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And all Other Forms of this Common and Annoying Disease, cured by the Pyramid Pills.

Thousands of men and women suffer from some form of piles without either knowing the exact nature of the trouble, or knowing it, carelessly allow it to run without using the simple means of a radical cure.

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The safest and surest way to cure any case of piles whether itching, protruding or bleeding is to use the Pyramid Pile Cure, composed of healing vegetable oils, and absolutely free from mineral poisons and opiates.

Mr. Wm. Handschuf, Pittsburg, Pa., after suffering severely from bleeding piles writes as follows:

"I take pleasure writing you these few lines to let you know that I did not sleep for three months except for a short time each night because of a bad case of bleeding piles. I was down in bed and doctors did me no good.

A good brother told me of the Pyramid Pile Cure and I bought from my druggist three fifty cent boxes. They completely cured me and I will soon be able to go to my work again."

The Pyramid Pile Cure is not only the safest and surest pile remedy, but it is by far the widest known and most popular because so many thousands have tried it and found it exactly as represented.

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Send to Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich., for a little book on Cause and Cure of Piles mailed free to any address, or better yet, get a fifty cent box of the remedy itself at the nearest drug store and try it to-night.

Ray's Recruit

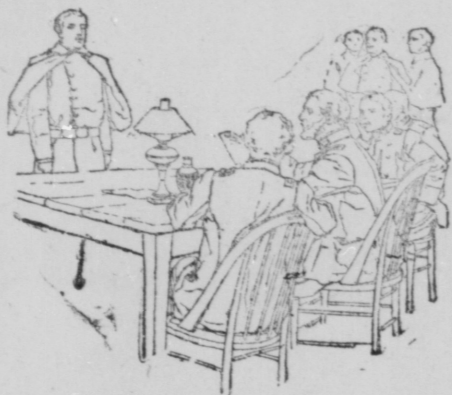
CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

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(Continued.)

But while Stannard was waiting for Merriweather to regain consciousness and Brady to become once more a responsible being there came still another witness, an old carpenter and new citizen of Butte, who appeared at Ransom, solely troubled on account of a friend there enlisted whom he hadn't seen for many a day—not, in fact, since the morning of the train robbery—and had just heard of him as having been arrested for complicity in the robbery of the magazine. Stannard heard his story, which was that the accused was a man of means, a charitable, kind gentleman, who just for a whim had come out to enlist for awhile in the cavalry; that he had helped him, the carpenter, to a home and work and his wife to health, and his clothes and things were all at his, the ex-tramp carpenter's, house, and couldn't he see Mr. Hunter? Whereupon Stannard said, "Come on," took him to the hospital and marched into the



"Did you bring that flask?"

room where, seated in an easy chair, was the invalid benefactor, and with him the old surgeon and the young lady. Dr. Jayne, it seems, had suddenly discontinued his attentions to both the patient and the nurse.

It struck Stannard unpleasantly at the time that no one of them looked pleased at his coming, but men are obtuse. A woman would have appreciated the impropriety of interruption at a glance.

And even while they stood there, hesitant, at the door the steward came hurriedly to say that Merriweather was conscious and had asked for his wife and a priest. The two veteran majors, trooper and doctor, hastened at once to the greater ward, and Hunter, smiling held forth a long, thin, white hand.

"The ring I left with you would slide off the biggest of these fingers now, wouldn't it?" he asked. "Miss Leroy, this is Mr. Murray, now a resident of Butte, but a fellow passenger with us on the night of the collision."

Before the sounding of the retreat that night and the boom of the sunset gun Sergeant Merriweather's soul had drifted away over the dreary waste of snow clad slopes and leaves of prairie, but not before he had made clean breast of all his trials, temptations and downfall. His vain, empty headed, frivolous wife was brought out from Butte, but proved scant comfort to his dying hours. To Father Keefe and Stannard, Blake and

Ray, he told his piteous tale, Kriede sniffing, sobbing, waiting at intervals, but ever intently listening. One extravagance after another had swamped him. He used the money of the men's Athletic and Dramatic association, of which he was treasurer. He stole forage from the stables and sold it to a dealer in Butte to cover his shortage; but, that not yielding enough, planned the robbery of the magazine, which took place, Croxford and Elzey assisting, one furiously stormy night. They worked the old ordnance sergeant with liquor and got his keys, took out the boxes of car-

tridges, revolvers, etc., and, lo, the wagon of their confederates in Butte failed to come. It was beaten back by the storm. They then ran everything to the stack nearest Merriweather's stable and cottage and hid the plunder underneath. Dawn almost surprised them at the task. Luckily the old sergeant was made too sick to go to his magazine for two days. They had arranged for the wagon to come out the next night and then to blow up the magazine and to destroy evidence of their guilt, but again there was failure, and Merriweather was at his wife's end when he heard the colonel say that stack must be moved on the morrow. Then, rain or shine, snow or sleet, the wagon had to come, and then it was found, too late to change the hour, that the swell recruit, Hunter, was on the very post that guarded the stacks and stables and would be there at the very time they needed to act. So to robbery they were compelled to add assault.

The plunder was safely run off to Butte and paid for at about one-fifth its cost and one-tenth its value in a frontier city. They got their money and felt measurably safe so long as Hunter remained in hospital, used up as a result of the fearful contusions he had received. But his wife had told them of her encounter with and revelations to Hunter, and their fears of discovery were such that Croxford and Elzey determined to desert. The news that Hunter was arrested as having guilty knowledge of the whole affair was a thunderbolt. Now in self defense he would have to produce even a woman as witness and that woman Merriweather's wife. 'Twas Merriweather who bade her go at once to Pawnee, whither Croxford and Elzey followed. The three men were to meet and divide their spoils in a certain saloon in town. The first two demanded more than their share. There was a quarrel, then a murderous battle. They took all he had and fled, but, with fatuous blundering, had gone to Pawnee to buy her silence, and there all three were jailed. Hunter was an innocent man.

And when this was told to Mainwaring he bellowed, "Then what in dash darnation did Brady mean by his story?" For Brady's story was practically this:

That he and Rawson occupied a room together over the one fine restaurant in Pawnee, and one night they were having supper in one box when a party of four railway hands came into that adjoining, talking loudly about the engineer of 783, old Sam Long, and the swell that engineered the hold up—how he had pretended to be out there to enlist in the cavalry, how he had tried to ride with and get points from Long and had two or three of his gang on that very train all ready for business, but was scared off by the fact that there was a carload of soldiers. Then when the train robbery did take place they nabbed seven of the followers after a long chase, but never got the leaders at all. Why, one of them was right there at the fort this very day, enlisted so as to divert suspicion, and he was keeping his hand in by engineering other robberies. That magazine explosion they had read about was all his doing.

If Brady had not been added, he could have remembered that Hunter had enlisted before the train robbery took place. But he posted back to Butte, gave Mainwaring a wildly exaggerated account of what he had heard, vowed he could bring the men with him next trip, and Mainwaring, already suspicious, had ordered Hunter's arrest accordingly.

The fact that Hunter could not have been connected with the robbery was pointed out to Mainwaring as they sat in consultation, Stannard, Mainwaring, Truscott and Dana, in the adjutant's office that night, Blake being still in limbo, and Ray being excluded because he had resented Mainwaring's refusal to allow him an interview with his imprisoned trooper. It was pointed out that Hunter's enlistment occurred some time previous to the train robbery, and none present happened to think of the fact that he had asked for and obtained a pass the very night before it happened. Then Brady was sent for, and with him came his comrade, still on leave from Wintrop, Mr. Rawson.

"You hear how completely Sergeant Merriweather's antemortem statement has cleared Hunter, gentlemen," said Stannard. "Now, I suppose, you are satisfied."

"As to that point, major, yes," said Mr. Rawson, with preternatural sang froid. "But I understand you have ordered his release, and he is to come here presently for his exoneration. Is that so?"

"Certainly," growled Stannard. "What of it?"

"Well, first I would ask the trooper when he comes to say where he was at the time of the robbery of the train." And Rawson's face beamed with the consciousness of calm conviction of an erring brother's guilt.

Stannard nodded brusquely. "Emphatically unnecessary, Mr. Rawson," said he. "That has already been settled. He has witnesses in plenty—three, at least, here at the post or in town—to establish where he was at that very time. He spent that night and the morning following at the house of one Murray, a carpenter in Butte."

Brady and Rawson exchanged glances indicative of incredulity, but Rawson then went on:

"In justice to my friend Mr. Brady and myself, I ask that he be required, then, to bring with him the silver topped flask the steward says he has there in his room this very day and explain where he was the morning of the train robbery if not with the robbers."

Stannard snorted derisively, but sent the order as requested, and just as the first call was sounding for tattoo Trooper Hunter, pallid, yet calm and self possessed and decidedly prepossessing, was ushered in and stood patiently at attention.

Stannard looked him carefully over and said, "Did you bring that flask?" to which the soldier calmly replied:

"I did, sir, rather unwillingly."

"Why unwillingly?"

"Because," and here a quiet smile flickered over his face, "it is hardly a part of a private soldier's equipment. But it has only been in my possession a few hours since my joining the regiment, and I've not had time to send it away."

Then Stannard turned in his chair and glared at Brady and Rawson. "Well, what do you wish to ask about this flask?"

Rawson rose deliberately. "First, that it be placed here on the table where all can see it; then that I may be permitted to read this." And he unfolded a newspaper.

(To be Continued.)

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