



Dr. Spinney & Co

Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists
 Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century, whose successes are without Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, dependent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves strung, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feeling, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Diseases, quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Rashness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-forgiveness, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Deposits in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARIKOCELE and PILES, and **KNOTTED VEINS** of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent.

\$1000 for Failure.
RUPTURE and FISTULA CURED.
 The SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, plaques on the back and watery growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? **IMPO- TENCY** or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate **MARRIAGE**? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and positively bring back Lost Power. **MIDDLE-AGED MEN**. There are many troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

BOOK FREE—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

Dr. Spinney & Co

Office Hours—9 to 8 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m., also 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation free.
 290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

VARIKOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "varicose veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized and many powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure. **NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY.** NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, sharp, cutting pain at times, weak organs, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have **STRICTURE**. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing you. This will not cure you, and will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business. By our method, the sexual organs are strengthened, the nerves are invigorated, and the bills of manhood return.

Cures Guaranteed
 We treat and cure **BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPO TENCY, STRICTURE, VARIKOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, ENLARGED PROSTATE, GONORRHOEA, CONSULTATION FREE, ROOMS, FREE, CHARGES MODERATE.** Unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME Treatment.

KENNEDY & KERGAN
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PARISIAN
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 WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

AN HUMBLE HERO

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT
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"My Lord, Joe, I'd been a brute if I hadn't done it," Sim protested. "a plumb cowardly brute. You make too much over a little no 'count thing like that."

"It may seem of no account to you, but it doesn't to me, I can tell you. I guess it didn't seem so to the men who saw it either, judging from the way they cheered you. Why, even the enemy cheered."

"I didn't hear it," Sim said.
 "No, you were too busy trying to get me out of that awful place. I guess you didn't even hear the bullets whizzing round your head like a swarm of bees?"

"I didn't."
 "Well, I heard them, you can just bet. It was just like a hailstorm broken loose. I know I thought every second we'd both be killed, and I can't understand why we weren't. I begged you to leave me and save yourself if you could, and you wouldn't do it."

"Oh, waal, Joe, let's let that alone. I'm plumb tired of hearin' of that fool thing. It ain't worth kickin' up so much fuss about."

"Well, that's just your opinion, Sim. Other people see it differently. There there is the way you looked after me for weeks while I was in hospital. No father, no brother, my own mother even, could not have been more careful of me. I remember it all, Sim, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"Waal, that's all right, Joe," Sim said, "but I'm tired and hungry, so let's not say no more, but go along of Pap. I'll go to his house and rest a bit. Then I'll go and give myself up."

"You'll not give yourself up this day nor this night, Sim," Pap announced flatly. "You'll have one good rest first if I know myself, an I'm most shore I do, for if they git you into jail you won't have no rest that."

"No, but it's all right, Pap. I'm resigned to take whatever comes, an I reckon it don't matter much what it is. I ain't got anything to live for no more now, an I'd jest as well be dead as not."

"But you'll never be hurt, Sim," the other said. "Don't you think it. Not a hair of your head shall be touched."

Pap Sampson looked wonderingly at the speaker, saw something he had not observed before and in his astonishment unthoughtfully cried:

"My Lord, stranger, you're not goin to live long."

Thompson smiled.
 "I know it," he said, "but it is best. I only want to do one thing more, and then I'm done, and I'll live to do it; yes, I'll live to do it."

CHAPTER XXIII

SIM'S ARREST.

Sim Banks secured one good night's rest, as Pap Sampson had said, or at least if he didn't it was not the fault of Pap and Mirandy. The two old people did everything in their power to add to the comfort of their guests. "It's been a long time," Pap remarked, "since Sim's had any comfort, an he may never have any ag'in in this world, so we'll give him all we can while we have the chance."

"Pore Sim!" Mrs. Sampson said, with a sigh.
 "Pore Sim!" Pap repeated, sighing too.

"I wish he'd go away," Mrs. Sampson said, "what they couldn't never find him."

"I wish so, too," Pap agreed, "but he won't. Lord, he won't budge a inch. I've argued an reasoned an begged, but it ain't done no good. He's got his pegs set to stay, an stay he will."

"Yes, an I'm afraid, Pap, that they'll hang him."

"I dunno, I'm shore. They may not do so bad as that, but they'll send him to prison anyhow."

"That other man 'lows he can save him. But, Lord, Pap, he can't do it."

"Cos he can't. Lord a-massy, that feller can't do nothin for Sim. Guess he'd like to well enough, but likin to do a thing an doin it are two different things. No, sir-ee! He can't lift a finger to save Sim."

"No, but he's pow'ful in earnest 'bout it, an I believe he thinks he can."

"My land, I can't see what he figgers that he'll do."

"Neither do I, but I reckon he thinks he'll do something."

"Mebby he does. I been kinder thinkin, though, that he mought be jest a-talkin that a-way to sorter chirk Sim up a bit."

"Lord, he mought jest as well save his breath, then, 'cause Sim ain't takin no hope from what he is a-promisin'."

"Nary a grain, he ain't. I can see that jest as plain as the ears on a mule."

"Wonder how that man happened to come home with Sim anyhow?"

"I dunno, except Sim said he was jest set on a determined to come."

"Waal, I guess it don't matter much what he is, for he ain't got many more days in this world now. He was shot clean through that time Sim carried him off the battlefield, an now it's opened fresh an tuck to bleed. He 'lows it's liable to bleed in'ard jest any minute, an when it gits to doin that he's done."

"He is so. That was rale brave of Sim, the way he done, carryin that feller way from the battle, wa'n't it?"

"My land, I'd sasso. Didn't hardly reckon it was in Sim to do that a-way."

"Me neither. But, Lord, you can't never tell what a waked up dog'll do by lookin at him when he's asleep."

"That's so. An Sim jest begun to git gorter waked up 'fore he went away."

Jas. J. Couzens

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Zanzibar Anti-Rust Paint

Is the BEST Paint for
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Five years guarantee given with every job that it will not crack, scale or peel off. Is water-proof and fire-proof. All orders promptly filled to order.

D. H. WINTER,
 Emma Street, Chatham, 5th House down past General Hospital.

You mind how he done Jim Thorn that night at the store?

"Land of Goshen, Mirandy, I reckon I do. An that 'minds me. I wonder what Louey'll think when she hears Sim's come back?"

"I ain't no idea."

"I wish he hadn't never 'a' come."

"Lord, Pap, so do I. I hate to think 'bout what may happen to him."

"So do I. I'm goin to try ag'in in the mornin to git him to go away."

Sim entered the room, and Pap and Mirandy lapsed into silence. Whether Pap would have succeeded the next morning in persuading Sim to go remains a matter of doubt, for he never had a chance to try.

Before Sim had left his bed Sam Morgan came with a state warrant to arrest him. Mary Mann had discovered in some way that Sim had returned, and she reported it to Jim Thorn. The latter, overanxious to bring Sim to justice, had hurried before Squire Beeson and sworn out the warrant.

The squire's sympathies were with Sim, but he had his official duties to perform, no matter how disagreeable they might be. Sam Morgan, too, who still held the office of township constable, sympathized with Sim, although he believed him guilty. When he came to make the arrest, he said with an air of apology:

"I hate to do it, Sim; I do shore. I never done anything I hate to do, but I hate to do this, an if I had my way 'bout it I'd rather be switched."

"That's all right, Sam," Sim replied. "I'm not blamin you none."

"Of course you know how I'm fixed, Sim," Sam went on. "I'm standin right betwixt my own inclinations an the law, an, no matter how much I'd like to give way to the first, the law's got the right an has got to be heeded."

When a feller's fillin a responsible office under the law, he can't do as he pleases. He's jest got to set his eyes to his friendships an his personal likes an dislikes an not see nary another thing but the law an duty, 'cause when he goes into office he swears a solemn oath that he'll do jest that a-way."

"Yes, I know, Sam, an I ain't thinkin hard of you."

"I'm glad you look at it that way, Sim, 'cause we was allus good friends, an I don't want you to feel hurt at me. But, my land, Sim, you don't know how strict the law is an how it bears down on a body an hema him all in on ever' side, so he ain't got no right to do as he pleases no nothin. It's an awful solemn an responsible thing, this holdin office is, an a feller jest has to do his duty as he sees it, no matter what it costs nor who it pinches."

"That's all right, Sam. I ain't goin to argue."

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to have no hard feelings for no man jest 'cause he's doin his duty, an I



"I hate to do it, Sim."

know that's all you're doin now. I'm not blamin Squire Beeson neither, for he's not done anything he didn't have to do. It looks like Jim Thorn is puttin himself out a right smart, but maybe he feels that he ought to, an anyhow I ain't blamin him neither. I ain't blamin nobody."

"Waal, I'm glad you feel that a-way, Sim, I'm shore. I don't like the way Jim Thorn done, though, an I ain't liked the way he's done from the first. He was the first man to accuse you of that crime."

"But you all 'bivered it, Sam, all except Pap Sampson an Loueey."

"Yes, but how could we help it? I didn't want to, but you know how ever'thing was ag'in you. Then that was the threat you made that day over to Miss Mann's wheatfield an the words you said to me the last time I see you."

"I know. Ever'thing's ag'in me. But, Sam, if I was to swear to you that I'm innocent would you 'bieve me?"

"I would, Sim, 'cause I know you'd never swear to a lie."

"Then I swear to you that I never killed James Melvin. May God help me!"

"Sim Banks," Sam said, "from this minute I 'bieve you innocent. That's my hand on that."

"Thank you," Sim replied. "It does me a world of good to hear you say that. And now, Sam, I'm ready to go."

"All right. We'll go before Squire Beeson an let him set the day for your preliminary hearin, or will you waive that an wait for the grand jury to act?"

"I dunno. Which will be best?"

"Well, if you waive a hearin in the squire's court you'll have to go to jail, while if you have a hearin you mought git out on bail."

"Then I'll have a hearin, an the quicker the better. But what you reckon they'll do with me, Sam?"

"I can't say, Sim, but not much, I hope."

They had reached the door when Pap Sampson came from another room and called to Sam.

"What is it, Pap?" Sam asked.
 "It's about the man that come with Sim," Pap replied. "He wants you to send Squire Beeson an two other men here."

"What for?"
 "I don't know. He jest says he wants 'em, an, though he's so sick this mornin that he can't set up, he says if you don't send 'em he'll go to the squire's office even if he has to crawl ever' foot of the way on his han an knees."

"Lord, I'll send 'em, of course. But I can't make out what on earth he wants of 'em. Must want 'em putty particalar, too, to talk that a-way."

"Seems so. You better send Jason Roberts an Jake Hicks, I guess."

"All right, Pap, I'll send 'em."

As Sam and Sim walked down the street the former said:

"Who is that man that come with you, Sim?"
 "He's a feller I got to know in the army," Sim replied. "He come that two or three weeks after me, an he said his name was Thompson. That's 'bout all I know 'bout him."

"Don't you know what he belongs nor nothin?"
 "No. He never would speak of his past life nor of his home nor nothin."

"Humph! That's queer, ain't it?"
 "Yes, I thought it a little curious,