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or your furnace; are they going to work all right when old Boreas makes you a sudden visit? Cold weather will be here soon now, and it is well to have your heating apparatus put in order before you start your fires! We will overhaul them or put in new hot water, steam or hot air furnaces, and heating apparatus at a reasonable cost.

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All other lines of goods in this store reduced in the same proportion. We are simply giving goods away.

**STONE & COMPANY** Garner House Block Sign of the Big Hat.

(No goods charged—everything spot cash.)

## THE MESSENGER FROM KHARTOUM

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORN.

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Dr. Jack's Wife," "Miss Caprice," Etc., Etc.

### SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Cairo, where Mr. Grimes, who passes as an American silver king, Sandy Barlow, a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Tanner, a millionaire traveller, and his daughter Molly, all meet. Mr. Grimes informs Grimes that his dahabab on its way down the Nile picked up Mynheer Joe a messenger from Gordon. As both Grimes and Sandy know Joe they go down to the boat to find him. Joe gives them the first news of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death. They bring Joe up from the boat to meet Molly, Millionaire Tanner's daughter, who is represented by a girl he once saved from drowning at Malta.

Mynheer Joe obtains presentable clothes from Mr. Grimes and has an interview with Molly, who thanks him for saving her life.

At Shepherd's hotel in Cairo, where a ball is in progress, he finds a big man and a little one quarrelling. Thinking the little one is Molly's father, he takes his part.

Having thoroughly thrashed the big man in a scientific manner, he is astounded to learn that he has knocked out Molly's father. She appears and rushes to her parent's aid.

Joe learns that Grimes is a detective searching for him under the name of Carrington. His uncle has died and left him \$1,000,000 provided he turns up within a year in Philadelphia to claim it, otherwise it is to go to the other branch of the family, who are represented by Molly Tanner. She is searching for Carrington, but is unaware that he and Mynheer Joe are the same Molly further complicates matters by telling Joe to find for her the man who thrashed her father. He promises.

"Exactly. Well, I do admit I could see something of a sterling character back of the exterior. Yes, I'd even grow to like the old bear, if need be."

"For Molly's sake," returns Joe, unabashed.

"See here, old chap, don't you think you're well, rushing matters?"

"How so?"

"Just got in to-night from Khartoum—fought a duel on Eschschsch Square and already arranged to make way with your rival for the hand of the belle of Cairo, whom you have met to-night."

"Do you mean Molly?" interrupted Joe.

"Of course, man."

"You forget, Sandy, she has belonged to me for a whole year. I saved her from death in the Mediterranean at Malta, and ever since her fair face has haunted me, sleeping or waking. I felt that, if I lived, we would come together somewhere. You don't know what a solace it has been to me, in times of danger, to think that I had been able to do her a service and that this inviolable bond united us, though we might be thousands of leagues apart."

"I see, you're a gone case, Joseph."

"Proud to admit it, Sandy. Think of the peculiar circumstances that unite us, outside of the fact that I saved her life and that both of us are crazy on the subject of travel."

Hereupon, in a sketchy way, he relates the story of the legacy in all its peculiar details.

Sandy's mouth opened as he hears. He utters exclamations repeatedly about it being the most remarkable thing he ever listened to and worthy of recording. When Mynheer Joe finally ceases, the little war correspondent finds it his turn to do the squeezing act, and lends all his power to the work of crushing the traveller's strong hand, but Joe minds it little more than he would the luzzing of a fly. Sandy evidently is not much of a success at such work.

"Most remarkable case. Never heard the equal of it, my boy. Oh, the baron little suspects what a miserable show he has! Not that she would probably look at him even if you were not here, but then, there's no accounting for the taste of our American belles, I'm sorry to say, heaving a sigh as he catches a glimpse of his own diminutive person in a glass."

"Many a flower, you know, Sandy, is born to blush unseen," says Joe, consolingly, "and who knows but what some day you may jump in and save an heirless from a watery grave, to be rewarded with her hand."

"All very good," groans Sandy, with mock despair, "but I can't swim a stroke."

"Then I advise you to take lessons in the Nile at once. Every man should be prepared to accept his fate as it comes, and be ready to rescue a drowning maiden."

"I'll do it," said Sandy impulsively.

"Oh, not just now, I hope," as the other moves off.

"Hardly, my boy. I notice that the baron has left Miss Molly, she stands there looking disconsolate. I am off to cheer her up to whisper words of consolation in her gentle ear that will warm her heart toward a certain person of my acquaintance."

"Thanks, my one fellow and don't forget to pray for me."

"Eh—what now, Joe?"

"Because, while you enjoy your tete-a-tete with an angel, I shall be engaged with—well, hardly the Old Nick, but at least, the governor. I go now to beard the lion in his den, and fate holds the scales in the balance."

### CHAPTER IX.

It is little trouble for Mynheer Joe to find out where Demosthenes Tanner is quartered. One of the English servants of Sheik-hed's gives him the information.

and is tipped immediately in a way that warms his heart.

As Joe passes by a window, on his way to the quarters of the great American orator, he is given a last glimpse of the drawing-room or parlor of the hotel and avails himself of the opportunity to take a look in the direction where he saw Molly standing. She is still there, but seated upon a Turkish divan; and at her side is the little war correspondent, talking earnestly. Joe's heart gives a bound of pure delight when he notes the look of pleased surprise spreading over her fair countenance as she hears Sandy's marvellous tale for the latter is used to making the most of any news; it is his daily business, and surely, time has never given him a morsel he can enlarge upon with more pleasure than the value of his dear friend Joe.

"God bless him—he's a comrade worth having. In battle brave as a lion despite his size; in time of trouble a wise counselor. I hope the day will come when I can do as much for Sandy."

Thus muttering, Mynheer Joe moves along the corridor until he finally reaches the door to which he has been directed. He makes a survey and finds that the light flows from the windows, which is a pretty good indication that the inmate has not retired. Boldly he knocks—this thing has to be done through with, and the sooner he starts at it the better. Besides, Joe has a pretty good idea that he holds the trump and can best Demosthenes Tanner as readily at argument as he did in the duel.

"Come in!" roars a voice that would scare a crocodile half to death.

Mynheer Joe opens the door and pushes through into the room, surprising the giant in the act of saturating a handkerchief with the extract of hammers, as Joe instantly recognizes the odor. His back is toward the door, and he does not even turn his head to see who it is.

"A hoastly long time coming, Tom! I did Molly to send you here half an hour back. Don't ask what the matter now. Been in one of my usual rows, you see; only the seventh since leaving Constantinople. This time met a Tartar. Infernal rascal played with me. Just think of it—played with the only Tanner as a cat does a mouse, and then when he got tired, knocked me out. If I could only have him alone in this room five minutes I'd let him know I ain't so green as I look. If I was caught napping once! Here, Tom, you old heathen, take hold of this handkerchief back of my head. Have a stiff neck for a week most likely. Not so tight, you meddling Hoozier! I'd want to kill me outright? There—that'll do. Now sit down and have a glass with me. Be so good, if it is past midnight. That's the best part of the day in this abominable country. Why don't you say something, you miserable brute! What? You're loath and furies! Here's to you!"

The roar he gives as his one uncovered eye falls upon the face and figure of Mynheer Joe is absolutely appalling.

He starts back and attempts to throw himself into an attitude of defense, but striking an obstacle, he sits down in an easy chair so forcibly that the breath is driven from his huge body, and he can only sit there and gasp, blinking at Joe like a great owl.

The latter is strongly tempted to laugh. There is something so ridiculous in all this affair, but he realizes that such an act must forever ruin his chances of a reconciliation. He must control himself until a more favorable opportunity comes about.

Acting upon this impulse of the moment, he holds out his hand.

"Mr. Tanner, I have come here to beg your pardon for what has occurred. It was all a misunderstanding on my part. I want you to shake hands with me and tell me you bear no malice," he says frankly.

Demosthenes Tanner grins a little, but as yet makes no move toward accepting the proffered hand. His neck twinges, and this sets him against his late antagonist.

"Fine words don't cure a stiff neck, sir. I confess I admire the way you took the part of a small man, and your style of using your dukes nearly won my heart; but I refrain from making a peace, for I live in hopes of having another set-to, when I may have my revenge," replies this singular specimen of Western chivalry.

"That will be impossible, sir. I will never strike a blow against you again since I have learned that you are Miss Molly's father."

"What the deuce has she to do with it? If you and I choose to engage in a little sport of our own, whose business is it?" growls Tanner, his hand now slowly advancing to meet that of the honorable antagonist, whom he respects as a foe man worthy of his steel.

"I repeat what I said, sir. I am sorry to have struck you. You must pardon my indiscretion for Molly's sake."

"Now, that's twice you've brought her name into the affair. What in the mischief has she to do with it? What is she to you? I don't ever remember seeing you before to-night. Molly has a regiment of admirers, but she introduces me to every one. Who are you, sir?"

"I am known as Mynheer Joe, sir, a corruption of my real name."

"Ah, the fellow they're all talking about! Been up with Gordon, eh? Great man, that Gordon—wonderful man! Tell me something about him. Since it was you who put me into this fix, it's only fair to insist on your amusing me."

"Presently, Mr. Tanner. First, are

### TWO MISTAKES.



There are two mistakes that people with weak lungs are liable to make; and both are about equally bad: One is to not give attention quickly enough to the little coughs and bronchial troubles which so rapidly undermine the delicate lung tissue and plunge you into consumption almost before you are aware of it; the other is when the trouble is at last discovered and fully realized to give up hope too soon.

Begin with these bronchial and throat ailments the instant they appear; never wait till to-morrow. The right remedy taken now may save months of severe illness. On the other hand if the illness has already come upon you; and you find yourself weakened, wasted and discouraged, do not lose hope. There is a medicine that will certainly restore you to health and strength.

"My boy was in a very bad way when I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes J. W. Price, Esq., of Oark, Monroe Co., Ohio, in a recent letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y. "The doctors claimed he had consumption and we doctors with them, and the severest types of obstinate chronic diseases. Any one may write to him for advice; which will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge."

Hundreds of similar cases are described in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser which will be sent free for the bare cost of postage and mailing of one-cent stamps. It is a veritable family library in one volume;—the fruit of Dr. Pierce's life-long experience with the severest types of obstinate chronic diseases. Any one may write to him for advice; which will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge.

you going to shake hands with me?"

"By Jove, yes, sir! I like your looks. I like the way you swung that terrible right arm into my neck—I like you! There's my hand, and once Demosthenes Tanner gives it he never goes back on a friend."

Mynheer Joe has won, and as yet he has only made a beginning. Flashed with victory he squeezes the huge fist of the governor, who looks very amiable in his eyes now. Circumstances alter cases. The bull-like roar of the Western orator will never seem the same to him after this.

"Perhaps I have a claim on your friendship, Mr. Tanner," he says modestly.

"How's that. Unbosom yourself, my boy."

"It seems like egotism to speak of it, but your daughter will soon be telling you. I had the extreme pleasure of jumping overboard at Malta, a year back, and assisting Miss Molly when she was thrown into the water."

Tanner gives another roar. He actually throws his arms around Mynheer Joe and hugs him much after the bear style. The explorer's ribs threaten to give way under the pressure, and he is immeasurably relieved when Tanner has finished his demonstration, which is accompanied by a string of delighted exclamations and a running fire of questions.

Mynheer Joe explains matters as best he can, telling why he hurried away without waiting to give even his name or meet the father of the young girl whose life he had saved. The orator has evidently fallen deeply in love with him; he keeps his eyes constantly on Joe's face and rubs his hands together in a delighted manner.

The victory is so complete that Joe cannot but feel proud. He only hopes Sandy may have as earnest a measure of success in the other direction. Knowing the capacity of his friend for accomplishing what he sets out to perform, he does not much doubt the ultimate result of the other's quiet interview with Molly.

### To Be Continued.

The selfish are solitary. In the flowers, Christians grow even in the night.

He cannot work well who cannot also wait well.

When we work with a song, we work toward success.

Without duty life is soft and boneless; it cannot hold itself together.

Do not conclude that the promise of God failed because your plan miscarried.

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### LODGES.

WILLIAMSON Lodge No. G. R. C. A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Monday of every month in Masonic Hall, Fifth street, at 7:30 p. m. Visitation brethren heartily welcomed. J. R. BATTISBY, W. M. ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

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