

ALL HAIL PE-RU-NA.

A Case of

STOMACH CATARRH.



Miss Mary O'Brien, 306 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna cured me in five weeks of catarrh of the stomach, after suffering for four years and doctoring without effect. In common with other grateful ones who have been benefited by your discovery, I say, All hail to Peruna."

Mr. H. J. Henneman, Oakland, Neb., writes: "I waited before writing to you about my sickness, catarrh of the stomach, which I had over a year ago."

"There were people who told me it would not stay cured, but I am sure that I am cured, for I do not feel any more ill effect, have a good appetite and am getting fat. So I am, and will say to all, I am cured for good."

"I thank you for your kindness. 'Peruna will be our house medicine hereafter.'"

Catarrh of the stomach is also known in common parlance as dyspepsia, gastritis and indigestion. No medicine will be of any permanent benefit except it remove the catarrhal condition.

Gained Strength and Flesh.

Miss Julia Butler, R. R. 4, Appleton, Wis., writes she had catarrh of the stomach, causing loss of sleep and appetite, with frequent severe pains after eating. She took Peruna, her appetite returned, she gained strength, flesh and perfect health.

Hopeless.

"He's about the poorest actor I ever saw," said the first theatrical manager, "a regular ham."

"Perhaps," remarked the other, "he'll get over his faults in time."

"Not much. He's a ham that can't be cured."—Philadelphia Press.

BAD BLOOD

THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

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If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

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BEST MADE SHOES IN THE WORLD

THE RED TRAIL

CHAPTER XIV.

It was very late when the conspirators separated, and when the last groups of officers left the rancho the sound of the Indian horses and mules proceeding to market was audible on the paved highway.

The two travelers had seated themselves again at a corner of the table, opposite one another, and were dumb and motionless as statues. At length the person who had always spoken on his own behalf and that of his companion struck the table twice, and the landlord hurried up at this summons.

"What do you wish for, excellency?" he asked, with an obsequious air.

"I tell you what, landlord," the stranger continued, "it strikes me that your criado is a long time in returning; he ought to have been back before this."

"Pardon me, excellency, but it is a long journey from here to the Segunda Monterilla. Still, I believe the peon will soon be back."

At this moment there was a tap at the door.

"Perhaps it is our man," the stranger said.

After exchanging a few words with the new arrival, the landlord unhooked the chain and opened the door.

"Excellency," he said to the stranger, "here is your messenger."

"At last," the traveler said, gladly. The peon entered, politely bowed his hat and bowed.

"Well, my friend," the stranger asked him, "did you find the person to whom I sent you?"

"Yes, your excellency, I had the good fortune to find him at home."

"Ah, ah! And what did he say on receiving my note?"

"Well, excellency, he is a caballero, for sure; for he first gave me a piastre, and then said to me: 'Go back as quick as you can walk and tell the gentleman who sent you that I shall be at the meeting he appoints as soon as yourself.'"

"So that—"

"He will probably be here in a few minutes."

"Very good; you are a clever lad," the stranger answered. "Here is another piastre for you."

"Thanks, your excellency. I should be a rich man with only two nights a month like this."

The peon had scarce left the room ten minutes ere a rather loud voice was heard without; horses stamped, and not only was the door struck, but there were several loud calls.

"Open the door without fear," the stranger said; "I know that voice."

The ranchero obeyed, and several persons entered.

"At last you have returned, my dear Valentine," the newcomer exclaimed in French, as he walked quickly toward the travelers, who, for their part, went to meet him.

"Thanks for your promptitude in responding to my invitation, my dear Rallier," the hunter answered.

"Now," said Valentine, so soon as the door closed behind the landlord, "we shall talk at least in safety."

"Speak Spanish, my friend," said M. Rallier.

"Why so? It is so delightful to converse in one's own tongue, when, like me, you have so few opportunities for doing so. I assure you that Curumilla will not feel offended."

"Hum; I did not say this on behalf of the chief, whose friendship for you I am well acquainted with."

"Who then?"

"For Don Martial, who has accompanied me, and has important matters to communicate to you."

"Oh, oh, that changes the question," said the hunter. "Are you there, my dear Don Martial?"

"Yes, señor," the Tigrero answered, emerging from the gloom, "and very happy to see you."

"Who else have you brought with you, Don Antonio?"

"Me, my friend," said a third person, as he let the folds of his cloak fall. "My brother thought that it would be better to have a companion."

"Your brother was right, my dear Edward, and I thank him for the good idea, which procures me the pleasure of shaking your hand a few moments sooner. And now, señores, if you are agreeable, we will sit down and talk."

"I am ready!" Antonio Rallier answered, as he sat down.

"If you like," Valentine continued, "we will proceed in rotation."

"First and before all else, my friend," said Antonio Rallier, "permit me to thank you once again, in my own name and that of my family, for the service you rendered me in your journey across the Rocky Mountains. Without you, without your watchful friendship and courageous devotion, we should never have emerged from those frightful gorges, but must have perished miserably in them."

"What good is it, my friend, to recall at this moment—"

"Because," Antonio Rallier continued eagerly, "I wish you to be thoroughly convinced that you can dispose of us all as you please. Our arms, purses, and hearts all belong to you."

"I know it, my friend, and you see that I have not hesitated to make use of you, at the risk even of compromising you. So let us leave this subject, and come to facts. What have you done?"

"I have literally followed your instructions; according to your wish, I have hired and furnished for you a house in Tacuba street."

"Pardon me, but you know that I am very slightly acquainted with Mexico, for I have visited that city but rarely, and each time without stopping."

"The Tacuba is one of the principal streets in Mexico; it faces the palace."

"That is famous. And in whose name did you take the house?"

"In that of Don Serapio de la Ronda. Your servants arrived two days ago."

"You mean—"

"I mean Belhumeur and Black Elk. They have made all the arrangements, and you can enter when you please."

"To-day, then."

"I will act as your guide."

"Thank you; what next?"

"Next, my brother Edward has taken, in his own name, at the San Lazaro gate a small house, where ten horses, belonging to the purest mustang breed, were at once placed in a magnificent corral."

"That concerns Curumilla."

"And now one other thing, my friend."

"Speak!"

"You will not be angry with me?"

"With you? nonsense!" said Valentine, holding out his hand.

"Not knowing whether you had sufficient funds at your disposal—and you will agree with me that you will require a large sum—"

"I know it. Well?"

"Well, I—"

"I see I must come to your assistance, my poor Antonio. As you believe me a poor hunter not possessed of a farthing, and are so delicate minded yourself, you have placed in a corner of the room, or in some article of furniture, of which you want to give me the key and don't know how, fifty or perhaps one hundred thousand piastres, with the reservation to offer me more, should not that sum prove sufficient?"

"Would you be angry with me had I done so?"

"On the contrary, I should be most grateful to you."

"In that case I am glad."

"Glad of what, my dear Antonio?"

"That you accept the hundred thousand piastres."

Valentine smiled.

"I am delighted to find that you are the man I judged you to be. Still, I do not accept it."

"Do you refuse, Valentine?" he said mournfully.

"Let us understand each other. I do not refuse; I simply tell you that I do not want the money, and here is the proof," he added, as he took out a folded paper, "you, as a banker, may know the firm of Thornwood, Davison & Co."

"It is the richest in San Francisco."

"Then open that paper and read."

Mr. Rallier obeyed.

"An unlimited credit opened at my house," he exclaimed in a voice tremulous with joy.

"Does that displease you?" Valentine asked with a smile.

"On the contrary; but you must be rich in that case."

A cloud of sadness passed over the hunter's forehead.

"I have grieved you, my friend."

"Alas! as you know, there are certain wounds which never close. Yes, my friend, I am rich; Curumilla, Belhumeur and myself alone know in Apacheria the richest placer that exists in the world. It was for the purpose of going to this placer that I did not accompany you to Mexico; now you understand; but what do I care for this incalculable fortune, when my heart is dead, and the joy of my life is forever annihilated!"

And under the weight of the deep emotion that crushed him, the hunter hung his head down and stifled a sob.

"Koutonepi," said Curumilla in a hollow voice, "remember that you have sworn to avenge our brother."

The hunter drew himself up as if stung by a serpent, and pressed the hand of the Indian offered him.

"Women alone weep for the dead, because they are unable to avenge them," the Indian continued in the same harsh, cutting accent.

"Yes, you are right," the hunter answered with feverish energy; "I thank you, chief."

Curumilla laid his friend's hand on his heart and stood for an instant motionless, at length he let it fall, sat down again, and wrapping himself in his sarape, he returned to his habitual silence, from which so grave a circumstance alone could have aroused him.

"Forgive me, my friends, for having forgotten, during a moment, the character I have assumed," said Valentine in a gentle voice.

Their hands were slightly extended to him.

"Now," he exclaimed in a firm voice, "let us speak of that poor Dona Anita de Torares."

"Alas!" said the elder Rallier, "I cannot tell you anything, although my sister Helena, her companion at the Convent of the Bernardines, to which I sent her, has let me know that she would have grand news for us in a few days."

"I will give you that news, with your permission," Don Martial said at this moment, suddenly joining in the conversation.

"Do you know anything?" Valentine asked him.

"Yes, something most important."

"Speak then, my friend, speak, we are listening."

The Tigrero, without further pressing, at once reported, in the fullest details, his interview with Don Sebastian Guerrero's capataz.

CHAPTER XV.

The Convent of the Bernardines is situated but a short distance from the Pasco de Bucarelli. On the day when we introduce the reader into the convent, at about five in the evening, three persons, collected in a leafy arbor, at the end of the garden were talking with considerable animation.

Of these persons, one was a nun, while the other two, girls of from sixteen to eighteen, were novices.

The first was the Mother Superior of the convent, a lady of about fifty years of age, with delicate and aristocratic features, gentle manners, and a noble and majestic demeanor.

The second was Dona Anita. She was pale and white as a corpse, her fever-parched eyes were not easy, fixed on any object, and she looked about her hurriedly and desperately.

The third was Dona Helena Rillier, a light-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a saucy look, whose velvety cheeks, and noble and well-defined features, revealed the candor and innocence of youth, combined with the laughing expressions of a boarder spoiled by an indulgent governess.

Dona Helena was standing a little outside the arbor, like a vigilant sentry carefully watching lest the conversation between the Mother Superior and her companion, should be disturbed.

"Sister Redemption is coming this way, holy mother," Dona Helena said at this moment.

At a sign from the Mother Superior, Dona Anita withdrew to the other end of the bench on which she was seated, folding her arms on her chest.

"Are you looking for our mother, sister?" Dona Helena asked a rather elderly lay sister, who was looking to the right and left as if really seeking somebody.

"Yes, sister," the lay sister answered, "I wish to deliver a message with which I am intrusted for our mother."

"Then enter this arbor, sister, and you will find her reposing there."

The lay sister entered the arbor, approached the Mother Superior, stopped three paces off, folded her arms, and looked down and waited.

"What do you desire, daughter?" the Mother Superior asked her.

"Your blessing in the first place, holy mother," the lay sister answered.

"I can give it you, daughter; and now what message have you for me?"

"Holy mother, a gentleman of lofty bearing, called Don Serapio de la Ronda, wishes to speak with you privately."

"Remain here till the oracion, my children; converse together, but be prudent," she said.

Then after giving Dona Anita a parting kiss, the Mother Superior went away, sorely troubled in mind at this visit from a man she did not know, and whose name she heard for the first time. When she entered the parlor the abbess examined the stranger with a hasty glance. On perceiving her he rose from his chair and bowed respectfully. This first glance was favorable to the stranger, in whom the reader has doubtless already recognized Valentine Guillois.

"Pray resume your seat, caballero," the abbess said to him, "if your conversation is to last any time; we shall talk more comfortably while sitting."

Valentine bowed, offered the lady a chair, and then returned to his own.

"Señor Don Serapio de la Ronda was announced to me," the lady continued after a short silence.

"I am that gentleman, madam."

"I am at your orders, caballero, and ready to listen to any communication you may have to make."

"Madam, I am merely commissioned by the Minister of the Home Department to deliver this letter, to which I have a few words to add."

While uttering this sentence with exquisite politeness Valentine offered the abbess a letter bearing the ministerial arms.

"Pray open the letter, madam," he added, on seeing that she held it in her hand unopened; "you must be acquainted with its contents to understand the meaning of the words I have to add."

The abbess, who in her heart was impatient to know what the minister had to say, offered no objection and broke the seal of the letter. On reading it a lively expression of joy lit up her face.

"Then," she exclaimed, "His Excellency deigns to grant my request."

"Yes, madam; you remain, until fresh orders, responsible for your young charge. You have only to deal with the minister in the matter; and," he added, with a purposeful stress on the words, "in the event of Gen. Guerrero, the guardian of Dona Anita, trying to force you into surrendering her to him, you are authorized to conceal the young lady."

"Oh, señor," she answered, her eyes filling with tears of joy, "pray thank His Excellency in my name for the act of justice he has deigned to perform."

"I will have that honor, madam," Valentine said, as he rose, "and now that I have delivered my message, permit me to take leave of you, while congratulating myself that I was selected by His Excellency the minister to be his intermediary with you."

At the moment when Valentine left the convent Carnero entered it, accompanied by a monk whose hood was pulled down over his face. The hunter and the capataz exchanged side glances but did not speak.

(To be continued.)

A Reason for It.

"Do they always have laundries attached to big prisons?"

"Certainly. Don't they always have to wash and iron the convicts?"—Baltimore American.

Very few men ever attempt to drown their sorrow in water.