

Rich Red Blood Hood's Sarsaparilla

That is Why the Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are CURES. That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the severest cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other blood diseases.

Hood's Pills

OPENED.

Prof. George Yoerger has opened his Boxing School for the winter. Private instructions at the pupils home if desired.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER MUMME

A Pure Malt Extract. A Substitute for Solid Food. Highest percentage Extract. Lowest percentage Alcohol.

LONG ISLAND BOTTLING CO. 250-254 Bergen St., Brooklyn

LOCKWOOD'S LIGHT PARCEL Cleanliness, Will also take orders for messenger service in New York.

DAILY FREIGHT LINE BETWEEN NORWALK, SO. NORWALK AND NEW YORK. Propellers City of Norwalk, Vulcan and Eagle.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK. 26 WALL ST., NORWALK. INCORPORATED SEPT. 1, 1876. CAPITAL, \$100,000.



THE SIGN OF THE FOUR

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED. At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud peal at the bell, an authoritative voice in the hall, and, to my surprise, no less a person than Mr. Athelney Jones was shown up to me.

made a special study of it. His bright humor marked the reaction from his black depression of the preceding days. Athelney Jones proved to be a sociable soul in his hours of relaxation, and faced his dinner with the air of a bon vivant.

JONES, HOLMES AND I SAT ON THE DECK.

cast off. Jones, Holmes and I sat in the stern. There was one man at the rudder, one to tend the engines, and two burly police inspectors forward.

were in his shoes. I could only think of one way of doing it. I might hand the launch over to some boatbuilder or repairer, with directions to make a trifling change in her.

AND THERE IS THE AURORA!

"AND THERE IS THE AURORA!" EXCLAIMED HOLMES. merchant-vessels, in and out, behind this one and round the other.

"What is it that has convinced you?" asked the mother.

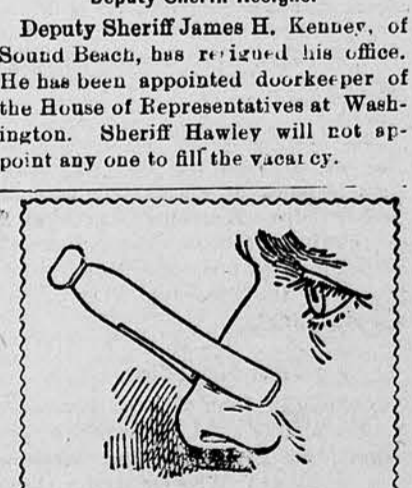


A Steamboat on Wheels. Sweden can boast of a steamboat on wheels. This unique vehicle makes regular trips overland from one lake to another near by.

The Earth Goes Round. Since Galileo's time most people have believed that the earth revolves on its axis; but it is one thing to accept a theory upon hearsay and another to verify it for one's self.

Deputy Sheriff Resigns. Deputy Sheriff James H. Kenney, of Sound Beach, has resigned his office. He has been appointed doorkeeper of the House of Representatives at Washington.

A Cold in the Head. The quickest way to get rid of it—the simplest and surest—no bother, no trouble—is with Salva- cea.



It cures Catarrh. It cures all inflammation. It cures Piles, Skin Diseases, Sore Throat, Burns, Toothache, Wounds, Earache, Sore Muscles, Neuralgia, Rheumatism.

CHARLEY WIBURN'S LUCK.

Charley Wiburn and I are cousins, but, somehow, I scarcely seem to belong to the family at all.

One morning at breakfast—we were artists and shared the same rooms and studio—he received a black-edged letter, which, upon opening and reading, he cast down with a discontented look.

"Another funeral to go to," he grumbled, "and here are my pictures unfinished and next week is sending-in day!"

"Who is it now?" I asked. "Another legacy, I suppose, eh?" "Very likely," he returned, indifferently—he was so used to these things he scarcely took any notice of them now.

I shook my head. "Have heard of him; never saw him," I said. "I hardly knew him myself," Charley explained—"at least, not since I was a boy.

To cut the matter short, I had to consent—as I generally did where Charley was concerned.

I took the lawyer's letter, as a sort of credential, and set out, grumbling a good deal at what I considered Charley's "cheek" in thus making use of me.

"I don't suppose it's much," he said to me. "Perhaps a hundred or two—hardly worth going down for, you know!"

So I had to go—with no legacy in view at all, small or large!

However, as I have said, I set out for the place—it was Devonshire—and in due course I arrived at the little town, and put up at a hotel for the night.

The next day, therefore, saw me among the assembled guests. I found out Mr. Parchly and silently showed him his own letter. "Ah," said he, "you are Mr. Wiburn. Very good. Glad to see you."

But, when, after the funeral, the will came to be read, I found Charley was down for £5,000. That made me think it harder lines than ever that I should have had to come down in his place.

She came up and shook hands, and the moment I looked at her I simply felt helpless over head and ears in love then and there.

"Don't you remember your little playmate, Milly?" said she, with a blush and an entrancing look of her beautiful eyes.

Before I exactly realized what I was doing I was whisked off to Maj. Rainfield's house—as I found the name of Milly's father to be—to dine, calling at the hotel for my evening "togs" on the way.

I found the major's house a neat, quiet-looking little place on the outskirts of the town. He lived alone with his daughter (his wife being dead), a housekeeper and one servant.

Since I was not too well off, either, this would not have troubled me, but for that legacy of £5,000 I was supposed to have come in for.

St. Simon's Encampment.

MARCH.

J. E. OSBORN.

Musical notation for the first system of the march, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature and a forte (ff) dynamic marking.

Musical notation for the second system, including dynamic markings such as 'cres.', 'ff', 'decres.', and 'mf'.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring first and second endings marked with '1' and '2'.

Musical notation for the fourth system, continuing the march with various dynamic markings.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including first and second endings and dynamic markings.

Musical notation for the sixth system, ending with a 'FINE' marking.

TRIO.

Musical notation for the beginning of the Trio section, marked 'SOLO.' and 'ff'.

Musical notation for the middle of the Trio section.

Musical notation for the end of the Trio section, featuring first and second endings.

Musical notation for the final section of the Trio, including trills (tr) and dynamic markings.

Musical notation for the concluding part of the Trio, ending with a 'D. C. al Fine.' marking.

Such good friends did we three become that I lingered on in the place for a week, during which time I grew daily more uncomfortable at the part I was playing.

"I am not surprised," she said; "I thought you were not much like the Charley I used to know. But I am sorry for you—sorry to think your cousin should have got that £5,000, while you were not even so much as mentioned."

"Ah!" I said, with a sigh, "that is Charley's luck—and mine. It is always the same—always has been, and always will be, I suppose."

I was thinking what I dared not say—that, if that £5,000 had but been mine, I could have asked her to be mine, too; whereas, now, with my poor prospects—well, of course, it was folly even to dream of such a thing.

I watched her narrowly after that, but could see no difference in her treatment of me.

I had written to Charley, telling him of his good fortune, and that I was going to stay on down here for a few days; but beyond a brief note expressing wonder at whatever attraction I could see there at that time of the year, he had said nothing and written no further; not a word of thanks or of reference to his £5,000 legacy.

Another week slipped by, and I still stayed on. At the end of that time I was in such a state of mind that, one day, finding myself alone with Milly, I blurted out my hopeless love for her, and said I should go away at once, for I felt that I could not possibly stay on there any longer.

"I think you had better speak to papa."

"What!" I rapturously exclaimed; "do you really bid me hope, Milly? Do you really think there is a possibility of your father—" I stopped and shook my head.

"Well," said Milly composedly, "they say you never know your luck till you try; but if you are too faint-hearted to try, why, of course—"

"I'll go off and find the major and have it out at once," I burst out.

And I saw him accordingly, and told him the whole story, humbling apologizing for daring to ask for his daughter's hand, when, as I was bound to tell him, I was not Charley, but Jack Wiburn, and I had no £5,000 legacy, and no prospects in particular, and "no luck!"

"H'm," said the major, "how is it Master Charley comes in for all the 'luck' in this way?"

"I don't know, sir," I answered, dolefully. "He goes about more and makes himself more liked, I think, while I—"

"While you stick at home and work. Is that it?" he asked.

"Well," I returned, "I try my best. You see, I have nothing else to rely on—no hope for—like Charley. It's his luck—and mine!"

"However," said the major, "I have been told you get your pictures hung, and sell them, which is more than he does. Is that luck, too?"

To this I made no reply. I could not see its relevancy.

"Now, look here, Jack Wiburn," the major went on. "I knew you were not Charley Wiburn." (I looked up in surprise.) "Milly told me; and I have made certain inquiries of my own, and I have something to tell you. The late Alexander Stephen Wiburn was a very old and intimate friend of mine, and had long ago set his heart upon Milly's marrying Charley."

I have consulted Mr. Parchly upon this matter, and he agrees with me that, as Charley's name is not expressly mentioned, and as he would not take the trouble to come down himself, even to the funeral of his poor old uncle, who had been so kindly disposed to him, if Milly likes you well enough to have you, you and she will be just as much entitled to the sum set aside as if Master Charley had married her, and I am sure I shall not object to the situation. In the will the only condition is that Milly shall marry 'his nephew,' and, of course, you are as much his nephew as Charley is. Therefore I leave it with Milly; if she says 'yes,' I say the same, and you will both have something to set up housekeeping with."

No need to tell the joy with which I heard the unexpected news, or the heartiness with which I thanked the kind-hearted major.

"I'll go off and tell Milly at once," I said; but I had not gone far when he called me back.

"You don't ask how much you will have to start housekeeping upon," he said.

"What matter, sir, since you think it enough?" I answered.

"H'm; but you may as well know. You might not think it enough."

"How much is it, then?" I asked.

"Fifty thousand pounds," said the major.

And this is what Charley lost and I gained by that journey—Milly (worth more than all) and £50,000.

And now Charley won't speak to me or to my wife—for Milly and I are married—and he says I merely took advantage of him; but I say, as I used to say before, it is all his luck—and mine.—Gentlewoman.

—Extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor.—Johnson.