



Dr. Spinney & Co

Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists
 Experience of a Third of a Century.
 Whose success has been 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, 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, Flashes 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.

VARIICOLE 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.

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RUPTURE AND FISTULA CURED.
 The SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples 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? **IMPOTCENCY** or **Loss of Sexual Power**, and so 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 some times particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are many 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.

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. Indiscretions and mental weakness 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 sexual 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 guarantee bond to that effect. We would warn you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poison but simply suppresses the symptoms.

WE CURE OR NO PAY.

Don't Let your Life be Drained Away, while it 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 Sexual 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 Drains, Blood Diseases, Variocole, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. No cutting or 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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"An wasn't it a lick, though?" Jason said. "Why, say, it jest koeled Jim over that so quick that I bet he never knowed what done it."

"I bet he didn't know nothin' touched him—jest dopped down thar for all the world like a shot hog. Didn't 'low it was in you to hit a feller like that, Sim."

"Lord, I reckon Sim never knowed it neither," Pap Sampson said. "But he knows it now, an you all better look out. No matter how harmless a dog is while he's asleep, he may be the worst kind of a dog when you wake him up. An Sim Banks is awake now."

"An you'd all better not fool with him if you don't want to git hurt," Hicks added.

"You'd all better not say nothin' 'bout Loueey," Sim said, "less'n you all wants to git your heads punched."

"Guess nobody hain't goin to say nothin' 'bout Loueey," Pap Sampson replied, "so you mought's well quit a-thrown that at us. Jim Thorn had no business to speak the word he did, even if it had been a true word, an I most know it wasn't, an you done right an nat'ral to take it up. I'm a peaceable man myself, as you uns all know, an ingin'ally I set my face ag'in fussin an foughin, but I ain't got nary a word to say ag'in a man what fights for his woman's good name. So I say, Sim Banks, an I say it open an above-board, you done jest right, an ever' fair minded man an woman is bound to say the same."

"That's what they are," Jacob Hicks promptly agreed. "My land, Pap, you uns all knows I ain't no hand to mix up in no furse an that I ain't never fit nobody in all my life, but you jest let some feller say ary a single word ag'in my woman, an if the fur don't fly it won't be my fault. Them's my sentiments ever' time, an I ain't a-kerin who knows 'em."

"Course, Sim done right," another said, with that ready sympathy people are apt to feel for the victor as against the vanquished. "I'd 'a' done jest like him if I'd 'a' been in his place, only I bet I'd 'a' laid Jim Thorn out so's he wouldn't 'a' got up no more for a month."

"By granny," said another, "I 'low Jim got off pow'ful easy myself! It were a good thing it wa'n't me he had to deal with."

"An you can bet your hide it was moughty fortunate for him," remarked a third, "that it wa'n't me."

Pap Sampson thumped his cane against the floor and laughed. "You uns are all a-talkin' pow'ful big," he said, "but you uns better not forget that Jim Thorn ain't dead yet. Tain't sensible to go foolin' roun' a mule's heels 'less you got business thar."

As Sim Banks walked home that night he felt greatly elated, and in his soul there was a kind of feeling closely akin to intoxication. He stood erect, with a bearing proud and disdainful, held his head well up and walked with a step firm and confident.

In knocking Jim Thorn down the night he had demonstrated to his neighbors that he was not so much a coward as they had supposed. That within itself was a great deal to be proud of, for he felt that in removing the stain of cowardice from his name he had raised an almost insupportable burden from his soul. But that was not all nor yet the chief cause of his elation.

Louisa would learn what he had done, and she would know that he had done it for her sake. He would not tell her, but others would. His knowledge of human nature was limited, but it was broad enough to tell him that his praises sung by others would be far more effective than if sung by himself. That she would be pleased he felt assured, for she would understand how well he loved her and how more ready he was than any one else on earth to stand up in her defense. Then, too, she would realize that he was not the contemptible coward she had thought him and because of which she had spoken of him and to him in such harsh terms. Perhaps she would even speak words of praise for his conduct, and perhaps—

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Laid on Short Notice.

on, happy thought!—she might put her

arms about his neck and kiss him. That

would be a reward indeed, and for such

the whole world.

Fond, sweet hope! But how many

of our most precious hopes are born

only to perish with their first breath of

life!

When Sim reached home, he found

the house dark and Louisa in bed. He

What did it mean?

He went in and struck a light and pre-

pared to retire. His wife was asleep,

and he moved about noiselessly so as

not to wake her.

Presently his eye fell on a scrap of

paper lying on the floor. Mechanically

he took it up and glanced at the writ-

ing it bore. Instantly he sat up and

read it eagerly through. Then, puzzled

and mystified, he read it again

and again. These were the words the

paper contained:

My Dear Louisa—Never let anybody know that

you know me, and for God's sake don't tell a

living soul who I am. So soon as possible I will see

you and explain.

What did it mean?

CHAPTER VII.

A TALK IN THE TWILIGHT.

After supper Melvin and old man

Turner sat out in the yard and talked—

that is, Turner asked questions, and

Melvin answered them. Melvin was

in a better humor since he was slightly

rested and his hunger had been appeased,

and to the hundred questions

Turner asked he returned ready and

good natured answers, although he did

not always return true ones.

Finally Melvin found an opportunity

to lead the conversation, and then he

told about the old man back in the

woods and of his queer experience with

him. For the first time that evening

Turner burst into a roar of hearty

laughter.

"Lord a-massy," he cried, "don't you

know who that old boss was?"

"Certainly not," Melvin replied. "How

should I know when I am a total stranger

here?"

"To be shore. I forgot 'bout that."

Still, it was a very funny most out to know old Hi Jenkins. Lord, he's been a-livin' forever, 'pears lack, as the feller says."

"Is he crazy?"

"Crazy! Who—old Hi?"

"Yes."

"Old Hi crazy? Why, snakes an cat-eppilars, stranger, what you mean by askin' such a question as that?"

"I thought from the way he acted that he certainly must be crazy."

"Great possums an persimmons! Talk 'bout old Hi bein' crazy! You don't know nothin' 'bout that old boss or you wouldn't never ask he sich a fool thing as that."

"Why, old Hi's the smartest man in all these parts. He set on to a jury once down at the county seat."

"That so?"

"You bet it are! Yes, sir-ee."

"Wonder why he behaved so strange-ly with me, then?"

"Why, that's plain enough when you come to figger it out. You jest happen-ed to run across him on one of his off days."

"Of days?"

"Yes, one of his off days."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't you know?"

"I certainly do not."

"Waal, by shucks, you shorely don't know nothin' 'bout the ways an dolin's of folks yer'bouts! What I mean by 'off day' is that this is his day for chillin'."

"Ah, he has the chills, does he?"

"To be shore. Why shouldn't he have 'em?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Course, he has the chills, an he shakes ever' other day. He was settin out thar on that log a-walrin for his chill to come on when you seed him."

"And that was why he behaved the way he did?"

"Of course. Thar hain't many people, I can tell you, wants to be bothered with questions when a chill is comin on, an if a feller was to shoot you under them kind of provocations you wouldn't never git no court to fight him."

"The court would consider the shootin' justifiable, you think?"

"You bet it would. Lord a-massy, I wouldn't nigh kill nobody for nothin else on earth, I guess, but I jest most know I'd shoot a feller if he come a-pickin an a-nagin at me with fool questions when my ager was a-workin on me."

"You say Mr. Jenkins shakes with a chill every other day?"

"To be shore, I said that. Why wouldn't he shake ever' other day?"

"It's a regular part of his life, is it?"

"Jest as much a part of his life as eatin an sleepin is. Yes, sir-ee. Why, say, if anything was to happen to old Hi so that he missed havin his chill on his reg'lar ager, I reckon he'd feel more lost than if his old woman was to die. In these parts ager is a part of a feller's rights an privileges, same as vot-in an holdin office is."

"Indeed?"

"You bet your hide."

"Does Mr. Jenkins live near this?"

"No, not as you mought say right near. He lives over 't'other side of Coon Run river. Hain't been over in that settlement, I reckon?"

"No."

"Waal, you won't lose nothin, I guess, if you never do go over thar."

"Why?"

"Oh, them folks over thar ain't jest the sort a body likes to have much to do with. Leastwise I find 'em that a-way."

"Are they bad characters?"

"No, I don't know as you can put it that a-way exactly, 'cause they're peaceable enough an honest an all that. They're jest so different from me uns over here."

"In what way are they different?"

"Waal, for one thing they're so dog-gone ign'unt. Why, say, them folks over thar hain't got no more education than a gang of possums, not a blame bit more. Sich ign'unce is plumb pitiful shore. I alius feel sorry for them that hain't got learnin, don't you?"

Melvin looked at the old man in open-eyed astonishment and uttered no answer. It occurred to him, however, that if the people on the other side of Coon Run were any more lacking in learning than Turner was their condition, as far as education goes, was pitiable indeed. But he was very far from giving utterance to any such thought, for already he had learned that the average Possum Ridger was a sorely sensitive individual, who was liable to take offense on the smallest provocation.

To be Continued.

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that our prices are governed entirely by the quality, that

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