



Disease weaves its web around people a little at a time. They are not dangerously ill all at once. The beginnings of illness are mere trifles. First a little indigestion, perhaps, or a headache, or an occasional bilious turn. This hard to realize how you are being tangled up in the strands of sickness until you are fairly caught. Nearly all serious illnesses begin with some stomach or liver trouble, or with a convulsive condition of the bowels. These functions have got to be put in good condition before there can be any recovery from any disease no matter what its name or nature and it is because Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts directly upon the liver and digestive organs that it has such a marvellous effect upon all diseases of malnutrition. It gives the digestive system power to assimilate nourishment and make good blood; it drives out bilious poisons; it creates the red, vitalizing, life-giving elements in the circulation; and builds up the weak and wasted places in every corner of the constitution. Taken in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, it relieves obstinate constipation and keeps the bowels in a perfectly natural condition.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was swelled across my stomach; had a ride round my right side, and in a short time I was wasted. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it and commenced the use of it. I began to see a change for the better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians who attended me said my disease was leading into consumption. I had quite a cough, and the home physician gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."

**DR. HARVEY'S Southern RED PINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.**

PRICE 25c. per Bottle

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**DESIRABLE PROPERTY**

**SIDMOUNT For Sale By Auction**

I have received instructions to sell by Auction, at the premises on Wednesday, the 1st day of June next, at 11 o'clock a. m. The beautiful residence of the Hon. F. Peters, "Sidmount." This property comprises 20 of acres excellent land, with large and commodious dwelling house and out buildings. The house is fitted with modern improvements, having hot and cold baths, heated with hot water, and lighted with electric lights. The grounds are beautifully laid out and planted with ornamental trees. Terms easy and made known at sale.

**H. DEARISTO, Auctioneer**



Starting again I cast an eye over my shoulder to see four of the enemy's horsemen coming full tilt upon me with level lances. Discerning it was to be a neck and neck race for life, I touched my little mare with the spurs, and though now carrying double she skimmed along with the speed of the ostrich, quickly distancing our pursuers, who turned to easier game. But glancing backward again presently I saw with fresh dismay three other horsemen coming at me sideways with the pace of the tempest. From their looks I judged them at once to be Bedouin's genuine children of the desert, of whom large numbers were attracted to the standard of Yumen Yusel by the glorious prospects of spoil. They had singled me out, and were riding for death and booty, evidently under the impression that my companion must be a man of rank and wealth. It was a natural conclusion that a common soldier would be left to die where he fell.

I looked into the face of Tabal to see whether he were dead, for he had not spoken a word since I had lifted him. If he were a corpse, it would be the sheerest madness to incubate myself with him. But when I bawled in his ear he opened his eyes slowly and winked at me comically like one awaking from odd dreams. "Are you much hurt?" I shouted, at the pitch of my voice. He wriggled his left shoulder, and the movement brought a gush of blood. "There," he answered, faintly. "You must sit up," I said, quickly. "Our lives depend upon it." He made an effort, I assisting, and though he swayed considerably from light-headedness, he managed with my aid to keep upright. The Bedouins meanwhile had gained upon us and were yelling riotously in anticipation of an easy conquest. Doubtless they concluded that no horse carrying double could get away from them, but I thought to myself, with a pride which even fear could not wholly overcome, that they little knew the mettle of my Fatima. Her load once fairly adjusted, she would lead them such a dance as they might

talk of with wonder for the rest of their lives. Nor did I calculate amiss. At a touch on the rein she mended her pace with an apparent ease and buoyancy that made my heart beat a wild tattoo of joy. It was short lived, however. I had forgotten we were in a land where horses are swift as eagles; where every back might be handicapped against an English racer. The Bedouins, too, were splendidly mounted, and instead of abandoning the chase came on with a double fury that threw the odds heavily to their side.

Scarcely knowing what I did, I drove the rowels deep into my mare's flanks. She turned up a reproachful eye and a distended nostril, as if to say she was already doing her utmost. Nevertheless she bounded on, her neck a little more craned, her ears a little flatter, her forefeet forging out a little farther. Whatever horse could do she would. That was the sentiment of her response.

Looking back, I tingled with joy to find that, in spite of her heavy burden, she was keeping her own. How long she could maintain that terrific pace was the crucial question, for the pursuers came as hot behind as ever. With the corner of my eye I could see their horses rearing, I could hear their heads low, their nozzles straight out, and the black faces of the riders themselves thrust forward like the beaks of vultures. On, on, sped my mare in her arrowy flight, as if she knew the terrible need that was upon her, and close in her track came the Bedouins, like beagles on the trail yelping for blood.

The next time I turned to note their progress I was horrified to see they were gaining upon us. There could

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not be the slightest doubt about it. My flesh crept together at the discovery, so that I must have shrunk to half my natural size. What was to be done? To fight or surrender was to be ripped on the spot, for I was hampered, and the pursuers were merciless. There was nothing for it but continued flight, and in flight also there seemed small hope. I could doubtless save myself, but it was impossible to abandon Tabal, the more specially that, having recovered his senses, he was now begging piteously to be taken away from those gleaming crimson lances. Could my mare carry both? That again was the question of questions. In this extremity I looked about me and I saw some were to the left, and in our rear a single horseman, hard pressed by two Bedouins, companions, as I took it, of those who were chasing me. His nose was almost on his charger's mane, and his spurred heels were clapped fast to his frothing flanks. Pursued and pursuers kept their distances, and there was a chance that the fugitive might get off; but finding spears useless, one of the Bedouins, unsinging his musket, took aim. There was a crack, a puff of white smoke, and the man in front toppled over his horse's head. I saw no more of him, but a piercing scream that mingled with the yells of triumph told all too plainly of his fate.

The horse bounded on with empty saddle, veering slightly in our direction. Then a sudden inspiration came upon me—an inspiration so wild that for a second it made me blind. The riderless horse, as I have indicated, was a little behind us and was running as nearly as possible parallel to our course. I would catch him and out Tabal on his back. That was the fearful resolution that sent the blood buzzing to my brain. Swerving slightly to head off the horse as men do in capturing wild animals on the prairie, I drove the spurs with all my might into my little mare. It was cruel, seeing how nobly she was already doing, but this was a last chance and a providential one. A man will be exceedingly cruel to preserve his life. She sprang forward with a flash of the eye, now almost as red as her nostril, and a shower of spume from her mouth.

The Bedouins, who were appallingly close, must have perceived my intention, for like bolts from a strong bow two made for the runaway horse, while the third came straight upon me. A minute more and the issue of this life and death race should be decided. Gaining myself so as to put all my force into the stroke I drove the rowels home again. My poor mare groaned with the pain of it and leaped like a wounded deer. Two or three more such springs, my Fatima! For God's sake, on, speed thy utmost, or we are lost! The long Arabian spurs, which are never used save in the crisis of distress, dug deep into her again and again, and again and again she gave that pitiful groan and that desperate bound.

Horses love company, particularly when they have been trained to military service. To my consternation, I saw the runaway make for the two Bedouins. The next instant he was between them, and then, each leaning inward, clutched at the trailing bridle. My heart stopped, as I expected to see him go on his haunches. But either the movement frightened him into an unexpected dash, or they were clumsy, for, with a mighty jump and a wild tossing of the mane, he rushed clear of them, and came careering on alone.

With a reeling sensation of hope and despair I turned and made at him. Then, giving my rein to Tabal, I got my feet out of the stirrups, and crouching on the top of the saddle prepared for a spring. On came the runaway on the right. In another moment he was alongside, but too far off. Tabal pulled his rein, and the two animals nearly collided. Then with a gasp as if I had plunged headlong into water I flung myself from my perch, clutching desperately at the strange horse. He shied, and I fell short, just managing to find the pommel with my left hand.

The hold was perilously slender, but what the tense fingers caught they held with more than the strength of iron. Adjusting my grip quietly for a moment till I got my breath, I was just on the point of pulling myself up after the manner of gymnasts in order to swing into the saddle, when a speny came whistling through the air, catching my horse somewhere in the hind quarter. Wild before, the sting of the steel made him fairly frantic. With a furious leap that nearly cast me to the ground he turned and bolted off in a new direction, I dangling helplessly and stunned by his side.

(To be Continued.)

**The General Fate.**

"Oh, oh," moaned Mrs. Weeks, who was suffering from a decayed molar, "why aren't people born without teeth, I'd like to know?"

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the husband, "do you happen to know any one that wasn't?"—Chicago News.

**A Wrecked Life.**

"My life was spoiled, lady," said the traveler, "by my wife's cooking."

"Was it so very bad?"

"No, lady, it was good. So good that my friends ate me out of house and home."—New York Journal.

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He—For whom?

She—For me. You are so seldom at home now that I'm likely to forget how you look.—Der Dorfbarbier.

**A Financial Proposition.**

"Now, Bennie, here's the medicine, and here's the dime papa left to pay you for taking it."

"All right, mamma. If you take it and don't tell, I'll give you half."—Harper's Bazar.

**Information Wanted.**

First Senator—There is quite a lengthy interview of yours in this morning's paper.

Second Senator—Is that so? What did I say?—Chicago News.

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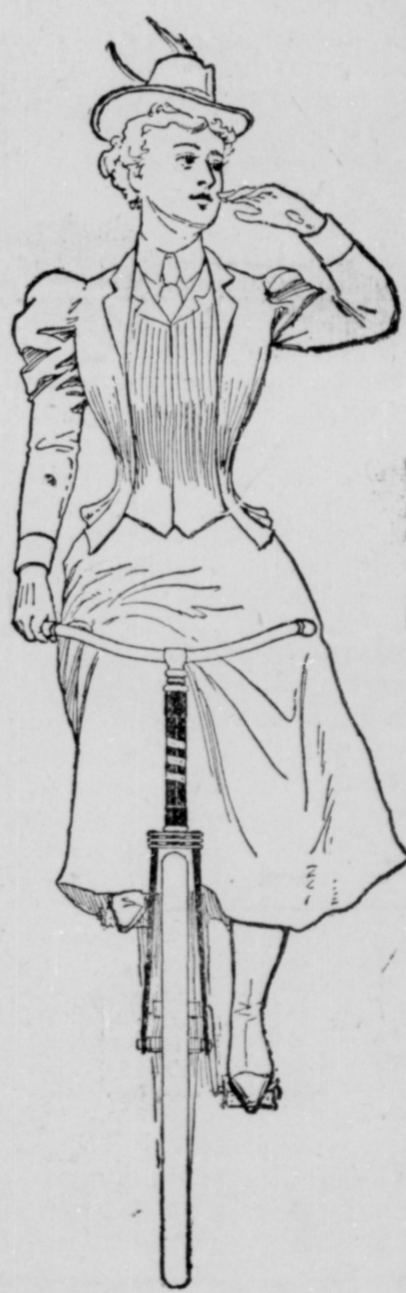
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