn't a safe place just now for strangers."

"Why not? There are no burglars here now, I hope. If there are, I'd like to get a look at 'em."

He seemed to smile inwardly at my ignorance.

"Well, nobody is allowed on the place," he answered rather brusquely.

"And so, if you haven't any business here, you can't come in."

"But there is no harm looking at the house from the street, is there?"

"No, but the people don't want to be stared at by every Tom, Dick and Harry in the country, so please move on."

I hardly noticed his remark, so interested was I by the appearance of two people on the piazza. One was a beautiful young woman with a figure and face that would attract attention anywhere. She walked down the front steps and turned an instant to speak to her companion.

But, handsome as she was, the man who followed her attracted me more, and for an instant I felt myself growing dizzy. Fortunately for me the detective had turned to greet the young couple, and he did not see my sudden consternation.

I never forget faces that I have once particularly noticed, and as a part of my discipline I remember them. This one I had every reason to remember very well. Although I had only seen it by the aid of my dark lantern at night, I found instantly that it belonged to my companion in crime.

He was manifestly dressed, and his clear cut features gave him an aristocratic appearance that must have been born in him. A slight pallor of the face suggested the possibility of some inherited disease that was in the control. As he walked alongside the beautiful woman I had to think what a noble couple they made. Each seemed made for the other.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins, how are you any clew yet?" I heard him say as his rich voice was passed the detective.

one she called CHARLES. I was a little concerned to see how he would take the meeting. He was looking at me so intently that I wondered if he recognized me. Such self control did not seem possible even in the most experienced of men.

"I judge you're another one of the curiosity seekers," he said pleasantly. "We've had scores of them here this morning, staring at the house as if it were a dime museum. There's nothing like a robbery to attract the attention of the country people."

His failure to show any signs of concern over our meeting piqued me a little, and on the spur of the moment I determined to pursue a course that would amuse him.

"I confess that curiosity brought me here first," I answered, "but then I had to meet again the man who had so generously shared his spoils with me. True, he had found himself in such a position that something had to be done to buy me off; but, as I thought afterward, he could easily have outwitted me and escaped with all the plunder."

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"Well, Mr. Jenkins, how are you any clew yet?" I heard him say as his rich voice was passed the detective.

"Only a slight one," was the ready reply. "It is difficult to find any traces that may point to anything particular, but by putting this and that together I think I will be able to have a clew before long."

"I saw the gentleman smile, and I admired him for his coolness. He evidently had no more confidence in I, and he was not coming to me for any help. How smart these detectives are, CHARLES!" his companion said in all seriousness. "They accomplish such wonders that I should think a robber would be in mortal terror of them all the time."

"Yes, Belle, they are sometimes shrewd, and again they are not. It all depends upon the man. This Mr. Jenkins seems to me like a very persistent and determined person, a sort of human bulldog, but I doubt very much if he has much capacity for solving a profound mystery."

"You haven't much confidence in him, then?"

"Yes and no," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"They were walking down the pavement toward the gate as they talked, and so eager was I to hear their words that I very foolishly exposed myself to their view."

As they came around a clump of shrubbery they suddenly stumbled upon me. I had just a moment in which to pull myself together and to doff my hat.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I said without thinking.

Polliteness is a second nature to me, for I have associated with gentlemen enough to know their ways and have unconsciously absorbed some of their manners.

"Why, you frightened me," the lady said. "I did not know anybody was there."

"I beg your pardon again then, ma'am. I was passing by, and I did not see you either."

"While I was speaking to the lady I was furtively watching the face of the

a greater honor than that his ancestors descended direct from kings and emperors. They couldn't agree noway, and they just made up long enough to pick a new quarrel. I've heard tell how they'd talk peacefully about the politics of the country till they got to going about ancestors, and then in five minutes they'd be slinking their sticks in each other's faces and calling one another liars."

"But this didn't seem to make no difference with their children. They just played together like brothers and sisters. When they was no bigger'n up to my knee they'd talk about lovin' one another an' about gettin' married. The old doctor and Mr. Goddard laughed at this an' forgot to quarrel sometimes about their ancestors just to see the little ones makin' love."

"They seemed to be born for each other, an' everybody said they'd get married some day. But when Mr. Goddard died somebody said his son had inherited his disease an' that he wasn't long for this world. Nobody seemed to know just what the disease was, but they said it was incurable an' something not to be spoken lightly of."

"But about that disease of Mr. Charles Goddard I ain't so sure. Old Dr. Stetson was quite riled about it, but he said he wouldn't let his daughter marry any man that had it in his system. Mr. Charles got angry an' went away. He was gone for five years, an' folks herabout said the match was broken off. It did look that way for a time."

"But when the doctor died Mr. Charles turned up again an' lived in the old house just as if nothin' had ever happened. He made up with the doctor's daughter, an' they've been comin' an' goin' together ever since. There was a time for a while that they made a match after all. But there ain't no tellin' just what may happen. He never seemed to be quite the same after comin' home. He was pale an' quiet-like, just as if that disease was a-deadly an' takin' hold of him."

"If he brought a doctor back with him to look after his health, he'd met the man somewhere when he was travelin'—in Paris, I think—an' this fellow jest watches Mr. Charles all the time. He always there in that old brown house. It's haunted, people round here say, an' spirits come an' go every night. But young Dr. Squires don't mind that. He laughs at spirits an' says he ain't afraid of 'em. Besides, he goes about such a place for them people who ain't nothin' but a little nervous. He don't like to have folks run an' after him. He's been studyin' Mr. Charles' disease an' is writin' a book that will astonish the world. Then he always said he was poor an' couldn't afford to rent a good house. He got that house for nothin', an' I guess Mr. Charles pays him well enough to live without starvin'."

"I ain't makin' no criticism of Dr. Squires, for he's a smart man an' does Mr. Charles plenty of good, but he shouldn't have gone on so with Miss Stetson. He's good lookin', an' he ain't got nothin' to be ashamed of. Furrin lookin' to suit my tastes, but he makes an impression on the ladies. I suppose they likes a man that don't look like other men."

"I ain't certain but Miss Stetson likes him better now than she does Mr. Charles. He's always so polite an' attentive to her, an' he's got an air of mystery 'bout him that seems to charm her. Mr. Charles ain't blind to things either. He knows which way the wind is a-blowin', but he don't do nothin'. If he'd go in an' try to get the doctor, I think he'd win. But he don't, an' the doctor does, Mr. Charles seem to be standin' aside while this furrin friend of his gets the girl an' all her money. Mebbe it's because of that old disease. He's waitin' for the doctor to cure him of it afore he asks her to marry him."

"But there ain't no harm of expressin' an opinion between us. Dr. Squires won't cure him until he's married Miss Stetson, an' then it will be too late."

With this conclusion my new friend the coachman finished his story and puffed away full ten minutes in agitated silence.

CHAPTER IV.

YET my master was indulgent to a degree, and my duties were not at all irksome. I showed some ignorance in grooming the horses, but John took pleasure in exhibiting his superior knowledge by showing me just what to do. I was not allowed an apt pupil, for he would have approved every thing I attempted to do the work according to his directions. But I was not out for mental labor. It was the anticipation of finding out more about Charles Goddard, my new master and companion in crime, that had first tempted me to accept such a position as groom.

I soon found out, however, that he had skillfully banished me from his presence. He never appeared around the barn, and so far as seeing him was concerned I might as well have been a hundred miles away. He went out riding every day, but John hitched the horses and drove up to the front of the house, where shrubbery and trees hid them from view.

I stayed in my place five days without catching a glimpse of my master or of Miss Stetson, and I was on the verge of throwing up the position in disgust when events took a different turn. On the morning of the sixth day Mr. Goddard appeared at the stable door where I was grooming his best trotter and took me by surprise.

"William, are you accustomed to driving?" he asked me before I had a chance to greet him with a good morning.

It was the first time we had met alone since that eventful night when we had robbed the Stetson mansion, and I was a little concerned to see if he would show any sign of recognition. His parting injunction had been that we should not know each other again unless we met under conditions similar to our first encounter. A glance at his face showed that he was still determined upon pursuing the same course

even when we were alone.

"I would not be outdone in keeping an honorable agreement, and I answered accordingly."

"Yes, sir; I have driven good horses a little."

"Well, John is going to take the gray stallion to the city, and I want you to hitch up the team and drive me over to Miss Stetson's to take a driving lesson."

"Yes, sir, I'll be there on time."

He hesitated a moment, looking straight at my clothes. I divined his meaning.

"I can put on John's clothes," I said. "I'll wear the same size, and they will fit."

"All right. That will solve the problem. I will depend on you to be there in time."

He walked hurriedly out of the barn, kicking the dust from his neatly fitting trousers with a riding whip. His figure was almost as perfect as the setting of his face, and I unintentionally fell to admiring it. He was every inch a gentleman, and the mystery of his strange double life was intensified. What reason had he for robbing a house in the dead of night and that house belonging to a woman he loved?

Then it occurred to me that he had been searching for some papers or articles that concerned his welfare and that the robbery of the silverware was only an incidental feature of the night's work. The goods were probably taken out to cover up his tracks, to give the impression that some ordinary burglar had done the work. Satisfied with this solution of the mystery, I determined to stay in my position as groom for some time longer, hoping that events might reveal more to me and give me a chance in time of assisting Mr. Goddard in his trouble. For the time being I was to be a simple thing to him and wished to be near him.

Promptly at 10 o'clock I rattled up to the house with the team and waited for my master (I did not consider it lowering to call him that, who soon appeared on the piazza dressed with immaculate taste. His face was a trifle paler than I had ever seen it before, but otherwise he was unchanged.

I liked the new duties assigned to me and looked forward with considerable interest to the outcome of the ride. I would at least have an opportunity to study the two together.

He dismounted at the front door of the Stetson house and lightly ran up the steps, taking two at a time. He was in such a place for them people who ain't nothin' but a little nervous. He don't like to have folks run an' after him. He's been studyin' Mr. Charles' disease an' is writin' a book that will astonish the world. Then he always said he was poor an' couldn't afford to rent a good house. He got that house for nothin', an' I guess Mr. Charles pays him well enough to live without starvin'."

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Many persons in this community are suffering from kidney complaint, and could avoid fatal results by using Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend—Ram's Horn.

"I had diabetes in its worst form," writes Marion Lee, of Dunreath, Ind. "I tried all the remedies without relief. Only three bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made me a well man." Sold by Denton & Ward.

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youth of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel, in that state.

Quick Relief for Asthma Sufferers. Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthma sufferers in the worst stages and if taken in time will effect a cure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A recent report shows that 2,599 Christians were murdered in 1901 by the Turks. In only six cases were the murderers punished, and then with not more than four years' imprisonment.

Consumption Threatened. "I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption," says C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Chicago, Ill. "I tried a great many remedies and I was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since." Sold by Denton & Ward.

The records left by the Phoenicians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

Foley's Kidney Cure will cure all diseases arising from disordered kidneys or bladder. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A melon patch in a cornfield will sometimes neutralize the work of the local Sunday school.

A Physician Healed. Dr. Geo. Ewing, a practicing physician of South Ky., writes his personal experience with Foley's Kidney Cure: "For years I had been greatly bothered with kidney and bladder troubles and enlarged prostate gland. I used everything known to the profession without relief, until I commenced to use Foley's Kidney Cure. Each bottle cost me \$1.00. I was entirely relieved and cured. I prescribe it now daily in my practice and heartily recommend its use to all physicians for such troubles. I have prescribed it in hundreds of cases with perfect success." Sold by Denton & Ward.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.

Foley's Kidney Cure is a medicine free from poisons, and will cure any case of kidney disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Dedication. The David B. Henderson Library of Upper Iowa University will be dedicated September 16th at 3 o'clock. Fall term of school begins the same day. Young people who are ambitious to succeed in life should take these seven courses of instruction offered. For catalogue or information address J. W. DICKMAN, Vice-Pres., Fayette, Iowa.

Dr. Wilbert Shallenberger. The Regular and Reliable Chicago Specialist will be at Manchester, Clarence House, Monday, Sept. 1, one day only and return every 28 days. Office hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

A Necessary Precaution. Don't neglect a cold. It is worse than unpleasant. It is dangerous. It is using the Minute Cough Cure you can cure it at once. Always inflammation, clears the head, soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane. Cures coughs, croup, bronchitis and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Children like it. Smith Bros.

Home Seekers. Before buying the farm or other property, ought to see the good farming and dairy lands along the Chicago and Rock Island & Pacific Railway. The soil is rich and highly productive of grain, and is a good stock country with markets in easy reach.

These lands are going rapidly and another opportunity will be given to all who desire to see them. On the first and third Tuesdays, of June, July, August, September and October, round trip tickets will be on sale at principal stations to points on this line in North western Iowa, Southern Minnesota and Southwestern portion of South Dakota. Call on nearest ticket agent for rates, etc., and see that your ticket reads via the C. R. I. & P. Ry.

There will also be on sale at stations of this company same dates home seekers' excursion tickets at low rates to various other territory.

J. NO. G. FARMER, C. R. I. & P. Ry., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

To My Friends. It is with joy I tell you what Kodol did for me. I was troubled with my stomach for several months. I had been advised to use Kodol, I did so, and words cannot tell how it has done me. A neighbor had dyspepsia so that he had tried most everything to relieve him to use Kodol. Words of gratitude have come to me from him because I recommended it. Geo. W. Fry, Viola, Iowa. Health and strength of mind and body depend on the stomach, and normal activity of the digestive organs. Kodol the great reconstructive tonic, cleans the stomach and bowel, prevents indigestion, dyspepsia. Kodol digests any good food you eat. Take a dose after meals. Smith Bros.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. Are you nervous and dependent; weak and listless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable; nervous; face, drawn and haggard; restlessness; haggard looking; weak back; deposit in urine and strain at stool; distress at onset of confidence; lack of energy and strength?

Private Diseases a Specialty. Blood Poison, Nervousness, Dizziness, Defective Memory and other ailments which ruin body and mind positively cured.

WONDERFUL CURES. Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unsatisfactorily treated. No experiments, no uncertainties, no incurable cases, but cures thousands given up to die.

Consultation Free and Confidential. Address, DR. WILBERT SHALLENBERGER, 148 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago.

Reference: Drexel State Bank.

Improvement of Corn. "Uncle Henry" Wallace is devoting a good deal of space in his paper, "Wallace's Farmer," to the improvement of the Iowa Corn. He calls attention to the fact that while the Iowa Farmer has been improving his live stock for twenty years and more he has given very little attention to the great Iowa crop, corn. Among the many articles which have appeared in Wallace's Farmer on this subject has been a series by Prof. Shamel, of Illinois, the corn expert, and these are illustrated by a number of photographs showing different varieties of corn, perfect and imperfect ears, the most profitable to raise, etc. The average Iowa farmer thinks he knows as much about corn as anybody does but we miss our guess if he cannot learn a lot from these articles in Wallace's Farmer.

In this connection we wish to say that Wallace's Farmer is one of the best agricultural papers that comes to this office. It is handsomely printed on paper of fine quality, filled with attractive illustrations, and in addition to its regular features, its editorials by "Uncle Henry," its departments of Horticulture, the Hog and Poultry, its Home Department, the women; contains full reports of the leading fairs, live stock shows, and sales, agricultural meetings, etc. It is published weekly at Des Moines, Iowa at \$1.00 a year, all subscriptions payable in advance and the paper stops when the farmer sends in 25 cents. Wallace's Farmer and we can send you one year for only 2.25 and you get one of our nice premiums. Apply at the Democrat office.

The newest lighthouse on the French coast shows a beam visible at a distance of 39 nautical miles in clear weather. It is situated on the point of Vierge, off the French coast, at the northeast of Ushant, the lantern being 244 feet above sea level.

It Needs a Tonic. There are times when your liver needs a tonic. Don't give purgatives that cripple and weaken. DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel all poison from the system and act as a tonic to the liver. Scott, 531 Highland Ave., Milton, Pa., says: "I have cured DeWitt's Little Early Risers with me for several years, and would not be without them. Small and easy to take. Purely vegetable. They never gripe or distress. Smith Bros."

Much Reading for Little Money. The New York World has got the cost of printing down to a minimum. Its latest offer of its monthly newspaper-magazine is interesting if from no other cause than it shows the acme of "how much for how little." The Monthly World is a 32 page magazine with colored cover. Its pages are about the size of the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal, and it is copiously illustrated in half-tone. The illustrations are the results of the best artistic skill, aided by all the latest printing-press appliances, making a magazine unrivaled in the quality of its contents and its appearance. Each issue contains stories of romance, love, adventure, travel, things of fiction and fact; stories, things quaint and curious, gathered together from all over the world; the results of scientific research, and editorial reviews. It numbers among its contributors the leading literary men and women of the day. A feature each month is a full-page portrait of the most famed man or woman of the moment in the public eye. In collecting and preparing for publication the literary matter and art subjects for the Monthly World no expense is spared. The New York World will send you six numbers of this newspaper-magazine on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address The World, Pulitzer Building, New York.

His Sight Restored. "While picking last month my 11-year-old boy was poisoned by some weed or plant," says W. H. Dibble, of Sioux City, Iowa. "He rubbed the poison off his hands into his eyes and for awhile we were afraid he would lose his sight. Finally a neighbor recommended DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The salve application helped him and in a few days he was as well as ever." For skin diseases, cuts, burns, scalds, wounds, insect bites, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is sure cure. Relieves piles at once. Beware of counterfeits. Smith Bros.

New Britain, Conn., holds the record for inventiveness. Over 1,400 patents have been issued to 344 of its citizens.

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