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Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** Rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

(This story was begun May 4th. Back numbers can be had at this office.)

"DO JUST AS I TELL YOU."

"I have something important to say to you."

Although Detective Simpson had never seen either of the East Indians who were so closely identified with the rajah's ruby, he identified this fellow the moment his shadowy figure was outlined against the lamplight of the room beyond.

The round skull cap, with its dangling tassel, the thin hooked nose, the long wiry mustache and prominent chin—all these were unmistakable as their silhouette showed against the yellow background.

"Dr. Maidhoff has deceived him in some way about the gem," was the conclusion of the watcher, "and that fellow has come back to revenge himself upon him."

The large limb upon which Wichman was crouching put out from the trunk below the window sill so that his body from the waist downward was in impenetrable gloom, but the rest was so plainly shown that the watcher detected every movement.

The fellow cautiously raised his head until he must have gained a glimpse of the interior. At the same time he shrouded his movements as much as he could, doubtless through fear that the couple in the room would discover him.

The weird figure of the man and his noiseless movements suggested the fearful belief that the miscreant was about to wreak terrible vengeance upon both of them.

"If such is his intention," thought Simpson. "I don't think I'll stand here and allow it. I can't see very well in the darkness, but if I can't wing him with my revolver it will be the poorest shot I ever made."

The impending tragedy was sure to overthrow all the calculations made by the sagacious detective and to bring about such new complications that he might well despair of success. Still he could not stand idly by and permit a dreadful crime to be committed when it was in his power to prevent.

He hoped there was a possibility of the deed being averted without interference on his part—that is, it seemed that there was a chance that the sepoy was in quest of knowledge, like himself, instead of a human life.

FACE AND FIGURE show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a beauty of their own, no matter what your features. Perfect health, with its clear skin, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive.

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A young man was arrested in Buffalo Saturday, on suspicion on examination it was found that he had several thousand dollars worth of jewels and jewelry concealed upon his person. He was held until they could communicate with the New York police.

wait. I can detect ... baffle him before he ... any harm. If he will withdraw without hurting either the doctor or Miss Gilder, he need never know that he has been under my eye."

The fellow in the tree now seemed to concentrate all his attention upon the couple, who were evidently in sight. Holding his body poised with one hand, he leaned forward until his head and face were marked as if with ink on the window. Thus he remained motionless for several minutes.

During that brief but exciting period Folsom Simpson stood beneath and just back of him with his revolver, ready to fire the instant it became necessary.

He half suspected the miscreant meant to make a catlike leap from his perch and, catching the sash, throw it quickly upward and bound into the room with his deadly knife and assail the two persons who little dreamed of their frightful peril.

In order to carry out such a purpose, he must make himself the best kind of target for the watchful man below, who would not hesitate to bore him through.

But how passing strange that Folsom Simpson as he stood on the ground, alert, attentive and ready, forgot the fearful fact that this sepoy had a companion!

Not once did he recall the statement of Max Manson that a couple of the swarthy wretches were involved in the disappearance of the rajah's ruby. It was a strange piece of forgetfulness on his part, that was to prove of momentous consequence to him.

At such times a person thinks rapidly, and it occurred to Simpson that if this man contemplated the taking off of Dr. Maidhoff alone, or indeed of him and his fair companion, he could gain a better opportunity than by his leap through the window. He had but to wait on the outside until the physician came out on his return to his office, when he could strike him down among the trees of the yard before coming into the light of the lamp in front of the gate. One quick, deadly blow, and it would be done, the assassin making off immediately and being miles away before the crime could be discovered.

But in what a frightful situation Miss Gilder would be left! After disposing of the man the criminal could enter the house and finish her, as the watcher believed he would assuredly do.

These reflections were suddenly broken by the sound of the opening and closing of the front door. In the stillness the noise was distinct, as were the footfalls of some one moving quickly across the porch and along the graveled walk toward the gate.

"The doctor is going home. Now comes his peril."

Simpson was around the corner of the house in a twinkling, moving as silently as an Indian and holding himself hidden among the shadows. As he shifted his position he saw a figure in the act of turning out of the gate and hurrying in the direction of the town, where the light from the lamp showed it quite distinctly.

It was not Dr. Maidhoff, but a woman, walking swiftly. He recognized her as the servant that admitted him when he applied at the house some time before. She disappeared while he stood wondering what it could mean.

"It must be that she has been sent on some errand and will not be gone long. Nobody besides the doctor and Miss Gilder are now in the building, but they won't be molested until after the return of the servant."

This conclusion was so reasonable (since the sepoy would lay himself liable to interruption if in the meantime he moved against the inmates) that Simpson did not fear to act upon it.

Stealing back to his former position, he glanced up in the tree to learn how the fellow was taking the new situation.

He was not visible, and a few minutes' waiting satisfied the detective that he had descended to the ground.

"He will do nothing until the return of the woman. When she is inside again he will resume operations."

Eager as was Simpson to solve the problem of the rajah's ruby, he felt that the first step was to protect the doctor and the two women against these Thugs, as they had been called. While he was seeking to do that without disarranging his own scheme, he decided that it was his duty to warn the servant on her return of the peril of herself, her mistress and Dr. Maidhoff, in order that they might be on their guard.

To do this without exposing himself he must intercept the woman before she came back and at such a distance from the house that the assassin would not see them, inasmuch as she was liable to return at any moment it would not do to wait.

The abundant trees and the gloom of the night gave him all the screen he could ask. He was confident that when he finally emerged from the vegetation and stole into the highway no one had observed him. It need not be said that he used his eyes and ears to the utmost, and the fact that he neither heard nor saw anything added not a little to his own sense of security.

Prompt as was his action, it was none too much so, for at a distance of less than 200 yards from the front gate, but fortunately where his movements were hidden by an intervening house, he met the servant walking rapidly toward the Livermore homestead.

Simpson knew her at a glance. Looking up at him and divining that he meant to speak, she turned aside a little frightened and would have moved past him at a faster gait than before had he not interposed.

"Don't be alarmed, my good woman," said the round faced detective in his most reassuring tones. "I have something important to say to you and will detain you but a moment."

"You have no business to stop me this way, sir," she said spiritedly, but with a slight tremor in her voice. "Stand out of my path and let me pass. I am in a great hurry, sir."

"You belong to the house back yonder. I have just come from near there, and I wish to tell you that Dr. Maidhoff, Miss Gilder and yourself are in great danger."

The servant was in the act of brushing past, when at these words she stopped abruptly, and looking affrightedly at him gasped:

"I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Just what I said; I saw you come out of the house and started to apprise you of your and their peril."

The woman was too alarmed to inquire how it was that this stranger knew so much, or to suggest that the most sensible course was for her to hasten back into the town and secure help. She could only wait.

"What shall I do? Oh, what can I do?"

"Do just as I tell you, and all will be well—walk directly onward, turn into the gate and enter the front door as you intended to do, and when once in the house inform the doctor and your young missis of their danger."

"But—but the dreadful person will kill me."

"No, he won't. I've come down here on purpose to take care of you; you were so kind to me when I called yesterday that I am your friend. I will follow close behind you with my pistol in hand, and the first one who seeks to harm you will be shot deader than a doornail."

"But mercy! I will be killed before you can prevent it."

"Have no fear," was the assuring response. "Let me see. What is your name?"

"Martha—Martha Corning, sir."

"And a very pretty name it is too. Now, have confidence in me, Martha, and all will be well. Walk straight along, as though you feel no fear. You are a brave girl. I will slip around among the trees and will keep an eye on you."

CHAPTER XI.

HE WAS A SECOND TOO LATE.

The fierce Asiatic had called into play his daggerlike knife.

If the language of Mr. Folsom Simpson in addressing Martha may seem rather more affectionate than was necessary, it must be remembered that it was made thus with a purpose. Martha, as the only servant in the household at the time of the burglary of the rajah's ruby must be the repository of some interesting secrets which the detective was hopeful of securing from her.

Any young woman might be pardoned for shrinking from entering the spacious yard, with its gloomy shadows, after having learned that a murderous miscreant was crouching among the dense shadows. The knowledge would have made the bravest man nervous, especially when unarmed, and it required all of the officer's powers of persuasion to induce the woman to approach the building.

"Wait right here where you are for a few minutes," said Simpson when she stopped after a few paces, "until I slip around among the trees. I will be there in a twinkling, and then there is not the slightest danger. Don't you believe what I say, Martha?"

"Yes, but—yes, I will do as you say."

"Spoken like the brave and sensible girl you are!" was the comment of the man, who, with a few more words of counsel, vanished in the darkness, with the purpose of keeping his part of the agreement with the young woman, who seemed to have formed a sudden and strong faith in him.

Well aware that the sepoy was somewhere in the grounds, and that he would be on the watch for the return of the servant, Simpson took extra precautions against discovery, making such a long circuit through the trees that he was sure no one could have discovered him, no matter how close a watch had been kept.

It was not probable that the lurking Asiatic would molest the woman on her return to the house. Quickly as he might move, he could not prevent an outcry on her part, which would warn the couple within of their danger. Besides it was not she, but they, against whom the prowler was seeking revenge.

Simpson, now that he was in the dense shadow again, stealthily made his way toward the front of the house until in the same advantageous situation as before.

"I promised to look out for her, and will keep my pledge, but she does seem to be in a hurry."

Peering through the gloom toward that part of the lonely street which was dimly lit up by the lamp, he saw nothing of her. It was time that she made a move forward, and he feared her courage had given out now that the crisis was before her.

"She may have gone back for help or has decided that she won't run the risk, despite my pledge to her—ah, there she comes!"

But Simpson was mistaken, as he perceived the next moment. The form was that of a man approaching from the town.

"I wonder whether he intends to mix in this business?" thought the officer. "If he does, he must show his colors before he takes a hand. Ah!"

Directly behind the stranger and only a few paces distant loomed the figure of Martha, walking at the same pace, so as not to fall farther to the rear. It was evident that, though he was unknown to her, she was making use of his presence as a shield against that shadowy peril of which she had received warning.

"If that man turns into the yard, what will she think? She will fancy that he is the thug himself, but she sees now that he is not."

The individual who just then was an object of so much interest passed the gate, speedily vanishing in the darkness beyond, while Martha, after a moment's hesitation, turned into the yard and came forward between the trees along the walk to the front door.

The lamp threw enough of its rays in the direction of the house for a spectator to be able dimly to trace a person's outlines up to the moment when he stepped upon the front porch.

Simpson carefully concealed himself and did not remove his eyes from the dim figure, which advanced with a hurried but regular step. Her heart must have been beating fast, but nothing in her gait showed her timidity.

Half way to the porch she started to one side and uttered an exclamation of affright.

"How you startled me! I thought it was that man," she called in a suppressed voice, resuming her walk.

It was indeed "that man." Evidently she had seen some one in the darkness near her, but was relieved by the instant belief that it was her chivalrous friend watching over her. So she advanced serenely and doubtless would have shrieked with terror had the genuine friend approached from the darkness to address her.

"Ah!" thought Simpson, "if she knew that the one at her elbow was the thug she would have swooned dead away, but she was really in no danger, and it is better as it is."

The woman consumed precious little time in letting herself in the front door. Any one seeking admission at such an hour into his own home, when he fancies some awful horror is stealing upon him through the night, can imagine her feelings during the few seconds she was engaged in unlocking the entrance.

She whisked inside, however, without molestation, and the key was turned and the bolt slid in place again.

"And now what next?" Simpson asked himself, working back to his former position, from which he had seen the sepoy peering from the tree into the upper room.

At the moment the detective glanced upward Miss Gilder came forward to the window. The watcher saw her elevate her hand and draw the string which raised the curtain to the top of the sash. Then she stood a minute looking out on the night, her fine figure revealed by the light behind her.

The doctor remained in the background, as if occupied with some other matter. The face of the young lady being in shadow, he could not see the expression of her features, though he believed she was silently gazing into the gloom and meditating over the strange occurrences of the last few days.

"She must have heard the opening and closing of the front door, and Martha will lose no time in telling her story"——

Miss Gilder suddenly turned her head. Then she hastily drew down the curtain, so that the interior of the room was shut out from any prying eyes, no matter where located.

It was easy to read the meaning of what he saw. The returning servant had knocked on the door and was bidden to enter, Miss Gilder looking around as she did so. The moment she gained the chance she uttered something which gave warning of what was coming. The young lady whipped down the curtain, and she and Dr. Maidhoff were at that moment listening to the startling story.

The situation was most peculiar. Simpson had set out to learn something about the rajah's ruby, whose secret he was confident was fully known to the couple, but he found himself unexpectedly checked when on the very threshold by the presence of Wichman, engaged on similar business, though hardly with the purpose he himself had in mind.

The question he asked himself was what the couple within the house were likely to do on learning of their danger. It was to be supposed that the physician was armed, and he would hardly leave Miss Gilder and the servant alone after the revelation of the latter.

Martha's description of the individual that had warned her might throw some discredit on his words, for her listeners would not fail to identify him as the pretended patient whom Miss Gilder declared to be the detective that he really was. Simpson was inclined at the moment of leaving the servant to ask her to conceal his identity, but such a request she would have been quite sure to forget in her excitement, and it would cause distrust of his good faith.

But for the presence of that dusky sepoy Simpson might have ventured upon a stealthy entrance into the dwelling, in the hope of picking up some information. A risky thing to do at any time—for it was a penitentiary offense—it was doubly so now with that thug prowling among the shadows.

Simpson had maneuvered and moved about a good deal among the trees, and while doing so was fortunate enough to discover his rival and enemy. True, this was due to what might be termed a piece of good fortune on his part, but knowing the exceeding subtlety of those people he began to ask himself whether it was not probable that this man had become aware of his presence on the grounds.

"I have used all the care I could, but have shifted about so often that I may have passed near enough for him to see me. The deuce of it is I have no means of knowing where he is at this moment

(Continued on second page.)

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TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED May 8th, '93.	No. 23, Daily.	No. 47, Daily.		No. 14, Daily Ex. Sunday.	No. 54, Daily Ex. Sunday.
	P M	P M		A M	
Leave Weldon	12 35	5 07		6 15	.....
Ar Rocky Mount	1 42	6 01		7 23	.....
Arrive Tarboro	2 35	.....		.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	12 54	.....		.....	.....
					P M
Lv Rocky Mount	1 42	6 01		7 23	2 35
Leave Wilson	2 25	6 38		7 58	3 30
Leave Selma	.....	.....		.....	4 15
Lv Fayetteville	.....	8 34		.....	5 50
Arrive Florence	10 25	10 40		.....	8 30
		No. 47, Daily.			
		P M		A M	P M
Leave Wilson	2 25	6 48	.....	7 58	.....
Leave Goldsboro	3 20	7 55	.....	8 43	.....
Leave Magnolia	4 30	8 42	.....	9 55	.....
Ar Wilmington	6 00	10 15	.....	11 35	.....
	P M	P M		A M	

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

DATED May 8th, 1893.	No. 78, Daily.		No. 14, Daily.	No. 40, Daily Ex. Sunday.	No. 52, Daily Ex. Sunday.
	A M		P M		A M
Leave Florence	5 10		7 30	.....	6 30
Lv Fayetteville	.....		9 34	.....	9 50
Leave Selma	.....		.....	.....	11 49
Arrive Wilson	.....		11 30	.....	12 50
				No. 48, Daily.	
	A M		P M	P M	P M
Lv Wilmington	9 50	.....	7 45	4 00	.....
Leave Magnolia	11 10	.....	9 16	5 35	.....
Leave Goldsboro	12 20	.....	10 17	6 50	.....
Arrive Wilson	1 10	.....	11 00	7 42	.....
				No. 14, Daily.	
	A M		P M	P M	P M
Leave Wilson	1 10		11 30	7 42	.....
Ar Rocky Mount	2 00		12 08	8 30	.....
Arrive Tarboro	2 35	.....	..	.....	.....
Leave Tarboro	12 54	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv Rocky Mount	2 10		12 08	8 30	.....
Arrive Weldon	3 05		1 00	9 40	.....
	P M		A M	P M	

Trains on Scotland Neck Branch road leave Weldon 3:40 p m; Halifax, 4:00 p m; arrive Scotland Neck 4:48; Greenville, 6:28 p m; Kinston, 7:30 p m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:20 a m; Greenville, 8:22 a m; arriving at Halifax 11:00 a m; Weldon 11:20 a m, daily, except Sunday.

Trains on Washington branch leave Washington 7 00, a m., arrives at Parmele 8 40 a m, Tarboro 9 50—returning leaves Tarboro 4 40 p m, Parmele 6 00 p m, arrives Washington 7 30 p m, daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Scotland Neck Branch.

Train leaves Tarboro, via. Albemarle & Raleigh R. R., daily, except Sunday, 5 00 p m, Sunday 3.00 p m; arrive Plymouth 9:20 p m, 5:20 p m. Returning leaves Plymouth daily, except Sunday 5:30 a m, Sunday 10:00 a m; arrive Tarboro 10:25 a m, and 12:20 p m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 6:00 a m; arrive Smithfield 7:30 a m. Returning leaves Smithfield 8:00 a m; arrives Goldsboro 9:30 a m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount 6:15 p m; arrives Nashville 6:50 p m; Springhope, 7:15 p m. Returning leaves Springhope 8:00 a m, Nashville, 8:35 a m; arriving at Rocky Mount 9:15 a m, daily, except Sunday;

Train on Latta Branch Florence R R leaves Latta 7.30 p m; arrive Dunbar 8 40 p m. Returning leave Dunbar 6 00 a m; arrive Latta 7 15 a m. Daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday, at 6.00 p m, and 11:30 a m. Returning leaves Clinton at 8.20 a m, and 3:10 p m, connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 40, 23 and 78.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North, daily, all rail via. Richmond, and daily, except Sunday, via. Portsmouth and Bay Line. Also at Rocky Mount with Norfolk and Carolina road for Norfolk daily and all points North via Norfolk daily except Sunday.

JOHN F. DIVINE,
General Sup't.
J R KENLY, Gen'l Manager
T M EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

Norfolk & Carolina Railroad.

Condensed Schedule.

In Effect May 1st, 1893.

Trains Going South.

	No. ‡103	No. *23
Lv Norfolk	2 10 p m	9 15 a m
" Drivers	2 46 p m	10 07 a m
" Suffolk	2 58 p m	10 22 a m
" Gates	3 28 p m	10 58 a m
" Tunis	3 49 p m	11 19 a m
" Aboskie	4 10 p m	11 37 a m
" Aulander	4 21 p m	11 53 a m
" Hobgood	5 02 p m	12 32 a m
Ar Tarboro	5 29 p m	12 54 a m
" Rocky Mount	5 57 p m	1 25 p m

Trains Going North.

	No. *78	‡No. 102
Lv Rocky Mount	2 05 p m	6 30 a m
Ar Tarboro	2 35 p m	6 58 a m
" Hobgood	2 54 p m	7 19 a m
" Aulander	3 31 p m	7 58 a m
" Aboskie	3 43 p m	8 15 a m
" Tunis	4 07 p m	8 31 a m
" Gates	4 26 p m	8 51 a m
" Suffolk	5 00 p m	9 28 a m
" Drivers	5 13 p m	9 40 a m
" Norfolk	6 05 p m	10 25 a m

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday.

No 23 daily carries Pullman Parlor Car from Norfolk to Rocky Mount and connects with A. C. L., train No 23, for all points south.

No. 103 daily except Sunday, makes close connection at Hobgood for Washington, N. C.; Kinston, N. C.; Plymouth, N C; and all Eastern Carolina points. Also at Rocky Mount with A C L train 27 for all points South.

Trains arrive at Norfolk at 6 05 p m daily with Pullman Parlor Car from Rocky Mount to Norfolk. Also at 10.25 a m daily except Sunday.

Baggage checked at Company's Norfolk wharf and also at office of Passenger and Ticket Agent, 96 Main street.

For tickets to all points South, Sleeping Car reservations and general information call on or address

J. A. NEUGEBAUER,
Ticket and Passenger Agt., Norfolk, Va.
JAMES F MAUPIN,
General Forwarding Agent.
T. M. EMERSON, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.
G. M. SERPELL, Gen. Manager

NOTICE!—On Tuesday, the 6th day of June, 1893, it being Tuesday of June Court week, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Wilson, N. C., a certain tract of land in Toisnot township adjoining the lands of Kinchen Edwards, Sarah Robbins, Jesse Dixon, Julia Braswell and others, containing (70) seventy acres more or less—known as the Luper tract—to satisfy an execution in my hands for collection for balance due W. H. Petway and wife, on the purchase money for said land.

J. W. CROWELL, Sheriff.
apr27-6t