



Even a brave man shudders at the thought of being torn and mangled in the jaws of a ferocious tiger. In every walk of life, from that of the laborer to that of the professional man, there are thousands of a tiger more relentless than any found in all India. That tiger is the dread disease known as consumption. It slays mere men and women yearly there are rain drops in a summer shower. It steals upon its victim with noiseless tread.

There is a sure and certain protection against this deadly disease, and a sure and speedy cure for it, if it is resorted to in time. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine acts directly on the lungs through the blood, tearing down old, half-dead tissues, building up new and healthy ones, driving out all impurities and disease germs and expanding the lungs and introducing life-giving oxygen into the circulation. It has wonderful curative powers and allays all inflammation of the mucous membranes of the lungs and bronchial tubes. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It has the most marvelous sustaining powers of any known medicine. Thousands who were upon the verge of a premature grave have testified to their recovery through its wonderful virtues. Medicines dealers sell it, and have nothing else "just as good."

When a dealer urges some substitute he's thinking of the larger profit he'll make—not of your welfare.

Dr. Pierce's book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is a treasure in any family. It contains 1008 pages and 300 illustrations. A copy goes to every person who will send to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., 31 one-cent stamps, to pay cost of customs and mailing only. For cloth binding, send 50 stamps.

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SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburg University, between whom is a better feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father. To retrieve his family's fortune Andrew is sent to India.

**CHAPTER IX (Continued.)
MY VISITOR TAKES STOCK.**

It would be thought that our common straits would have drawn us into a bond of sympathy. Here we were a pair of forlorn waifs met on the high seas, each with the marks of dire misfortune behind, and ahead such a prospect as might have made us tremble and cling to each other for support. But on one side at least there was not that fellow feeling which, according to the poet, makes us wondrous kind. On the contrary, there was a suspicion that came very near to aversion. Abram ben Aden might be an injured saint, but his appearance rather suggested a villain down at heel. So I judged it best to keep my distance and let him understand that familiarity on the part of strangers was not among the things I liked. My efforts to give him that impression, however, were not strikingly successful.

He was mightily surprised to find me alone, and could not express his astonishment when he saw how the brig was laden.

"Now, here is a wonder beyond anything man ever dreamed of!" he exclaimed, with a covetous gleam of his lean, swarthy face. "You alone master of such riches as this. By the holy Alborak, there must be a tale here surpassing in marvel any told by Sheherazade!"

But I was not to be taken in the snare of even so artful a fowler as the Arab seemed to be. Pretending to make light of his wonder and ignoring his deft interrogatory, I laid my hand on the hilt of my revolver with



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a wink of significance, remarking that a man might get very rich if he had only the heart to dare. He looked at me for a moment with curiously questioning eyes, which began to glow in their dark depths.

"'Tis the best thing I ever saw," he said, emphatically. "Did you do it alone and by magic?"

"Alone and by magic!" I repeated, with a swagger. "And why not?"

"You are a hero," he exclaimed, admiringly. "To take a ship is a great thing. Twenty men, to whom blood was a jar, have failed where you have succeeded alone. And you have all this," with a comprehensive wave of the hand, "as the reward of your courage—enough to build a palace, and buy slaves, and have the pleasures of a sultan. How did you do it?"

"The fool opens the windows of his mind to the passer-by," I replied, taking a turn about the deck, "but the wise man shuts them."

"You are as prudent as you are brave," he remarked, laughingly, though I could see my reply had cut him. "Keep thy own secret, and tell me no one, for he who reveals a secret is no longer master of it. A wise proverb, and yet there is another that has wisdom also. Conceal your secret only from such as are known to be indiscreet, but impart it to him who has the prudence to keep it."

"We talk of proverbs when we ought to be eating and drinking," I said. "You must be in need of rest and refreshment."

"That I am," he replied, wearily. "These many days and nights have I been smitten by sun and moon without a morsel of bread to stay my stomach or a drop of water to cool my burning tongue."

"Then," I returned, "you suffer from three things, for which there is no cure—hunger, thirst, and weariness. Let us see what reflection may be got out of the ship's stores."

"May Allah grant you lifelong bounty and the prophet receive you in the home of the faithful," he answered, in a burst of fervent piety. "The brave are ever generous," he added, following me down the companion ladder, convinced that I was the king of buccaniers.

Pronouncing a fervent bismillah, or grace, he fell to ravenously swallowing the victuals in huge mouthfuls, and washing them down with copious draughts—first of coffee, then of rum.

"Were it not for the sweet reality of this eating and drinking," he said, in his blandest manner, "I could believe it all a vision and you a beneficent genie. But this banquet is too good for a genie. If I do not return thanks day and night, and remember your name perpetually, may Azrael drag me to the uttermost depths of the pit."

Though eating with a vigour that would have been too much for the capacity of any two ordinary men, and never forgetting what was due to a succouring host, he showed a lively interest in his surroundings, and when the meal was over we proceeded at his suggestion to make a complete survey of the brig. To explore the hold, with which we began, it was necessary to get a light. This I gave to Abram ben Aden, making him precede me, so that by no chance might he take me unawares from behind.

It is a good plan to keep a doubtful guest always in front of you.

As we made our examination, coming on pile upon pile of stuffs from the looms of India, he was ready to burst in sheer covetousness, though striving to hide it. He had never known a man to take such a prize, and he would be happy if I only allowed him to be my slave, that he might learn from me the secrets of successful piracy.

You are greater than Ran Dahid, whose prizes made him so rich and powerful that he married a prince's daughter, for he had his crew, and you are alone and but a youth. It is a great day for me when I am permitted to know you and be near you."

Again I made light of my achievement, treating the taking of a ship as if it were but the amusement of an idle hour. I swaggered a good deal, but I am sure that in spite of all my bravado I looked but an indifferent pirate.

When we returned on deck, the wreckage, which he had not noticed at his first coming on board, caught his attention.

"You have been amid the terrors of the deep," he remarked, "and yet perchance the tempest has favoured you."

"You speak like a magician," I replied.

"Nay, by the prophet's beard, you are the magician," he said, quickly. "You ride the storm to fortune; the very elements are your slaves. A magician indeed you are. Yet the ship is hurt. The helm hangs useless as a broken bough, nothing to guide the ship, and over yonder is the Persian gulf," he added, significantly.

"I know it," I answered, carelessly. "There you may be among friends," he ventured, with a look of intelligence.

"If I am among foes, the worse for them," I responded.

"Verily, I believe it," he said, with unctious.

Thoroughly confirmed in the belief that I was a man of desperate and bloody deeds, he grew confidential, entertaining me with an account of some of his own exploits as freebooter and corsair, and dwelling with the relish of a devil on scenes of cruelty and death.

(To be Continued.)

Stomach Trouble

Stomach trouble is the common name applied to a derangement of the system which is keenly felt but vaguely understood. It may mean inability to retain food or to digest it. It may mean nausea, pain after eating, fullness, inordinate craving for food, or entire lack of appetite. Whatever it means, there's trouble, and it's with the stomach. If you have stomach trouble, you will be interested in this letter from a man who had it and was cured by

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"For nine years I suffered from stomach trouble. I tried the aid of the best doctors of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and spent large sums of money, all in vain. One day while waiting a train in Bellaire, O., I picked up a paper with a notice of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I got one bottle to try it. It did me so much good that I purchased five more bottles. I took four of them and gained in flesh, my appetite improved, and now I can eat anything. My stomach is all right, thanks to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—CALVIN M. STEVENS, Uniontown, Pa.

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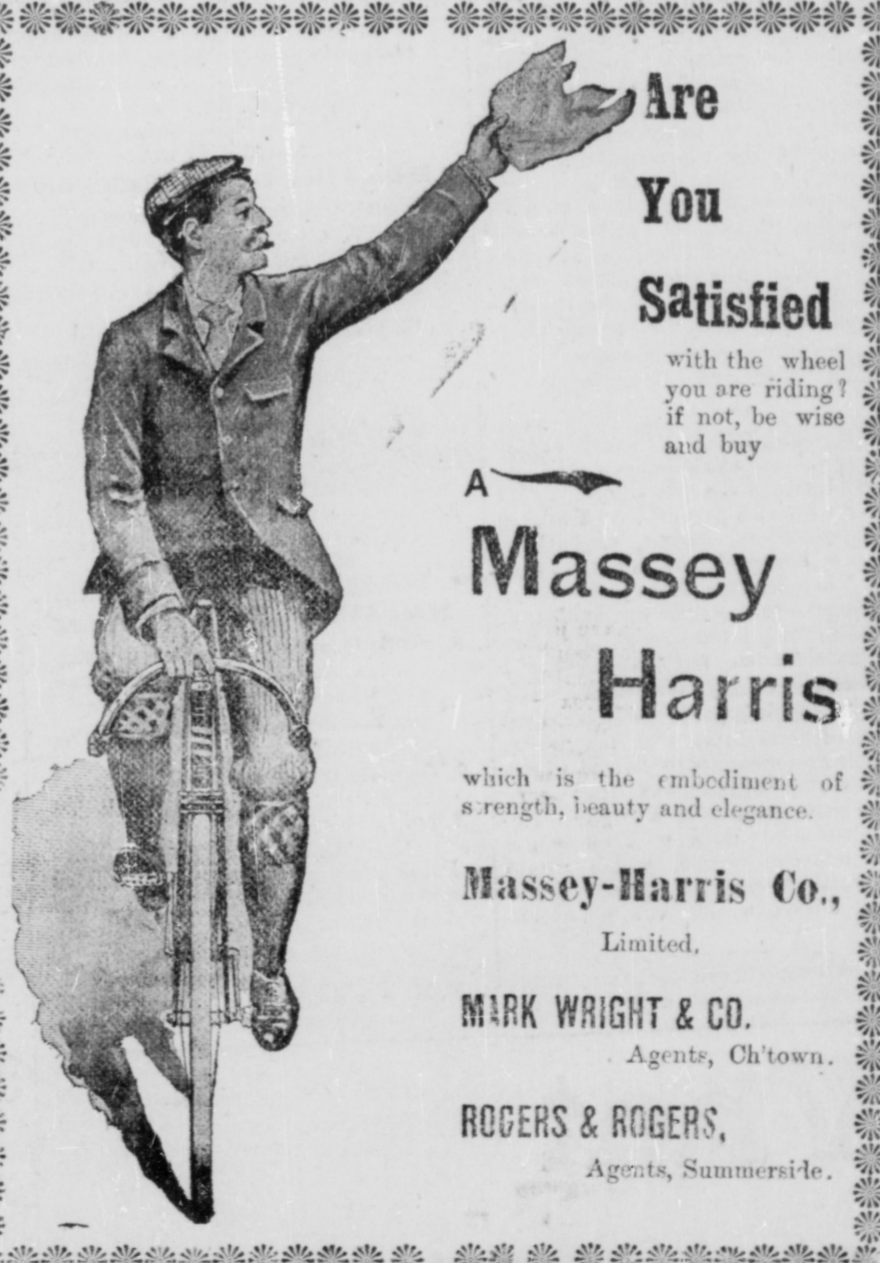
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