Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea.

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder wheel allowed to wear away, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and in ambition, man controls mighty elements, gigantic tasks and commands appliance for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpected, in an hour, some little rudder of the constitution is gone! He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it can restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.

—*The Traveler.*

Drinking salt water will cure lunacy, according to a theory elaborated by the secretary of the London swimming school.

FOR DISEASES of horses and cattle, nothing is comparable with Veterinary Specifics. They are the only preparations that possess no scar and invariably produce a healthy and original color, sold by druggists at 50 cents and $1.00.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women**, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves flatulency and heartburn, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and all other bodily PAINS AND ACHES.**

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents in the Britannic Empire. 31 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

TAKE HOPS & MALT BITTERS, FOR DYSPEPSIA, FOR LIVER COMPLAINT, FOR NERVOUSNESS.

If you wish a certain cure for all Blood Diseases, Nervous Prostration, or Liver Complaint, or to cleanse the Blood and purify the system effectually, take HOPS & MALT BITTERS. It tones up the **Stomach**, gives a healthy **Appetite**, invigorates your **Nerves**, restores your lost vigor, and brings you perfect health. Nothing else so quick to relief in all cases of **Kidney or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, and all Female Complaints**; when properly taken it is a cure. Thousands have been benefited by it in this and other Western States. It is the best Combination of Vegetable Tonics ever discovered for the restoration to health of the **Weak and Debilitated. Hops and Malt and Malt Bitters** confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. Insist on HOPS & MALT Bitters regularly to my practice. Robert Stone, M. D., Flint Rock, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the **SAFE CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT** cure of Ague and Fever, Chills and Fever, or all remedies of a short or long standing. In refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions contained in the wrapper are carefully observed. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every one may be certain to cure, if its use is continued a sufficient dose for a week or two after the disease has been eradicated, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order, but if the patient, however, requires a cathartic medicine, after having taken three bottles of Smith's Tonic Syrup, a single dose of **KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS** will be sufficient. Use no other.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,

The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 581 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

HAGAN'S Magnolia Balm

is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her fresh ness to it, who would rather not tell, and *you can't* tell.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO SIDES OF AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

When the decrepit intruder crossed the threshold of the apartment, the Count Anticoma was sitting very listlessly at a large, circular table, enjoying his cigarette, and seemingly content with himself and every one else in the world.

"I have the honor of meeting with the Count Anticoma," he said, drawing up a chair, and sitting down so as to confront the former.

"Such is my address here," replied the Count.

"I appear at ease, good Count; and you sleep well at night. I dare say?"

"What may be your business with me Signor?" asked the Count immediately, and in a rather tart tone. "If you have aught to commun cate worth the hearing, I am here to listen. If not, leave me to my leisure, for the hour is late."

"What I have to say, Count, may be more or worth the hearing: of that you shall be judge."

"Will you proceed?"

"I will, good Count: and first I will say that you are lately arrived in Naples."

"Well, and what of that?"

"Nothing, only that you came hither direct from the north of Italy."

"Did I?"

"I say you came hither direct from the north of Italy."

"Perhaps not."

"Well, so I understand the fact; and I am curious to obtain some information from you, if you will humor me."

"Go on, then," replied the Count, with a patronizing air.

"I am a bold man, as you see, Count, and you will pardon me. But a strange story has just reached me, touching the fate of an old and valued friend of mine, who dwelt near Genoa; and you may have heard the details of the accident, which I will state to you as it comes to me. He has resided in the vicinity of Genoa for some time, and was beloved by all who made his acquaintance. Few knew to whom he came, when he first arrived there; but he had made a handsome fortune abroad pretty easily, and, after a long life of peril, he retired to end his days in peace. He was liberal, and proved a good neighbor, and time passed happily in his small household. I grieve to learn that a terrible mishap has lately befallen him; and, as you came re cently from that quarter, as I hear, you may have heard particulars in regard to his fate. His name was Count Donati."

"I have heard that name."

"Was saying that in the midst of his enjoyment of what he toiled for, a murderous band of mountain-robbers attacked the dwelling that his mounts spent and having pillaged the house of everything it contained of value, they fired the buildings, and escaped with the booty. The Count, who defended his property, of course, to the best of his ability, but he was overpowered with numbers, and he fell at last, covered with wounds. This band of robbers was led on by one Rodolpho, a villain and an ingrate. His wounds had enabled to clear the Count out of a large sum of money, but a short time previously. But he was not content with this. It was insufficient to satisfy his hatred of Bernardo and leave his lifeless body to be consumed amid the ruins his had caused; but ben ath those walls, contented, happy, hopeful in life, Bernardo dwelt a peaceful flower, just budding into womanhood a graceful, young, Virginian maiden, whom all who looked upon admired. In the midst of the dreadful confusion of that dreadful night, the villain stole that maiden and fled, so runs the tale. Tell me good Count, have you not heard of this?"

"Yes," he pondered the Count, "I hear of this, but do you know who further data is?"

"No, no. I hear that you are now from Genoa, and I thought it a certain that you would tell me if this sad account were true."

"And you are now indeed to know the rest?"

"Yes, Sir Count. I pray you let me know all the details."

"For a month the phase in this sad drama, Signor, and, since I have so attentively and silently listened to your story, do me the favor to hear the rest, as I have heard it."

"I am all attention, Count."

"This same Donati, although he may be a very honest man, was a consummate knave, an ingrate, a liar, and a robber once himself. Such is the character that I have heard of this Rodolpho. I have been beguiled in a few weeks ago, a heard the details which I will now repeat to you. You have spoken of one Rodolpho. This very man had aided Bernardo into the position he held and through his exertions, at a period prior to Count Donati's receiving the Genoa, had helped him largely to the means he now possessed. This same Rodolpho, some two years after wards, found himself in great straits, and he, the man called upon Bernardo to redeem a voluntary promise he had formerly made him. Bernardo was pleased to call his friend in prosperous days, and that friend received him with apparent welcome and agreed to accommodate him of his pecuniary embarrassment. Rodolpho became his temporary guest, and Bernardo, since Donati, repented of his offer. Forgetting all that he owed his former friend, unmindful of the obligation which he had voluntarily assumed, reckless of the consequences, which he should have foreseen, and, more than all, regarding his ill gotten money of more value than his honor, he stole to the sleeping-room of his former friend, and, while he was tempted to assass nate him. But, luck by, Rodolpho was not there alone. He had brought a companion for some time and he knew him for a desperate villain; he was prepared for violence and was ready. Enraged at the treachery to which he had given rise, Rodolpho called for the aid which was so near at hand, and then and there a desperate battle ensued upon the spot. Your information is quite correct, good Signor. Rodolpho did sack and pillage Count Donati's house, and then he caused the mischief to be done. The flames of his villa soon blazed over him, and the traitor was buried beneath the wills of his own house. Seeing a fitting punishment for the ingrate's perfidy."

"Count Donati, then, is dead?" said the stranger, with evident feeling. "Ah, my unlucky friend! But, good Count, there was an item in the account, as current rumor gives it, that you have not alluded to—Donati's ward, Signora Francesca, what became of her? Some say that Rodolpho was not satisfied with leaving the Count Donati's body to be consumed by the flames of his own homestead, but that he actually, and by force, bore the fair girl away, and, in his violent threats, compelled her to marry him."

"Some such account I do remember having heard," said the Count, confusedly. "But a truce to further banter, Signor. I have already lent you too much of my time, and, knowing whom I have the honor of speaking with. Your name, then, Signor, are we proceed further?"

"Let me remove my mask, Sir Count, and you will then see if we have ever met before; and, in consequence to the word, the visitor quickly displaced his closely fitting mask, and the Count as quickly sprang to his feet, astonished.

"Bernardo!" exclaimed the Count, wildly.

"Count Donati, at your service," continued the intruder, as calmly as he could under the circumstances.

"And now, Rodolpho, Count Claudio, your incognito will serve you no further in Naples. You may be the Count Antienne no longer here. You stand at this moment face to face, Rodolpho, with the man you have robbed and nearly murdered, him whom you had to the mercy of the flames which devoured his property; remember master, whom you know too well to believe that he will not be even with you at last."

"Donati," said Rodolpho, deeply agitated.

"Hear me," thundered Bernardo. "I know to what I have yet to add. You have forfeited all claims to mercy or consideration. You have placed yourself in a position of rogue among rogues. You have committed such which language is inadequate to denominate. You have robbed and injured one me—me, who you know well will have revenge, redress, for th s foul injury."

"Come, Bernardo," said Rodolpho, coolly; "compose yourself. I know her like men of exper ence, at least, in concerns of this character, and like men who are acquainted with the ways, fashions and pleasures of life."

"I am not here to bandy words."

"I judge not; but unless you lower your tone, I shall be forced to let you know that Bernardo and Rodolpho, two of the most notorious brigands in Europe, are at the present moment in their very midst. Be cautious for a time or of us to retire from this place, when this should be made public, would be a very ill advised step, Count Donati."

"Give me back my ward, restore me my gold. Show me at once that you will render me satisfaction for the run you have so nearly accomplished, or I will be summar ly avenged."

"Fool!" said Bernardo. "Francesca is now my wife."

"Wife! Do not talk this to me," said Bernardo, with a sneer. "Talk you that I am not better acquainted with you than to be deceived? Do you mean that you are married to her?"

"I tell you that she is my lawfully wedded wife."

"I tell you, Rodolpho, she is my ward, and you shall—"

"Hold, Bernardo. You are proceeding too far. I will submit no longer to your insults, and your threats. I know me, go, then, denounce me. Tell the authorities of Naples that I am Rodolpho, the robber, and let them you may add that I defy both them and you. There, come forth!"

In response to his order, Bernardo was suddenly confronted by the stalwart figure spring forth from the recess behind Rodolpho.

"Bernardo!" continued Rodolpho, "you would have murdered me in cold blood, even while I was your guest; you put the issue into hand my necessities, and now, I will take the consequences. I give you nothing, accede to nothing. Let us be strangers, enemies if you will, but not one jot or tittle of my rights do I yield or cede to you."

Scarcely had Rodolpho concluded when Bernardo was seized and thrust with a tiger's fierceness, and dashed him against the wall of the apartment. But the act has very quickly responded by a powerful stroke from the hand of his faithful and powerful companion, Pierre.

"Quick!" shouted Rodolpho to his attendant; "there is but one single chance left for us. To the right, Pierre!" and with these brief words Rodolpho seized the fair form of old Bernardo, and was quickly backed by his companion.

A heavy fall quickly followed the remark of the latter, and Rodolpho and Bernardo disappeared in the recess.

"Fear not," continued the old man, but ere he could finish the sentence a handkerchief had been forced into his mouth; he was thrown violently upon the floor by his two assailants; his hands and feet were secured, and he was thus gagged and left to ponder on the fate which had befallen him in a circumstance so sudden and so unexpected.

It was now midnight. As Rodolpho returned to the room he spoke with Pierre at his side, he said:

"What remains to be done must be done quickly, Pierre."

"But how are we to manage?"

"Easily enough, enough. Since he is not dead, I have no mind to behead my ward. I will take the risk upon me, except to protect my self and my interest. I thought he had fall n beneath the smoky ruins of his house, and I made my plans to take his business. You see, I intend to carry this adventure but to a good again. Bernardo is a rich man, and I am able to depart from here at a moment's notice. Order our horses, then, come at once."

"Where shall we rendezvous?"

"At the gorge in the rear of Vecchia."

"When, Captain?"

"To-morrow night."

"Good."

"I will be with you at the rising of the moon. Be careful, and make no unnecessary stir, but retreat quiet and speed is as may be. I will affix a note to the door, to the effect that I am to be from home, and I will request him to release the old man sooner. Adieu!"

The robbers parted company, and Pierre obeyed the departure instantly. Everything was quickly in readiness for Rodolpho and Count Anticoma to depart, but doubtless they had so arranged matters that he would retire at a time without suspicion. Leaving the Count in the house, he retired to a small antechamber, where he secured his own private coveted gold, and then seated himself at a table and pen in hand, he wrote a note to the landlord of the hotel, in the following words:

"Sir, Signor, the chief of the principal apartment I have lately occupied, beyond the sleeping-room, you will find a scoundrel, gagged and pinioned, which I directed to be done in my presence at midnight, and would have murdered me, but that I put him at distance and conquered him. I have spared his life, which, under the circumstances, he knew was a sentence on my part, and I desire that you will lose no time in his release, lest from his present uncomfortable position as soon as you may receive this note. He is a heartless, treacherous scoundrel, I repeat; but I do not fear him. When you shall receive this, I shall be far out of his reach. *Adieu!*

"ANTIENNE."

This brief missive he carefully sealed, and ringing the bell, he handed to an attendant, who quickly entered, the letter and five ducats, saying:

"Take charge of th s for your master, and be sure you deliver it to him at first thing in the morning. You understand?"

"Yes, Signor."

"My servants and retinue?"

"Have already departed, Signor, half an hour since."

"It is well. Now order my traveling-carriage."

"The carriage is in readiness, Signor, by order of your secretary, who with the rest have gone forward."

"You may retire," said the Count, and five minutes afterward he repaired to the chamber of his wife, to rouse her for the journey so suddenly determined upon.

"Madame, we must depart, the Count, and you will then see if we have ever met before," and suiting the action to the word, the visitor quickly displaced his closely fitting mask, and the Count as quickly sprang to his feet, astonished.

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