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been the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricture that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, gonorrhea, testicular trouble, blood poisoning, hydrocele, enlargement of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous system, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make a name and another thing to back them up. He has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. He sends the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him only: Dr. S. Goldberg, 266 Woodward Ave., Room P, Detroit, Mich., and it will be immediately sent you free.

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## CASE By... Emile Gaboriau

The poor fellow obeyed. Slowly and with swelling heart he returned to Notre Dame street. He asked himself how he could serve Prosper, warn Mme. Gipsy and, above all, be revenged upon this odious detective who had just made him suffer such cruel humiliation. He had no sooner turned the corner of the street than Fanferlot went into the house, gave his name to the porter as Prosper Bertomy, went up stairs and knocked at the first door he came to.

A young servant dressed in the most fanciful livery opened the door.

"Is Mme. Gipsy at home?"

The little groom hesitated. Seeing this, Fanferlot showed his note.

"M. Prosper charged me to hand this note to madame and wait for an answer."

"Come in, and I will let madame know you are here."

The name of Prosper produced its effect. Fanferlot was ushered into a little room furnished in blue and gold silk damask. But he had no time to pursue his inventory. One of the door curtains was pushed aside, and Mme. Nina Gipsy appeared. Mme. Gipsy is,

or, to speak more correctly, was, quite young, small and graceful, with a brown, or, rather, gold colored quadron, complexion and the hands and feet of a child. She eyed her visitor with the most disdainful surprise.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I am charged, my dear madame," he answered in his humblest and softest tone, "by M. Bertomy to give you this note."

Fanferlot slowly drew Prosper's note from his pocket and with a bow presented it to Mme. Gipsy.

"Read," he said.

At a glance she read its contents. She turned very red, then very pale. She trembled from head to foot. Her limbs seemed to give way, and she tottered so that Fanferlot, thinking she was about to fall, extended his arms to catch her. Useless precaution! Mme. Gipsy was one of those women whose inert listlessness conceals indomitable energy—fragile looking creatures whose powers of endurance and resistance are unlimited, catlike in their soft grace and delicacy, especially catlike in their nerves and muscles of steel.

"Explain yourself! What does all this mean? Do you know anything about the contents of this letter? Prosper is to be arrested, accused of being a thief?"

"Yes, madame; he is accused of taking 350,000 francs from the bank safe."

"It is false, infamous, absurd!" she cried. "Prosper steal! It is absurd! Why should he steal? Is he not rich?"

"M. Bertomy is not rich. He has nothing but his salary."

This answer seemed to confound Mme. Gipsy.

"But," she insisted, "I have always seen him have plenty of money. Not rich—then?"

She dared not finish. But her eye met Fanferlot's, and they understood each other.

"No," she cried, "I regret to say that Prosper would never have stolen one cent for me! One can understand a man who is trusted robbing a bank for a woman he loves, but Prosper does not love me. He never has loved me. But I love him, and it is for me to save him! I will see his chief, the

misérable wretch who dares to accuse him. I will prove that he is innocent. Come, monsieur, let us go, and I promise you that before sunset he shall be free, or I shall be in prison with him."

Mme. Gipsy's project was certainly laudable and prompted by the noblest sentiments. Unfortunately it was impracticable. Besides, it would be going counter to the plans of the detective.

"What will you gain by acting thus, my dear madame?" asked Fanferlot.

"Nothing. I can assure you that you have not the least chance of success. You will compromise Prosper. Who knows if you will not be suspected as his accomplice? M. Bertomy expressly forbade such a course in his letter."

Mme. Gipsy remained thoughtful for a moment, then a ray of light seemed to cross her mind, and she cried:

"Oh, I understand now! Fool that I was for not seeing it before! But where am I to go?"

"Did not M. Bertomy say, my dear lady, to the other end of Paris—to a boarding house or hotel?"

"But I don't know where to find any."

Fanferlot seemed to be reflecting, but he had great difficulty in concealing his delight at a sudden idea that flashed upon him. His little black eyes fairly danced with joy.

"I know of a hotel," he said at last, "but it might not suit you."

"Where is it?"

"On the other side of the river, Quai St. Michel the Archangel, kept by Mme. Alexandre."

Mme. Nina was never long making up her mind.

"Here are writing materials. Write your recommendation."

"With these three lines," he said, handing her the letter, "you can make Mme. Alexandre do anything you wish."

"Very well. Now how am I to let Cavallion know my address? It is he who should have brought me Prosper's letter."

"He was unable to come, dear madame," interrupted the detective. "But I will tell him where he can find you."

Mme. Gipsy was about to send for a carriage, but Fanferlot said he was in a hurry and would send her one. He seemed to be in luck that day, for a cab was passing the door, and he hailed it.

"Wait here," he said to the driver after telling him that he was a detective, "for a little brunette who is packing her trunks. If she tells you to drive her to Quai St. Michel, crack your whip. If she gives you any other address, get down from your seat and arrange your harness. I will keep in sight."

He stepped across the street and stood in the door of a wine store. He had not long to wait. In a few minutes the loud cracking of a whip apprised him that Mme. Nina had started for the Archangel.

"Aha!" said he gayly. "I hold her, at any rate!"

### CHAPTER III.

AT the same hour that Mme. Nina Gipsy went to find refuge at the Archangel, so highly recommended by Fanferlot the Squirrel, Prosper Bertomy was being entered on the jailer's book at the police office. There he had to wait two hours while the commissary went to receive orders from higher authorities. When it was announced to him that a coach was waiting for him at the door, he got up, but before going out requested permission to light a cigar, which was granted. It was magnificent weather, a bright spring morning. As the coach went along Montmartre street Prosper kept his head out of the window, smilingly complaining at being imprisoned on such a lovely day when everything outside was so sunny and pleasant.

"It is singular," he said. "I never felt so great a desire to take a walk." To the court clerk while he was going through the formalities of the commitment Prosper replied with haughty brevity to the indispensable questions asked him.

But when he was ordered to empty his pockets on the table and they began to search him his eyes flashed with indignation, and a single tear dropped upon his flushed cheek. In an instant he had recovered his calmness and stood up motionless, with his arms raised in the air so that the rough creatures about him could more conveniently search him from head to foot to assure themselves that he had no suspicious object hid under his clothes.

### To Be Continued.

### ESSAY ON MEN.

New York Tribune.

The Fort Cobb Record tells the story of a young girl's composition on Men, which shows that the seed of the women's club is sown on the territorial prairies: "Men are what women marry. They drink and swear and have ever so many pockets, but they don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and always more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprung further than the men."

## SITUATION VERY GRAVE

Developments in the Far East Are Expected Hourly.

Government of Japan Empowered to Assume Control of All Private Railways, Etc., For Military Purposes—Report of Landing of Japanese Army at Mesampho Reported Untrue—Japanese Journals Skeptical of Russia's Intentions.

London, Jan. 26.—The Tokio correspondent, Bennett Burleigh, of The Daily Telegraph, has sent the following cablegram:

"The official Gazette publishes an Imperial ordinance, empowering the Government to assume control of all private railways, etc., for military purposes."

"The situation is very grave and developments are hourly expected."

Japan's Army Has Not Landed.

Seoul, Jan. 26.—The report of a landing of a Japanese army at Mesampho is found to be untrue.

Skeptical of Russia.

London, Jan. 26.—The Tokio correspondent of The Times says the leading Japanese journals continue to be skeptical of Russia's pacific intentions and argue that the patching up of a hollow peace would be a prelude to future rivalry in armaments which would cause a greater strain than a war; whereas, a fight to-day would be a preface to many years of peace.

Russian Troops Moving.

Pekin, Jan. 26.—The American Government is arranging to despatch the senior student interpreters here to Mukden, Port Dalny and Antung to act as American Vice-Consuls.

A small detachment of Russian cavalry has passed through Kaopangtzu on their way to Ichou. This region was retroceded to China long ago.

Advices received here from Port Arthur are to the effect that a battalion of Russian troops are moving from that point toward the Korean frontier.

Ready This Week.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 26.—The exchange of communications between the Foreign Office, the members of the Committee of the Far East, Viceroy Alexieff and Baron de Rosen, the Russian Minister at Tokio, is still going on. No official indication has been given of when a conclusion will be reached; but, a diplomat who is close to such negotiations, expressed the opinion that the Russian reply will possibly be ready this week.

Danger From Corea.

London, Jan. 26.—A despatch to Reuters' Telegram Company from St. Petersburg says that while the Bourse there has been nervous, owing to the uncertainty of the situation, the progress of the negotiations inspires increasing confidence.

The principal danger now, according to this despatch, is said to be confined to the disorderly elements in Corea. The latest news received here represents a great majority of the Koreans as sympathizing with Russia and hostile to Japan. Other despatches say that the Japanese are embarking 10,000 laborers at Tien Tsin in order to hasten the completion of the Seoul-Pusan Railroad.

Some anxiety has been expressed in St. Petersburg regarding the military movements of China.

Chinese Want Peace.

Pekin, Jan. 26.—The Chinese authorities have approached the Ministers here of several powers with proposals directed towards attempting mediation with Russia and Japan. China is exceedingly anxious that war should be avoided.

To Call Out \$6,000.

London, Jan. 26.—A despatch to The Daily Mail from Warsaw says arrangements have been made to call \$6,000 reserves in the Kharkoff, Kieff and Odessa districts should it become necessary to do so.

IN RE THE CASHELS.

John Gets One Year and Ernest Will Hang February 2.

Calgary, Jan. 26.—John Cashel was yesterday morning sentenced to one year in Regina jail by Chief Justice Sifton for assisting Ernest Cashel to escape from prison.

When the sentence was passed he bowed and sat down. Ernest Cashel was relieved till Saturday, Feb. 2, by Chief Justice Sifton.

John Brown has been arrested for assisting Cashel when at large.

A warrant also has been issued for Brown's companion on the same charge.

International Arbitration.

Toronto, Jan. 26.—Thomas Barclay, LL.D., of Paris, France, who paved the way for the Anglo-French arbitration treaty and who was instrumental in bringing to an end the obnoxious caricatures of Queen Victoria in Paris, spoke to the Canadian Club here yesterday on arbitration and kindred topics. His address was an appeal to commercial men to be arbitrators.

Love Knows No Barriers.

Lethbridge, N. W. T., Jan. 26.—John Moore, an ex-policeman, eloped from McLeod with pretty sixteen-year-old Catherine McCarthy. The parents notified the Lethbridge police, who arrested the pair. Sunday the girl's mother and father arrived, and tried without avail to persuade the girl to return. Eventually a priest was summoned, who married them in the guard-room. Moore is an Orangeman and the girl a Catholic.

Bank Treasurer's Fall.

Nashua, N. H., Jan. 26.—John F. Goggin, treasurer of the Nashua Trust Company, was arrested yesterday charged with embezzling from the bank between \$80,000 and \$100,000.

Courage and endurance are the result of good food. You can starve into retreat the best army that ever went into the field. Tillson's pan-dried Oats is a food, not a fad.

It's the kind of a food that makes for courage and endurance. Try it.

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