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### PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

### Thirty Pieces of Silver

The Knight Adventure in the Highway  
By Louise Betts Edwards

TWO travelers in sober apparel, and riding sleek, well-fed nags, were the only wayfarers on the road, as far as the eye could reach. Without them, the weird loneliness of the November landscape would have missed its last touch of desolation; for the dripping, gray-green sedges, intersected with sulky little streams, and ditches, which looked like faded gramophone ribbons with frayed edges, the sodden road with its deep ruts forming brownish-gray pools, and the leaden-gray sky, against which the leafless branches of the one pollard willow were extended—as though imploring respite from further rain—all blended themselves into a somber background that was wholly harmonious.

Only as the two horses, heavy with mud, laboriously climbed the steep, slippery hill, did the entrance of human beings bring the element of unrest into the scene.

"You climb cautiously, sir," observed the younger to the elder man, with a slight smile. Their difference in age could be but that of a year or two.

The older traveler, a clean-shaven, firm-jawed man, of unmistakably Scotch physiognomy, replied calmly: "I am afraid."

The other—his name was Fitzroy—suddenly reined in his horse. His companion answered the amazed question in his eyes.

knotted figure, to whose cackle he paid no attention. "I've naught in my purse to pay for this," he flung out finally; "nor in my saddle-bags, either."

"By his traveling armed," concisely, "Tut, Mr. Fitzroy! do you conceive, sir, that because luck has hitherto been with you in sending you cowards and unarmed travelers, who would willingly give up their purses to save their skins, it will be so always? Truly, sir, you speak like—"

"A coward," said Fitzroy. "I am not one, but"—his face clearing a little—"he who comes hither is a coward, and I may get off without bloodshed. In faith, I was born a gentleman, and even in battle, where a man may kill and not hang for it, there would always come an uneasy voice between me and my sword, that would sound like a cry of reproach from my mother or sister. Yet I have not seen either of them since I was a lad of twenty. How, now, sir!"

"Tut! As to that, we are both mly. 'Tis these pestiferous roads after the rains. The stable-boys at the Golden Goblet shall scrape off some of it, when we have dined."

Again Fitzroy's horse reared back sharply, and again amazement stared from his eyes. "The Golden Goblet? You are bound to dine there? Then our ways part, sir; though I am loth to leave pleasant company."

"But how now?" in astonishment equally blank. "Where else should we dine, save at the inn? Pardon me, sir; but your behavior is certainly most strange."

It must take my life—and life is sweet to me. You eat nothing, sir."

"You have not asked me, why life is sweet," said the Scotsman. "Surely a happy man should be an object of curiosity! Since you ask not, I will tell you of mine own accord. I am passably young, I have health and strength, I have land enough to wring a living from, and in December I am to marry the sweetest girl in all Scotland. It is much to live for, is it not, sir?"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sister-faced hostess, "am I bid to make up beds here? Or do you purpose to take the road?"

McDougall hesitated. "First show me how my horse is lodged," he said to the old dame. Scarcely had they disappeared together into the dusky doorway of the dilapidated outhouse before the woman sped eagerly back to Fitzroy.

"Quick," she whispered, pulling him into the house. "Here"—producing a pistol from a cupboard—"tis his; I cut it from his holster whilst you supped. You need not fear him now. 'Tis a coward, anyway."

"Tis a brave man!" flashed Fitzroy. "Yet if he hears me I need not. . . . Woman, he fed me from his own dish. And he would have dined me at the Golden Goblet, had I dared to show myself there."

### A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

Written to the President Secured Her Brother's Discharge from the Army.

In the little village of Salem, in southern Illinois, lives, in a small cottage, a poor family consisting of "Billie" and Sevilla Holmes, the parents of two sons, "Billie," Jr., and Jacob R., also one daughter, Blanch, an interesting little brown-eyed maiden of 12 years, the heroine of this narrative.

The mystery was explained when Lieut. Howard gave him his honorable discharge. But not until Jake's arrival home, September 28, did he know the part his little sister had in obtaining it from our kind-hearted president.

### CALM ADVICE IN RAINSTORM.

The Tall Man Tells the Little One Who Runs Into Him to Hold His Head Up.

It was the day that it rained so hard and snowed a little to help out, the day that the big steamer foundered opposite the Auditorium and half a dozen other vessels were in distress along the lake shore.

One little man was wrestling with wind and weather in a desperate sort of way as he forced his course along Fifth avenue. His head was down so low that he could see nothing except the paving blocks, and still the shifting wind carried the rain into his face at times.

### Tested and Tried For 25 Years

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