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had pains just the same then as I have had since I have done my housework. I would not be without a bottle in the house now. It has stopped the pains all right and I have found out that it is a wonderful body builder, as it has made me well and strong. It is going to be the 'old reliable' with me hereafter, and I am always willing to tell other women how it has helped me. You can use this letter as you wish as I can honestly say that my words are true."-Mrs. M. Lodic, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 40,

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ing or running at the nose? If so, give them "SPOHN'S. A valuable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Influenza, Pink Eve and Worms among horses and mules. An occasional dose "tones" them up. Sold at all drug stores.

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Three Men and a Maid

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

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"ALPHONSO."

Mrs. Herace Hignett, worldfamous writer on theosophy auther of "The Spreading Light," etc., etc., verives in New York on a decturing tour. Eustage, her son, is with her. Windles, andestral home of the Hignerts, is his, so her life is largely devoted to keeping him unmarried Enter her mephew, Sam, son of Sir Mallaby Marlowe, the eminent London lawyer. It is arranged that Sam, and Pustage shall sail the gether on the Atlantic the next day: Enter Fream Mortimer American, son of a friend of an insufferable American named Bernett who has been pestering Mrs Hignett to lease Windle: Fream informs her that Wilbelmina Bennett is waiting for Enstuce at the Little Church Round the Corner. Bream himself is in love with Wilhelmini Mrs. Hignett marches off to Pastace's room. The scene shifts to the Atlantic of her poer Sam. heading for the gangniank, meets a glorious, red-headed girl, with though her dog bites him. The armones that his mother had avel the ceremony, whereman in the water with another swimmee and relative the Atlantic at s Willelmina Pennett-Tillie Sur hards Sam as a here and the troduces Bream.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

-5-"Any special past?"

"Well, she seemed to like my stuff, Marlowe. You never read my sonnet-sequence on spring, did you?"

besides you?"

tace Highett with a reminiscent sport-coats which so enhance feminine rather have a second-hand one that have spent together reading the 'ldylls' deck with the breeze playing in her of the King!

taking a pencii from his pocket and young Mr. Bream Mortimer. shooting out a cuff.

"Oh, those! Why, my dear old chap; | tation. I should say! Have I heard of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King?' Well, really! I suppose you haven't a copy with you on board by any chance?'

"There is a copy in my kit-bag, Druggists sell millions of packages of The very one we used to read together, Take it and keep it or throw it overboard. I don't want to see it again." Sam prospected among the shirts, collars and trousers in the bag and room will you? I had no idea it was

presently came upon a morocco-bound so warm. volume. He laid it beside him on the

"Little by little, bit by bit." he said. "I am beginning to form a sort of pic- put it on the berth. It doesn't matter ture of this girl, this-what was her about folding it up. name again? Bennett-this Miss Bennett. You have a wonderful knack of description. You make her seem so ments when a man feels that all he real and vivid. Tell me some more needs in order to be a delivery wagon about her. She wasn't keen on golf, by is a horse and a driver. any chance, I suppose?"

"I believe she did play. The subject came up once and she seemed rather gested Sam. He felt that a resolute enthusastic. Why?"

"Well, I'd much sooner talk to a girl about golf than poetry."

"You are hardly likely to be in a position to talk to Wilhelmina Bennett about either, I should imagine."

"No, there's that, of course. I was thinking of girls in general. Some girls bar golf, and then it's rather difficult to know how to start conversation, But, tell me, were there any topics which got on Miss Bennett's nerves, if you know what I mean? It seems to me that at one time or another you may have said something that offended her. I mean, it seems curious that she should have broken off the engagement if you had never disagreed or quarreled about anything."

"Well, of course, there was always the matter of that dog of hers. She had a dog, you know, a snappy brute of a Pekingese. If there was ever any shadow of disagreement between us, it had to do with that dog. I made rather a point of it that I would not have it about the home after we were mar-

"I see!" said Sam. He shot his cuff once more and wrote on it: "Dog-conciliate." "Yes, of course, that must "I Love It. How Extraordinary That

have wounded her." "Not half so much as he wounded me! He pinned me by the ankle the day before we-Wilhelmina and I, I man with legs as long as Bream's to Wilhelmina Bennett. Yes, he would mean-were to have been married. It might well deposit a cloak on a is some satisfaction to me in my berth and be back under the half-min- lose it all. True, he had only known broken state to remember that I got ute. home on the little beast with considerable juiciness and lifted him clean over the Chesterfield."

Sam shook his head reprovingly. "You shouldn't have done that!" he does appreciate it so!" said. He extended his cuff and added | Bream disappeared. It is not always | Marlowe's grandfather had convinced the words "Vitally important" to what easy to interpret emotion from a glance himself, after about a year and a half he had just written. "It was probably at a man's back; but Bream's back of respectful aloofness, that the emo-

that which decided her." "Well, I hate dogs," said Eustace the thought has occurred that, given a Marlowe's grandmother-to be was love, Hignett querulously. "I remember couple of fiddles and a piano, he would the fashion of the period compelled Wilhelmina once getting quite an bave made a good hired orchestra. him to approach the matter in a round other side of the hurdle before jump-

brutes, absolute strangers to me, who fell into step by her side, fights. But in thin flannel trousers,

had never, of course, supposed that the | dogs." girl was anything but perfect; but It was nice to find his high opinion of her son to exhibit her in a favorable light, fights," He understood her point of view and nett? How could she be content with a crayen who, instead of scouring the world in the quest for deeds of derring been reading? What is the book?" do, had failen down so lamentably on his first assignment? There was a specious attractiveness about poor old Fustace which might conceivably wina girl's heart for a time; he wrote poetry, talked well, and had a nice singing voice; but, as a partner for life . . . well, he simply wouldn't

do. That was all there was to it. He simply didn't add up right. The near a girl like Wilhelmina Bennett required for a husband was somebody entirely different . . . somebody, felt Samnot Marlowe, much more like Samuel

Swelled almost to bursting-point with these reflections, he went on deck "No. What other poets did she like to join the ante-luncheon promenude. He saw Billie almost at once. She "Tennyson principally," said Eus- had put on one of these nice sacky quiver in his voice. "The hours we charms, and was striding along the vivid hair like the female equivalent "The which of what?" inquired Sam, of a Viking. Beside her walked

Sam had been feeling a good deal of "The Idylis of the King." My good | a fellow already, but at the sight of man, I know you have a soul which her welcoming smile his self-esteem would be considered inadequate by almost caused him to explode. What a common earthworm, but you have | magic there is in a girl's smile! It is surely heard of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the raisin which, dropped in the yeast of male complacency, induces fermen

"(th. there you are, Mr. Marlowe!" "oh, there you are," said Bream Mortimer, with a slightly different in lagain up here afterward?"

"I thought Fit like a breath of fresh air before lunch," said Sam. "Oh, Bream!" said the girl.

"Hello?" "Do be a darling and take this great heavy coat of mine down to my state-

"I'll carry it," said Bream. "Nonsense, I wouldn't dream of burdening you with it. Trot along and

"All right," said Bream moodily, He trotted along. There are mo-

"He had better chirrup to the dog while he's there, don't you think?" sug-



We Should Have So Much in

"Oh, yes! Bream!"

"Hello?" "While you're down there just chirrup a little more to poor Pinky. He lover has changed concerning pro-

tep in and separate a couple of the | way?" inquired Sam solicitously, as he

willingly intervene in a hundred dog ately of poor Pinky when he bit you." parlers having passed with her aunt,

Sam rose. His heart was light. He them. But, of course, I love all rived when he might send her a vol-"Oh, do you? So do I!"

corroborated by one who had no reas much. I'm always stopping dog obtained his consent to the paying

sympathized with it. An idealist, how what to do at a dog fight. I'm afraid "Madam! you will not have been incould she trust herself to Eustace Hig. | I'm. rather helpless myself. There | sensible to the fact that for some time never seems anything to catch hold past you have inspired in my bosom of." She looked down. "Have you feelings deeper than those of ordinary

"It's a volume of Tennyson."

"Are you fond of Tennyson?" "I worship hlm," said Sam reverently. "Those-" he glanced at his cuff those Idylls of the King! I do not like to think what an ocean voyage would be li I had not my Tennyson

"We must read him together. He is my favorite poet"

"We will! There is something about "Yes, isn't there! Eve felt that my-

self so often."

"Some poets are whales at epics and all that sort of thing, while others call it a day when they've written something that runs to a couple of verses, but where Tennyson had the bulge was that his long game was just as good as his short. He was grout off the ten and a marvel with his chip-shots." "That sounds as though you played

"When I am not reading Tennyson,

ou can generally find me out on the links. Ito you play?" "I love it. How extraordinary that

we should have so much in common. We really ought to be great friends." He was pausing to select the best of three replies when the lunch bugle

"We will," sald Sam.

"We'll sit and read Tennyson,"

"Ob, no Bream is going to sit down | Gilbert's "Alphonso." below and look after poor Pinky." "I'mes he does he know he is?"

CHAPTER IV

to tell him at hanch."

It was the fourth morning of the voyage. Of course, when this story man and did not require a year to is done in the movies they won't be make up his mind that Wilhelmina satisfied with a bald statement like Bennett had been set apart by Fate that; they will have a Spoken Title or | from the beginning of time to be his a Cut-Back Sub-Caption or whatever bride. He had known it from the mothey call the thing in the low dens ment he saw her on the cock, and all where motion-picture scenario-lizards the subsequent strolling, reading, do their dark work, which will run:

went by, each fraught with hope and had done together had merely solidiyouth and sweetness linking two fied his original impression. He loved young hearts in silken fetters forged this girl with all the force of a fiery by the laughing Love.God"-

and the males in the audience will lowes was a by-word in Bruton street, companions' hands and the man at the At any rate she wanted somebody like ly appropriate, very soulfully and see where she could possibly get anyslowly, with a wistful eye on the half- one liker Sir Galahad than himself. smoked cigarette which he has parked | So, wind and weather permitting. on the lowest octave and intends in- | Samuel Marlowe intended to propose ishing as soon as the picture is over. But I prefer the plain frank statement that it was the fourth day of the voyage. That is my story and I mean to stick to it.

Samuel Marlowe, muffled in a bathhis tub. His manner had the offensive jauntiness of the man who has had a cold bath when he might just as easily have had a hot one. he looked out of the porthole at the shimmering sea. He felt strong and hap-

py and exuberant. It was not merely the spiritual pride induced by a cold bath that was uplifting this young man. The fact was that, as he toweled his glowing back. he had suddenly come to the decision that this very day he would propose put his fortune to the test, to win or

her for four days, but what of that? of a day is it?" Nothing in the way of modern progress is more remarkable than the manner in which the attitude of your posals of marriage. When Samuel looked like that of a man to whom tion which he, felt towards Samuel noyed with me because I refused to | "How is your dear little dog, by the about way. First, he spent an eve | ij - at conclusions.

tads, she accompanying hin, on the were tighting in the street. I reminded "Much better now, thanks. I've plane and the rest of the family sither that we were all fighters nowa- made friends with a girl on board- ting on the side lines to see that no days, that life itself was in a sense a did you ever hear her name-Jane rough stuff was pulled. Having noted fight; but she wouldn't be reasonable Hubbard-she's a rather well-known that she drooped her eyelashes and about it. She said that Sir Galahad big-game hunter and she fixed up turned faintly pink when he came to would have done it like a shot. I some sort of a mixture for Pinky the "Thee-only thee!" bit, he felt thought not. We had no evidence what- which did him a world of good. I a mild sense of encouragement, strong soever that Sir Gafahad was ever don't know what was in it except enough to justify him in taking her called upon to do anything half as Worcester sauce, but she said she sister aside next day and asking if dangerous. And, anyway, he wore ar- always gave it to her mules in Africa | the object of his affections ever hapmor. Give me a suit of mail reaching when they had the botts . . . it's pened to mention his name in the well down over the ankles, and I will | very nice of you to speak so affection | course of conversation. Further pour-"Animal spirits!" said Sam tolerant- two more sisters, and her little brothly." Pure animal spirits! I like to see er, he felt that the moment had arunie of Shelley, with some of the passages marked in pencil. A few weeks "I only wish they didn't fight so later, he interviewed her father and of his addresses. And finally, after "I do admire a man who knows writing her a letter which began



Am, I Am the Bandolero! Yes, Yes, I Am the Bandolero!"

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I must friendship, . . ." he waylaid her rush. But we shall see one another in the rose garden and brought the

thing off. How different is the behavior of the modern young man. His courtship can "Time! hir-you and I and Morti hardly be called a courtship at all. Man or Woman Can Make \$20 His methods are those of Sir W. S.

Alphonso, who for cool assurance all "Not yet," said Billie, "I'm going the up and said to Emily who has cheek enough for six:
"Miss Emily I love you Will you marry? Say the word!"
And Emily sald: "Certainly, Alphonso, like a bird."

Sam Marlowe was a bright young talking, soup-drinking, tea-drinking, "And so, calm and golden, the days and shuffle-board-playing which they nature-the flery nature of the Marshift their chewing gum to the other Borkeley square - and something cheek and take a firmer grip of their seemed to whisper that she loved him. piano will play "Everybody wants a Sir Galahad, and, without wishing to key to my cellar" or something equal- hurl bouquets at himself, he could not

to Wilhelmina Bennett this very day. He let down the trick basin which hung beneath the mirror and, collecting his shaving materials, began to lather his face. "I am the Bandolero!" sang Sam

robe, came back to the stateroom from | blithely through the soap, "I am, I am the Bandoler ! Yes, yes, I am the Bandolero!" The untidy heap of bedclothes in the

lower berth stirred restlessly.

"Oh, G-d!" said Eustace Hignett thrusting out a tousied head. Sam regarded his cousin with commiseration. Horrid things had been happening to Eustace during the last few days, and it was quite a pleasant

was still alive. "Feeling bad again, old man?" "I was feeling all right," replied Hignett churlishly, "until you began the farmyard imitations. What sort

surprise each morning to find that he

"Glorious! The sea . . ." "Don't talk about the sea!"

"What I'm trying to say is, 'Will you marry me?'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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