

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CL

Stick Headache and re-
dent to a bilious at-
tack, Dizziness, Nausea, I-
ndigestion, Pain in the S-

Headache, yet Curte
equally valuable in C
venting this annoyin
correct all disorders o
liver and regulate the
ured

Is the base of so many
we make our great b
others do not.

Small Pill. Small
He Fell A
He rapped on

was admitted, I
the passage.
"Stow them
to Butterfield.
over the press.
his voice.
The two wor
clutching her c
out a denounc
Wynne.
"That's the
himself Ronal

"No," said voice. "I do not."

turning to her
Ronald Morton
this lady was m
the man, and
Morton's wife

and she ought to
and made a too
"Whilst the
kept his eyes fi
she closed he
saw him in th
Butterfield's n
the pocket of h
"William,"
ginder taking

For sole an
against the wa
looking about
eye. His face
with the revol
"That'll de
"You ladies

frightened, my
and me is goin'
tion. Cap'n,
door and show

He had drawn again, and, opening the small, pen-
"If you ain't
"you ain't W
you'll be goo
are. We want
know."
He drew t
which lay on t

of penciling ca
"Come along
ful. Introduc
He wheele
and halted wi
declared enem
in his hands
His white fir
man noticed t
the metal w

greyish green
ness of his
bared, and ti
his eyebrows
altogether d

"Who are you?"
"My good friend,"
your companion
error which
to my identity
concerns you
Mr. Butterfield
recognize it read
to my ruin

Butterfield
exclamation,
with both
rose with a
either could
touched the
suffocating
Harry, with
face and bo

"Great He
have you do
"I ain't
goin' to."
"No hang
shrieked, an
prostrate ma

hand he sent
crashing an
rise everyw
doors and t
in. The fre
for a while
rained upon

FOI
Eng

FITZ

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