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Doc. Gordon S.S.S. CURES ECZEMA

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

Gordon spoke. "How do you feel?" he asked of the man, who evidently heard and understood, but did not reply. He simply made a little motion of facial muscles, of shoulders, of his whole body under the bedclothes, which indicated rage and impatience. "Does that place on your cheek burn?" asked Gordon.

Again there was no answer, this time not even a motion. "Have you any pain?" asked Gordon. The man lay motionless. "Is there any one in the parlor?" Gordon asked abruptly of Georgie K.

"No, Doc. You can go right in there." Gordon beckoned to James, and the two went downstairs, and entered the room of the wax flowers and the stuffed canary.

"It looks like erysipelas," Gordon said with no preface. James nodded.

"All I have done so far, in the absence of any positive proof of the truth of that diagnosis, is to apply what you will think an old woman's remedy, but I have known it to give good results in light cases, and I did not like to resort to the more strenuous methods until I was sure of my ground, for fear of complications. I applied a little mutton tallow, and that was all, but the inflammation has increased since I saw him. It now looks to me like a clearly defined case of erysipelas."

"It does to me," said James. "So far—the wound in the throat seems to be doing well," said Gordon gloomily. Then he looked at the younger physician with an odd, helpless expression.

"His life must be saved," said he. "Which do you prefer of the two methods of treating the disease—that is, of the two primary ones? Of course, there are methods innumerable. I may have grown rusty in my country practice. Do you prefer the leeches, the nitrate of silver, the low diet, or the reverse?"

"I think I prefer the reverse." "Well, you may be right," said Gordon, "and yet you have to consider that this is a man in full vigor," he added, "that presumably he has considerable reserve strength upon which to draw. Still if you prefer the other treatment—"

"I have seen very good results from it," said James. He was becoming more and more astonished at the older man's helpless, almost appealing, manner toward himself. "What is the man's name?" he asked.

"I don't know what name he has given here," Gordon replied evasively. "I will tell you later on what his name is."

Suddenly the parlor door was flung open, and a woman appeared. She was middle-aged, very large, clad in black raiment, which had an effect of sliding and slipping from her when she moved.

She kept clutching at the buttons of her coat, which did not quite meet over her full front. She brought together the ends of a black fur boa, she reached constantly for the back of her skirts, and gave them a firm tug which relaxed the next moment. Her decent black bonnet was askew, her large face was flushed. She had been a strapping, handsome country girl once; now she was almost indecent in her involuntary exuberance of course femininity.

"How do you do, Mrs. Slocum?" Doctor Gordon said politely. James rose, Gordon introduced him. Mrs. Slocum did not bow, she jerked her great chin upward, then she spoke with really alarming ferocity. "Where has my boarder went? That's what I want to know. That's what I have come here for, not for no bowin' and scrapin's. Where has my boarder went?"

"A keen look came into Gordon's face. 'I don't know who your boarder is, Mrs. Slocum,'" he said.

CHAPTER X Mrs. Slocum looked at the doctor with a wide gasp of surprise.

"Thought you knew," said she. "His name is Meserve, Mr. Edward Meserve, and if he has come and went, and not told where, he was good pay, and if he was took sick whilst he was to my house, I could have asked twice as much as I did before. I'd like to know what right you had to take my boarder to the hotel. He was my boarder. He wasn't your boarder. I want him fetched right back. That's what I have come for."

"Mrs. Slocum," said Gordon in a hard voice, "Mr. Meserve is too sick to be moved, and his disease may be contagious. You might lose all your other boarders, and whether he recovers or not, you would be obliged to fumigate your house, and have his room repapered and plastered."

"He's got money enough to pay for it," Mrs. Slocum said doggedly. "How do you know?" "You think he ain't?" Gordon looked imperturbable.

"He always paid me regular, and he ain't been to meals or to home nights two-thirds of the time."

Gordon said nothing. "You mean if my other boarders went, and the room had to be done over, he ain't got money enough to make it good?"

Gordon said nothing. The woman fidgeted. "Well," said she, "if there's any doubt of it, maybe he is better off here." Suddenly she gave an auspicious glance at Gordon. "Say," said she, "the room here will have to be done over. Who's goin' to pay for that?"

"The room is isolated," replied Gordon briefly.

The woman stared. She evidently did not know the meaning of the word.

"Well," said she at last, "if the room is isolated, it's a delight to pursue my studies and work."

"Grape-Nuts food is worth more than money to me and I hope it may induce some sufferer to follow the same course I have."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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is insulted, it will have to be done over. Who's going to pay for that?"

"I am." "Well, I don't see why you couldn't pay me for that as well as Mr. Evans."

"Don't you?" "No." "Well, I do. Now, Mrs. Slocum, I really have no more time to waste. Mr. Meserve is your sick man, and I have to go to him. I come down here to consult with my assistant, and you have hindered us. Good-day!"

But the woman still stood her ground. "I'm goin' to see him," she said. "He's my boarder."

"You will do so at your own risk, and also, your call should prove injurious to him, at a risk of being indicted for manslaughter, besides possibly catching the disease."

"You say it's ketchin'?" "I said it might be. We have not yet entirely formed our diagnosis."

The woman stared yet again. Then she turned about with a switch, and disclosed a fringed black petticoats and white stockings. "Well, form your noses all you want to," said she. "You have took away my boarder, an' if he gets well, and it ain't ketchin', I'll have the law on you."

Gordon drew a deep breath when the door closed behind her. "It seems something to me as if comedy were the haircloth shirt of tragedy," he said grimly. "Well, Elliot, we will go upstairs and begin the fight. I am going to fight to the death. I shall remain here tonight. You will have to look after my other patients when you leave here. I am sorry to put so much upon you."

"Oh, that's all right," said James, following Gordon upstairs. But as he spoke he wondered more and more that this man, after what he had known of him, should be of more importance to Gordon than all others.

Even during the short time they had been downstairs the angry red around the abrasion on the cheek had widened, and widened toward the head. Gordon opened his medicine-case and took out a bottle and hairbrush and commenced work. Directly the entire cheek was blackened with the application of iron. Georgie K. had brought glasses, and medicine had been forced into the patient's mouth. "Now go and have some egg-nog mixed, Georgie K.," said Gordon, "and bring it here yourself, if you will. I hate to trouble you."

"That's all right, Doc," said Georgie K., and went.

James remained only a short time, since he had the other calls to make. He returned quite late to find that dinner had been kept waiting for him, and Clemency in her pretty red gown was waiting. Mrs. Erving had not come down all day. "Mother says she is easier," Clemency observed, "only she thinks it better to keep perfectly still."

Clemency said very little about the man at the hotel. She seemed to dread the very mention of him. She and James spent a long evening together, and she was entirely charming. James began to put behind him all the mystery and dark hints of evil. Clemency, although fond, was as elusive as a butterfly. She had feminine wiles to her finger tips, but she was quite innocent of the fact that the worst wiles, and she was entirely charming. James began to put behind him all the mystery and dark hints of evil. Clemency, although fond, was as elusive as a butterfly.

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The real cause for Eczema is the presence of humors and sour acids in the blood. These impurities get into the circulation because of imperfect action of those members of the system whose duty it is to collect and carry off the refuse and waste of the body. As this effete matter lies in the system it ferments and generates acid humors which are absorbed into the blood, overcharging this vital fluid with acid. In its effort to keep the system healthy the blood throws off the humors through the pores and glands of the skin, causing this tormenting skin disease. The escape of acids and humors through the pores and glands irritates and burns the skin, producing pustules filled with a clear, sticky fluid, which dries in crusts and patches causing the most intense itching, and often pain. The trouble is in the blood, and S. S. S. is the remedy for Eczema, because it is a real blood purifier. It goes down into the circulation, removes all acids and humors and makes the blood rich, pure and healthy. When S. S. S. has done this the symptoms pass away, the blood is cooled and the disease cured permanently. Nothing acts so promptly or pleasantly in all skin diseases as S. S. S., and it is at the same time a fine tonic to the entire system. Book on Skin Diseases and medical advice free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Early the next morning James went to the hotel, and found Gordon haggard and intense, sitting beside his patient, who was evidently worse. The tall red fire of Saint Anthony had mounted higher, and settled lower. "It has attacked his throat now," Gordon said in a whisper. "I expect every minute it will reach his brain. When it does, nobody but you and I must be with him, not even Georgie K. He is getting some rest. He was up half the night, bless him! But when it reaches the brain you will be needed here, and the two must be you and I. Take this list, and make the calls as quickly as you can and come back here." James, with a last glance at the black and swollen face of the man, who now seemed to be in a state of coma, obeyed. He hurried through his list, and returned. He found no apparent change in the patient, and tried to persuade Gordon to take a little rest, but the elder man was obdurate. "No," he said, "here I stay. I have had a bit to eat and drink. You go down yourself and get something, then come back. The crisis may arrive any second. Then I shall need you."

The fire had outstripped the blackness on the man's cheek toward the temple. One eye was closed.

When James returned after a hurried lunch, he heard a loud, terrible voice in the room. Outside the door a maid stood with a horrified face listening. James grasped her roughly by the shoulder. "Get out of this," he ordered. "If I find you or any one else here listening, you'll be sorry for it."

The maid gasped out an excuse and fled. James tried the door, but it was locked. "Is that you, Elliot?" called Gordon above the other awful voice.

"Yes." The door was unlocked, and James sprang into the room, but he was hardly quick enough for the man was almost out of bed, when the two doctors forced him back with all their strength. Then he sat up and raved, and such raving! James felt his very blood cold within him. Revelations as of a devil were in those ravings. Once in a while James opened the door cautiously to be sure that no one was listening. The raving man reiterated names as of a multitude. Gordon's was among them, and many names of women, one especially—Catherine. He repeated that name more frequently than James had heard in those ravings. There was something indescribably horrible in hearing this repetition of names of unknown people, accompanied with statements beyond belief regarding them, and the raving man. Gordon's face was ghastly, and so was the younger doctor's. "Look and see if any one is listening, for God's sake," Gordon gasped, after one terrific outburst, and James looked, but Georgie K. was keeping watch that nobody approached the door.

James never knew how long he was in that room with Gordon listening to those frenzied ravings, and striving with him to keep the man from injuring himself. The daylight waned. James lighted a lamp. Then a mighty creaking was heard outside, and Georgie K., himself bearing a great supper tray, knocked at the door. "It's me, and I brought you something," he shouted, and then they heard his retreating footsteps. Much delicacy was there in Georgie K., and much affection for Doctor Gordon.

James brought in the tray, and now then he and Gordon took advantage of a slight lull to take a bite, but neither had any desire for food. It was only the instinctive sense that they must keep up their strength in order that nobody else should hear what they were hearing, that forced them to eat and drink. Well into the evening the ravings stopped suddenly, the man fell back upon his pillow, and lay still. James thought at first that all was over, but presently stertorous breathing began.

"Now get Georgie K. up," Gordon said hoarsely. "There is no further need for us to be alone, and there will be directions to be given."

James went out and found Georgie K. sitting up in his bar-room. "Doctor Gordon wants you," he said. "How is he?" asked Georgie K., following James.

Dying. "Georgie K. made an indescribable sound in his throat as the two men ascended the stairs."

Continued Tomorrow.

Mexican Way of Putting it. Mexican Herald.

Gen. Leonard Wood, formerly a doctor, is practicing his profession out in the Philippines where he reports the extermination of 150 Palajanes patients.

God could not be everywhere, therefore He made mothers.—Lew Wallace.

Read This Aloud. Betty Botter bought some butter; "But," she said, "this butter's bitter; If I will make my batter better; It will make my batter better; But I'll make my butter better." Will but make my butter better? So she bought a bit of butter, Better than the bitter butter, And made her bitter batter better. So 'twas better Betty better Bought a bit of better butter.

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