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OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and healthy. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SPERMIA, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

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## THE MESSENGER FROM KHARTOUM

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Dr. Jack's Wife," "Miss Caprice," Etc., Etc.

He declares he is beginning to grow old; that this is the real reason. Myneer Joe got the better of him in the affair of honor. But if he is unable to wield the sword with the same dexterity as of yore, he has gained in other things. As a man grows older, he is apt to prove more foolish with regard to love affairs. The baron knows it, and does not deny the soft impeachment with regard to himself. It is time he was snuffing and keeping his place in the family.

These sorts of comfortable reflections come to his mind when he lolls back in comfort in the shagreen and thinks of the future. Myneer Joe, outwitted at last and deserted by the fair American, will fly from India. The baron may finish his diplomatic task with honor, proceed with his bride to St. Petersburg and be received with great eclat by both potentate and people whom he has mutually served by his brilliant work.

Thus he smokes, smoking his cigar meanwhile and taking life as comfortably as he can. It strikes him that the vehicle is tossing about more than is necessary, if the driver has taken the direct road, and the baron idly thrusts his head out of the open window.

The moon is concealed for the time, being back of some clouds, so that all he can make out is that the neighborhood does not seem familiar. Just then there is a grand lurch; one side of the shagreen drops into a small cavity in the street, and the baron comes very near being tossed out. He has the length somewhat shaken from his body by the sudden concussion. The vehicle comes to a sudden stand. This makes the baron furious; he has a violent temper that occasionally flashes into hot heat when things do not go to please him.

"Sahib, I am here," answers a voice. "Oh, you are! Unfasten this door! I cannot make it slide," snaps the baron.

"Sahib, it opens this way." Whereupon the baron steps out upon the street.

"Where are we?" he demands, looking around at the dimly seen houses, with their strange fronts. "I do not recognize the place. This is not the road from the hotel to my rooms—the road we travelled over in going. Speak, Kito!"

"It is not, sahib," meekly replies the humble driver, who stands close by him.

"How does this come, miserable dog?" demands the Russian, half tempted to chastise the wretch who has led him into this pickle.

"It is my fault. I thought to take a short cut to your rooms. The moon betrayed me. I saw not this hole. Thank Allah, it is no worse," replies the other, endeavoring apparently to conciliate him; but the enraged Russian grows warmer every minute.

"No worse? You fool, unless we can lift the wheel out of the hole, I may have to walk all through your stupidity! Do you know, I've a mind to teach you a lesson such as the serfs in Russia learned long ago."

With that, he seizes the blind with passion, leaps over the vehicle and snatches the whip.

It is a wicked looking instrument of torture, especially in the hand of one who knows how to handle such a thing; and the baron, no doubt, has had enough experience among sledge dogs during his journeys in the frozen wastes of Siberia to be able to pluck a piece of flesh from a certain spot on an animal. An adieu with such a whip can annihilate a horse fly that has lodged upon the back of the leader, and although the report sounds like the discharge of a pistol, the animal has not been even touched.

It can be set down as certain, therefore, that the person familiar with a whip has no desire to feel such an instrument of torture laid upon his back or legs. Kito raises his hand in protest.

"Sahib, forbear! It would not be well for you to strike me," he says, calmly. "The moon has appeared again; it shows a singular spectacle—the shagreen partly turned over, the angry baron, whip in hand, and the splendid figure of his Hindoo driver standing there in an attitude of fearless warning; his right arm raised as if to keep the Russian from going too far."

Perhaps the baron had seen the knot laid upon wretched humanity so often in his native land that his first inclination is to use a whip upon one for whom he has conceived a sudden anger, not counting the consequences. That may do when applied to the debased serfs of Russia, but it will not be endured in this land, where proud blood flows through the veins of even the meanest of the people.

The baron does not know what he invites. He sees the action of his driver, and instead of moderating his zeal, it enrages him still more.

"You scoundrel! Dare to threaten me, a Russian nobleman! Take that!" The moon has appeared again; the cruel whip a sudden momentum. The lash cuts the air and comes with a tremendous snap against the limbs of the Hindoo driver.

He simply gives an exclamation, although the pain must be intense. Hardly has the blow been struck than the athletic form of the driver is seen in motion. Instead of retreating, he springs toward the baron. Already he is too near the Russian for the other to apply the lash a second time.

He immediately drops the whip, having no further use for it, and throws

himself into an attitude of self-defence. In addition to being a master with the foil and a champion pistol shot, the baron has done what Russian officers do not practice as much as their British cousins; he knows the science of self-defence. He is not a giant in size, nor yet a pigmy, but a well-formed man, with muscles hardened by constant exercise.

Thus, when the Hindoo driver comes plunging at him, Baron Popoff assumes his favorite attitude and expects to lay the fellow out with one solid blow. Like many another man, he counts without his host.

As the driver reaches the baron, he, too, has his hands before him in pugilistic style. There is a quick interchange of blows, some lightning counter and the dull sound of a heavy stroke is heard.

Baron Popoff gives no cry, but sinks to the ground several feet away, senseless. Perhaps, in that brief space of time when he finds his most difficult leads met and parried by his antagonist, some dim suspicion of the truth may have flashed into his brain. No common Hindoo driver could use his fists in this style.

Before he has time to form a definite conclusion, however, there comes the blow that all his science cannot ward off, and the unlucky Russian knows no more until he opens his eyes on a strange scene, with the shores of India low down in the east.

Others have made their appearance—Mr. Grimes himself. Besides, here is Kassee and Sandy Barlow.

Then the Hindoo driver, Kito, the man who delivered such a telling blow to the baron, must also be an old acquaintance. Mr. Grimes has him by the hand. In a cherry tone he exclaims:

"That was a knockout worthy of a Sullivan, Myneer Joe! It cancels all your past obligations to the baron."

"He struck me with the whip, the spot where the terrible lash had flogged him and drawn blood. It's lucky for him my nature differs from his own, or I'd have his life for that blow."

"If you haven't taken it already, I'm afraid you've broken his neck," says Grimes.

"Oh, no! He'll come too presently. We have the children ready to doze him. Come, lay hold of the wheel. She went in as neat as you please," from which talk it may be inferred that there has been something singular about the accident that has occurred to the baron's palkee gharry.

The vehicle is raised upon a sound portion of the pavement. Then the still senseless Russian nobleman is placed within, and Sandy gets alongside, having the chloroform ready, while the man who has taken the place of the original Kito, who lies in a stupor at this hour in the rear of the Malabar Hotel, his liquor having been drugged, he calls back:

"Rest easy. When he comes to, in the morning, he will find himself lying by the Towers of Silence, with no one to tell him how he got there. Go your way, Joe," returns Mr. Grimes.

An hour later, the strange passenger is handed up the side of the good ship Aralander. A few low words are exchanged between the captain and the swarthy Hindoo, whose arms seem of steel; then a warm handshake, a "God bless you, Myneer Joe!" and they separate.

As Joe and the little newspaper correspondent leave the boat at the wharf, they see the ship gliding toward the sea and bearing the vindictive Russian diplomat to faraway Valparaiso. In all probability he will never cross their path again.

The little party met at the early chota hazi, and around the table the story is told in low tones. Even the war horse, Demetrius, Tanner, confesses to a feeling of relief, now that the baron will give them no more trouble. He experiences the sensations of a man who, after vainly striking repeatedly at a bothersome fly, finally succeeds by a lucky blow in demolishing his tormentor.

It is not necessary that we should follow these friends further. With the disappearance of the baron from the field, their troubles cease, and the sea before them promises pleasant sailing.

Myneer Joe manages his case with wisdom and tact. Much planning is done by those concerned, and, finally, when they reach Calcutta, the vivacious Molly becomes Mrs. Myneer Joe. It is decided that Joe and his bride set sail for China, to explore that country, while the others head for New York, via London.

Thus, one pleasant July morning—the most delightful of all months in India—these two stand on the deck of the Hong Kong steamer, waving farewell to the friends on shore, while the fog-horn voices of the Illinois state steamers come over the green waters like a benison, calling:

"Bong voyage, Myneer Joe, bong voyage, dear boy!"

And there the curtain falls:

THE END.

He—Ah, that Miss Rockingham has a face that looks as if it might have been cut out of marble.

She—Yes; I have often noticed her stony stare.

The Boers certainly took the lead in making war. They are still taking the lead—in bullets.



"JUST DRAGGING AROUND." How many thousands of women understand the sad and pitiful meaning of that simple phrase: "Just dragging around." Women everywhere who feel that they have a work and a mission of womanhood to accomplish in this world will appreciate instantly the disheartened spirit of Mrs. Mattie Venhans, of Tioga, Hancock County, Illinois.

"I had been sick for seven years," she says, "and in bed, but just dragging myself around. At last I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and live of Golden Medical Discovery, and it is reasonable to describe in words the good these medicines did me. My husband says: 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine he ever tried for a cough. No praise is too high for Dr. Pierce's medicines." Another lady, Mrs. K. P. Mendenhall, of Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio, says: "I think Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the finest medicine on record. I have taken a number of bottles and it is the only medicine that relieved my terrible headaches."

Women who suffer should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. He will send them the best professional advice that can be had anywhere in America and entirely without charge. Neither the "Favorite Prescription" contains any alcohol to inebriate or create a morbid craving for stimulants.

Every woman should own a copy of his splendid book "The Common Sense Medical Adviser." It is the grandest medical book for popular reading ever written. It contains a fund of knowledge of precious value to women. It has over a thousand pages elaborately illustrated with engravings and colored plates. The first great edition of more than half a million copies was sold at \$1.50 each. The profit from this edition Dr. Pierce has carried out his cherished intention of issuing a free edition one copy of which in paper covers will be sent for the bare cost of customs and mailing, at one-cent stamps; or a heavier, cloth-bound copy for 50 stamps.

## A FAMOUS FLAG

An Interesting Old Lady Who Possesses Several Relics.

But She Presented the Honored Ensign to the U. S. Government.

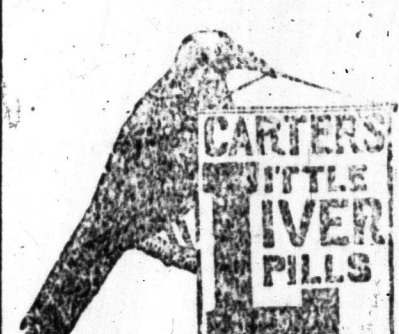
One of the most interesting characters in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., is Mrs. Harriet Rebecca Stafford, or "Mother," Stafford, now 80 years old. In her cottage is a room devoted to patriotic relics and antiques. But the pride of her museum—the ensign of the Bonhomme Richard—is there no more, for she has presented the precious flag to the United States government.

One of her heirlooms is a gold wedding ring worn by her grandmother 118 years ago. Harriet Rebecca wore this ring herself in 1855, when she became Mrs. John Barnum Ames, and the ring is of such potent virtue that she couldn't resist wearing it again when James Stafford proposed to her. James Stafford was the son of Lieutenant Stafford, who rescued the flag from the British in the fight between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis, when the intrepid Jones told the British captain to sink him if he could, adding by way of emphasis, "If I must go to the devil, I'd rather strike him than to you."

It was through the marriage with Mr. Stafford that this genial old lady came into possession of the flag.—Boston Globe.

## A Common Mistake.

An amusing story is told of a lady who, having rendered some small help to a friend, was described with enthusiasm by that friend as being most kind and unselfish and devoted to the service of others. A girl who heard this immediately drew a mental picture of a thin, pale, subdued looking creature in a clinging, unlikable, black dress, with bands of smooth, dark hair parted in the middle, and on being introduced a few days later to a cheerful person in a fashionably made gown and with vigorously curly hair she was so taken aback as to be scarcely able to speak. Why should a kindly disposition be associated so often, as it seems to be, with the suppression of all that is pleasing in outward appearance? The idea must surely be that the "very, very good" cannot take time or thought for their toilet, and people do not pause to consider that peculiarity of dress often involves far more care than to follow the fashions in moderation and be as others are.—Philadelphia Ledger.



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