Tristram of Blent.

Being an Episode in the Story of An Ancient House.

By Anthony Hope.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Adelaide, wife of Sir Robert Edge of Blent Hall, eloped with Captain Fitzhubert. Sir Robert died in Russia, presumably in time for Lady Adelaide and Fitzhubert to marry and so make their son Harry, the legitimate heir to Sir Robert's estates. They learn later, however, that the date of Sir Robert's death has been given incorrectly, and Harry is not the rightful heir. They keep the matter secret, and eventually Harry comes into possession of the estates and resides with his mother at Blent Hall. Unknown to Lady Adelaide a Madam Zabriska, and Mr. Jenkinson Neeld, are also in possession of the secret, and Madam Zabriska, with her uncle, Major Duplay, comes to reside at Merrion lodge, near Blent Hall. Harry learns from his mother that he is not rightful heir to Blent, but they determine to hold the title for him at any cost. To further his cause he decides to marry Janie Iver, heiress of Fairholme, but finds two rivals in Bob Breadley and Major Duplay. The latter learns of his unfortunate birth from Mina Zabriska.

CHAPTER V.

The First Round.

WITHIN the last few days there were ominous rumors afloat as to the Lady Tristram's health. It was known that she could see nobody and kept her room; it was reported that the doctors (a specialist had been down from the town) were looking very grave. It was agreed that her constitution had not the strength to support a prolonged strain. There was sympathy—the neighborhood was proud in its way of Lady Tristram—and there was the usual interest to which the prospect of a death and a succession gives rise.

Harry Tristram was sorry that his mother must die and that he must lose her; the confederates had become close friends, and nobody who knew her intimately could help feeling that his life and even the world would be poorer by the loss of a real, if not striking, individuality. But neither he nor she thought of her death as the main thing; it was more than ushered in the great event for which they had spent years preparing. And he was downright glad that she could see no visitors; that fact saved him added anxieties and spared her the need of being told about Mina Zabriska and warned to bear herself warily toward the daughter of Madame de Kries. Harry did not ask his mother whether she remembered the name; the question was unnecessary; nor did he tell his mother that one who had borne the name was at Merrion lodge. He waited, vaguely expecting that trouble would come from Merrion, but entirely confident in his ability to fight and worst the tricky little woman whom he had not feared to snub; and in his heart he thought well of her and believed she had as little inclination to hurt him as she seemed to have power. His only active step was to pursue his attentions to Janie Iver.

A new vexation had come upon him, the work of his pet aversions, the Gainsboroughs. He had seen Mr. Gainsborough once and retained a picture of a small, ineffectual man with a ragged, tawny-brown beard and a big, soft felt hat, who had an air of being very timid, rather pressed for money, and endowed with a kind heart. Now, it seemed, Mr. Gainsborough was again overflowing with family affection (a disposition not always welcomed by its objects), and wanted to shake poor Lady Tristram's hand, and wanted poor Lady Tristram to kiss his daughter—wanted in fact a thorough going burying of hatchets and a touching reconciliation. With that justice of judgment of which neither youth nor prejudice quite deprived him, Harry liked the letter, but he was certain that the writer would be immensely tiresome. And again—in the end as in the beginning—he did not want the Gainsboroughs at Blent; above all not just at the time when Blent was about to pass into his hands.

"I hate hearsay people," grumbled Harry, as he threw the letter down. But the Gainsboroughs were soon to be driven out of his head by something more immediate and threatening.

Blent pool is a round basin some fifty or sixty feet in diameter. The banks are steep and the depth great. The scene is gloomy except in sunshine, and the place is little frequented. It was a favorite haunt of Harry Tristram's and he lay on the grass one evening smoking and looking down on the black water, for the clouds were heavy above and rain threatened. His own mood was in harmony, gloomy and dark, in rebellion against the burden he carried, yet with no thought of laying it down. He did not notice a man who came up the road and took his stand just behind him, waiting there for a moment in silence and apparent irresolution.

"Mr. Tristram."

Harry turned his head and saw Major Duplay. The major was grave, almost solemn, as he raised his hat a trifle in formal salute.

"Do I interrupt you?"

"You couldn't have found a man more at leisure." Harry did not rise, but gathered his knees up, clasping his hands round them and looking up in Duplay's face. "You want to speak to me?"

"Yes; on a difficult matter." A visible embarrassment hung about the major; he seemed to have little liking for his task. "I'm aware," he went on, "that I may lay myself open to some misunderstanding in what I'm about to say. I shall beg you to remember that I am in a difficult position, and that I am a gentleman and a soldier."

Harry said nothing; he waited with unmoved face and no sign of perturbation.

"It's best to be plain," Duplay proceeded. "It's best to be open with you. I have taken the liberty of following you here for that purpose." He came a step nearer and stood over Harry. "Certain facts have come to my knowledge which concern you very intimately."

A polite curiosity and a slight skepticism were expressed in Harry's "Indeed!"

"And not you only, or—I need hardly say—I shouldn't feel it necessary to occupy myself with the matter. A word about my own position you will perhaps forgive."

Harry frowned a little; certainly Duplay was inclined to prolixity; he seemed to be rolling the situation round his tongue and making the most of its flavor.

"Since we came here we have made many acquaintances, your own among the number; we are in a sense your guests."

"Not in a sense that puts you under any obligation," observed Harry.

"I'm sincerely glad to hear you say that; it relieves my position to some extent. But we have made friends, too. In one house I myself (I may leave my niece out of the question) have been received with a hearty, cordial, warm friendship that seems already an old friendship. Now that does put one under an obligation, Mr. Tristram."

"You refer to our friends, the Ivers? Yes?"

"In my view, under a heavy obligation, I am, I say, in my judgment bound to serve them in all ways in my power, and to deal with them as I should wish and expect them to deal with me in a similar case."

Harry nodded a careless assent and turned his eyes away toward the pool; even already he seemed to know what was coming, or somethng of it.

"Facts have come to my knowledge of which it might be—indeed, I must say of which it is—of vital importance that Mr. Iver should be informed."

"I thought the facts concerned me?" asked Harry, with brows a little raised.

"Yes, and as matters now stand they concern him, too, for that very reason." Duplay had gathered confidence; his tone was calm and assured as he came, step by step, nearer his mark, as he established position after position in his attack.

"You are paying attentions to Miss Iver—with a view to marriage, I presume?"

Harry made no sign. Duplay proceeded slowly and with careful deliberation.

"Those attentions are offered and received as from Mr. Tristram—as from the future Lord Tristram of Blent. I can't believe that you're ignorant of what I'm about to say. If you are I must beg forgiveness for the pain I shall inflict on you. You, sir, are not the future Lord Tristram of Blent."

A silence followed; a slight drizzle had begun to fall, speckling the waters of the pool; neither man heeded it.

"It would be impertinent in me," the major resumed, "to offer you any sympathy on the score of that misfortune; believe me, however, that my knowledge—my full knowledge—of the circumstances can incline me to nothing but a deep regret. But facts are facts, however hardly they may bear on individuals." He paused. "I have asserted what I know. You are entitled to ask me for proofs, Mr. Tristram."

Harry was silent a moment, thinking very hard. Many modes of defense came into his busy brain and were rejected. Should he be tempestuous? No. Should he be amazed? Again no. Even on his own theory of the story Duplay's assertion hardly entitled him to be amazed.

"As regards my part in this matter," he said at last, "I have only this to say. The circumstances of my birth—with which I am, as you rightly suppose, quite familiar—were such as to render the sort of notion you have got hold of plausible enough. I don't want what you call proofs—though you'll want them badly if you mean to pursue your present line. I have my own proofs, perfectly in order, perfectly satisfactory. That's all I have to say about my part in the matter. About your part in it, I can, I think, be almost equally brief. Are you merely Mr. Iver's friend, or are you also, as you put it, paying attentions to Miss Iver?"

"That, sir, has nothing to do with it."

Harry Tristram looked up at him; for the first time he broke into a smile as he studied Duplay's face. "I shouldn't in the least wonder," he said, almost chaffingly, "if you believed that to be true. You get hold of a cock-and-bull story about my being illegitimate (Oh, I've no objection to plainness either in its proper place), you come to me and tell me almost in so many words that if I don't give up the lady you'll go to her father and show him your precious proofs. Everybody knows that you're after Miss Iver yourself, and yet you say that it has nothing to do with it. That's the sort of thing a man may manage to believe about himself; it's not the sort of thing that other people believe about him, Major Duplay." He rose slowly to his feet, and the men stood face to face on the edge of the pool. The rain fell more heavily; Duplay turned up his collar; Harry took no notice of the downpour.

"I'm perfectly satisfied as to the honesty of my own motives," said Duplay.

"That's not true, and you know it. You may try to shut your eyes, but you can't succeed."

Duplay was shaken. His enemy put into words what his own conscience had said to him. He was not above suspicion, even to himself, though he clung eagerly to his plea of honesty.

"You fail to put yourself in my place," he began.

"Absolutely, I assure you," Harry interrupted with quiet insolence.

"And I can't put myself in yours, sir. But I can tell you what I mean to do. It is my most earnest wish to take no steps in this matter at all; but that rests with you, not with me. At least, I desire to take none during Lady Tristram's illness, or during her life, should she unhappily not recover."

"My mother will not recover," said Harry. "It's a matter of a few weeks at most."

Duplay nodded. "At least wait, then," he urged. "Do nothing more in regard to the matter we have spoken of while your mother lives." He spoke with genuine feeling. Harry Tristram marked it and took account of it. It was a point in the game to him.

"In turn I'll tell you what I mean to do," he said. "I mean to proceed exactly as if you had never come to Merrion Lodge, had never got your proofs from God knows where, and had never given me the pleasure of this very peculiar interview. My mother would ask no consideration from you, and I ask none for her any more than for myself. To be plain, for the last time, sir, you're making a fool of yourself at the best, and at the worst a blackguard into the bargain." He paused and broke into a laugh. "Well, then, where are the proofs? Show them to me. Or send them down to Blent. Or I'll come up to Merrion. We'll have a look at them—for your sake, not for mine."

"I may have spoken inexactly, Mr. Tristram. I know the facts; I could get, but have not yet got, proof of them."

"Then don't waste your money, Major Duplay." He waited an instant before he gave a deeper thrust. "Or Iver's—because I don't think your purse is long enough to furnish the resources of war. You'd get the money from him? I'm beginning to wonder more and more at the views people contrive to take of their own actions."

Harry had fought his fight well, but now perhaps he went wrong even as he had gone wrong with Mina Zabriska at Fairholme. He was not content to defeat or repel, he must triumph, he must taunt. The insolence of his speech and air drove Duplay to fury.

"You're a young man—" he began.

"Tell me that when I'm beaten. It may console me," interrupted Harry.

"You'll be beaten, sir, sooner than you think," said Duplay gravely. "But though you refuse my offer, I shall consider Lady Tristram. I will not move while she lives unless you force me to it."

"By marrying the heiress you want?" sneered Harry.

"By carrying out your swindling plans." Duplay's temper began to fail him. "Listen. As soon as your engagement is announced—if it ever is—I go to Mr. Iver with what I know. If you abandon the idea of that marriage you're safe from me. I have no other friends here; the rest must look after themselves. But you shall not delude my friends with false pretenses."

"And I shall not spoil your game with Miss Iver?"

Duplay's temper quite failed him. He had not meant this to happen; he had pictured himself calm, Harry wild and unrestrained—either in fury or in supplication. The young man had himself in hand, firmly in hand; the elder lost self-control.

"If you insult me again, sir, I'll throw you in the river."

Harry's slow smile broke across his face. With all his wariness and calculation he measured the major's figure. The attitude of mind was not heroic; it was Harry's, who having 10,000 men will go against him that has 20,000! A fool or a hero. Harry would have said, and he claimed either name. But in the end he reckoned that he was a match for the major. He smiled more broadly and raised his brows, asking of sky and earth as he glanced around: "Since when have blackmailers grown so sensitive?"

In an instant Duplay closed with him in a struggle on which hung not death indeed, but an unpleasant and humiliating ducking. The rain fell on both; the water waited for one. The major was taller and heavier; Harry was younger and in better trim. Harry was cooler, too. It was rude hugging, nothing more; neither of them had skill or knew more tricks than the common dimly-remembered devices of urchinhood. The fight was most picturesque, most unheroic, but it was tolerably grim for all that.

IN AN INSTANT DUPLAY CLOSED WITH HIM IN A STRUGGLE IN WHICH BEING—AN UNPLEASANT AND HUMILIATING DUCKING.

The varying wriggles (no more dignified word is appropriate) of the encounter ended in a stern, stiff grip which locked the men one to the other. Duplay facing down the valley, Harry looking up the river. Harry could not see over the major's shoulders, but he saw past it and sighted a tall dogcart, driven quickly and rather harshly down the hill. It was raining hard now, and had not looked like rain when the dogcart started. Pats were being ruined—there was some excuse for risking broken knees to the horse and broken necks to the riders. In the middle of his struggle Harry smiled; he put out his strength, too; and he did not warn his enemy of what he saw; yet he knew very well who was in the dogcart. Duplay's anger had stirred him to seek a primitive, though effective, revenge. Harry was hoping to inflict a more subtle punishment. He needed only a bit of luck to help him to it; he knew how to use the chance when it came—just as well as he knew who was in the dogcart, as well as he guessed whence the dogcart came.

The luck did not fail. Duplay's right foot slipped. In the effort to recover himself he darted out his left over the edge of the bank. Harry impelled him. The major loosed his hold and set to work to save himself. None too soon. Both his legs were over, his feet touched water, he lay spread-eagled on the bank, half on, half off, in a ludicrous attitude. Still he slipped, and could not get a hold on the short, slippery grass. At the moment the dogcart was pulled up just behind them. "What are you doing?" cried Janie Iver, leaning forward in amazement. Mina Zabriska sat beside her, with wide-open eyes. Harry stooped, caught the major under the shoulders, and, with a great effort, hauled him up on the bank, a sad sight, draggled and dirty. Then, as Duplay slowly rose, he turned with a start, as though he noticed the newcomers for the first time. He laughed as he raised his cap.

"We didn't know we were to have spectators," said he. "And you nearly came in for a tragedy." He was all but gone. Weren't you, major?"

"What are you doing?" cried Janie again. Mina was silent and still, scrutinizing both men keenly.

"Why, we had been talking about wrestling, and the major offered to show me a trick which he bet a shilling would floor me. Only the ground was too slippery, wasn't it, major? And the trick didn't exactly come off. I wasn't floored, so I must trouble you for a shilling, major."

Major Duplay did not look at Janie, still less did he meet his niece's eye. He spent a few seconds in a futile effort to rub the mud off his coat with muddy hands, he glanced a moment at Harry.

"I must have another try some day," he said, but with no great readiness.

"Meanwhile—the shilling!" demanded Harry, good humoredly, a subtle mockery in his eyes alone showing the imaginary character of the bet which he claimed to have won.

In the presence of these two inquisitive young women Major Duplay did not deny the debt. He felt in his pocket, found a shilling, and gave it to Harry Tristram. That young man looked at it, spun it in the air and pocketed it.

"Yes; a revenge whenever you like," said he. "And now we'd better get home, because it's begun to rain."

"Begun to! It's rained for half an hour," said Janie, crossly.

"Has it? I didn't notice. I was too busy with the major's tricks."

As he spoke he looked full in Mina Zabriska's face. She bore his glance for a moment, then cried to Janie, "O, please drive on!" The dogcart started; the major, with a stiff touch of his hat, strode along the road. Harry was left alone by the pool. His gaiety and defiance vanished; he stood there scowling at the pool. On the surface the honors of the encounter were indeed his; the real peril remained, the real battle had still to be fought. It was with heartfelt sincerity that he muttered, as he sought for pipe and tobacco,

"I wish I'd drowned the beggar in the pool!"

CHAPTER VI.

The Attraction of It.

Mr. Jenkinson Neeld sat at lunch at the Imperium club, quite happy with a neck chop, last week's Athenaeum and a pint of Apollinaris. To him enter disturbers of peace.

"How are you, Neeld?" said Lord Southend, taking the chair next him. "Sit down here, Iver. Let me introduce you—Mr. Iver, Mr. Neeld. Bill of fare, waiter." His lordship smiled rather maliciously at Mr. Neeld as he made the introduction which Iver acknowledged with bluff courtesy. Neeld with a timid little bow. "How are things down your way?" pursued Southend, addressing Iver. "Lady Tristram's very ill, I hear?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Wonderful woman, that, you know. You ought to have seen her in the '70s—when she ran away with Randolph Edge—"

A gentleman two tables off looked round.

"Hush, Southend! That's his brother," whispered Mr. Neeld.

"Whose brother?" demanded Southend.

"That's Wilmot Edge—Sir Randolph's brother."

"O, the deuce it is. I thought he'd been pilled."

Blackballs also were an embarrassing subject. Neeld sipped his apollinaris nervously.

"Well, as I was saying (Lord Southend spoke a little lower), she went straight from the duchess of Slough's ball to the station—as she was, in a low gown and a scarlet opera cloak—met Edge, whose wife had only been dead three months, and went off with him. You know the rest of the story. It was a near run for young Harry Tristram! How is the boy, Iver?"

"The boy's very much of a man, indeed; we don't talk about the near run before him."

Southend laughed. "A miss is as good as a mile," he said. "eh, Neeld? I'd like to see Annie Tristram again—though I suppose she's a wreck, poor thing."

"Why couldn't she marry the man properly, instead of bolting?" asked Iver. He did not approve of such escapades.

"Oh, he had to bolt, anyhow—a thorough bad lot—debts you know—her people wouldn't hear of it—besides she was engaged to Fred Nares. So, altogether, it was easier to cut and run. Besides, she liked the sort of thing, don't you know? Romantic and all that. Then Edge vanished and the other man appeared. That turned out all right, but she ran it fine. Eh, Neeld?"

Mr. Neeld was sadly flustered by these recurring references to him. He had no wish to pose as an authority on the subject. Josiah Cholderton's diary put him in a difficulty. He wished to goodness he had been left to the peaceful delights of literary journalism.

"Well, if you'll come down to my place, I can promise to show you Harry Tristram, and you can go over and see his mother if she's better."

"By Jove, I'm half a mind to. Very kind of you, Iver; you've got a fine place, I hear."

"I've built so many houses for other people that I may be allowed one for myself, mayn't I? We're proud of our neighborhood," he pursued, politely addressing himself to Mr. Neeld. "If you're ever that way, I hope you'll look me up. I shall be delighted to welcome a fellow member of the Imperium."

A short chuckle escaped from Lord Southend's lips; he covered it by an exaggerated devoted to his broiled kidneys. Mr. Neeld turned pink and murmured incoherent thanks; he felt like a traitor.

"Yes, we see a good deal of young Harry," said Iver, with a smile. "And of other young fellows about the place, too. They don't come to see me, though. I expect Janie's the attraction. You remember my girl, Southend?"

"Well, I suppose Blent's worth $9,000 or $10,000 a year still?" The progress of Lord Southend's thoughts was obvious.

"H'm. Seven or eight, I should think, as it's managed now. It's a nice place, though, and would go a good bit better in proper hands."

"Paterfamilias considering?"

"I don't quite make the young fellow out. He's got a good opinion of himself, I fancy." Iver laughed a little. "Well, we shall see," he ended.

"Not a bad thing to be Lady Tristram of Blent, you know, Iver. That's none of your pinchbeck. The real thing—though, as I say, young Harry's only got it by the skin of his teeth. Eh, Neeld?"

Mr. Neeld laid down his napkin and pushed back his chair.

"Sit still, man. We've nearly finished, and we'll all have a cup of coffee together and a cigar."

Happily in the smoking room the talk shifted to less embarrassing subjects. Iver told of his life and doings and Neeld found himself drawn to the man; he listened with interest and appreciation; he seemed brought into touch with life; he caught himself sighing over the retired inactive nature of his own occupations. He forgave Iver the hoardings about the streets, he could not forgive himself the revenge he had taken for them. Iver and Southend spoke of big schemes in which they had been or were engaged together, legitimate enterprises, good for the nation as well as for themselves. How had he, a useless old fogy, dared to blackmail a man like Iver? An occasional droll glance from Southend emphasized his compunction.

"I see you've got a new thing coming out, Neeld," said Southend, after a pause in the talk. "I remember old Cholderton very well. He was a starchy old chap, but he knew his subjects. Makes rather heavy reading, I should think, eh?"

"Not a bit of it, not by any means all of it," Neeld assured him. "He doesn't confine himself to business matters."

"Still, even old Joe Cholderton's recreations"—

"He was certainly mainly an observer, but he saw some interesting things and people." There was a renewed touch of nervousness in Mr. Neeld's manner.

"Interesting people? H'm. Then I hope he's discreet?"

"Or that Mr. Neeld would be discreet for him," Iver put in. "Though I don't know why interesting people are supposed to create a need for discretion."

"Oh, yes, you do, Iver. You know the world. Don't you be too discreet, Neeld. Give us a taste of Joe's lighter style."

Neeld did not quite approve of his deceased and respected friend being referred to as "Joe," nor did he desire to discuss in that company what he had and what he had not suppressed in the Journal.

"I have used the best of my judgment," he said primly, and was surprised to find Iver smiling at him with an amused approval.

"The least likely men break out," Lord Southend pursued, hopefully. "The Baptist minister down at my place once waylaid the wife of the chairman of quarter sessions and asked her to run away with him."

"That's one of your Non-conformist stories, Southend. I never believe them," said Iver.

"Oh, I'm not saying anything. She was a pretty woman. I just gave it as an illustration. I happen to know it's true because she told me herself."

"Ah, I'd begin to listen if he'd told you," was Iver's cautious comment.

"You give us the whole of old Joe Cholderton," was Lord Southend's final injunction.

"Imagine if I did!" thought Neeld, beginning to feel some of the joy of holding a secret.

Presently Southend took his leave, saying he had an engagement. To his own surprise, Neeld did not feel this to be an unwarrantable proceeding. He sat on with Iver, and found himself cunningly encouraging his companion to talk again about the Tristrams. Iver described Blent for him. He told him how Lady Tristram had looked, and that her illness was supposed to be fatal. He talked again of Harry Tristram, her destined successor. But he said no more of his daughter. Neeld was left without any clear idea that his companion's concern with the Tristrams was more than that of a neighbor, or beyond what an ancient family, with odd episodes in its history, might naturally inspire.

"Oh, you must come to Blentmouth, Mr. Neeld. You must, indeed. For a few days, now. Choose your time, only let it be soon. Why, if you made your way into the library at Blent you might happen on a find there. A lot of interesting stuff there, I'm told. And we shall be very grateful for a visit."

Iver rose and held out his hand. "I must go," he said. "Fairholme, Blentmouth! I hope I shall have a letter from you soon to tell us to look out for you."

One of the unexpected likings that occur between people had happened. Each man felt it and recognized it in the other. They were alone in the room for the moment.

"Mr. Iver," said Neeld, in his precise prim tones, "I must make a confession to you. When you were up for this club I—my vote was not in your favor."

During a minute's silence Iver looked at him with amusement and almost with affection.

"I'm glad you've told me that."

"Well, I'm glad I have, too." Neeld's laugh was nervous.

"Because it shows that you're thinking of coming to Blentmouth."

"Well—yes, I am," answered Neeld, smiling. And they shook hands. Here was the beginning of a friendship; here also Neeld's entry on the scene where Harry Tristram's fortunes formed the subject of the play.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

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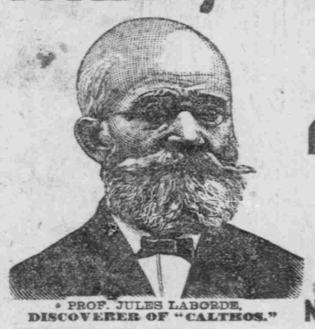

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We are now authorized, by The Von Mohl Company, to announce that every man who sends simply his name and address will be supplied **absolutely free** by sealed mail, with five-days full treatment of "CALTHOS." This is no C. O. D. or Deposit Scheme, and there is positively no condition attached to the offer. You need not give humiliating details regarding your trouble. You need not send one cent of money—not even a postage stamp. All The Von Mohl Company desires is that you give the remedy a fair and thorough trial, and they are willing to stand all the expense connected with the trial to prove the faith in its merits.

POWER OF "CALTHOS" PROVED.

The first day you take the treatment you will be benefited. The second day you will feel an improvement. The third day you will note an increase of strength. The fourth day will show a gain both mentally and physically. The fifth day you will feel like a new man. If you suffer from any form of Nervous Decline and Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Varicocele, Impotency, Small Parts, Night Sweats, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervousness, Confusion of Ideas, and Loss of Memory, you can positively be cured by "CALTHOS," but if the disease has progressed to the stage marked by the symptoms of Epilepsy, Consumption or Insanity, we cannot promise complete recovery.

PROMPT ACTION IMPORTANT.

As you value your health, your happiness, your very life, **do not delay beginning treatment.** The Von Mohl Company has thousands of testimonials on file from persons who have taken the treatment, showing its marvelous restorative power.

The Company does not publish testimonials, and your correspondence is sacredly confidential.

Many who take only the five-days free treatment write that they are entirely cured.

For the sake of your family and friends, as well as for your own best interests, write to The Von Mohl Company for the free treatment by mail, in plain sealed package, at once.

The Von Mohl Co., 667 B, Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States. Cincinnati, O.

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