

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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(CONTINUED)

"Poor fellow!"

Her eyes and words made me ashamed of myself. Only the night before I had robbed her house, and here I was eliciting sympathy from her. But I thought if I was a scoundrel her companion was a worse one.

"Is there nothing we can do for him, Charles?" she asked, turning to him.

This was a shot that I expected would make itself felt. But the pale, handsome face did not change.

"I don't know," he said slowly. Then to me:

"Do you know anything about horses?"

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. "I've had a good deal of experience as a groom and coachman."

This was partly true and partly false.

"Well, my groom has left me, and if you want to apply for the position call around at my house tonight. I live in the first house on the left down this street."

He pointed out his residence, but I was so taken aback by his affability and readiness to engage me that I nearly lost his words of instruction. I recovered sufficiently, however, to recognize the place before they moved on.

I heard their "good day" as one in a dream, and probably for the first time in my life politeness failed me. I actually forgot to thank either of them.

Throughout the interview he had been playing a part with wonderful success or he had failed to recognize me. I was inclined to accept the latter as true, and he fell somewhat in my estimation. To forget a face so soon was something that no one of our profession could well afford.

CHAPTER III.

THAT night I spent on the place of Charles Goddard and made myself as familiar with his family history as systematic pumping of the coachman would permit.

"An easy man he is to get along with," my informant volunteered. "There ain't the likes of him anywhere else in the country. An' the sweet mis-

sus is jest as good. 'She's an angel,' my wife says, if there ever was one."

"You mean the lady he's engaged to," I replied, "the one who lives over in the mansion that was robbed the other night?"

"Exactly! Miss Belle Stetson, the only lady that's worthy such a man as my master."

"How long have they been engaged and when are they to be married?"

"Now ye're goin' too fast. I didn't say they was engaged, did I? And if they ain't engaged I couldn't say when they're goin' to be married, could I? Some say they're engaged, an' others say they ain't. How do I know who's right?"

The man was only waiting to reveal more of the relationship between the two young people, and I catered to his natural weakness by encouraging him to proceed.

"Ye must be a stranger around these parts indeed if ye don't know what ye ask me," he continued, with a shrug of the shoulder in reply to my questions.

"I wouldn't be a-tellin' it to every one, but seein' ye're goin' to be one of the family I don't mind speakin' plain-like to ye."

He puffed noisily upon his black pipe, sending the smoke upward in dense clouds. His name was John, and he claimed to be an Irish American; but, while he had lost much of his brogue, he still retained all the loquacity of his first ancestors.

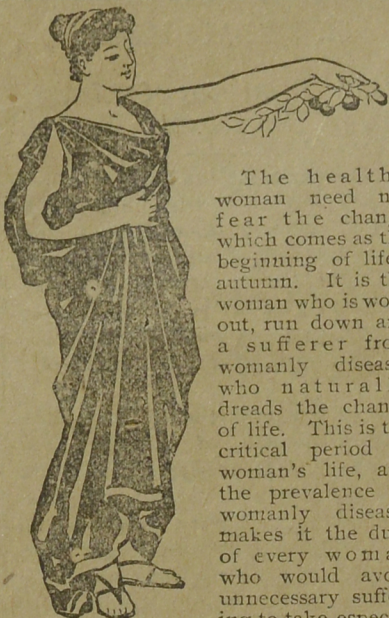
"Mr. Goddard comes from one of the oldest families of this country, an' old Dr. Stetson—God bless him, he was a good man in his day—wasn't a bit behind the Goddards. I've often heard the old folks arguin' about their ancestors. The doctor always said he came over in the Mayflower. I don't know much about the Mayflower, except what I've heard the old doctor say, but she must have been a pretty fine ship. She brought the doctor over—no, the doctor's grandfather or great-grandfather, I don't just remember which—an' he always said that was enough glory for any man. But old Mr. Goddard would rile the doctor by sayin' that he thought bein' a gentleman of France under King Louis was a greater honor an' that his ancestors descended direct from kings an' emperors. They couldn't agree noway, an' they just made up long enough to pick a new quarrel. I've heard tell how they'd talk peaceful-like about the politics of the country till they got to goin' about ancestors, an' then in five minutes they'd be shakin' their sticks in each other's faces an' callin' one another liars."

"But this didn't seem to make no difference with their children. They jest played together like brothers an' 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 jest to see the little ones makin' love."

"They seemed to be born fur 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 fur this world. Nobody seemed to know jest 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, an' 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 hereabouts said the match was broken off. It did look that way fur a time."

"But when the doctor died Mr. Charles turned up ag'in an' lived in the



The healthy woman need not fear the change which comes as the beginning of life's autumn. It is the woman who is worn out, run down and a sufferer from womanly diseases who naturally dreads the change of life. This is the critical period of woman's life, and the prevalence of womanly diseases makes it the duty of every woman who would avoid unnecessary suffering to take especial care of herself at this time.

The ills which vex so many women at the change of life are entirely avoided or cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, and enables the weakest to pass through this trying change with the tranquility of perfect health.

"I have been a very healthy woman, and this time has been very hard with me," writes Mrs. Maggie Morris, of Munson Station, Clearfield Co., Pa., Box 16. "I am come to the time of change of life, and I have been sick a great deal off and on. When Mrs. Hemmis moved beside me I was sick in bed, and when she came to see me and we were talking over our sickness, Mrs. Hemmis told me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also 'Pellets.' I got her to bring me a bottle of each from the drug store and I used them. They did me a great deal of good, and I got two more bottles of 'Favorite Prescription.' I never saw such a wonderful cure. Before I commenced your remedies I was good for nothing; was in such misery I hardly knew what to do with myself, now I can do all my work myself and feel well."

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Ja house jest 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 hopes for a time that they'd make a match after all. But there ain't no tellin' jest what may happen. He never seemed to be quite the same after comin' home. He was pale an' quiet-like, jest as if that disease was a-developin' an' takin' hold of him."

"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 j-e-t watches Mr. Charles all the time. He lives over 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 likes such a place, fur then people won't be botherin' him in his studies. He don't like to have folks runnin' 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 fur nothin', an' I guess Mr. Charles pays him well enough to live without starvin'."

"I ain't makin' no criticism of Dr. Squires, fur 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 good lookin'. He's too dark an' 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."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Appropriate.

"Why," asked the stage manager, "do you insist upon shouting 'Bah!' at intervals of about two minutes?"

"Why?" repeated the villain in tones that indicated a complete confidence in the consistency of his performance. "Because the cast of characters plainly indicates that I am the black sheep of my family."

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WEDNESDAY	10 to 12.30	3 to 5.30	7.45 to 10
THURSDAY	10 to 12.30	3 to 5.30	7.45 to 10
FRIDAY	10 to 12.30	3 to 5.30	7.45 to 10
SATURDAY	10 to 12.30	2.30 to 5.30	7.45 to 10

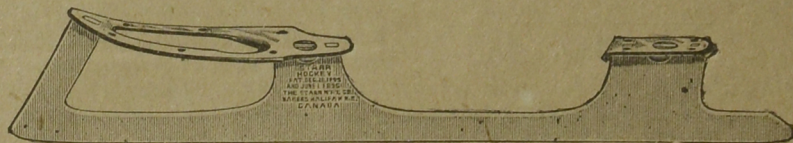
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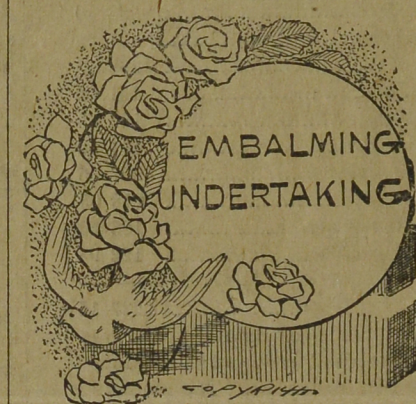
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