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# Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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## Love in a Flour Mill, OR, The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER VII.  
"Can't say I have," replied Ronald.  
"Nor more did I, sir, till I fell off the top of a wagon-load of 'em. Seemed to me, while I was lyin' in the 'ospital, that the sooner I got back from the land the better; so I set off to pad the hoof to Lunnon, and, seein' that they wanted a little 'elp at the sidings, I offered my valuable assistance; and 'ere I am, as the burglar said when he fell through the skylight into a tea-party."  
"You seem to have retained your good spirits through all your troubles," observed Ronald appreciatively.  
Smithers emitted a queer little laugh from the corner of his mouth which was not occupied by the cutty.  
"What's the good of repining?" as the song says," he responded. "Some-

thing 'll turn up some day or other. Jullo! 'ere we are!"  
The train stopped noisily; and Ronald, slipping a tip into the guard's hand, got out on the embankment. Smithers followed him, and Ronald looked round hesitatingly, for the place was new to him.  
"Which way might you be goin', sir?" asked Smithers.  
"Up West," replied Ronald. "Which way are you?"  
Smithers looked about him and then up at the sky vaguely.  
"I'd give a whole penny if somebody would tell me," he said, with a kind of dogged cheerfulness. "There being no offers, I may as well show you the way out of this rum place. I know it well enough; for I've often slept inside one of the empty wagons—if I couldn't get one with a cover to it."  
Ronald followed his strange guide as he threaded his way across the lines, amongst innumerable trucks, up narrow and squalid streets, and so into a busy and grimy thoroughfare lined with warehouses and offices.  
"Ere you are," said Smithers; "you'll be able to git a keb 'ere. I wish you good afternoon, sir."

Ronald took a sovereign out of his pocket and extended it to the man; but, to Ronald's surprise, Smithers drew back and shook his head, his blue eyes twinkling up at his companion.  
"No, thank you, sir," he said. "The 'arf-crown's enough. I hadn't no intention to sponge on yer. I can see the sort o' young gentleman you are, and I don't mean to impose on you."  
Ronald was touched by the man's independence.  
"Look here," he said; "I should like to help you, if I can. Is there anything I can do?"  
"Well, yes; you might give me a suit of old clothes, sir," said Smithers; "they'd stick on me, which the sovereign wouldn't. You're a taller and a bigger made man than I am, sir, but I could get 'em cut down; and I could look out for a decent situation. It's the clothes as tell, as the gentleman said, when they stole his while he was bathin'."  
"All right," said Ronald, in his free and easy way. "Give me your address and I'll send them to you."  
"Ah, now you 'ave me, sir," responded Mr. Smithers. "Charley Smithers, Esq., Under Blackfriars' Arches, or 'On the Second Seat of the Victoria Embankment, might find me, or they mightn't."

## Rheumatism A Sneaking Disease Has At Last Met Its Conqueror

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minent risk to himself, and pushed Ronald out of danger with the other.  
"That was a narrow squeak, sir," he said cheerfully.  
"It would have been much narrower but for you," declared Ronald earnestly. "That was a jolly plucky thing you did, Smithers!"  
"Now, that's where you make the mistake, sir," retorted Smithers placidly. "It isn't pluck; it's want o' thought. If I'd 'ad time to think, I should 'ave kept myself safe behind, and watched the circus."  
"That's nonsense," said Ronald, a little thickly. "Get into the cab. Are you hurt?"  
"Not a bit, sir; you see, I was a street acrobat for a short spell. I hope you're the same, sir?"  
"I'm all right," said Ronald, still rather embarrassed by a gratitude which, like most men, he could not express. "Here, light up."  
Smithers took the cigar and smoked with obvious enjoyment as the cab made its way westward. Ronald's face grew graver as they approached Chelsea, and his manner so preoccupied that Smithers' sharp eyes could not fail to notice that something was wrong. He had, naturally enough, wondered why a gentleman should be travelling at night in the van of a goods train. The imagination of a Cockney is both quick and fertile, and Smithers asked himself, as he glanced from the corners of his bright eyes at his companion's moody countenance, whether this open-hearted gentleman had been "up to something." Smithers considered that the conjecture was not an improbable one; for his varied knowledge of the world helped him to surmise that his benefactor was one of those "swells" who are apt to get into scrapes; therefore, though he could not ask any questions, he kept a sharp look-out alternately watching the street and Ronald's face.  
As the cab turned the corner of Copley Place, in which was Ronald's flat, Smithers caught sight of a man strolling along the pavement.  
"There's a 'tec," he remarked casually.

CHAPTER VIII.  
"A what?" asked Ronald, rousing himself.  
"A detective, sir," explained Smithers. "I know 'im. Oh, not on my own business; it was a pal of mine who got into trouble. He's on the lookout for somebody or something."  
"He's looking out for me," said Ronald, quietly.  
Smithers instantly thrust up the trap-door in the roof of the cab and told the cabman to turn round. When the cab had gone some little distance, Smithers looked hard but respectfully at Ronald.  
"Just in time, sir," he said. "I'm glad I caught sight of him, as the mouse said when it saw the cat watching for it on the other side of the cheese. Nothing serious, I hope, sir?"  
Ronald hesitated for a moment; but there was something so honest, so trustworthy, in the blue eyes turned to his, that he hesitated for a moment only.  
"I don't think so," he said, with a laugh. "Fact is, Smithers, I've got into a row, a bit of a scrape; and I fancy this man, this detective, wants me."  
"Ah well, he ain't the only man as wants what he won't get, and won't get what he wants," said Smithers, with quiet confidence. "I don't hanker to go poking my nose into what

## Various Forms Of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Blockton, Ala. Continuing, he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose Anti-kemnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headache of women."  
"When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of tick headache, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than 'A-cide', and when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack, he should take two A-K Tablets. Such patients should always be instructed to carry a few Anti-kemnia Tablets, so as to have them ready for instant use. These tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Ask for A-K Tablets. Anti-kemnia Tablets can be obtained at all druggists."  
don't concern me; I've suffered for it too often, as the dog said when at last he got his out of the beehive; but if you want to give that chap the slip just say so, sir, and let me help you. Seems to me I can come in 'andy 'ere; for it stands to reason that you're a stranger at this business."  
"Yes, I'm afraid I shan't be able to go back to my flat," said Ronald. "I can't explain without telling you the whole story."  
"No need for that, sir," said Smithers quickly. "I ain't curious." He considered for a moment or two; then he said: "Would you mind telling me your name, sir?"  
"Desborough — Ronald. Desborough," said Ronald, a trifle reluctantly. "My flat is No. 16, first floor."  
But Smithers caught his tone, and nodding quickly, said:  
"All right, sir; don't you be afeared: I shall forget it in 'alf an hour. I'm a shockin' bad 'and at rememberin' names. Look 'ere, sir, you just step into that public-'ouse we're comin' to, and 'ave a glass o' somethin'. I'll be back in 'alf an hour, or less. If I don't turn up—well, 'ere's 'Good-bye!' and thank you for all your kindness, sir."  
Before Ronald could accept or refuse the proposal, or, indeed, prevent the man, Smithers had stopped the cab, leapt lightly out, and was walking in a business-like way back towards Copley Street. Ronald dismissed the cab, and went into the public-house. It was a quiet little place, the compartment he entered was empty; he ordered a whisky-and-soda, and sat down to wait—and to think.  
The fact that the detective had been set to watch for him made it evident that Lydstone bore malice and meant to gratify it by dragging Ronald into a police-court. The time passed slowly, the half-hour dragged by; but just as Ronald, full of remorse for having allowed Smithers to run the risk of getting into trouble, was going to take his departure in search of him, the swing door opened and Smithers entered.  
He took no notice of Ronald, but ordered half a pint of ale, and entered into conversation with the barmaid.  
"Well, Em'ly," he said, with the warm manner of an old and affectionate friend, "how is the world treatin' of you?"  
"My name don't 'appen to be Em'ly," she retorted, with a toss of the head and a comprehensive wipe of the pewter counter.  
"No!" exclaimed Smithers in accents of well-simulated astonishment. "Surely I ain't makin' no mistake! Ain't you the lady as took the beauty prize at Barnet Fair lars' year?"  
The barmaid's face relaxed with a reluctant smile, and she made a playful dab at him with her damp cloth, a dab which Smithers fielded cleverly.  
"Go along with you!" she said, putting up her hand to thrust a hairpin in its place, and displaying a costly brass ring set with coloured glass.  
(To be Continued.)

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