

Epilepsy 20 Years. Cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine.

A few years ago, Mr. L. W. Gallaher, was an extensive, successful expert manufacturer of lumber products. Attacked with epilepsy, he was obliged to give up his business. The attacks came upon him most inopportunely. One time falling from a carriage, at another down stairs, and often in the street. Once he fell down a shaft in the mill, his injuries nearly proving fatal. Mr. Gallaher writes from Milwaukee, Feb. 14, '96.



There are none more miserable than epileptics. For 20 years I suffered with epileptic fits, having as high as five in one night. I tried any number of physicians, paying to one alone, a fee of \$500.00 and have done little for years but search for something to help me, and have taken all the leading remedies, but received no benefit. A year ago my son, Chas. S. Gallaher, druggist at 191 Reed St., Milwaukee, gave me Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, and I tried it with gratifying results. Have had but two fits since I began taking it. I am better now in every way than I have been in 20 years.

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A SET OF ROGUES

BY FRANK BARRETT AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT ESCAPE" "A RECOLLING VENGEANCE" "OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH" ETC. ETC.

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'Twas close upon 9 o'clock when we reached the little town, and not a soul to be seen anywhere nor a light in any window, but that troubled us not at all, having provided ourselves with a good store of victuals before quitting Algiers, for here 'tis as sweet to lie o' nights in the open air as in the finest palace elsewhere. Late as it was, however, we could not dispose ourselves to sleep before we had gone all round the town to satisfy our curiosity. At the farther extremity we spied a building looking very majestic in the moonlight, with a large garden about it inclosed with high walls, and deciding that this must be the residence of Ali Oukadi, who, we had learned, was the most important merchant of these parts, we lay us down against the wall and fell asleep, thinking of our dear Moll, who perchance, all unconscious, was lying within.

Rising at daybreak, for Dawson was mightily uneasy unless we might be breaking the law by sleeping out of doors (but there is no cruel law of this sort in Barbary), we washed ourselves very properly at a neighboring stream, made a meal of dry bread and dates, then, laying our bundles in a secret place where we might conveniently fetch them, if Ali Oukadi insisted on entertaining us a day or two, we went into the town, and finding upon inquiry that this was indeed his palace, as we had surmised, bethought us what to say and how to behave the most civil possible, and so presented ourselves at his gate, stating our business.

Presently we were admitted to an outer office, and there received by a very bent, venerable old Moor, who, having greeted us with much ceremony, says: "I am Ali Oukadi. What would you have of me?"

"My daughter Moll," answers Jack in an eager, choking voice, offering his letter. The Moor regarded him keenly, and taking the letter sits down to study it, and while he is at this business a young Moor enters, whose name, as we shortly learned, was Mohand on Mohand. He was, I take it, about 25 or 30 years of age and as handsome a man of his kind as ever I saw, with wondrous soft dark eyes, but a cruel mouth and a most high, imperious bearing, which, together with his rich clothes and jewels, betokened him a man of quality. Hearing who we were, he saluted us civilly enough, but there was a flash of enmity in his eyes and a tightening of his lips which liked me not at all.

When the elder man had finished the letter he hands it to the younger, and he having read it in his turn they fall to discussing it in a low tone and in a dialect of which not one word was intelligible to us. Finally Ali Oukadi, rising from his cushions, says gravely, addressing Dawson: "I will write without delay to Sidi ben Ahmed in answer to his letter."

"But my daughter," says Dawson, aghast, and as well as he could in the Moorish tongue. "Am I not to have her?"

"My friend says nothing here," answers the old man, regarding the letter, "nothing that would justify my giving her up to you. He says the money shall be paid upon her being brought safe to Elche."

"Why, your excellency, I and my comrade here will undertake to carry her safely there. What better guard should a daughter have than her father?"

"Are you more powerful than the elements? Can you command the tempest? Have you sufficient armament to combat all the enemies that scour the seas? If any accident befall you, what is this promise of payment? Nothing."

"At least you will suffer me to make this voyage with my child?"

"I do not purpose to send her to Elche," returned the old man calmly. "This a risk I will not undertake. I have said that when I am paid 3,000 ducats I will give Lala Mollah freedom, and I will keep my word. To send her to Elche is a charge that does not touch my compact. This I will write and tell my friend, Sidi ben Ahmed, and upon his payment and expressed agreement I will render you your daughter. Not before."

We could say nothing for awhile, being so flustered by this reverse, but at length Dawson says in a piteous voice: "At least you will suffer me to see my daughter? Think if she were yours and you had lost her, thinking her awhile dead?"

Mohand on Mohand muttered a few words that seemed to fix the old Moor's wavering resolution.

"I cannot agree to that," says he. "Your daughter is becoming reconciled to her position. To see you would open her wounds afresh to the danger of her life maybe. Think," adds he, laying his hand on the letter, "if this business should come to naught, what could recompense your daughter for the disappointment of those false hopes your meeting would inspire? It cannot be."

With this he claps his hands, and a servant entering at a nod from his master lifts the hangings for us to go.

Dawson stammered a few broken words of passionate protest, and then breaking down as he perceived the folly of resisting he dropped his head and suffered me to lead him out. As I sat leading the Moors in going I caught, as I fancied, a gleam of triumphant gladness in the dark eyes of Mohand on Mohand.

Coming back to the place where we had had our breakfast, Dawson cast himself on the ground and gave vent to his passion, declaring he would see his Moll though he should tear the walls down to get at her and other follies, but after a time he came to his senses again so that he could reason, and then I persuaded him to have patience and forbear from any outburst of violence such as we had been warned against, showing him that certainly Don Sanchez, hearing of our condition, would send the money speedily, and so we should get Moll by fair means instead of losing her (and ourselves) by foul; that after all 'twas but the delay of a week or so that we had to put up with, and so forth. Then, discussing what we should do next, I offered that we should return to Elche and make our case known rather than trust entirely to Ali Oukadi's promise of writing, for I did suspect some treacherous design on the part of Mohand on Mohand, by which, Mrs. Godwin failing of her agreement, he might possess himself of Moll, and this falling in with Dawson's wishes we set out to return to Algiers forthwith. But getting to Algiers, half dead with the fatigue of trudging all that distance in the full heat of the day, we learned to our chagrin that no ship would be sailing for Elche for a fortnight at least, and all the money we had would not tempt any captain to carry us there, so here were we cast down again beyond everything for miserable, gloomy apprehensions.

After spending another day in fruitless endeavor to obtain a passage, nothing would satisfy Dawson's painful, restless spirit but we must return to Thadvir, so thither we went once more to linger about the palace of Ali Oukadi, in the poor hope that we might see Moll come out to take the air.

One day as we were standing in the shade of the garden wall, sick and weary with dejection and disappointment, Dawson of a sudden starts me from my lethargy by clutching my arm and raising his finger to bid me listen and be silent. Then, straining my ear, I caught the distant sound of female voices, but I could distinguish not one from another, though by Dawson's joyous, eager look I perceived he recognized Moll's voice among them. They came nearer and nearer, seeking, as I think, the shade of those palm trees which sheltered us. And presently, quite close to us, as if but on the other side of the wall, one struck a lute and began to sing a Moorish song; when she had concluded her melancholy air a voice, as if saddened by the melody, sighed: "Ah me! Ah me!"

There was no mistaking that sweet voice; 'twas Moll's.

Then very softly Dawson begins to whistle her old favorite ditty, "Hearts Will Break." Scarce had he finished the refrain when Moll within took it up in a faint, trembling voice, but only a bar, to let us know we were heard; then she fell a-laughing at her maids, who were whispering in alarm, to disguise her purpose, and so they left that part, as we knew by their voices dying away in the distance.

"She'll come again," whispers Dawson feverishly.

"Nay, master," says Jack piteously. "I did but speak a word to my child." "If you understand our tongue," adds I, "you will know that we did but bid her have patience and wait."

"Possibly," says he. "Nevertheless you compel me henceforth to keep her a close prisoner when I would give her all the liberty possible."

"Master," says Jack, imploring, "I do pray you not to punish her for my fault. Let her still have the freedom of your garden, and I promise you we will go away this day and return no more until we can purchase her liberty forever."

"Good," says the old man, "but mark you keep your promise. Know that 'tis an offense against the law to incite a slave revolt. I tell you this not as a threat, for I bear you no ill will, but as a warning to save you from consequences which I may be powerless to avert."

This did seem to me a hint at some sinister design of Mohand on Mohand, a wild suspicion maybe on my part, and yet, I think, justified by evils to come.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. We lost no time, be sure, in going back to Algiers, blessing God on the way for our escape, and vowing most heartily that we would be led into no future folly, no matter how simple and innocent the temptation might seem.

And now began again a tedious season of watching on the mole of Algiers, but not to make this business as wearisome to others I will pass that over and come at once to that joyful, happy morning when, with but scant hope, looking down upon the deck of a galley entering the port, to our infinite delight and amazement we perceived Richard Godwin waving his hand to us in sign of recognition. Then sure, mad with joy, we would have cast ourselves in the sea, had we thereby been able to get to him more quickly. Nor was he much less moved with affection to meet us, and springing on the quay he took us both in his open arms and embraced us. But his first word was of Moll. "My beloved wife?" says he, and could question us no further.

We told him she was safe, whereat he thanks God most fervently, and how we had spoken with her, and then he tells us of his adventures—how on getting Don Sanchez's letter he had started forth at once with such help as Sir Peter Lely generously placed at his disposal, and how, coming to Elche, he found Mrs. Godwin there in great anxiety because we had not returned, and how Don Sanchez, guessing at our case, had procured money from Toledo to pay Moll's ransom, and did further charter a neutral galley to bring him to Algiers—which was truly as handsome a thing as any man could do, be he thief or no thief. All these matters we discussed on our way to the Cassanabah, where Mr. Godwin furnished himself as we had with a trader's permit for 28 days.

This done, we set out with a team of good mules, and reaching Thadvir about an hour before sundown we repaired at once to Ali Oukadi's, who received us with much civility, although 'twas clear to see he was yet loath to give up Moll, but the sight of the gold Mr. Godwin laid before him did smooth the creases from his brow, for these Moors love money before anything on earth, and having told it carefully he writes an acknowledgment and fills up a formal sheet of parchment bearing the dey's seal, which attested that Moll was henceforth a free subject and entitled to safe conduct within the confines of the dey's administration. And having delivered these precious documents into Mr. Godwin's hands he leaves us for a little space and then returns, leading dear Moll by the hand. And she, not yet apprised of her circumstances, seeing her husband with us, gives a shrill cry, and like to faint with happiness totters forward and falls in his ready arms.

I will not attempt to tell further of this meeting and our passionate, fond embraces, for 'twas past all description. Only in the midst of our joy I perceived that Mohand on Mohand had entered the room and stood there, a silent spectator of Moll's tender yielding to her husband's caresses, his nostrils pinched and his livid face overcast with a wicked look of mortification and envy. And Moll, seeing him, paled a little, drawing closer to her husband, for, as I learned later on—and 'twas no more than I had guessed—he had paid her most assiduous attentions from the first moment he saw her and had gone so far as to swear by Mohammed that death alone should end his burning passion to possess her. And I observed that when we parted, and Moll in common civility offered him her hand, he muttered some oath as he raised it to his lips.

Declining as civilly as we might Ali Oukadi's tender of hospitality, we rested that night at the large inn or caravansary, and I do think that the joy of Moll and her husband lying once more within each other's arms was scarcely less than we felt, Dawson and I, at this happy ending of our long tribulations, but one thing it is safe to say—we slept as sound as we were.

And how gay were we when we set forth the next morning for Algiers, Moll's eyes twinkling like stars for happiness and her cheeks all pink with blushes like any new bride, her husband with not less pride than passion in his noble countenance, and Dawson and I as blithe and jolly as schoolboys on a holiday, for now had Moll by this act of heroism and devotion redeemed not only herself, but us also, and there was no further reason for concealment or deceit, but all might be themselves and fear no man.

Thus did joy beguile us into a false sense of security.

Coming to Algiers about midday, we were greatly surprised to find that the sail chartered by Don Sanchez was no longer in the port, and the reason of this we presently learned was that, the dey having information of a descent being about to be made upon the town by the British fleet at Tangiers, he had commanded the night before all alien ships

to be gone from the port by daybreak. This put us to a quake, for in view of this descent not one single Algerine would venture to put to sea for all the money Mr. Godwin could offer or promise. So here we were forced to stay in trepidation and doubt as to how we, being English, might fare if the town should be bombarded as we expected, and never did we wish our own countrymen farther. Only our Moll and her husband did seem careless in their happiness, for so they might die in each other's arms I do think they would have faced death with a smile upon their faces.

However, a week passing and no sign of any English flag upon the seas the public apprehension subsided, and now we began very seriously to compass our return to Elche, our traders' passes—that is, Dawson's and mine—being run out within a week, and we knowing full well that we should not get them renewed after this late menace of an English attack upon the town. So, one after the other, we tried every captain in the port, but all to no purpose. And one of these did openly tell me the dey had forbidden any stranger to be carried out of the town, on pain of having his vessel confiscated and being bastinadoed to his last endurance.

"And so," says he, lifting his voice, "if you offered me all the gold in the world, I would not carry you a furlong hence." But at the same time, turning his back on a janizary who stood hard by, he gave me a most significant wink and a little beck, as if I were to follow him presently.

And this I did as soon as the janizary was gone, following him at a distance through the town and out into the suburbs at an idle, sauntering gait. When we had got out beyond the houses to the side of the river I have mentioned, he sits him down on the bank, and I, coming up, sit down beside him as if for a passing chat. Then he, having glanced to the right and left to make sure we were not observed, asks me what we would give to be taken to Elche, and I answered that we would give him his price so we could be conveyed shortly.

"When would you go?" asks he. "Why," says I, "our passes expire at sundown after the day of Ramadan, so we must get hence by hook or by crook before that."

"That falls as pat as I would have it," returns he, but not in these words, "for all the world will be up at the Cassanabah on that day to the feast the dey gives to honor his son's coming of age. Moreover, the Moors by then will not rise before 2 in the morning. So all being in our favor I'm minded to venture on this business, but you must understand that I dare not take you aboard in the port, where I must make a pretense of going out a-fishing with my three sons and give the janizaries good assurance that no one else is aboard that I may not fall into trouble on my return."

"That's reasonable enough," says I, "but where will you take us aboard?" "I'll show you," returns he, "if you will stroll down this bank with me, for an hour and I have discussed this matter ever since we heard you were seeking a ship for this project, and we have it all out and dried proper."

So up we get and saunter along the bank leisurely, till we reached a part where the river spreads out very broad and shallow.

"You see that rock?" says he, nodding at a large boulder lapped by the incoming sea. "There shall you be at mid-

night. We shall lie about a half a mile out to sea, and two of my sons will pull to the shore and wake you up. So may all go well and naught be known, if you are commonly secret, for never a soul is seen here after sundown."

I told him I would consult with my friends and give him our decision the next day, meeting him at this spot.

"Good," says he, "and ere you decide you may cast an eye at my ship, which you shall know by a white moon painted on her beam. 'Tis as fast a ship as any that sails from Algiers, though she carry but one mast, and so be we agree to his venture you shall find the cabin fitted for your lady and everything for your comfort."

On this we separated presently, and I, joining my friends at our inn, laid the matter before them. There being still some light, we then went forth on the mole, and there we quickly spied the White Moon, which, though a small craft, looked very clean, and with a fair cabin house, built up in the Moorish fashion upon the stern. And here, sitting down, we all agreed to accept this offer, Mr. Godwin being not less eager for the venture than we, who had so much more to dread by letting it slip, though his pass had yet a fortnight to run.

So the next day I repaired to the rock, and meeting Haroun, as he was called, I closed with him and put a couple of ducats in his hand for earnest money.

"'Tis well," says he, pocketing the money, after kissing it and looking up to heaven with a "Dill an," which means "It is from God." "We will not meet again till the day of Ramadan at midnight, lest we fall under suspicion."

(To be continued.)

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