

**Very Bad Cough.  
Pe-ru-na Stopped It.**



DAUGHTER OF MRS. J. M. BROWN.

Mrs. J. M. Brown, Dunnegan, Mo., writes: "My little daughter, three years old, was troubled with a very bad cough which remained after an attack of catarrhal fever, which was a great deal worse at night."

"She would wake up out of her sleep with cough until I feared she could not stand it."

"Nothing that we gave her seemed to do her any good. I then concluded to send for Dr. Hartman's book entitled 'The Ills of Life,' which I promptly received."

"At the same time commenced giving her Peruna. She has taken one bottle and, through which she has obtained a complete cure."

"She also since her birth was troubled with indigestion, but since she has taken Peruna she can eat almost any kind of food without any bad results."

"She is now as well and happy as any little girl can be. When our friends say how well she looks, I tell them Peruna did it."

"I shall always be a friend of Peruna, as I consider it the best medicine for coughs and indigestion we have ever used, and will recommend it to any one similarly afflicted."

MRS. LYDIA J. SPOONER, Santa Monica, Cal., writes that they are never without Peruna in the home, that they find it the finest family remedy they have ever used.

**CAMEO KIRBY.**  
(Continued from Second Page.)

"No man ever double banked Gene Kirby twice," said Larkin Bunce laconically, "and it'll be a good thing for you, Moreau, if he is past speaking, which, I guess, looks the case. If he opens to pull through you can gamble he'll fix your case himself, but if doesn't, my fine old bucko, I'll settle your honorable hash. Yoh've stunk this river just about along enough."

"It will afford me considerable pleasure, sub," replied the pseudo colonel in his best manner, "to place yoh in the same position which yoh friend Mr. Kirby will shortly occupy. I refer, sub, to a front seat in the grill room of his most Atlantic majesty. Yoh servant, sub, and a very good evening." Bowing, the flower of southern chivalry backed nimbly through the door and disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL JACQUES GASPARD DESCHAMPS MOREAU, to give him his full title, doing all things thoroughly, as befitted one of his honorable character, was not satisfied with, as he thought, disposing of Kirby's physical existence, but considered it his pleasurable duty to effectually ruin whatever little reputation had survived during the other's downward career.

Kirby, presumably fatally wounded, had been carried ashore by Bunce at the next landing, and, in those days shooting and stabbing affrays emanating from card games being only too common, but little attention had been paid to the affair. Cameo Kirby was notorious the length of the river, and such an abrupt and tragic termination of his career had not only been frequently and cheerfully predicted, but was, moreover, expected of all such members as graced his questionable profession. Indeed, for them a sober and respectable death would have been considered bad form. Among the gambling profession there existed a certain code, which in a manner served to link those at the top, who, like Kirby and Bunce, wooed fortune honestly, to the Moreau type, gracing and disgracing the lowest rung in the gamblers' social ladder. This code, if so it may be termed, was an understanding to the effect that in no instance, however great the provocation, should the law be invoked. Wrongs, fancied or authentic, were to be redressed solely by the bearers thereof, the joint office of judge and executioner being vested in each separate and distinct individual.

In view of this accepted understanding, Larkin Bunce had accordingly made no mention of the fact that a probable murder had been committed, and, the passengers and steamship officials dismissing it as a gamblers' quarrel, which was none of their affair, no stigma or notoriety was attached to the good Colonel Moreau, who, claiming to be an old and valued friend of Mr. Randall, had gone to the latter's stateroom and brazenly assumed charge of the body. Bunce's laconic statement was too pitifully true, for the old planter had effectually ended his life.

Again referring to Colonel Moreau's happy faculty of doing all things well, it was quite characteristic that to com-

plete his revenge against Cameo Kirby he now did not hesitate to assume charge of Mr. Randall's body, did not hesitate to meet the son of the man for whose death he had been directly and shamefully responsible, for young Tom Randall had ridden over to the Plaquemine landing in order to greet his father, while over at the old homestead all was bustle and excitement in honor of the master's homecoming.

Anxiously Tom Randall waited to see the jovial and well known figure of his father march down the gangplank, waited to catch a glimpse of the familiar and weather beaten green portmanteau which the planter always carried. The moments passed. Other and numerous passengers stepped ashore, to be eagerly welcomed and claimed by their own, but John Randall was not among them. A curious and seemingly pregnant hush had sucat last, his father had come ashore, borne on the shoulders of two roustabouts, while the captain and officers stood with bared heads and thankfully left the unwelcome task of explaining the tragedy to the amiable and willing Colonel Moreau.

"My boy," said the latter, now laying a fatherly hand on young Randall's heaving shoulder, "although I am a stranger to yoh, sub, I have ventured to assume temporary control of this terrible affair, for I am a southern gentleman, as was Mr. Randall, and I feel bound to yoh all by the ties of sympathy and country. I was a witness, sub, to the events which preceded and prompted this outrage, and, although I am aware it is but yoh satisfaction, still it is something to know that the scoundrel who was instrumental in causing yoh yoh father's death has already paid yoh it with his life. My name, sub, is Colonel Moreau, and if I can be of any further service to yoh all in this dark hour of tribulation pray command me, sub. As an old soldier I beg of yoh to meet this calamity with the fortitude of a Christian gentleman," with which admirable and pious adjuration the good colonel flourished his handkerchief and helped himself to a generous pinch of snuff.

"I—I thank you, Colonel Moreau, for all you have done," said young Randall stonily, looking on the huddled thing at his feet. "You—you say you witnessed my father's death?"

"Not exactly, sub, for he shot himself in his stateroom. However hard to bear, I think yoh should know who and what prompted his death. The scoundrel, sub, was the notorious Cameo Kirby, of whom, perhaps, yoh have heard."

Young Randall nodded dully, and Moreau, entering into the spirit of the tale, continued: "I fohmed an acquaintance, sub, with yoh yoh father when he came aboard at New Orleans. He confided to every one that he had sold his sugar crop for ten thousand and had the cash with him, and he was in mighty high spirits because he was on his way back home to see his children. Yoh gentleman! As delicately as I can I must state that he was not quite himself, and by that, sub, I mean that he had been imbibing a little too freely. I don't have to tell yoh, sub, that there are certain characters on all the big boats who keep a pretty sharp lookout for gentlemen with money who are in the condition yoh yoh father, sub, was in tonight, and I expect there was more than one river gambler on board who would have liked to get his hands on Mr. Randall. But the one who got him was the slickest and cleverest of the lot, the Cameo Kirby whom I have mentioned. This rascal, sub, inveigled yoh yoh father into a private stateroom, piled him with mol liquor and won from him not only all his money and personal effects—even including a miniature of yoh dead mother, sub—but also a deed to his entire plantation and all his slaves, everything which he owned. I was too late to save Mr. Randall, but I knew Kirby by repute, and I was so screamingly outraged by the whole affair that I denounced him for the low scoundrel he was. Thereupon he drew on me, but I was the quicker and shot him down like a dog. They carried him ashore, sub, at the landing below this, and the river is cleaner for his death."

"You have taken vengeance out of my hands," said young Randall unsteadily. "The coward and villain! For a stranger, sir, the attitude which

ceeded the landing of the freight, and off somewhere in the darkness a child whimpered shrilly. The boy's nerves were set on edge. Perhaps his father was having a farewell talk with the captain and would come dashing out at the last moment with all his old disregard for time and place. It was time the bell was clanging, the signal for backing away, for by now the landing of passengers and freight appeared to be terminated. And still no John Randall. The boy walked along the string-piece until the Texas deck came the more prominently into view, the glow from the open windows of the port staterooms silhouetting the lean visaged pilot, absolute monarch of his realm, who now that an easy stretch of the river had been entered loafed about while his cub took the wheel.

"Hello, on board the Shotwell!" shouted young Randall, looking up at the pilothouse. "Is that you, Mr. Bixby? This is Tom Randall. Do you know if my father is on board? We were expecting him by your boat, sir."

For reply Mr. Bixby, usually the pattern of courtesy, offered a memosyllabic affirmative and turned from the window.

But young Randall had no time to nurse his quick resentment, for now, you have displayed toward my family has been most considerate, and I will never forget it. The hospitality of a house in mourning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCRANTON SKETCHES

**Pencilled Paragraphs Pertaining to People and Perspective.**

Scranton, September 13:— This date, the 13th, will be an unlucky number for some political aviators.

Miss Alma Singletary left Monday for Florence to attend school.

Mr D P Wall, telegraph operator at Lanes, visited his parents here one day last week.

Mrs J A Gantt and children of Florence are visiting Mrs Gantt's parents, Mr and Mrs P A Parker, on Church street.

Hon J Walter Doar of Georgetown passed through Scranton Tuesday, ening going to Hannah to attend a ythian picnic. Mr Doar is Grand Chancellor for the grand domain of South Carolina.

Dr C H Pate went to Charleston Tuesday to see his sister who is ill at the Riverside infirmary.

Prof W E King of Dillon was in Scranton Saturday. Prof King was principal of the graded school at Greelyville last year, but he has decided to abandon teaching and take up the study of medicine.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Free Will Baptist church, conducted by a preacher from Florida.

Mrs C H Pate has returned from an extended visit to relatives at Bishopville and Effingham.

Messrs Foster Matthews and Redin Wall will leave soon for the Charleston Medical College to study pharmacy.

Miss Rosa Tallevast of Georgetown is the guest of Mrs C H Pate.

Miss Willie Hines is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

The following Scrantonians went to Charleston Monday: Mr R B Cannon, Mrs Fannie Cannon, Miss Addie Cannon, Messrs D Lamar Lee, Geo Lee, L H McCullough, L G Kennedy, W A Kennedy, R Mc Cooper, Robt Welch, Mrs S M Matthews and Mr Dallas Matthews.

A number of gentlemen bought the right to drain and for the Timmons' mill pond, a few miles out from Scranton, one day last week.

There was quite a gathering of people to witness the fishing. Multitudes of the finny tribe were taken and a day of fun and frolic was enjoyed.

W E C

Mortuary.

Friends here were saddened to receive news of the death of Mrs Genevieve Rhodus, which occurred at the home of her sister, Miss Lucy Burgess, last Saturday night at Greelyville. Mrs Rhodus had been sick for months with a lingering malady and her death, though painful to her loved ones, was not unexpected. The deceased was the relict of the late Mr Samuel Rhodus, of this county, and leaves no children.

The funeral rites and interment took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock at New Market church, Rev L E Peeler of the Methodist church officiating.

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