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Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indiscretions and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental weakness than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital forces; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you and you need never fear any return of the disease. We will give you a guaranteed blood tonic effect. We would warn you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poison but simply suppresses the symptoms.

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Don't Let your Life be Drained Away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our New Method Treatment will stop all Unnatural Losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure: Dropsy, Blood Diseases, Varicose, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, No cutting or operation. No deviation from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Booklet Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

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DR. GOLDBERG Discoverer of the Latest Method Treatment

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Thousands are troubled and do not know it. If you are in doubt as to whether you have one or both, call and see me and I will examine you free of charge. If you can not call write for question blank as I can cure you with my LATEST METHOD TREATMENT at home as well as at my office. I have cured thousands of patients suffering from the above troubles at home whom I never saw. Every case I accept I give a written guarantee to cure.

18 DIPLOMAS

Certificates and Licenses, received from the various colleges, hospitals and states, which testify to my standing and abilities. I periodically visit the principal hospitals, putting myself in touch with the latest and most scientific treatment. Remember, each time you call you see me personally.

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DR. GOLDBERG

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Entrance, 7 Wilcox Street.

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THE UNDOING OF A DOUBT BY HUGO ST. FINISTERRE, MD.

AUTHOR OF "WHO'S WHO, ETC., ETC."



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"Three—one is up the road and another at the bend in the direction of Aldine. The third is on the edge of the swamp. I suspect he has several companions with him, but if so they are keeping within the screen of the trees and undergrowth. This complicates the situation," she added, "for if you ride away on a horse you must meet one of the armed men, while if you go afoot the swamp is the only place that has afforded you any kind of a refuge and you cannot make use of it now."

"Why not ride boldly toward Aldine, meet my challenger and refer him to you on the question of my right to the animal which I should ride away from your house when the sun was shining?"

"If you were dealing with ordinary men in their senses, there would not be a shadow of danger in the situation, but—"

"We are talking like cowards! I am unworthy to be the daughter of Colonel Fitzroy Mansley. You will stay here in this home until in your own good time you choose to leave, and then you shall do so unquestioned."

"It shall be as you say," I replied, catching her courageous spirit.

All that she said was true. The house was under surveillance, and the vigilantes were gathered on the edge of Black Man's swamp. The discussion among the members had been long and angry, but it was ended at last, and Jim Dungan was still the leader.

"At 7 o'clock tonight," he said to his followers, "let every one of you be on hand at Tom Bullfinch's. Sam and Jake will keep watch of Colonel Mansley's house to make sure he doesn't slip away. We'll go together and wind up this business in good shape."

And with this understanding the vigilantes separated to their homes to await the decisive hour that had been announced by their leader.

CHAPTER XXV.

I found the home of Colonel Mansley better prepared for defense than would be suspected. Like most southerners, he was fond of hunting, and in his house were two fine rifles, a shotgun and a small revolver. The smaller rifle and pistol were the property of his daughter, who was an expert in their use as well as a horsewoman of consummate skill. The revolver belonging to the colonel had been taken by him when he rode off in quest of re-enforcements, so that no cartridges were found of which I could make use. But his rifle was placed at my disposal, while Miss Mansley was similarly armed.

Our hope was that if the vigilantes arrived before the master of the house we could stand them off until he came. The real strength of this peculiar defense, as it seemed to me, lay in the personality of the young woman, who was well known and universally respected. It was hard to believe that a company of her neighbors would proceed to violence in which she was sure to become involved, but when I intimated such belief she shook her head, and since she knew them better than I her views were entitled to belief.

Erastus Brown was our main reliance among the servants. He expressed an eagerness to join in the defense, but since he refrained from doing so until after his mistress' announcement that he was to confine his services to watching the house, it cannot be believed he was much disappointed. The other men, of whom there were several, were enjoined to scan the country in every direction and report promptly the discovery of anything suspicious.

Early in the afternoon, when everything appeared to be quiet, Miss Mansley and I ate a hasty lunch. We remained in the parlor, moving from window to window, talking together in low tones and continually on the alert. Nothing could be clearer to me than our powerlessness against a determined attack. If our assailants should confine their assault to the front of the house, where they would be in fair range, it is probable that we could have held them off indefinitely, but it was too much to expect them to butt their heads against a wall in that fashion.

It was about the middle of the afternoon that Erastus Brown, who was on the lookout at one of the upper windows, rushed down stairs in a state of excitement, with startling news.

"Dey're comin'!" he gasped. "Dey'll be here in a few minutes!"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Miss Mansley, betraying less excitement than myself.

"De biggerists, dat am gwine to tore de house down!"

"How many?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five; I counted 'em!"

Instead of replying to this astounding declaration, the young woman ran up stairs. She had hardly disappeared, when she uttered a glad cry.

"Father is returning!" she called.

Almost instantly she reappeared at the head of the stairs and hastened to my side, her face aglow with delighted excitement.

"Is he alone?" I asked.

"He brings re-enforcements. Isn't it grand?"

"How many?"

"Two—sufficient to repel 100."

Evidently the daughter held a good opinion of her parent's courage. Nevertheless four determined men (for I include myself constituted a formidable force, to say nothing of the brave young woman).

A few minutes later the three horsemen dashed up and leaped from their saddles.

Erastus was on hand to take charge of their animals, and Esther opened the



Esther was clasped in the arms of her father.

massive front door and was clasped in the arms of her father, who affectionately kissed and embraced her.

Quickly she had explained everything and introduced me to her parent, who cordially greeted my hand and presented me to his companions.

Colonel Fitzroy Mansley was a West Pointer, a veteran of the Confederacy and one of the finest looking men I ever looked upon. He was tall, erect, with a pronounced military bearing, silvery white hair, a keen eye, pink cheeks, an aquiline nose and a set of natural teeth almost as fine as his daughter's. He was an ideal soldier and as chivalrous a knight as ever rode under the standard of Godfrey of Bouillon. His companions, like him, had served the Confederacy from the first Manassas to Appomattox and most of the time with him. One was Captain Hugh Warren and the other Captain Sam Vernon.

Needless to say, they would not have been appealed to by Colonel Mansley had he not known the stuff of which they were made. They welcomed the opportunity for a brush of this nature that would serve to recall the days of the bivouac, the camp and the battlefield. Each of the couple brought a Winchester and a revolver and within the same minute that they reached the colonel's residence were ready for "business."

It came out that there had been a third recruit in the person of Sheriff Butlin, but on the road whom should they meet but Hank Beyer, mounted on his father's best horse and doing his utmost to get out of a section which he saw would soon become too hot to hold him. The sheriff promptly arrested the young man and started for the county seat, a dozen miles distant. The sympathy and respect felt for Beyer's father led the party to drive to his home with a statement of the first flurry with a view to allowing the parent an opportunity of giving bail if he chose for his son. But Major Beyer had become convinced at last of his worthlessness and refused longer to acknowledge him or have anything further to do with the scapegrace.

"Take and do with him what you choose. I never wish to look upon his face again," said the old Roman, turning away.

It may as well be stated that the sheriff conducted his prisoner to the county seat without difficulty, and there in a moment he was placed upon trial to answer several charges, was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years.

And so it may be said at last that my double was undone.

"Mr. Kenmore," remarked Colonel Mansley after the first flurry was over, "I deeply regret that you should receive such an introduction to Mississippi, but if some of our people are inhospitable we intend to prove to you that others know how to treat a gentleman. These hours are in need of the salutary lesson that awaits them."

"That was proved long since. It will always be a cause of deep regret to me that I should have brought this trouble upon you and—"

"Tut, tut, tut! None of that! We are doing a simple act of duty, which you and your friends in the north would be quick to reciprocate were our situations reversed."

Before I could say more he called to Captains Warren and Vernon to join us in a council of war.

It was agreed that one of the officers should post himself on the east of the house and the other on the right, through it was almost certain that the vigilantes would come from Aldine, lying to the west. The moment they were discovered Captain Warren was to give the signal, when he and his comrade would withdraw to the house. There we should defend ourselves as the exigencies presented themselves. The request of Miss Mansley to assist us was firmly declined.

"Your place is in your room," her father said, patting her head affectionately.

seely, you will be good enough to go thither and remain until I send for you."

She knew better than to protest, and kissing him goodby for the time did as directed.

Night was closing in. Most of the servants had been sent to their quarters, but to show Colonel Mansley's contempt for the vigilantes the lights were lit through the lower part of the house, and when we ate our evening meal every one of us could have been picked off from the outside without risk to the sharpshooter. I confess I felt nervous when I glanced at the windows, whose curtains were raised and the shutters thrown back.

At the conclusion of the meal the captains repaired to their stations and the colonel and I went into the parlor, where all was darkness. Everything possible had been done, and we were in readiness for the attack that we were certain would soon be made. Sure enough, less than half an hour had passed when, through the stillness, we heard a whistle from Captain Warren.

"Our friends are prompt," remarked Colonel Mansley. "They will be here in 10 or 15 minutes."

"Why not ride boldly toward Aldine, meet my challenger and refer him to you on the question of my right to the animal which I should ride away from your house when the sun was shining?"

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CHAPTER XXVI.

The course of Colonel Mansley was characteristic from the first. When he and his two friends rode through the little village of Aldine on their way home, it was in his power to brush aside every threatening cloud and bring peace and good will upon the excited community. He had only to draw rein and make known to the loiterers around the place that the genuine Hank Beyer had been arrested and was then on his way to the county seat in charge of the sheriff. The fact that his own father had received the scamp and refused to assist him would have placed the identity of the young man beyond doubt.

And yet the colonel resolutely refused to speak the word. Believing that I had taken refuge under his roof, he was eager to defend me, and, as he expressed it, meant to teach the bores a lesson they would remember all their lives. In his stern wrath he scorned to acknowledge the salutations of his neighbors, but rode forward, grim, determined and silent, to his home. To use a common expression, the veteran was spilling for a fight.

As for myself, I should have been glad to withdraw when night came, and, mounted on a swift horse, taken my chances of escape—which were good—but I dared not propose anything of that nature to my host, who laid out his line of action and would brook no interference from any one.

The warning whistle of Captain Warren had scarcely reached us in the stillness of the autumn night when he came in sight through the gloom, walking rapidly up the front path. Before he reached the porch he was joined by Captain Vernon, who opened the unfashioned door and entered the parlor.

"Well," said the former, without the slightest agitation, "they are within 100 yards and coming at a fast gait."

"How many do you make?" inquired the colonel.

"It is hard to tell in the darkness, but all seem to be talking at the same time, and they are straggling along, apparently without a leader. There must be a score."

"No doubt Jim Dungan is at their head, and he is as brave as he is foolish."

"They need a sharp lesson."

"And will receive it. They will approach from the front," added the colonel. "We shall have a few words with them before the firing begins. Most of the men have seen service, and they will first sum up to surrender. It is my policy to compel them to strike the opening blow. You three will station yourselves by the windows at the front of the parlor, with the sashes raised. When I give the word, we will all open fire together."

"We promise you that," assented Captain Warren, speaking for the rest of us.

"And don't forget that each of you has a repeating Winchester. Pump the shots into them as fast as you can. A battle is often won by its opening. It will be mercy to the survivors to pick off a dozen or so. The chances are that they will run after a reception like that."

"Perhaps to organize in larger force than before."

"What of that?" demanded the colonel as if he smuffed the battle and revelled in the intoxication it imparted. "Ah, there they are!"

Looking out from the darkened parlor, we saw a number of shadowy figures gathering near the entrance to the grounds. The night was like the preceding one, cool, crisp and clear, with only the star gleam to aid our vision. This was weakened by the shade of the trees that surrounded the house, but by looking straight down the wide walk there was little difficulty in making out the moving forms.

As nearly as I could judge there were twenty odd, so that the vigilantes of the preceding night had been augmented by others. They had halted at the entrance to the grounds, as if for consultation.

There were four windows at the front of the parlor, and three of us took our station there, each with a rifle in hand. Colonel Mansley, as our leader, remained in the hall near the front door, ready to receive the message which was expected from the mob. In the impressive silence I caught the sound of a light footfall at the head of the stairs. Miss Mansley had violated the command of her parent to the extent of leaving her room.

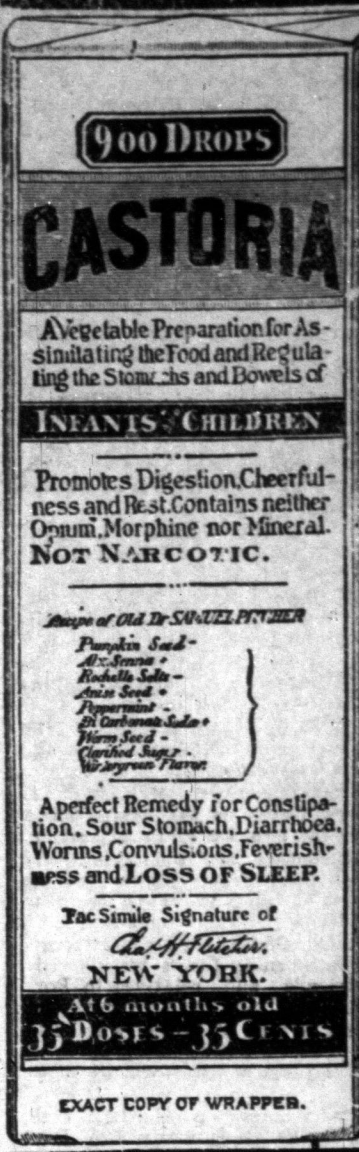
To be Continued.

DIRE.

Clubberly—"Just because I haven't paid my bill for a year, my tailor won't make me another suit of clothes."

Castleton—"What will you do?" "I shall threaten to take my trade elsewhere."

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It is therefore perfectly smooth. Being smooth it is strong—free from knots or flaws.

Better than cotton or linen because it lasts longer, goes further, and won't fade.

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