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Better put the cough out. That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

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**MISS CAPRICE.**

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

His manner gives the man from Chicago to understand that he has cause for sudden anxiety.

"What is it, Mustapha?" he whispers. "Monsieur did not notice, Two Arabs, one a muzzin, or priest, just passed us. They brushed against you. Perhaps they disturbed the burnoose; at any rate, their heads go together; they appear excited; they stop below; see, you can yourself notice; two more join them; they point this way. Ah! there is trouble, monsieur. Nay, do not draw a weapon; it comes not now, but later. I hear footsteps within, the bolt is withdrawn, the door opens."

What Mustapha says is true; the heavy door, still secured by a stout chain, opens half a foot, and by the dim light a Moorish lad is seen.

To him the guide addresses himself. Whatever he says in the Moorish tongue, it must be directed to the point, for immediately the door is opened wide enough to admit them, after which it is shut and the heavy bolt shoots into its socket.

John follows his conductor. For the time being, he loses sight of Mustapha, and must depend upon his own abilities. Trust a young man from Chicago to be equal to any occasion, no matter how extraordinary.

In another minute he is ushered into a large room, which is decorated in an Oriental way that John has never seen equalled.

Rich colors blend, soft light falls upon the many articles of a connoisseur's collection, and, taken all in all, the scene is dazzling.

He gives it one glance.

Then his attention is riveted upon the figures before him. A couple of servants wait upon the owner of the house, Ben Taleb, the Moorish doctor. He is a venerable man, with white hair and a long snowy beard—his costume is simple black; but beside him sits his daughter, and she presents a spectacle John never saw equalled.

Silks of the loveliest hues, velvets that are beyond description, diamonds that flash and dazzle, strings of milky pearls that cause one's eyes to water. John sees the beautiful dreamy face, and thinks, as he compares it with the racy-checked, laughing-eyed English girl's, that these Moors make veritable dolls of their daughters.

Fortunately that Chicago assurance, which has carried him through many singular scenes, does not desert him now.

He has never yet beheld what beauty

the miserable yashmak and fouthah of the veiled Moorish lady concealed, and is naturally taken aback by the disclosure, but recovering himself, he advances toward these who seem to await some action on his part.

The miserable burnoose he has discarded in the hall, so that, hat in hand, John now appears under his own colors.

Bowing low, under the saluam of a native, in deference to beauty's presence, he addresses the Moorish doctor.

An observant traveller, Craig has a way of assimilating what he sees, and hence speaks in something of the figurative and flowery style so common among the dark-skinned people of all Oriental countries, for an Arabian robber will be as polite as a French dandy, and apologize for being compelled to cut your throat.

Having, therefore, asked pardon for an intrusion at such an hour, he proceeds to business.

The old doctor has, up to this time, said not a word, only bowed; but now he speaks:

"Where do you come from?" he asks.

"America—Chicago," with the full belief that the taleb must have heard of the bustling city upon Lake Michigan.

And he is right, too, for the old Moor frowns.

"Chicago is accursed. I hate it, because it shelters an enemy to one I revere, one who saved my only child from death, when she lay with the fever at Alexandria. Your name, monsieur, and then your ailment, for I take it your case is urgent to bring you here under such a risk."

"My name I have never been ashamed of. It is John Alexander Craig. My disease is one of the heart, and I believe—"

The appearance of the old Moor is such that John comes to a sudden stop—Ben Taleb's eyes are dilated—he stares at the young man in a fierce way, and his whole body appears to swell with rising emotions.

"Stop!" he thunders, and claps his hands in an excited way. John, remembering his former experience, draws himself up in readiness for defence, nor is he surprised to see several slaves enter the room at the bidding of their master.

"This is the height of infamy, you who bear that hated name dare invade the home of Ben Taleb! I read your secret; you are not sick."

"No, no—"  
"You come with another motive; you seek one who has long been lost, one who has suffered for years, unjustly, because of a Craig. May Allah's curses blight your footsteps!"

"You mistake—"  
"May Mohammed, his prophet, make your life a blank. May your days end in torment, and your nights be sleepless."

"When you are done, most illustrious taleb, allow me to speak. Even a dog should not be condemned unheard."

"Father, he is right; you are just, you are good; you condemn no man unheard. Let him speak; good may even come out of Chicago," says the lovely houri at the side of the Moor, and John thanks her with his eyes, mentally concluding that, after all, Moorish females, if nonentities on the street, have certain rights under their own roofs.

At this the great doctor frowns, but cannot withstand the angelic, appealing glance which his daughter bestows upon him.

"Perhaps it is so. What have you to say, you who bear that hated name? Since through the kindness of my child you are given the opportunity to speak, embrace it."

The situation is a peculiar one, and John feels that he must make the most of it.

"Illustrious Moor, listen then while I relate the reason for my presence, why for months I have searched country after country for one who ever seemed to be just beyond my reach, like a will-o'-the-wisp dancing over the swampy ground."

"The person I seek is known as Sister Magdalen. It is with no unworthy motive I would find her, Ben Taleb, for she is my mother."

At this the sheik and his daughter exchange significant glances. Perhaps something of incredulity may be discovered in their expression. Evidently they have heard but little of the story before, and only know that the troubles of the woman they revere came through a Craig.

John, having become stirred up, proceeds to tell them more of the past, and, while not caring to show emotion in the eyes of strangers, explains his feelings in the matter with a dignity that does him full justice.

While not thoroughly convinced, for he suspects there may be some artifice in this visit, the venerable Moor is inclined to look more favorably upon John.

"Perhaps you may not be so bad as I believed, but do not hope to receive news from me," is his slowly spoken remark.

John's heart sinks, he fears that after all his long search he is not to be

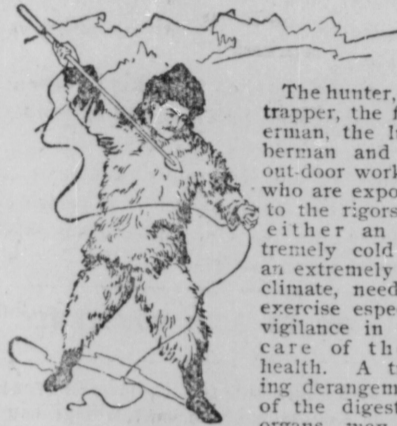
frustrated by the stubborn will of an old man.

He even becomes eloquent in his appeal, and, while he fails to bring Ben Taleb to terms, he charms the sheik's daughter, whose lovely eyes glisten as she hears.

At last he wrings one promise from the Moor, to the effect that he will communicate with the lady in question, and, stating the whole case, allow her to decide.

This is certainly fair enough, and Ben Taleb presumes to be a man who desires to do that which is right. Hence he agrees, but will not let John know whether news can be sent to him at the hotel to-morrow or a week later. He must learn to practise the divine art of patience, and bide his time.

(To be Continued.)



The hunter, the trapper, the fisherman, the lumberman and all out-door workers who are exposed to the rigors of either an extremely cold or an extremely hot climate, need to exercise especial vigilance in the care of their health. A trifling derangement of the digestive organs may result in the improper nourishment of the body and a broken down condition of the entire system. With a man in this condition, a slight cold may lead to consumption, or exposure in a warm climate may result in a persistent attack of malaria and liver complaint.

Malaria, liver troubles and consumption are fully treated in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a free paper-covered copy of which may be had by sending 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. These diseases are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active and the blood pure. It does not make flabby fat, but solid, muscular flesh, nerve force and vital energy. All medicine dealers sell it.

"In the year of 1892 I came home from a hard day's ride, attending my official business as an officer of my county, in which capacity I have acted eight years," writes Mr. R. D. Hill, of Zanesville, Ohio, Va. "I had a chill that night that was the commencement of Malarial Fever. I called in the doctor, but did not get any relief. I called a second doctor, but still got no relief. A third doctor said I had liver disease, and treated me for that; but did me no good. I then commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in connection with 'Pleasant Pellets.' I took three bottles and it did me much good. I had been very restless, could not sleep at night and had no appetite. I had not been able to do anything for eighteen months. I do not think I could possibly have lived if it had not been for 'Pleasant Pellets' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I think it is a capital medicine for the liver. I can now do as good a day's work as any man. I recommend it to all who are suffering from liver complaint."

"The appearance of the old Moor is such that John comes to a sudden stop—Ben Taleb's eyes are dilated—he stares at the young man in a fierce way, and his whole body appears to swell with rising emotions. "Stop!" he thunders, and claps his hands in an excited way. John, remembering his former experience, draws himself up in readiness for defence, nor is he surprised to see several slaves enter the room at the bidding of their master. "This is the height of infamy, you who bear that hated name dare invade the home of Ben Taleb! I read your secret; you are not sick." "No, no—" "You come with another motive; you seek one who has long been lost, one who has suffered for years, unjustly, because of a Craig. May Allah's curses blight your footsteps!" "You mistake—" "May Mohammed, his prophet, make your life a blank. May your days end in torment, and your nights be sleepless."

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