# JOHN TOPP, PIRATE

By Weatherby Chesney and Alick Munro.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. COULTAS.

CHAPTER XII.

Scarcely, so it seemed, had I closed my eyes when there was a clanking at the door as its bolts and bars were withdrawn, and a dozen armed soldiers trooped into the room. It was still dark, but one of them carried a lantern, and by its light I saw that they were all splashed with fresh mud and had evidently been traveling recently and rapidly.

"Get up, you English dogs," said one of them roughly.

"Smartly now! You're wanted."

"What for, senor?" said I wearily.

"What for? How does that concern you? You do as you're told without asking the reason. Come, up you get, you lazy rogues!" And he began to use his heavy boot freely.

"You're to march out of Caracas at once," said one of the other Spaniards, "and may keep your heretical skins whole for a day or two longer if you have luck."

"From Caracas?" said Alec. "Is that where we are?"

"Certainly senor," replied the other, with a mocking bow, "and I hope you like our town."

"Oh, ho, ho!" chuckled the old man.

The Spaniard turned to him. "You are to come, too, old crook bones. Are you too lame to walk to La Guayra?"

"Oh, ho, h ! But are we going to La Guayra, most wily senor?"

"Certainly. Do you think a Spanish caballero would trouble to lie to a hound like you?"

"Why, if it's to La Guayra I'll make a shift to hobble so far, but I'd rather ride o' muleback."

"Ride!" said the soldier, with a rude laugh. "I warrant you could hobble twice the distance so that it lay away from your prison."

"Ah, ha, ha! You've a pretty wit, senor, a pretty wit. But it's the sweet salt air I wish to sniff. The sea breeze is meat and drink to old mariners such as I."

He scrambled to his maimed, distorted legs. One of them was shorter than the other and that other knotted and gnarled like some old willow tree.

"But you'll let me bid farewell to my pot bellied little racker, senores? He'll be half beside himself with grief at losing such an old boon companion as I."

"Had I my own way, sirrah," said the soldier contemptuously, "I'd break your wry old neck for a useless incumbrance. Sense and strength are both gone from you. But my orders are to set you to an oar along with these two lustier knaves. So come along." And he kicked him into the courtyard and bade us follow.

"The galleys!" said Alec, with a shrug. "Respited for the present!" And he did as he was bidden.

I followed, and presently we were linked to a great chain gang with a lot of other prisoners, among whom were several of the Bristol Merchant's crew, who greeted us kindly. Job Trehallon was in front of me, scar and grin complete as of yore.

"Brave news, Master Topp," he whispered.

"What is it?" said I.

"Haven't you heard? There's tidings of an English ship that's harrying the coasts, an an Indian spy has brought word that her beak's turned forst here. There were an armada lying in the roads a week agone, but it's sailed west, an there's only a carrack an a brace of galleys now. An as one of them last bain't got a man aboard her we're to work her sweeps. Brave news, bain't it, Master Topp? Once at sea, who knows what me may do?"

He rubbed his hands and grinned till I feared for the integrity of his features.

"Attempt nothing rashly," said I, for I had not overmuch faith in Job's judgment and feared he might start an outbreak which would end in death to us all. "Attempt nothing whatever till Captain Ireland gives the word. He has a headpiece worth ten of yours and mine, Job."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Job warmly, "that he has. An when he gives the sign he'll have the lot of us at his back, no fear."

Then the cavalcade was put into motion, and further conversation became impossible. We passed through the still streets, by churches and houses and gloomy convents and great public buildings and so on to the batteries and fortifications, where there was strict parley with the sentries before we were let out. The old man, who had been dragging himself painfully along behind me, sank down on the muddy road to snatch a moment's rest, and through some pity for his condition I bade him climb on to my back. Without further ado up he scrambled, chuckling and crying out to the soldiers that he'd got a mule to ride or at any rate an ass, after all. This I thought was somewhat ungracious.

The double gates were opened, and out we trooped on to a narrow, well kept road that the frowning culverins could have swept with iron hail for a score of perches. We passed through other gates and other drawbridges thrown across natural cliffs and saw other heavily gunned batteries beside them, making the position one of such enormous strength that 20 good men could have held it against an army.

During the two hours' tramp the sun sprang up from behind the eastern hills, and by the time we entered La Guayra it was broad daylight.

The old man, whom I had set down from my shoulders, cried loudly for a breakfast. He wasn't going to row on an empty belly. Oh, ho, ho! Not he, indeed! They might thumbscrew his hands to the oar, but he wouldn't put an ounce of weight on it, no, not even if they twisted a knotted cord round his temples and hove him backward and forward with that.

Little notice, however, was taken of his vaporings save to bestow a curse or a blow when his importunities grew too noisy. We were hustled roughly into boats and ferried across to the galley which lay straining at her anchor in the road.

"She's pierced for 30 sweeps aside," said Alec, who had been counting the row holes. "A hundred and fifty or 180 rowers that means unless we are to be singularly undermanned."

"There be three more boat loads coming off," observed Job Trehallon.

"Two for us and one for the smaller galley ahead there," said I. "And look, there are a host of slaves and soldiers on the shore ready to embark. But where's the carrack, I wonder?"

"Hull down to nor'ard, master," said one of the other Englishmen.

"Way enough!" sang out the officer in charge of the boat. "In oars, and mind you slaves don't topple overboard. I don't want to lose you till you've done some work."

"Aye," cried the old man, "Spanish lubbers that you are. Let the English seamen go first and show you the way!" And he got a scabbard blow across the face to quiet him.

She was a galley of the first class, and from her keen steel beak to her

*"Crack!" came the driver's whip.*

gilded coach she was for a galley as fine a craft as ever ran to windward against a nor'easter. But from our coign of disadvantage we did not look upon her with much appreciation. She had been lying idle for a full twelvemonth and yet had scarcely had time to sweeten. I never sat on anything harder or rougher than her row benches.

Each of us English was stationed at the end of an oar, a post of honor if there can be such a distinction for slaves who are chained to their work, and the five other places were manned by rapscallion landsmen, of whom there seemed to be a very liberal supply.

A soldier commandant and five soldier officers, mighty fine armor clad gentlemen all, took possession of the coach and cabin on the spar deck. A handful of dirty, lubberly sailors and a company of soldiers were stationed forward, and when a few handfuls of maize burgoo had been distributed among us slaves the drivers on the gangway cracked their whips, and we swung out our oars and got under way.

The galley had been pretty lively as she plunged at her anchor, and the Spanish cutpurses and cutthroats beside us were beginning to feel uncomfortable, but when she got some way on and the motion became easier they thought their qualms would pass away, and so they broke out into a monotonous chant which marked time for the rowing.

But their song did not last long. By rapid degrees the "cheep-cheep" of the tholes drowned it as the long rolling swell of the Caribbean sea rocked us up and down, and the swarthy faces of the rogues became sallow as old ivory.

And then began a scene of misery that sickens me even now to think of.

The poor wretches in the agony of their sickness would fain have dropped the oars, but the merciless drivers lashed them, lashed us, lashed all within reach. The helm was put up to run along the coast, and the beam roll made the sufferers sicker. They could not do a doit's worth of work and in their loathing bade the drivers fling them overboard.

We English could not each do the task of six and cursed the drivers for our unearned stripes. The officers in the stern swore haphazard at all they could clap eyes on. And above all the hellish tumult and discord rose the weird unearthly "Oh, ho, ho!" and "Ah, ha, ha!" of the old man.

"Crack!" came the driver's whip across the old man's bare shoulders.

"Best keep your wind to yourself, old prophet," growled a stout fellow who sat near him, "seeing that we're chained up here like dogs an can't stir a fist to right ourselves with."

"I tell you, good fellow," replied the old man earnestly, "before another day is spent you shall drive a steel ax through these Spanish headpieces."

"I'd do it blithely, old man," said the other. "Aye for through six or through 60 if it came to that! But there, you're babbling. They've driven your old brain crazy, poor master, with their torturings."

"Babblings?" cried the old man fiercely. "I tell you, Jan Pengony, that as surely as your back is a mass of sores today so surely shall you pay back a sword thrust for every whip cut they have given you."

"In the fiend's name how did you learn mine? I never set eyes on you before. Is it magic, master?"

"Ah, ha! Magic! Oh, ho, ho! Aye, magic's the word, Jan! I've lived long among these very good friends the Spaniards, and the devil, who is their patron saint, has taught me many things. You needn't cross yourself, Jan. They say he doesn't like it."

"The Lord be between me and harm!" exclaimed the man devoutly.

"Ah, ha, ha, ha!"

I could hear the scared sailor mumbling a strange mixture of hard words and scraps of prayer to keep off the evil spirit, and I more than half shared his alarm. But, though I had no wish to be beholden to any one who worked magic, still I could not help the feeling of elation which the uncanny old prophet's words roused in me. By virtue of his powers the old man appeared to guess the thoughts which were simmering in my mind, for presently he sang out, "Well, Jack, my brawny giant, are you ready for a cut at your oppressors?"

"Peace, old man," said I. "If the soldiers hear you, they'll smell mutiny and fire mumchance into the lot of us."

"Oh, ho, ho! No fear, Jack. A Spanish hidalgo doesn't know our heathen tongue."

"Maybe not," said I, "but there's no harm in being prudent. And another thing, old man, I warn you not to practise your devilish arts on me, for I know Latin, and if you're a warlock you'll be finding yourself in uncomfortable quarters."

"Oh, ho, ho! It's well for you, Jack, that the Spaniard is too fine a gentleman to cumber himself with barbarous English. Had my worthy friends on the poop heard your insolence—setting yourself up as an exorcist, ha, ha!—you wouldn't have escaped a beating. Verily it was great presumption on your part. Know, Jack, that none but a noble Spaniard with three crafty torturers trailing on his heels can quiet the devil of which I am possessed now, if that excellent devil wishes to speak. But at present he is dumb, Jack, so get on with your toil, for though we are heading for the place of deliverance there are many weary leagues left to row before we reach it."

Then, with his teeth close set and a constant stream of muttering and subdued laughter forcing its way between them, he swung to his oar with an energy that his wasted muscles seemed to be incapable of supplying.

The old man's words filled me with hope and the powers that inspired them with fear; so, unwilling to be further beholden to his art, I kept my tongue quiet and looked out to seaward.

Keeping even pace with us was a large carrack of about 500 tons, pierced for a great quantity of ordnance and crammed to the bulwarks with soldiers. Hanging on her windward quarter was another galley, rowing four oars fewer than ourselves, and she, too, carried a heavy fighting crew. With a sinking heart I recognized that the three of us would be too strong for the Englishman, for, though I knew that one of his lads was a match for eight or maybe ten of these glittering Spaniards any day, still against odds of 50 to 1 his chance was hopeless. He might beat us off or perhaps even sink us, but capture us—never.

And so the old man's words seemed to me to be but foolishness after all. And with that thought I once more tore at my oar in sullen gloom.

Toward nightfall we had a rest. The galley's sails were hoisted to catch the rising breeze, and so, drawing the oars a trifle inboard, we slipped the handles under the gangway, leaving the shining blades cocking up in the air on either side of her. All round us were sickness and misery. The sun sank behind a reef of purple cloud, and the freshening wind began to hiss and shriek more keenly through the oar blades.

The sea got up, the rain poured against us in cutting sheets, and squall after squall tore from the inky blackness above. The galley was allowed to run under foresail alone, and a course was shaped for El Pueblo del Norte, on the north side of Margherita. But the lubberly soldier Spaniards had not known enough to keep a good reckoning while daylight lasted and so, holding too much to the northward, did not make out the island till we had almost passed it. And then as she would not turn to windward under sail and as the sea was too heavy for the sweeps they let the galley drift where she would and took themselves to their prayers, hoping by the help of the saints to find themselves under the lee of one of the Windward Islands by daybreak.

But while our masters busied themselves in calling out to the saints and with their own hands did nothing for the safety of their vessel we in the waist were merrily occupied.

A driver in his passage along the gangway swerved to a roll which threatened to jerk him from his feet and grasped at a certain carroty head for support. There was a clank of chains, and the man drew his hand away as though the head had burned him. Too late, for Alec had gripped his leg and pulled him down. The driver yelled. The shrieks of the storm drowned his first cry, and a blow from a clinched fist silenced the second. The shackle key was ripped from his belt and passed down the outside line of slaves.

Darkness hid every movement, and the voice of the storm hushed all other lesser sounds. In half an hour we English were every man of us unfettered and ready for a bid for freedom.

(To be continued next Friday.)

# BLOOD POISON.

**Mercury AND Potash Make Wrecks, Not Cures**

In some cases the external signs of Contagious Blood Poison are so slight that the victim is firmly within the grasp of the monster before the true nature of the disease is known. In other cases the blood is quickly filled with this poisonous virus and the swollen glands, mucus patches in the mouth, sores on scalp, ulcers on tongue, sore throat, eruptions on skin, copper colored splotches, and falling hair and eyebrows leave no room for doubt, as these are all unmistakable signs of Contagious Blood Poison.

Doctors still prescribe mercury and potash as the only cure for Blood Poison. These poisonous minerals never yet made a complete and permanent cure of Contagious Blood Poison. They drive the disease back into the system, cover it up for a while, but it breaks out again in worse form. These powerful minerals produce mercurial rheumatism and the most offensive sores and ulcers, causing the joints to stiffen and finger nails to drop off. **Mercury and potash make wrecks, not cures,** and those who have been dosed with these drugs are never after free from aches and pain.

S. S. S. acts in an entirely different manner, being a purely vegetable remedy; it forces the poison out of the system, and instead of tearing down, builds up and invigorates the general health. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this specific virus, and therefore the only cure for Contagious Blood Poison. No matter in what stage or how hopeless the case may appear, even though pronounced incurable by the doctors, S. S. S. can be relied upon to make a rapid, permanent cure. S. S. S. is not a new, untried remedy; an experience of nearly fifty years has proven it a sure and unfailing cure for this disease. It is the only purely vegetable blood medicine known.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with a terrible blood disease, which was in spots at first, but afterwards spread all over my body. These soon broke out into sores, and it is easy to imagine the suffering I endured. Before I became convinced that the doctors could do me no good I had spent a hundred dollars, which was really thrown away. I then tried various patent medicines, but they did not reach the disease. When I had finished my first bottle of S. S. S. I was greatly improved, and was delighted with the result. The large, red splotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I regained my lost weight, became stronger, and my appetite improved. I was soon entirely well, and my skin as clear as a piece of glass."

SSS

Send for our Home Treatment Book, which contains valuable information about this disease, with complete directions for self treatment. Our medical department is in charge of physicians who have made a life-time study of blood diseases. Don't hesitate to write for any information or advice wanted. We make no charge whatever for this. All correspondence is held in the most sacred confidence. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.


## LATEST NEWS OF TRADE.

### Chicago Grain and Provisions.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—Wheat was a dull market today, closing ⅝c lower under the influence of liberal receipts, good weather and no outside support. Corn closed unchanged, oats a shade lower and provisions 2½c to 7½@10c depressed. Closing prices: Wheat—Jan., 73¼@73⅝c; May, 75⅝@75¾c; Feb., 73¼@73⅝c.

Corn—Jan., 36⅞@37c; May, 38⅞@39c; Feb., 36⅞c.

Oats—Jan., 24c; May, 25@25⅛c.

Pork—Jan., $13.72½; May, $13.92½@13.95.

Lard—Jan., $7.35; Feb., $7.32½; May, $7.42½.

Ribs—Jan., $6.87½; May, $6.97½; Feb., $6.87½.

Cash quotations—No. 2 red wheat, 75½@76c; No. 3 spring wheat, 65@74c; No. 2 hard wheat, 71@73c; No. 2 cash corn, 37¼c; No. 2 cash oats, 24½@24¾c.

### Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,500, including 500 Texans; choice steers 5@10c higher; others steady to strong; butchers' stock steady to 10c higher; Texas steady to 5c higher; good to prime steers, $5.10@6.00; poor to medium, $3.45@5.00; stockers and feeders, choice firm, others steady, $3.00@4.60; cows, $2.70@4.25; heifers, $2.75@4.40; canners, $2.00@2.65; bulls, firm, $2.50@4.35; calves, steady, $4.00@5.75; Texas fed steers, $4.00@4.80; Texas grass steers, $3.30@4.00; Texas bulls, $2.50@3.60. Hogs—Receipts, today, ...,000; tomorrow, 27,000; left over, 2,000; 5@10c lower, closing steady; top, $5.32½; mixed and butchers, $5.10@5.30; good to choice heavy, $5.20@5.32½; rough heavy, $5.05@5.15; light, $5.10@5.25; bulk of sales, $5.17½@5.25. Sheep—Receipts, 12,000; sheep and lambs steady to slow; good to choice wethers, $3.80@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.40@3.85; western sheep, $3.80@4.45; Texas sheep, $2.50@3.50; native lambs, $4.35@5.35; western lambs, $5.00@5.35.

### Kansas City Live Stock.

Kansas City, Jan. 31.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,500 natives, 650 Texans, 100 calves; beef steers steady, 15@25c higher; stockers and feeders, $3.50@4.90; western fed steers, $4.75@5.75; Texas and Indians, $3.85@4.75; cows, $3.25@4.25; heifers, $3.50@4.75; canners, $2.40@3.10; bulls, $3.00@4.50; calves, $5.50@5.75. Hogs—Receipts, 15,000; 5@10c lower; top, $5.30; bulk of sales, $5.15@5.25; heavy, $5.20@5.30; mixed packers, $5.15@5.25; light, $5.00@5.15; pigs, $4.50@4.90. Sheep—Receipts, 3,000; lambs steady; muttons strong; western lambs, $5.15@5.40; western wethers, $4.25@4.75; western yearlings, $4.50@5.00; ewes, $3.65@4.25; cullls, $2.35@3.25.

### South Omaha Live Stock.

South Omaha, Jan. 31.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; steady to strong; native beef steers $4.00@5.40; western steers, $3.70@4.60; Texas steers, $3.00@3.75; cows and heifers, lower, $3.00@3.90; canners, $1.75@2.75; stockers and feeders, $3.25@4.60; calves, $4.00@6.75; bulls, stags, etc., $2.40@4.25. Hogs—Receipts, 8,500; 5@10c lower; closed better; heavy, $5.17½@5.22½; mixed, $5.17½@5.20; light, $5.10@5.17½; pigs, $4.00@4.75; bulk of sales, $5.15@5.20. Sheep—Receipts, 3,400; steady; yearlings, $4.40@4.80; wethers, $4.00@4.50; common and stock sheep, $3.50@3.85; lambs, $4.50@5.30.

### Had to Conquer or Die.

"I was just about gone," writes Mrs. Rosa Richardson of Laurel Springs, N. C., "I had consumption so bad that the best doctors said I could not live more than a month, but I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by seven bottles and am now stout and well." It's an unrivaled life saver in consumption, pneumonia, la grippe and bronchitis; infallible for coughs, colds, asthma, hay fever, croup or whooping cough. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Kiesau Drug Co.'s store.

Imitators have been many. Thoughtful people have learned that true merit comes only with the genuine Rocky Mountain Tea made by the Madison Medicine Co. 35c. Ask your druggist.

### For Shattered Nerves.

A remedy that will soothe, build up the wasted tissues and enrich the blood is indespensable. Litchey's Celery Nerve Compound has been wonderfully successful in cases of nervousness, as thousands of grateful people will testify. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

### How to Cure Grip.

Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed and a quick recovery is sure to follow. That remedy counteracts any tendency of the grip to result in pneumonia, which is really the only serious danger. Among the tens of thousands who have used it for the grip not one case has ever been reported that did not recover. For sale by the Kiesau Drug Co.

The Kiesau Drug company will refund you your money if you are not satisfied after using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They cure disorders of the stomach, biliousness, constipation and headache. Price, 25 cents. Samples free.

### Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for indigestion or biliousness. Doctors were scarce and they seldom heard of appendicitis, nervous prostration or heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Get Green's Prize Almanac. Kiesau Drug Co.

My heart and hand another claimed,
His plea had come too late.
It's ever thus with people without pluck and vim,
Take Rocky Mountain Tea, don't get left again. Ask your druggist.

### La Grippe Quickly Cured.

"In the winter of 1898 and 1899 I was taken down with a severe attack of what is called la grippe" says F. L. Hewett, a druggist of Winfield, Ill. "The only medicine I used was two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It broke up the cold and stopped the coughing like magic, and I have never since been troubled with grip." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy can always be depended upon to break up a severe cold and ward off any threatened attack of pneumonia. It is pleasant to take, too, which makes it the most desirable and one of the most popular preparations in use for these ailments. For sale by the Kiesau Drug Co.

**Drying preparations** simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions, which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and snuffs and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N.Y.

The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation.

With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve

Has world wide fame for marvelous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for cuts, corns, burns, boils, sores, felons, ulcers, tetter, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, skin eruptions. Infallible for piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at Kiesau Drug Co.'s store.

### Will Boom His Business.

S. Laval, a merchant of Dallas, Tex., writes: "I thought I would have to give up business after two years of suffering from general debility, brought on by overwork and long hours, but four bottles of Electric Bitters gave me new life. I can now eat anything, sleep well and feel like working all the time. It's the best medicine on earth." It's a wonderful tonic and health builder for tired, weak, sickly and run down people. Try it. Satisfaction guaranteed. Only 50c at Kiesau Drug Co.'s store.

### Never Had a Cold

since I began carrying a package of Krause's Cold Cure Capsules in my vest pocket. I take one whenever I feel a cold coming on. It's easy. Price 25c. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and pleasant in effect use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price, 25 cents. Samples free. Every box guaranteed. For sale by the Kiesau Drug Co.

### Does it Pay to Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. Get Green's Prize Almanac Kiesau Drug Co.

Don't get side-tracked in business. Dullness sometimes passes for death. Men with brains reach the goal. Rocky Mountain Tea puts gray matter into one's head. 35c. Ask your druggist.

### Headache Causes.

Headache is usually caused by living in poorly ventilated rooms, overindulgence in food or drink, insufficient exercise, mental strain, excitement or malaria. Krause's Headache Capsules quickly cures the most severe cases, and leaves the head clear and cool. Price 25c. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

### Working Overtime.

Eight hour laws are ignored by those tireless, little workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always at work, night and day, curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, sick headache and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Easy, pleasant, safe, sure. Only 25c at Kiesau Drug Co.'s store.

### Cold Cure for Busy People.

Many people neglect a cold because they say they have no time to attend to it. Krause's Cold Cure is a remedy which can be taken without danger while performing your daily duties, and will relieve the most aggravated cases in 24 hours. Price 25c. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.


**Nasal CATARRH**

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

**Ely's Cream Balm** cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

**Cream Balm** is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

**REVIVO** RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

**produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address**

ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 16-20 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale in Norfolk, Nebraska, by Geo. B. Christoph, druggist.

**DON'T BE FOOLED!**

Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA

Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

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