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Life in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century, Whose successes are Without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

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

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\$1,000 for Failure. **SUPPURATION AND FISTULA CURED.** The SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blotchy and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loose, pimples on the back and warby growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

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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 a rosy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milkish hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. These are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctor 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

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290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

WEAKNESS

OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indications of Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental woe 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 may even extend their poisonous fangs into the most general life. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, 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 guarantee bond to that effect. We are not only strictly against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood disease but simply suppresses the symptoms.

WE CURE OR NO PAY.

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 disease. Our New Method Treatment will Stop and Cure Natural 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 Drainage, Blood Diseases, Venereal, Stricture, Urinary Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, No matter of operations. No detention from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

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WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

AN HUMBLE HERO

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT

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"Great possums are persimmons. I reckon I shorly would 'a' been skeered. Why, jest think—that feller mought 'a' got up some night an killed ever blame one of us."

"An he never cheeped a word to you 'bout nothin' he'd done nor nothin'?"

"Nary a word. If I'd been kinder inquisitive, like some folks, an had 'a' pried into him, I mought 'a' found out somethin'. But, Lord, I ain't no hand to ask questions, you know, an when a feller acts like he don't want to tell nothin' I jest let him alone."

"Didn't you ask him nothin'?"

"Scarcely a thing. When he come up that fust that day, I sorter sung out one or two little questions, but I see right away he didn't want to answer nothin', so I jest quit. Land, I ain't no hand to try to make people tell things anyhow whether they want to or not."

There was an oppressive silence after this, a silence during which there was much thinking. But Turner was blissfully ignorant of the trend of thought. He did not even suspect it when he saw a smile on more than one face.

"An 'bout that feller over to your house, Hi?" Hicks remarked questioningly.

"He ain't thar no more," Hi replied.

"Gone away?"

"Yes; went yistedy."

"I'd say 'L'."

"Yes; he got so'd he didn't 'pear to be satisfied no more, so yistedy he packed up an put out."

"Wa'n't satisfied with the 'commendation you give him?" Turner asked.

"Them fellers mostly ain't satisfied with nothin'."

"Oh, it wa'n't that, I guess. Leastwise he never made no fuss 'bout his 'commendations'."

"What ailed him, then, you reckon?"

"I dunno, I'm shore. Jest seemed to 'a' got sorter restless an uneasy an couldn't be still nowhar. When he wa'n't asleep, he was all the time movin' about, either trappin' round over the woods or else walkin' back'ards an for'ards across the yard. I've seed him walkin' out thar in the yard for hours, jest goin' to an fro, to an fro, till it wore me clean out."

"By grab, it was funny, wa'n't it?"

"Looked that a-way to me shore."

"What you reckon was the matter of him, Hi?"

"I ain't no notion, Jake."

"I bet it was that murder done it," Sam Morgan said. "Don't you all reckon it was?"

"Lord, I don't see how that murder could 'a' had anythin' to do with it," Hi replied. "The murder wa'n't nothin' to him noway, an he didn't know Melvin nor Sim Banks nuther. Guess he never see nuther of 'em 'less he see Melvin that day he was lyin' here a cawpse."

"He did see him that day," Sam said, "an he acted sorter queer too. I was a-watchin' him when he went up to war the cawpse lay, an, for all he'd been so cool out thar in the woods, the second his eyes' look on that dead face he turned right white an put his hand up to his heart, then looked round right quick, like he wondered if anybody'd seen him. Guess he must be one of them kind of people that's easy teched by anythin' like that."

"Must be if he done that a-way," old Hi replied. "My skin, it don't make no difference to me to look at a dead feller, an I'd jest as soon tech him as not."

"Lord, Hi, not if he'd been killed?"

"Yes, sir, even if he'd been killed."

"By grab, I wouldn't. They say if you tech a feller thar's been murdered, that a-way he'll come to you three nights hand runnin' an stan' by your bed an look at you."

"Wonder if that's so?" Jim Thorn asked.

"By grab, they say it is, shore, an I can tell you right now I don't want no dead fellers pesterin' round me of nights."

"Lord, you bet I don't. I don't want nothin' to do with them ha'n'ts an fixin's, an I ain't never goin' to tech nobody that's been killed, you bet, even if they never are teched."

"Shucks, you fellers don't know what you're talkin' 'bout. Say, you all jest wait till you've seed dead men as I've seed 'em, lyin' round on a battlefield jest ever'where." Thus spoke Ebenezer Sparks, the warrior bold.

"Lord a-mighty, I've fit into many a battle whar men were jest a-drappin' all round me so thick that I couldn't move 'bout steppin' on a lot of 'em. My land, I wa'n't skeered of techin' 'em, an they never come back of nights to pester round ha'n'tin' me, nuther."

"It wa'n't that a-way that time when you went into Hicks' cellar to whup the battle, was it, Ebenezer?" Jason Roberts asked.

Ebenezer flashed angry.

"Doggone it all," he cried, "ain't I never goin' to hear the last of that that burned old cellar? Ever' time I mention any a word 'bout when I fit into the war some blame fool has got to go to work an drag that dod blasted old cellar in."

"Waal, we want to show a intrust in your war record, Ebenezer, an that's the only battle we ever see you fight in, so that's all we got to speak 'bout."

"Waal, you needn't pester 'bout showin' no intrust, then. I'd rather



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you wouldn't."

"Say," Sam Morgan called, "don't you reckon Sim Banks has a ha'n't?"

"Of co'se he has," Thorn replied, "an, say, fellers, I bet it pesters him jest awful."

"To be shore," Turner agreed.

"Speakin' of Sim Banks' minds me of somethin'," Hi said. "Reckon ain't none of you us hear nothin' of Sim sense he went a-way?"

"Nary a word," Hicks answered.

"Quaire them officers don't find out nothin' 'bout him, ain't it?"

"'Tis so. Guess they've hunted round all over ever'whar most an they ain't found hair nor hide of him."

"S'pose he must 'a' gone clean off somewhar."

"Looks like it. You know he left a note for his woman sayin he war a-goin' away an wa'n't never comin' back no more."

"I hear he did."

"But she don't b'lieve it."

"Don't she?"

"Not now, she don't. She b'lieved it a right smart fun, but Pap Sampson kept a-talkin' till he got her to change her mind."

"Pap still stan's out that Sim never killed that feller?"

"La, yes, wuss'n ever."

"Quaire he'd git that sorter notion, ain't it?"

"'Tis shore. Pap's gin'rally putty level headed, but he got his nose p'inted wrong this time shorely."

"He thinks Sim'll come back, does he?"

"Jest knows he will."

"Waal, he'll be hung or sent up to prison if he does come."

"Pap's got a notion somethin' 'll turn up to clear Sim' fers he gits back."

"Don't see how he goes 'bout makin' that out."

"I don't see nuther, but that's his talk."

"How's Sim's woman a-doin'?"

"Kinder poorly, I guess. She ain't livin' here no more."

"That so?"

"Yes; she left the fust of the week."

"Ward'd she go?"

"Down to the county seat."

"Ward's she 'lowin' to do down thar?"

Jas. J. Couzens

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"She reckoned she'd git into some work of some kind."

"An jest 'bout manage to go through ever' thing she's got."

"She ain't got nothin'."

"Ain't? Why, I been hearin' Sim left her all the land as ever' thing."

"He did, but she won't tech it."

"Won't? Why, say, what's the reason?"

"She 'lows it's his'n an she ain't no right to live it up. Says mebbe some time he'll need it."

"Waal, I'll be smutched!"

"Then I guess she kinder wanted to git away from here anyhow. That 'bout her an Melvin started a good bit of talk, an I reckon she found it wa'n't none too pleasant a stayin' here."

"Natrally. How'd she take it 'bout Melvin bein' killed? Did she carry on much?"

"Nary a bit that any of us seen. Guess she behaved plum nice."

"Did she come to see the cawpse?"

"Hicks hesitated for an instant. He knew from Pap Sampson about that night visit, but he had promised to keep it secret."

"Waal, I didn't see her come," he said. "Any you fellers see her come?"

"They all shook their heads."

"Some folks 'lowed she'd take on a heap over him an mebbe give Sim fits too."

"Lord, she tuck right off for Sim. She jest acted for all the world like she skeered more for him than anybody."

"It would 'a' been a mighty good thing if she'd 'a' tuck off for him sooner 'stid of foolin' with that other feller, a-gittin' him killed an puttin' Sim into this mess."

"I reckon that's so, Hi, but I ain't never b'lieved Looesey Banks aimed to do nothin' wrong. She was jest sorter thoughtless, I guess."

"No, sir; it's jest like I've said time an ag'in, Jake. Whenever you go an send a gal off to them doggone colleges to come. By gosh, you jest as well take her out an knock her in the head. That's all in the world's the matter of Looesey Banks."

"No, I 'low her an Sim jest nat'rally didn't suit."

"G'ose they didn't after she'd gone down thar an tuck up a lot of doggone fool notions. They'd 'a' suited well enough if it hadn't been for that she 'lowed she'd got to have one of them white shirt fellers or she couldn't never be happy. It's that that burn college done it all."

"Sill, Hi, education's a pow'ful good thing."

"Not for a gal, it ain't."

"Why?"

"Waal, she ain't got no use for it, an it's jest plum shore to make a fool of her. Lord, a man, even, don't need so awful blame much education to git on all right."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Take myself, for instance. I ain't never had no education to speak of, yit see how I sot on to that jury that time. I managed 'bout runnin' that court jest as well as any of them fellers down thar. If a feller got it in him, he can git up in the world even if he ain't got no book larnin'."

"Lord a-massy," Turner exclaimed, "speakin' 'bout settin' on to a jury 'minds me of somethin'."

"What is it?" Jason asked.

"Why, if Sim's ever ketch'd they'll have to git a jury to try him, an I dunno but likely enough I'll git a chance to set on it."

CHAPTER XXII

SIM RETURNS.

Pap Sampson, older by four years, a trifle grayer perhaps, but as active and alert as ever, sat on a fence at the side of the road leading into Beckett's Mill from the south. His attitude was such as to denote that he was absorbed in earnest thought, which he was. He was recalling scenes and events of past days and was so lost to the present as to be totally oblivious of everything about him. So unconscious of his surroundings was he that he was not even aware of the approach of two men, dusty and travel stained, who wearily plodded their way along the hard, white road.

To be Continued.

A MAN OF PRAYER.

He has the wise and merry heart, His laugh is real, his jest is glad, In quietness he does his part, If gay or sad.

He walks beside you in the street, His watchful eyes look out on men, And all whom he may chance to meet Love him again.

He does not talk of that he feels, But in his secret soul he knows How powerful is the faith that heals And brings repose.

He does not spend a day alone, For God is with him everywhere, And by his spirit he is known A man of prayer.

The storms may beat above his head, And the thick darkness shroud his way, But he is not uncomfortable, For he can pray.

He has two lives; and one he gives To daily duties as they come; The other tranquilly he lives With God at home.

And he is happy every day, Although the world is full of care, Because his heart through all life's way, Finds rest in prayer.

—Marianne Faringham.

MAY.

I know a month, a fair and fickle month, With wild flowers twined about her forehead, And when she's cold, she very, very cold, And when she is warm, she is torrid.

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