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Maryland! Why, lads, that's wrong. We haven't tackled Maryland at all, and here she joins against us. We will lay in our next supplies at Baltimore; but what else?"

"Why, $5,000 for the head of each man of your crew, and a pardon of any of them that turn against you."

"Why didn't you turn informer?"

"Captain, do you think I'd give your life away to save my own? I didn't think you had that opinion of me," and tears actually stood in the eyes of the buccaneer.

"No, Bronson, no. Fill up your glass man, for to-morrow you leave here for Washington; you must go finely dressed, and apply for a position in the treasury department. Whether you get it or no, hang around there constantly, until you ascertain who carries the vault keys, who locks the outer door at night, and where they live—you will also after 15 days watch the harbor for the Fisher Boy."

"Captain, Herbert Lathrop has bought Kendall, and become a planter. He is administrator of his uncle's estate, without bond; he was left besides $50,000 by the banker's will."

"Why, then all is plain as day; but we'll leave him until the last. Now, then, as the next two months will probably be risky ones to every man who follows me, if there is a man in all my crew who wishes his release, let him speak now, and he shall be put ashore, with his full proportion of the spoils, and no one shall blame him."

There was none who spoke.

The painters now returned to their work, while most of the other men disposed of their time cleaning and polishing their arms.

At the upper end of the cabin was an immense fireplace, seemingly carved in the rocks, and over it huge cranes holding pots and kettles; the smoke from the fire beneath them ascended through the fissures in the rocks, coming out in 100 places, and cooling in its ascent, so that when it reached the surface it was not discernible.

The culinary department was presided over by the only negro Black Beard had in his crew; this negro was an ungainly, black, bow-legged man of middle age; his long arms causing his hands to reach almost to his knees, when he was standing erect, or as erect as he could; he was known to the captain and crew as Bow Legs; they had picked him up one night, from the bottom of an upturned sailboat. He had said that he was trying to make his escape from a hard master, and that his boat was swamped—anyway, he was clinging to it, but must soon have perished.

The crew saved his life, and Black Beard had not now a more faithful adherent than Bow Legs.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I CAN'T BREATHE EASY WHILE HE LIVES."

On the 1st of September at eight o'clock in the evening two men were seated in Squire Hill's library; one of them was the owner of Orton, the other was Herbert Lathrop.

"Well, Herbert," said the squire, "if the information brings you joy, I wish that it may long continue—Clara has at length consented to become your wife."

"Squire, I'm the happiest man alive."

"She will probably inform you that she does not love you, and consents to the union because her father and elder brother desire it, but in time I trust you will win her heart. You see, shifting one's affections from an uncle to a nephew is not a matter to be effected in so short a time; then, too, remember that Angus Bruce saved the girl's life, and, but for the fact that he proved the murderer of your uncle, and turned pirate, I doubt not we should have trouble in that quarter. You know, when a man risks his life to save a woman he is apt to remain a hero in her sight."

"I believe, squire, that Clara and Fannie have decided that their marriage shall take place on the 10th of October, her birthday. I know the time is very short since her father's death, but I also know that he would not desire the wedding deferred, and under the circumstances I think best that it should take place as early as possible. You see, this is no ordinary case—an orphan, and one that one day will come into possession of her inheritance. Who but a husband could I confide her interests to? I trust, squire, that Clara will be willing that our marriage take place at the same time."

"Yes, I think so. Have Fannie urge her, you also, and with Clarence and I to help the cause she can but acquiesce. But you have seen to-day's paper, Herbert?"

"No, squire; anything new?"

"I should say there was, Black Beard again."

"What! Where now?"

"First, up at Beaufort, where he plundered a bank of $80,000 and run off 20 niggers, which he sold the next day further up the coast. Two nights later, the Chesapeake bank, of Baltimore, yielded up its contents, and though the United States sloop Mervine got hot on the pirates' trail, she proved the faster, and got away in the darkness; but take the paper home with you and read it."

"I will, squire, and now as it's getting late, good-night;" and Herbert called Fannie, who had been spending the evening with Clara. A servant was ordered to summon their coachman, and they took their departure for Kendall.

When they had gone, the squire entered the parlor.

"Clara," said he, "I gave Herbert your final decision to-night, and he was overjoyed. I congratulate you, my daughter, on being about to become the wife of a man who, if he has his failings, love for you, my handsome daughter, is not one of them."

"Father, I have no love for Herbert, and I wed him only to gratify you and Clarence, as well as from the further fact that by wedding him I will never be separated from those I do love."

"Clara, Herbert improves with acquaintance. This country life is changing him quite for the better. You could not judge of him while he was confined to the perplexing duties of the bank. I predict that he will make a model husband, and that you will never regret that you listened to your father."

"I may be happily disappointed, father, but I no longer take much interest in whom I marry, or whether or not I marry. The career of Angus Bruce has taught me to doubt all men. I adhered to the opinion that it was not he that was Black Beard as long as possible, but as I can doubt no longer, I can ascribe his acts to but one cause."

"And that, my daughter?"

"Was his love for me.

"When he found himself in the presence of the man I was to wed, and probably rejected him to please my hand, Mr. Loyd refusing caused hot words, and the tragedy occurred. I could not believe this but for his flight. Had he remained and proclaimed his innocence, I would have believed him against the world. Then having to flee for murder, what wonder that he became a pirate. And now, with many thousand dollars on his head, what wonder that he remains one. Oh, Angus! Angus!"

"Daughter, why shed idle tears for one unworthy of you?"

"But for Angus, father, I had not been here to shed them. Think you I can ever forget him?"

"Well, daughter, you could never have wed him, had he not turned murderer and pirate."

"Father, I am very miserable when I reflect that indirectly I am the cause of the unfortunate death of Mr. Loyd and of Angus being a murderer and a pirate, his mother and sister deserted by him. I must go and see them. Tom, will you bear me company?"

"Certainly, sister, at any time."

"Well, daughter, Clarence and Fannie will wed October 10. What say you to the same time, and we will have a double wedding after all."

"Fannie was pleading with me, father, and I have consented. The time matters little, be it when it may. The sooner the better, perhaps, for then I at least can be the cause of no more bloodshed."

As they rode home Fannie told Herbert that Clara had consented that there should be two marriages on her birthday instead of one.

"Fannie, you're a jewel," said Herbert.

"But you must be very good to Clara, cousin," said Fannie, "and remember she has seen much trouble."

"I will, Fannie, I will, and always worship her."

When they arrived home Fannie hastened to her room, and Herbert drew a seat up to the fireplace.

"A month and ten days more," he said, "and I shall have accomplished my object. Then Clara Hill will become my wife, and Clarence and Fannie will be united. Then if by some chance Angus might be killed, I could banish the last fear.

"I can't breathe easy while he lives; if he should be captured alive and brought into a court of justice he would of course denounce me as the murderer of my uncle, but his evidence would be unsubstantiated, and I, by that time, will be so well hemmed in, with Clara as my wife, Squire Hill, the wealthiest planter on the river, as my father-in-law, and Tom—well, I don't just like

"You're a faithful soul, Aunt Mag."

Tom—Clarence, my brother-in-law, but at any rate, with all my connections by that time made, the talk of Angus will be looked upon as idle.

"I must, however, amicably settle up this estate. By smooth work, I can perhaps retain a third, but I must use caution there. Ah, Aunt Mag, what have you there? My hot Scotch, I'll be bound."

"Yes, Marse Herbert. I sot up until you come home, so you should have it hot."

"You're a faithful soul, Aunt Mag, and I little doubt you will remain so. After I am married I will take that trip south and try and look up some of your children."

"You goin' to marry, marster?"

"Yes, Aunt Mag, on the 10th of October next."

"Who will be my new mistress, marster?"

"Guess, Aunt Mag."

"I can't guess, marster. There is'en but two young ladies that I knows down here, young Miss and Miss Hill. It is'en Jennie Bruce, is it?"

"Jennie Bruce! Why who is she?"

"Why, Angus Bruce's sister at Smithville."

"Angus Bruce's sister!" exclaimed Herbert, with a start. "What, woman, me marry the sister of a—of Black Beard, the pirate! What put that in your head? What ails you, Mag? What do you mean? How knew you that Angus had a sister?"

"Oh, I've seen her often. She used to go to school in Wilmington, and has often been in your uncle's house. Miss Fannie knows her well. She is a young lady now; older than she is, and is said to be the handsomest girl in Smithville, and now that her brother had to leave home for the murder of your uncle, a murder which you and I know he didn't commit—"

"Mag! Mag! what do you mean?" said Herbert, springing to his feet and glancing hurriedly around the room.

"Nothing, honey, nothing; why, there ain't no one here—no one knows but you and I that it was you that killed ole marster."

"Mag! Mag! on your life don't say that again."

"Why, marster, I meant no harm. I jes' thought t'would be a good plan if you'd marry her. You see, no one would ever suspicion you then."

"How should anyone ever have suspicion of me?"

"Why, you know how wimmen folks are. They never believe that their own brothers or husbands could commit a crime, and they are always looking for some one else to saddle it on, and as you was the only man in the house at that time, besides Angus, you should be the one that they would suspicion—I'm bound they don't believe Angus did it."

"Everyone else does, Mag."

"Yes, all but us two."

"Don't say that again, Mag! They surely can't doubt that Angus is a pirate, with $100,000 offered for his head."

"If I could go down there once, marster, I'd soon find out what they thought. I only want the man that is goin' to bring some of my children to me before I die, to protect himself."

"Thanks, Mag; I know you're all right, and I will think of that scheme, but it's not the pirate's sister that I will wed."

"Who then, marster?"

"You said, Mag, that there were but two young ladies here."

"Yes, marster, but you couldn't—no, you wouldn't—marry ole marster's daughter?"

"Couldn't! Why couldn't I?"

"Because — because, marster — how could you?"

"But you forget the other lady, Mag."

"The other lady? What? That would have been ole marster's bride, Miss Clara Hill? No, no, marster; not that. Ole marster'd haunt you."

"Why, Mag! Mag! what ails you?"

"I'm skeered for you, marster, that's all."

"Yes, Mag, it's Clara Hill that will be your mistress; just the same as though your old master had lived. Surely you don't object to her?"

"No, marster. It's for you to say, if her bein' about don't 'mind you too much of ole marster, that's all."

Herbert had drunk his hot Scotch.

"Good-night, Aunt Mag!" and he arose from his chair, and went upstairs, with a mind anything but undisturbed, and little sleep visited his eyes that night.

"What could Mag have meant," he thought, "by that expression about my marrying Jennie Bruce? Did she, could she, imagine that I sought the sister of Black Beard for a wife? Or is she meditating treachery against me? Scarcely that; she relies on my hunting up some of her children. So I will! So I will! Mag must be kept satisfied! She says that the women think that their brothers and husbands can commit no crimes—why, then, Clara I hope will think so of me. Should Mag go to Smithville, she might ascertain that the family of Bruce are thinking of this matter, but what matters it to me what they think? If Bruce stopped there going out, which evidently he did, and left the cook, he certainly told his mother and sister that he was not guilty of the murder, and that I was—if so, why have they not been heard from before?

"He doubtless told them that all of the circumstances pointed to him, and that to remain would be to hang for the murder—still, I can't understand their silence—it is unnatural.

"Then if Bruce heard Mag scream, he must have told them that, but he also told them, if he did, that a negro's oath would not save him—even if Mag could save him, she would not do it, if in doing it she had to condemn me; perhaps it would be best to send her down, and find the drift of their sentiments.

"I can trust her. That was a master stroke, thinking about hunting up her children—at least I will think of it."

When Mag heard her master ascend the stairs and close his door, she sunk on her knees before the fire.

"Marster! ole marster! do you think Mag is forget—no, honey, Mag ain't forget, but Mag can't z'actly see her way clear. You can rest easy, though, marster, for the woman that would have been my misses if you had lived, will never be my misses now. Since Angus Bruce turned pirate, marster, I don't know how I'll bring Herbert Lathrop to jestis, but I'll do it, marster, I'll do it—if a nigger's oath won't count, a nigger can cut, and shoot and kill. Herbert Lathrop thinks his soft talk 'bout huntin' my chillen bought Mag over. Don't you believe it, marster! don't you believe it! I don't want my chillen to belong to a murderer. I'll 'member, marster; I'll 'member! and Herbert Lathrop shall be brought to jestis."

CHAPTER XVII.

"COULD HE, COULD A MURDERED MAN, DO THAT?

It was fully two hours later than usual when Herbert Lathrop descended the stairs the next morning, after having informed Mag of his coming marriage with Miss Hill, nor did he appear much refreshed.

Slumber had not closed his eyes until the night was well spent, and then his sleep was of that nature that it rather exhausted than refreshed, for it was troubled with fitful dreams in which his murdered uncle, Angus Bruce, Clara, his intended, and Aunt Mag, all played their parts.

He had been at the old home in Wilmington—he was down at the bank, altering his uncle's will.

"What, but $5,000 to your nephew? Make it 50, uncle, make it 50—another cipher will do it—now change that five to 50—there, it's done.

"Hold! let me look to the windows and doors, no one must witness this. The witnesses' names are attached to the deed already—who are they? Strange and Bligh! Why! they were both lost at sea—what! no administrator named? the space left vacant, and no bond required? Herbert Lathrop, you were born in luck—there, now, the name's filled in, put the papers back

She sunk on her knees before the fire.

just as I found them, now lock the safe—that much is accomplished.

"Now to slip out and close the bank. But why slip out? I work here often nights, what made me say that?

"Now the bank door is closed. When next it opens there will be black crape fastened there.

"Ah, Angus Bruce, you will escape suspicion; the murder must appear the work of burglars. Why, here's a bar open; a horn of brandy will stiffen my nerves.

"What! Angus Bruce just on the corner! Fortune favors me—a letter from my cousin—wish to see my uncle. Certainly, captain; follow me.

"Now we are in the library. No trouble, captain, if you don't see him to-night; you may not see him before he leaves on his wedding trip.

"Uncle John! Uncle John!"

"What is it, nephew?

"Capt. Bruce is here and wishes to see you particularly.

"I have retired, nephew, but tell Angus to enter my room.

"Now, upstairs! Upstairs!

"Fannie! Fannie!

"Yes, cousin.

"Angus Bruce is below with a letter to you from Clara.

"Tell Angus I will be down at once.

"Now open the trunk—the sheath knife! I have it in my hand—ah, but the blade is keen and long—kick off these shoes and put my slippers on; now off with my coat, roll up that sleeve, the blood might stain it—my uncle's blood!—it's too late to hesitate now, the will is changed. A drink of brandy and one look in the glass—why, how pale I am—now softly, softly, down the stairs—the bathroom door is open, I am inside; there stands Bruce before my uncle, who is sitting on the bedside.

"If she tells me, Angus, that she weds me but to satisfy her father's demand I will return to Wilmington a single man.

"So, so, then Clare does not love you, Uncle John, but Angus. Angus! and she shall not wed him, but your nephew, Herbert Lathrop—can I get behind Bruce without his seeing me? Yes, yes! softly but quick, here I am—now under Bruce's arm—clutch the handle tight—drive hard—home! home to the hilt; now fly!

"That cry! that cry!

"I have you, Mag! I have you!"

Herbert sprang from the bed, the cry still on his lips; the big beads of perspiration pouring from his body—shaking and quivering in every limb.

"My God! My God! how horrible! Why, it's but a dream—this bottle will liven me up a bit; that came of Mag's talk last night. Perhaps I will sleep now."

He closed his eyes, but uninterruptedly the dream kept on.

"Mag, you're a nigger; you can't testify—a word and I'll kill you. Silence, and I'm your friend—I'll buy your children. It was Bruce, Mag; remember it was Bruce. Now I'm back in my room. Ah! a drink, quick! quick! That was Fannie's door; I'll join her on the stairs, and we will view the scene together. What's that? Murder! murder!

"We enter the door; there's Bruce turning from the bedside, with the bloody knife in his hand. It couldn't be better—what a look of horror on his face. I'll call it a fiendish look; there's Uncle John leaning back on the bed, and blood, blood! everywhere. Look again; Fannie screams and faints.

"Angus Bruce, you have murdered my uncle!

"Liar! This is your scheme. It is you that murdered him.

"Call the officers! Call the officers!

"Scoundrel!

"Ah! you are after me! Slam the door! Slam the door! Now watch—there he goes, now for the sheriff!

"What, Bruce! a pirate—Black Beard—and $100,000 for his head! Better; better yet. I hope he'll soon be killed, killed dead—dead men can't talk.

"I am a planter. I own Kendall. You say, squire, that Clara will be my wife? Why, that's what I've worked for. To obtain her hand was one of the objects that caused me to stain my hands with—but no, Bruce did that!

"Clarence and Fannie marry the same day, October 10.

"What's that, Mag? Me marry the sister of Aghes Bruce? You're crazy! Why, he killed my uncle!

"No, you, you! Herbert Lathrop!

"Mag, Mag, never say that again; some one might hear you. It's said that walls have ears. I'll buy your children and your husband, and anything you want, but don't say that again.

"Go to Smithville and see what the mother and sister of Bruce say? Well, Mag, we'll see about that—I have faith in you, for you expect me to restore your children, and I'll do it, Mag, I'll do it. I wonder if Tom Hill is all right.

"Ah, the 10th of October is here. Now, it is night, and we will walk in at the chapel door; there is the priest in his white robes, and there is Clara leaning on her father's arm. How beautiful she is—here is Fannie on my arm. What! Clarence and my cousin first? That's well. Why, now they are man and wife, and Clara and I stand before the altar.

"Who is that! Who is that! What! Black Beard? Seize the murderer of John Loyd! What, me! Help! help!" And from the bed leaped Herbert again, his eyes staring and his whole frame quaking.

"Thank God! Thank God! it's daylight. Not for the world would I close my eyes again. I must send Mag to Smithville; I can't stand this. Ye gods, I am whiter than these walls. What! eight o'clock? Had I waked at the usual time, I would have been spared half of that horrid dream. Why, I can hardly stand, and I am wringing wet. Aunt Mag! Aunt Mag! keep your idle thoughts at home."

When Herbert entered the dining-room Fannie was seated at the table.

"Good morning, Fannie."

"Good morning, cousin; why, how like a ghost you look. Are you ill?"

"I am not well, Fannie, and rested poorly. I am going to Wilmington to-day to see Dr. Davis; do you wish to go?"

"No, Herbert, I don't wish to see the place soon, and yet I have spent many happy hours there, when my dear father was alive. What a very fiend one must be to murder a defenseless old man. Why, father never would have dreamed that he stood in danger from Angus Bruce."

"His infatuation for Miss Hill made him desperate," said Herbert. "He could not bear that other than himself should possess her hand."

At one o'clock Herbert was in Wilmington. The principal theme of conversation there seemed to be Black Beard and his exploits, among the latest being the Beaufort and Baltimore episodes.

The Mary Lockett, an incoming vessel with funds to buy cotton, had been overhauled 15 miles from the inlet, and after seven of her crew had been slain, the pirates plundered her, securing a large amount of money, and although no man answering the description of Black Beard was seen among those who boarded and plundered her, the pirates' vessel was a two-mast schooner, and it was generally conceded that Black Beard was her master.

The Sydney K. Jones, another cotton-carrying craft, three weeks overdue, it was claimed had been plundered by the pirates, and with her entire crew sent to the bottom of the ocean.

It was argued that the days of Black Beard must be drawing to a close, unless he at once abandon the Carolina coast.

His crew, it was estimated, numbered 100 men, and was said to be composed of fugitives from justice, ex-convicts and runaway slaves.

A steamer was fitted out in the harbor, which would soon leave in quest of the pirates.

Herbert visited the old home of his uncle, which had not been entered since he had taken Fannie to Kendall; the furniture and the belongings of the house had not been removed, and everything seemed familiar.

He went up to his old room, there stood the half-empty bottle of brandy, from which he had drank that night. He turned a glass, and drank it down, then he passed into his cousin's room; there suspended from the wall hung a painting of his uncle; he glanced at it but once, and left the room; next he passed down the stairway, and at the bottom hesitated—

"Why should I go there? Pshaw! I'm nervous. Why should I not? am I a coward?"

He walked to the library door and entered—the door of his uncle's room stood open.

"There stands the bedstead as it stood that night when—when I killed my uncle. The bloody sheet, blankets and mattress have been removed. There's where Angus stood, right opposite my uncle; there I stole in behind and struck the blow. Ah! what's that? blood! blood on the carpet yet? Hark! that scream! it was in the bathroom—there is nothing there; I am a very fool. I must leave the house before I lose my head. What's that?—a portrait, and with its face reversed. Mine! mine again! There's something wrong—everything is wrong. Could he, a murdered man, do that? Away with such an idea! Herbert Lathrop, be a man!"

He closed and locked the house and proceeded to the dock of the Sunshine, which he boarded for home.

He was seated in the cabin when Capt. Harper entered.

"You are not looking well, Mr. Lathrop. A planter's life can't agree with you. Come, try the brandy on the sideboard here."

"Thanks, captain, I believe I will. I have been having chills."

"Whisky and quinine, and plenty of it, is the only remedy I know of for Cape Fear chills. By the way, Angus Bruce seems to be giving the whole coast chills. I suppose you read of his latest exploits?"

"Yes, I read of them. You must see his mother and sister sometimes?"

"Seldom, but sometimes I meet them on the street."

"I suppose they are in great distress."

"Strange, but from appearances one would not imagine that they were crushed, though of course they are in trouble; but they bear up well. They will not speak of their troubles with anyone. Tobe, the nigger cook, is around as lively as ever; one would think that the course of Angus was not so much of a surprise to his own family."

"Strange," thought Herbert, "and a large sum offered for his head. I think I must send Mag to Smithville."

Herbert left the Sunshine at Orton landing and arrived home just at dusk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"AUNT MAG, WE HAVE FOUND A MON WHA' WEEL MANAGE THE BALANCE."

On the morning of September 5, when the Sunshine passed down the river from Kendall, seated in the cabin, a position she was allowed to occupy as an old family servant, was Aunt Mag, and it was noticed that she was better dressed than very many of the female passengers who were not of the African race.

To be continued.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c. and 25cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

It is in the cow's mouth that you find true equality. There you will see no upper set.—Boston Transcript.

Noted Healer in Town.

The Greatest healer of modern times is Banner Salve, for cuts, wounds, sores piles and all skin diseases. Guaranteed.

Since time is not a person we can overtake when he is gone let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.—Goethe.

Pains in the Back.

A. B. Farrington, Constantia, N. Y., says: "I was troubled for several years with kidney disease add suffered severe pains in the back. I used Foley's Kidney Cure and one bottle cured me. I recommend it to my friends. It has given perfect satisfaction.

In the District Court of Iowa In and For Delaware County, May Term, A. D., 1900.

In Re. Estate of Jane Ballard, deceased. } Notice of Final Report.

To George Ballard, G. A. Ballard, Adora M. Runey, B. F. Ballard, Eddie R. Ballard, Clarence Ballard, widower and heirs-at-law of Jane Ballard, deceased, and to whom it may concern:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the final report of the undersigned as administrator of the estate of Jane Ballard, deceased, will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court in and for Delaware county, Iowa, on or before the 26th day of April, A. D., 1900. Said report will ask that this estate be closed, the administrator discharged, and his bond exonerated.

You are further notified that unless you appear and file exceptions to said report on or before noon of the second day of the May, 1900, term of said court, which commences and will be held in the court house in Manchester, Iowa, on Monday, the 7th day of May, A. D., 1900, said report will be approved, said administrator discharged, and his bond exonerated.

E. M. CARR, Administrator.

BRONSON & CARR, Attorneys for Estate. 14w4.

After La Grippe—What?

Usually a racking cough and a general feeling of weakness. Foley's Honey and Tar is guaranteed to cure the "grippe cough" and make you strong and well.

Extent of His Superstition.

"Are you superstitious?"

"To a certain extent."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I should hesitate to pass under a ladder if there was a man with a pot of paint at the top of it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Running sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, etc., quickly cured by Banner Salve, the most healing salve in the world. No other "just as good."

Wave Clouds.

The atmospheric ocean surrounding the earth is frequently disturbed by gigantic waves, which are invisible except when they carry parts of the air, charged with moisture, up into a colder atmospheric stratum, where sudden condensation occurs. In this manner long, parallel lines of clouds sometimes make their appearance at a great height, marking the crests of a ripple of air waves running miles above our heads.

A. R. Bass of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, and had severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure It's guaranteed.

A Just Rebuke.

A young and newly married couple were entertaining their friends, and among the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct, although most unbearable, was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humor he looked round and remarked:

"Is this pig?"

This immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet looking individual sitting at the other end of the table:

"Which end of the fork do you refer to?"—Spare Moments.

LAGRIPPE coughs often continue for months and sometimes lead to fatal results after the patient is supposed to have passed the danger point. Foley's Honey and Tar affords positive protection and security from these COUGHS.

Knew What He Wanted.

The Amiable Plutocrat—But riches do not bring happiness.

The Unamiable Pauper—But I ain't lookin for happiness. All I want is comfort.—Indianapolis Journal.

Otto Korb, Grand Chancellor, K. P., Boonville, Ind., says, "De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve soothes the most delicate skin and heals the most stubborn ulcer witn certain and good results." Cures piles and skin diseases. Don't buy an imitation. H. C. Smith.

Cures dizzy spells, tired feeling, stomach, kidney and liver troubles. Keeps you well all summer. Rocky Mountain tea taken this month. 35c.—Gregg & Ward.

Orthodox Mohammedans are forbidden to make or use any "graven image." Consequently their chessmen have no resemblance to human figure

W. W. Mayhew, Merton Wis., says, "I consider One Minute Cough Cure a most wonderful medicine, quick and safe," It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. It cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, grippe, whooping cough, pneumonia and all throat and lung diseases. Its early use prevents consumption. Children always like it and mothers endorse it.—H. C. Smith.

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