



The young married couple who are crowned with good health are really a king and queen. They are possessed of an armor that enables them to withstand all the hardships and misfortunes of life. Accidents aside, they will live long, happy lives of mutual affection, and they will be blessed with amiable, healthy children. They will sit together in the twilight of old age and look back without regret over a mutually happy, helpful, useful, successful companionship. There are thousands of young couples every day who start wedded life with but one drawback—on the other, or both, suffer from ill-health. There can be no true wedded happiness that is overshadowed by the black cloud of physical suffering. The man who contemplates matrimony, and realizes that through overwork or worry or neglect, he is suffering from ill-health, should take the proper steps to remedy it before he assumes the responsibilities of a husband. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for men who have neglected their health. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, and the blood pure and rich with life-giving elements. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It invigorates and gives virility, strength and vigor. No woman should wed while she suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way. These are the most disastrous of diseases from which a woman can suffer. They break down her general health. They unfit her for wifehood and motherhood. They make her a weak, sickly, nervous invalid. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It transforms weak, suffering, fretful invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers. Both medicines are sold at all good medicine stores.



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**SYNOPSIS.**  
Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a bitter 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 conspiracy 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 XII (Continued.)**  
Presently there was another brief halt, and I could hear the Arabs in whispered consultation. Then I knew that part of the company went one way and part another, I sticking to my gun-barrel as if it were my sole hope of salvation. Another breathless clamor followed, doubly trying to me in my blinded condition, and in a little while I understood from the free play of the air at last we had reached the top.

I had hardly time to wonder what was coming next, when one of my guards spoke.  
"We wish to be rid of thee," he said bluntly. "Listen well to my words, for they concern thy very life. While we were yet far down the gulf, some said, 'Cut him in two and cast him to the fishes.' Others—and well for thee they prevailed—answered, 'No, rather let him live, if so be he go not to come back. If he return, then shall his blood be upon his own head.' Now be are merciful. We will lead thee to a place of safety some distance hence and there leave thee. Only if for the space of one hour thou triest to free thine eyes from their covering, then as surely as thou dost it thou shalt die ere thou hast time to look twice."  
Without waiting for a word from me he gave the order, and we went on again. The ground was broken and uneven, but after the pit sides we had climbed it was like the Queen's highway.

We may have marched for an hour when we stopped. I was made to sit upon a stone. Then they untied my hands, admonishing me to remember the penalty for disobedience in respect to the bandage on my eyes, and having given me my pipes, which in a surprising spirit of generosity had been taken care of, they left me.  
I sat there awhile with perfect loyalty, acutely mindful of the injunctions and admonitions I had received. I kept my hand tight on the green bag. In the stress of terror just gone through I had forgotten it, but now that it was returned its touch had for a moment something of the solace of an old friend's presence.  
Partly to amuse myself, partly to compute the flight of time, I began to count the seconds, but it proved a weary process and was given up, only, however, to be begun again and again stopped, and yet again resumed, to be finally abandoned in despair. In the usual reckoning an hour is but 60 short minutes—that hour was an eternity. With stoical resolution, though anything but stoical indifference, I tried to sit stockstill, imagining the while a hundred levelled spears at my side ready to be plunged into me at my first movement. The ordeal kept every nerve aquiver, every sense in a flutter of dread.

The disciples of Zeus have a pretty doctrine about arming "the obdurate beast with stubborn patience, as with triple steel." I hope they are able to do it in crucial emergencies. To me, seek it as I might, the stubborn patience would not come. In vain I pricked the will, in vain recalled lofty maxims about the duty of bearing pain heroically. It is glorious to shine as a hero, but at times exceedingly difficult. I cannot be of the godlike race, for the harder I strove for fortitude the faster my power of endurance ebb-ed.

I started and fidgeted, listened, held my breath, shivered, shrank altogether and perspired; the air was full of ominous sounds, and horrible slimy things seemed to be crawling over me. At last the agony of blind suspense became insufferable. Come what might, I would have my eyes free.  
With trembling hands and a caution that was amazing in such burning impatience, I raised the bandage and glanced from under its edge, first on one side, then on the other. Seeing no watcher, I tore the cloth off and got to my feet, looking round with more care and deliberation. Not a soul was about. I was alone.  
There was just light enough to enable me to discern I was in the middle of a wild desolation of gorges and piled-up cliffs, rising in the dim distance to what appeared to be a range of mountains. More for variety's sake than from any definite object, I took up my pipes and began to walk forward from the sea. But some falls and frequent trippings with sudden glimpses of a yawning world of blackness at my very feet made it plain that to proceed in such a chaos of crags and clefts was to risk my neck at every step. Weary, faint, and in no heart to face unknown dangers, I sat down again, my back against a big stone, to reflect on the new turn affairs had taken.  
Hunger fell upon me with the fierceness of a beast of prey. Most people I suppose have felt a sharp craving in their stomach, but mine was an acute pain that soon became a maddening anguish. You are to remember that I had eaten nothing that day, that I was active, and had the edged appetite that comes with a full recovery from sickness when nature is springing to wake up for lost time. Yet

all I could do was to tighten my waist-belt and think yearningly of the hard tack of the Bird of Paradise, and dream ineffable dreams of the sumptuousness of home. Let me tell you that they who dine on such fare are not likely to die of repletion. The sting of the sword or the bullet is keen, but give it to me before the inappetent pang of starvation.  
The stars began to come out presently, very large and lustrous, I suppose, to the proper eye, full of poetry. By and by a silver lightness fell on the landscape, and a little later the white moon rose in a sapphire sky, revealing the haggard dreariness of the scene as clearly as if the time were noonday.  
I got to my feet, and some strange birds that had their dwelling among the fastnesses of this desert flocked about me in evident curiosity, then flew away, screaming at my invasion of their retreat. No other living creature did I see or hear. Too weak and drowsy to make any effort for success, I crawled into a shady spot beneath the ledge of a great rock, and in spite of trouble and pain, soon fell asleep.  
I awoke near the dawn chilled to the marrow—for the dewy night air in these parts is sharp—and fallen together like an empty sack. The pain of my stomach was excruciating, being for all the world like a living, consuming flame in my inside. To the tortures of hunger, too, was now added that of thirst, and in all the black riven wilderness there was not a drop of water. Nor, what was equally disheartening, was sign of human abode or occupation anywhere to be seen. The temptation was strong to lie down and rest, but as that would be madness if I wanted to save my life, I staggered on once more, ignorant of my direction and in the last ebb of hope.  
Weary hours passed—hours full of indescribable anguish of mind and body—without bringing cheer or solace. The sun came out, a huge white hot furnace enveloped in a pale haze of its own heat. The earth blistered and cracked under my eyes; the rocks were scorching it; it seemed as if fire and famine were blackening the land together. A slight wind blew, but it was the breath of the crater or sulphur pit let loose to destroy.  
Gasping for suffocation and dreading sunstroke, I hid in a deep cleft. Here I lay awhile in shade, but very soon the sun smote in upon me till the walls were like glowing iron. Crawling out, I sought another refuge, which, in turn, became an oven, forcing me to charge. And so for the best part of that day I went from place to place among the rocks, seeking shade, and all the while getting fainter and more parched from want of food and water.  
Late in the afternoon I resumed my march in sheer desperation. But it was woeful, heart-breaking work. I had got past the stage of acute pain from hunger, but the thirst was a worse agony than ever. Fortunately the hot, noxious wind had fallen about noon, so that I breathed more freely, but it was still the struggle of a dying man. And indeed if relief did not come quickly I should soon cease to be in need of it.

(To be Continued.)



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