

## THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

By CONAN DOYLE.

THIS STORY WILL BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

"Listen to me, sahib," said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. "You must either be with us now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate. Either you are heart and soul with us



I TRIED TO STAND OUTSIDE THE GATEWAY.

on your oath on the cross of the Christians, or your body this night shall be thrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Which is it to be, death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come again.

"How can I decide?" said I. "You have not told me what you want of me. But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome."

"It is nothing against the fort," said he. "We only ask you to do that which your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us this night, we will wear to you upon the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh was ever known to break that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can say no fairer."

"But what is the treasure, then?" I asked. "I am as ready to be rich as you can be, if you will but show me how it can be done."

"You swear, then," said he, "by the bones of your father, by the honor of your mother, by the crosses of your faith, to raise no hand and speak no word against us, either now or afterwards?"

"I will swear it, I answered, "provided that the fort is not endangered."

"Then my comrade and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure, which shall be equally divided among the four of us."

"There are but three," said I. "No! Dost Akbar must have his share. We can tell the tale to you while we await them. Do you stand at the gate, Mahomet Singh, and give notice of their coming. The thing stands thus, Sahib, and I tell it to you because I know that an oath is binding upon a Feringhee, and that we may trust you. Had you been a lying Hindoo, though you had sworn by all the gods in their false temples, your blood would have been upon the knife, and your body in the water. But the Sikh knows the Englishman, and the Englishman knows the Sikh. Harkon, then, to what I have to say."

"This pretended merchant, who travels under the name of Achmet, is now in the city of Agra, and desires to gain his way into the fort. He has with him as travelling companion my foster-brother, Dost-Akbar, who knows his secret. Dost-Akbar has promised who might be had in a moment should take it to the fort at Agra, there to lie until the land is at peace. Thus if the rebels won he would have his money, but if the company conquer his jewels would be saved to him. Having thus divided his hoard he threw himself into the cause of the Sepoys, since they were strong upon his borders. By doing this, mark you, sahib, his property becomes the due of those who have been true to their salt."

rajah shall be divided among us. What say you to it, sahib?"

"In Worcestershire the life of a man seems a great and a sacred thing; but it is very different when there is fire and blood all round you and you have been used to meeting death at every turn. Whether Achmet, the merchant lived or died was a thing as light as air to me, but at the talk about the treasure my heart turned to it, and I thought of what I might do in the old country with it, and how my folks would stare when they saw their ne'er-do-well coming back with his pockets full of gold mohors. I had, therefore, already made up my mind. Abdullah Khan, however, thinking that I hesitated, pressed the matter more closely."

"Consider, sahib," said he, "that if this man is taken by the commandant he will be hung or shot, and his jewels taken by the government, so that no man will be a rupee the better for them. Now, since we do the taking of him, why should we not do the rest as well? The jewels will be as well as us as in the company's coffers. There will be enough to make every one of us rich men and great chiefs. No one can know about the matter, for here we are out of from all men. What can be better for the purpose? Say again, then, sahib, whether you are with us, or if we must look upon you as an enemy."

"I am with you heart and soul," said I.

"It is well," he answered, handing me back my firelock. "You see that we trust you for your word, like ours, is not to be broken. We have now only to wait for my brother and the merchant."

"Does your brother know, then, of what you will do?" I asked.

"The plan is his. He has devised it. We will go to the gate and share the watch with Mahomet Singh."

"The rain was still falling steadily, for it was just the beginning of the wet season. Brown heavy clouds were drifting across the sky, and it was hard to see more than a step or so. A deep moat lay in front of our door, but the water was in places nearly dried up, and it could easily be crossed. It was strange to me to be standing there, with these two wild ruffians waiting for the man who was coming to his death."

"Suddenly my eye caught the glint of a shaded lantern at the other side of the moat. It vanished among the mound-heaps, and then appeared again coming slowly in our direction."

"Here they are!" I exclaimed.

"You will challenge him, sahib, as usual," whispered Abdullah. "Give him no cause for fear. Send us in with him, and we shall do the rest while you stay here on guard. Have the lantern ready to uncover, that we may be sure that it is indeed the man."

"The light had flickered onwards, now stopping and now advancing, until I could see two dark figures upon the other side of the moat. Let them scramble down the sloping bank, splash through the mire, and climb half-way up to the gate, before I challenged them."

"Who goes there?" said I in a subdued voice.

"Friends," came the answer. "I uncovered my lantern and threw a flood of light upon them. The first was an enormous Sikh, with a black beard which swept nearly down to his com-munard. Outside of a show I have never seen so tall a man. The other was a little fat, round fellow, with a great yellow turban, and a bundle in his hand, done up in a shawl. He seemed to be all in a quiver with fear."

"WHAT HAVE YOU IN THE BUNDLE?" I ASKED.

for his hands twitched as if he had the ague, and his head kept turning to left and right with two bright little twinkling eyes, like a mouse when he ventures out from his hole. It gave me the shills to think of killing him, but I thought of the treasure, and my heart set as hard as a flint within me. When he saw my white face he gave a little shriek of joy and came running up towards me.

"An iron box," he answered, "which contains one or two little family matters which are of no value to others, but which I should be sorry to lose. Yet I am not a beggar, and I shall reward you, young sahib, and your governor also, if he will give me the shelter I ask."

"I could not trust myself to speak longer with the man. The more I looked at his fat, frightened face, the harder did it seem that we should slay him in cold blood. It was best to get it over."

"Take him to the main guard," said I. The two Sikhs closed in upon him on each side, and the giant walked behind, while they marched in through the dark gateway. Never was a man so compassed round with death. I remained at the gateway with the lantern.

"I could hear the measured tramp of their footsteps sounding through the lonely corridors. Suddenly it ceased, and I heard voices, and a sniff, with the sound of blows. A moment later there came, to my horror, a rush of footsteps coming in my direction, with the loud breathing of a running man. I turned my lantern down the long, straight passage, and there was the fat man, running like the wind, with a smear of blood across his face, and close at his heels, bounding like a tiger, the great black-bearded Sikh, with a knife flashing in his hand. I have never seen a man run so fast as that little merchant. He was gaining on the Sikh, and I could see that if he once passed me and got to the open air he would save himself yet. My heart softened to him, but again the thought of his treasure turned me hard and cold. I cast my firelock between his legs, and he rolled twice over like a shot rabbit. Ere he could stagger to his feet, the Sikh was upon him, and buried his knife twice in his side. The man never uttered a sound nor moved a muscle, but lay where he had fallen. I think myself that he may have broken his neck with the fall. You see, gentlemen, that I am keeping my promise. I am telling you every word of the business just exactly as it happened, whether it is in my favor or not."

It stopped and held out his mangled hands for the whisky and water which Achmet had brewed for him. For myself, I confess that I had no concern for the utmost honor of the man, not only for this cold-blooded business in which he had been concerned, but even more for the somewhat flippant and careless way in which he narrated it. Whatever punishment was in store for him, I felt that he might expect no sympathy from me. Sherlock Holmes and I went out with their hands upon their knees, deeply interested in the story, but with the same disgust written upon their faces. He may have noticed it, for there was a touch of defiance in his voice and manner as he proceeded.

"It was all very bad, no doubt," said he. "I should like to know how many fellows in my shoes would have refused a share of this loot when they knew that they would have their throats cut for their palms. Besides, it was my life or his when once he was in the fort. If he had got out, the whole business would have come to light, and I should have been court-martialed and shot as likely as not; for people were not very lenient at a time like that."

"Go on with your story," said Holmes, shortly.

"Well, we carried him in, Abdullah, Akbar and I. A fine weight he was, too, for all that he was so short. Mahomet Singh was left to guard the door. We took him to a place which the Sikhs had already prepared. It was some distance off, where a winding passage leads to a great empty hall, the brick walls of which were all crumbling to pieces. The earth floor had sunk in at one place, making a natural grave, so we left Achmet the merchant there, having first covered him over with loose bricks. This done, we all went back to the treasure."

"It lay where he had dropped it when he was first attacked. The box was the same which now lies open upon your table. A key was hung by a silken cord to that carved handle upon the top. We opened it, and the light of the lantern gleamed upon a collection of gems such as I have read of and thought about when I was a little lad at Perthshire. It was blinding to look upon them. When we had feasted our eyes we took them all out and made a list of them. There were one hundred and forty-three diamonds of the first water, including one which has been called, I believe, 'the Great Mogul,' and is said to be the second largest stone in existence. There were ninety-seven very fine emeralds, and one hundred and seventy rubies, some of which, however, were small. There were forty carbuncles, two hundred and ten sapphires, sixty-one opals and a great quantity of beryls, onyxes, cat's-eyes, turquoises and other stones, the very names of which I did not know at the time, though I have become more familiar with them since. Besides this, there were nearly three hundred very fine pearls, twelve of which were set in a gold coronet. By the way, these last had been taken out of the chest and were not there when I recovered it."

"After we had counted our treasures we put them back into the chest and carried them to the gateway to show them to Mahomet Singh. Then we solemnly renewed our oath to one another, and he was to be true to us, and we agreed to conceal our loot in a safe place until the country should be at peace again, and then to divide it equally among ourselves. There was no use dividing it at present, for if news of such value were found upon us it would cause suspicion, and there was no privacy in the fort nor any place where we could keep them. We carried the box, therefore, into the same hall where we had buried the body, and there, under certain bricks in the best-preserved wall, we made a hollow and put our treasures. We made

careful note of the place, and next day I drew four plans, one for each of us, and put the sign of the four of us at the bottom, for we had sworn that we should each always act for all, so that none might take advantage. That is an oath that I can put my hand to my heart and swear that I have never broken."

"Well, there's no use my telling you, gentlemen, what came of the Indian mutiny. After Wilson took Delhi and Sir Colin relieved Lucknow the back of the business was broken. Fresh troops came pouring in, and Khan Sahib made himself scarce over the frontier. A flying column under Col. Gresham came round to Agra and cleared the Pandies away from it. Peace seemed to be settling upon the country, and we four were beginning to hope that the time was at hand when we might safely go off with our shares of the plunder. In a moment, however, our hopes were shattered by our being arrested as the murderers of Achmet."

"It came about in this way: When the rajah put his jewels into the hands of Achmet he did it because he knew that he was a trusty man. They are suspicious folk in the east, however, so what does this rajah do but take a second even more trusty person and set him to play the spy upon the first? This second man was ordered never to let Achmet out of his sight, and he followed him like a shadow. He went after him that night, and saw him pass through the gateway. Of course he thought he had taken refuge in the fort, and applied for admission there himself next day, but he found no trace of Achmet. This caused him so strange that he spoke about it to a servant of the rajah, who brought it to the ears of the commandant. A thorough search was quickly made, and the body was discovered. Thus at the very moment that all four seized and brought to trial on a charge of murder—'three of us because we held the gate that night, and the fourth because he was known to have been company'—the doer of the deed was in the fort, and his jewels came out at the trial, for the rajah had been deposed and driven out of India; so no one had any particular interest in them. The murder, however, was clearly made out, and it was certain that we must all have been concerned in it. The three Sikhs got penal servitude for life, and I was condemned to death, though my sentence was afterwards commuted to the same as the others."

"It was rather a queer notion that we found ourselves in. There we were, all four, in the long, low, dingy cell, with precious little chance of ever getting out again, while we each held a secret which might have put each of us in a palace if we could only have made use of it. It was enough to make a man set his heart out to have to stand the kick and the cuff of every petty jack in office, to have to eat and sleep in a cell, while that gorgeous fortune was ready for him outside, just waiting to be plucked up. It might have driven me mad; but I was always a pretty stubborn one, so I just held on and bided my time."

"At last it seemed to me to have come. I was changed from Agra to Madras, and from there to Blair Island in the Andamans. There are very few white convicts at this settlement, and, as I had behaved well from the first, I soon found myself a member of privileged persons. I was given a hut in a tops town, which is a small place on the slopes of Mount Harriet, and I was left to my own devices. It is a dreary, filthy, and striped place, and all beyond our little clearings was infested with wild animal natives, who were ready enough to blow a poisoned dart at us if they saw a chance. There was digging, and ditching, and yam-planting, and we dozes other things to be done, so we were busy enough all day, though in the evening we had a little time to ourselves. Among other things, I learned to dispense drugs for the surgeons, and picked up a smattering of the knowledge. All the time I was on the look-out for a chance of escape; but in hundreds of miles from any other land, and there is little or no wind in those seas; so it was a terribly difficult job to get away."

"The surgeon, Dr. Somerset, was a fast, sporting young chap, and the other young officers would meet in his rooms on an evening and play cards. The surgery, where I used to make up my drugs, was next to his sitting-room, with a small window between us. Often, if I felt lonesome, I used to turn out the lamp in the surgery, and then, standing there, I could hear their talk and watch them play. I am fond of a hand at cards myself, and it was not long as I had my eye on it to watch the others. There was Maj. Shoite, Capt. Morestan and Lieut. Bromley Brown, who were in command of the native troops, and there was the surgeon himself, and two or three prison-officials, crafty old heads who played a nice sly game to make."

"Well, there was one thing which very soon struck me, and that was that soldiers used always to lose and the civilians to win. Mind, I don't say that there was anything unfair, but so it was. These prison chaps had some little else they played cards over since they had been at the Andamans, and they knew each other's game to a point, while the others just played to pass the time and threw their cards down anyhow. Night after night the soldiers got up poorer men, and the poorer they got the more keen they were to play. Maj. Shoite was the hardest hit. He used to pay in notes and gold at first, but soon it came to notes of hand and for big sums. He sometimes would win for a few days, but would set in against him worse than ever. All day he would wander about as black as thunder, and he took to drinking a deal more than was good for him."

"One night he lost even more heavily than usual. I was sitting in my hut when he and Capt. Morestan came stumbling along on the way to their quarters. They were boozed friends, those two, and never far apart. The major was raving about his losses. 'It's all up, Morestan,' he was saying, 'as they passed my hut. I shall have to send in my papers. I am a ruined man.'

"Nonsense, old chap!" said the other, slapping him upon the shoulder. "I've had a nasty fear myself, but that was all I could hear, but it was enough to set me thinking. 'A couple of days later Maj. Shoite was strolling on the beach; so I took the chance of speaking to him. 'I wish to have your advice, major,' said I. 'Well, small, what is it?' he said, taking his shag out of his lips. 'I wanted to ask you, sir,' said I, 'who is the proper person to whom hidden treasures should be handed over. I know where half a million worth lies, and, as I cannot use it myself, I thought perhaps the best thing that I could do would be to hand it over to the proper authorities, and then perhaps they would get my sentence shortened for me.'

"Half a million, Small?" he gasped, looking hard at me to see if I was in earnest. 'Quite that, sir—in jewels and pearls. It lies there ready for anyone. And the queer thing about it is that the real owner is outlawed and cannot hold property, so that it belongs to the first comer.'

"To government, Small," he stammered—"to government." But he said it in a hating fashion, and I know in my heart that I had got him. 'You think that, sir, that I should give the information to the governor general?' said I, quietly. 'Well, well, you must not do anything rash, or that you might regret. Let me hear all about it, Small. Give me the facts.'

"I told him the whole story, with small changes so that he could not identify the places. When I had finished he stood stock still and fell of thought. I could see by the twitch of his lip that there was a struggle going on within him. 'This is a very important matter, Small,' he said, at last. 'You must not say a word to anyone about it, and I shall see you again soon.'

"(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

5000,000 a Year From Fruit and Trees.

Manufacture of Board.

Mr. Lee McLendon, of the Plant system, Montgomery, Ala., has furnished the following statement of the probable shipments of watermelons over that road and its branches this season, showing that the present outlook indicates a total of over 10,000 carloads. There are 21,900 acres along that line in watermelons this season, the largest average ever reported. These 10,000 carloads will represent about 19,000,000 melons. These facts give some idea of the development of the trucking business in the South and its relation to railroad traffic. In hauling cotton 10,000 carloads would represent about 500,000 bales, or the product of 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 acres on the general average of about one-third to one-half a bale per acre; or, in other words, 22,000 acres in watermelons yield as many cars of freight as 1,000,000 acres in cotton.

Add to the 10,000 cars along this one system the productions of watermelons at other points, the thousands of cars of peaches which will go North from Georgia this year, the solid trainloads after day after day of strawberries and other fruits and vegetables from many parts of the South, and the magnitude of this industry—a growth of recent years—can be appreciated. This business means that within the next few years the fruit and market-garden business of the South, now bringing into this section at least \$50,000,000 a year, will amount to \$100,000,000 or more with a steady increase year after year.

Political Completion of the Supreme Court.

Politically speaking, the United States Supreme Court stands three Republicans—Gray, Brewer and Shiras—and two Democrats—Fuller and Field—against the constitutionalists of the income tax, and two Republicans—Harlan and Brown—and two Democrats—Jackson and White—in favor of it.

It told the situation.

Mr. J. H. Cobb, publisher of the Mirror, at Brookton, N. Y., says: "For nearly two years the Mirror has been publishing the advertisements of Chamberlain's Remedy. A few days ago the writer was suffering from a bowel trouble and resorted to an old remedy which did not prove efficacious. Finally he tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and two doses did the business, checking it completely. For sale by CURRY & KENNEDY, Druggists.



"I WISH TO HAVE YOUR ADVICE, MAJOR."

DECLARATION FOR FREE COINAGE. The Democratic State Executive Committee has adopted the Platform of Last Year, Calls on the Party to Get Together for Free Coinage, and Discourages the Memphis Bond Money Convention. Charlotte Observer.

At a conference of the executive committee of the Democratic party of North Carolina, held in Raleigh, May 20th, 1895, the following resolutions were adopted and ordered to be published: "That the executive committee of the Democratic party of the State of North Carolina, acting and speaking for and in behalf of the party, republish, reiterate and emphasize the declaration of the party made at the State convention, August 5, 1894, in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1."

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THE N. C. WOMAN SOLDIER. Who Recruited and Served With Her Husband in the Command of Col. B. Vance. B. T. Curran in Northern Journal.

I read the letter of Capt. Tuttle on the 23d N. C. Regiment in the Journal and was glad he brought to light a long forgotten piece of romance in the matter of the woman soldier. The woman soldier was discharged just about thirty-three years ago at Klan-ton, after the capture of New Bern by Gen'l. Burnside and just before the army was concentrated around Rich-mond for the great seven days engage-ment."

"I was informed of it at the time by an officer of the Regiment and have wondered that it had never appeared in print before. The circumstances were patriotic as well as romantic."

"As related to me then, and as I remember them now, they were that of a woman who followed her husband, a volunteer in the 23d N. C. Regiment, through the State and the mountains were slain with enthusiasm."

"A couple, not long married, lived by themselves in some mountain cave near Grand Father Mountain. The husband went to town one day and found everybody was going off to war. He took the martial spirit and enlisted at once. On going home to prepare for his departure for the tented field, a difficulty presented itself when he informed his wife of his ill-considered intention. 'What is to become of me?' said the woman. 'Stay here and do the best you can, and I will write you as soon as I can.' 'But I won't stay here by myself while you are gone,' she replied. 'If you go to the war, I am going too.'"

"Then the plan was made between them, that she should cut her hair short, put on a suit of her husband's clothes, go with him to the recruiting station and enlist under an assumed name. Her name in camp was Joe, but what else I never heard. To the Regiment Joe and the husband were looked upon as a couple of mountain boys well acquainted and fond of each other."

"On the 15th of April, 1862, a number of twelve months volunteers had completed their term of service and some wanted to go home and some were ready to enlist for the war, hence there was a kind of reorganization of some of the regiments going on. By some means the husband had to undergo a medical examination and was found to be physically unfit for military service and was discharged."

"It was a dilemma: Joe in the army and the husband out. What would he do at home by himself and his wife? He had then appeared to be the best thing to do, and that was to confess the deception and obtain her discharge which would necessary follow. Accordingly the next morning she went to the Colonel's quarters—and the Colonel was E. B. Vance of blessed memory."

"Col. I want to go home, said Joe, after the accustomed salutation. Well, Joe, said the Col., I suppose a good many of us would like to go home; but just now we are needed somewhere else. But Col. I ain't a man. No, Joe, but you soon will be—and a brave one, no doubt. No, Sir, I won't, Joe rejoined, I am a woman. The day's pay was, said Col. Vance, surprised and amused, at the confession of her proposition. How do you do, he called to the surgeon of the Regiment—here is a case for you. Joe had only to unbutton his jacket to establish the fact that his heavy Scotch patriotism and military assertion might burn in that bosom, yet it was none other than the bosom of a woman, and Joe was honorably discharged."

Joe had a good reputation for soldierly conduct and was thought to be a little bit the best cook in the regiment. His make of biscuits was so fine that he was often called upon to cook when it was not legitimately his turn; but no suspicion ever arose as to his lack of manhood."

"The two returned to their mountain home with the distinction of not only having been the only woman enlisted in the army, but also having the only wife in the army who volunteered for military service."

I suppose the exciting events of the following months was the reason this little romance was never made public through the newspapers. And I am glad that Capt. Tuttle alluded to it; but for that this account of the affair would probably never have been given and I think it was given to us by Capt. Phil Horton, of Wilkes county."

Business Correspondence.

The Progressive Farmer said, in a recent issue, speaking of counterfeit money: "If they use silver and put the proper amount in a dollar, let it circulate. If we were to find a man coming silver we would not tell it on him." Several of our countrymen have expressed surprise at this bold endorsement of a thing stamped by the laws of God and man as a crime. We are surprised at their surprise. If the Progressive Farmer should advise men who want money to crack notes and get it, or to go on the highway and hold up men who have it, such advice would bring with it no astonishment to us and should not be to any other regular reader of that paper. It is the best agent the devil ever had in North Carolina."

A Remarkable Case of Rheumatism. From the Globe Connected Series.

David Lewis, who has been afflicted all winter by rheumatism, is out again and all due to one of the medicines advertised in our columns. After trying everything possible, he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which cured him of all pain, from which he was a constant sufferer and promising to give him his job for duty soon. We know David has been a great sufferer and are glad to see him around again. For sale by CURRY & KENNEDY, Druggists.

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