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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, dependent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves astray, 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-Forbidings, 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 Disease of the Genito Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARIICOCE 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. \$1000 for Failure.

RUPTURE AND PISTULA 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? **IMPOWERY** 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 troubles with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by slight smarting, burning sensation and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits,ropy sediment, will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men 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.

BLOOD POISON

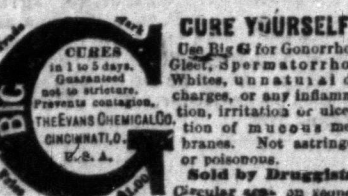
If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you get alarming symptoms, but live in hope, no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore Throat, Ulcers on the Tongue or in the Mouth, Hair Falling Out, Aching Pains, Itchiness of the Skin, Sores or Blotches on the Body, Eyes Red and Smart, Dyspeptic Stomach, Sexual Weakness—indications of the second stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time, only to break out again, when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over twenty years. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch-up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Gleet, Blood Poison, Stricture, Varicocele, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases peculiar to men and women.

CURES GUARANTEED.

Consultation Free. Book Free. If unable to call, write for question blank for home treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St.
DETROIT, - - MICHIGAN.



Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

AN HUMBLE HERO

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT
Copyright 1901, by Thomas P. Montfort

"But I have, squire. I've done her a wrong I'll never forgive myself for, the cruelest, wickedest wrong ever any man can do a woman."

The squire stared in astonishment. "Why, Sim," he said, "I can't understand you. I've known you all your life, and I've never yet heard of you doing anybody wrong, much less Louesey."

"But it's so. I have wronged her, as I say."

"When?"

"The day I married her."

"Sim?"

"It's the truth, squire, the God's truth. I didn't know it then, but I know it now. I'd 'a' better 'a' killed her any day than to 'a' made her my wife."

The squire shook his head. "I can't see," he said, "how you go 'bout makin' that out. Men have been a-marryin' women ever since the beginning of creation, and I ain't never before heard it looked on as a crime."

"It ain't no crime what the man and the woman love each other," Sim replied, "an' what they're equal ever' way an' suited together. But what them things ain't so it's a crime, an' they ain't so in our case."

"But you loved Louesey, Sim?"

"I did, squire, an' I love her yet, an' I'll go on a-lovin' her till I draw my last breath. How much I love her nobody but God knows. That ain't no words strong enough to tell."

"Then it ain't your fault 'bout what's happened, Sim. Louesey ain't done you right an'?"

Sim sprang to his feet and held his hand up warningly. "Hold on, squire," he said. "Don't you go on say nothin' ag'in Louesey, not nary a word, 'cause that'll be hardness betwixt us if you do. I've allus liked you, squire, an' I like you yet, an' I want to go on a-likin' you, but I won't if you talk ag'in Louesey."

The squire shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his desk. A little curlier, it seemed to Sim, he said:

"Tell me what you want in this deed, an' I'll go to work an' make it out."

Instead of replying, Sim drew nearer to the squire and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Squire," he said pleadingly, "I hope I ain't gone an' made you mad. God knows I never meant to do no such a thing, an' I'm sorry if I have. I don't want to cause no more hard feelin's than I can help, an' especially now, when I feel like I ain't got no friends on earth."

The squire softened immediately. "It's all right, Sim," he replied. "I ain't a-goin' to get mad at you. I just can't make out no justice in your way of reasonin'; that's all."

"An' yet it's just, for that that."

"Mebby it is. I dunno."

You know, squire, Louesey an' us don't suit. You know that, don't you?"

"Everybody knows it now, an' I guess a good many knowed it 'fore we married. That's whar I done wrong. I ort' 'a' had sense enough to know it then, an' mebbe I would if I'd 'a' keered enough to stop an' think. Louesey was young, an' she couldn't know, but I was older, an' I ort' to 'a' seen that she couldn't never be happy with a man like me. I done wrong to urge her to marry me, an' that's whar all the fault lies. I've ruined her life an' destroyed her happiness, but I was too blind to see it till it was too late."

"So now?"

"So now I'm a-goin' to do what little I can to make amends. I'm a-goin' to give her all I have, then take myself out of her life."

The squire was silent and thoughtful a long time, and when at last he spoke he said:

"Your reasonin' may be 'jest, Sim, but whether it be or not I ain't a-goin' to argue with you 'bout it, 'cause it wouldn't be no use. You've got your head set that a-way, an' nothin' ain't a-goin' to change it."

"Nothin'."

"But, as I was a-goin' to say, Sim, don't give all your land away, it ain't right, an' nobody can't expect you to do such a thing."

"I'll give it all, squire, ever' inch of it."

"Jest think, though, Sim. You'll be set out in the world without a home, without a dollar an'—"

"I have thought of all that, squire. I've thought of ever'thing."

"But suppose Louesey gits a divorce an' her an' that other man— You know what I mean?"

"Yes, suppose they marry."

"Waal, would you want him to have what's your'n, while you didn't have nothin'?"

"If it is to be so, squire, so let it be. I'll have the consciousness of knowin' that I've done my duty, as far as I could, toward Louesey."

The squire sighed and drew the blank toward him and took up his pen. "I hate to make any such a deed," he said, "but if you will have it so, so let it be."

The deeds were made, and Sim signed them. Then he went back home, stopping at Hicks' store on the way to settle a little account he had there.

"Ever'thing must be left in as good shape as possible," he said to himself, "so Louesey won't be pestered no more than can be helped."

When he was back in his room, he took a piece of paper and a pencil and sat down at the table and wrote a note to his wife. It was slow and laborious work, and it took him a long time to put down the few words he had to say. With each word his heart grew heavier

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and sadder, for that was the last thing he was ever to do for Louisa, and when it was finished his life and hers would part, never to meet again.

"I am going away," he wrote, "an' I'll never see you no more an' never no more stand in the way of your happiness. It is hard, cruelly hard, but it is best, for I know that I can't never make you happy, an' mebbe when I'm gone I'll be different. You ain't to blame for nothin', Louesey. All the blame is mine. What you done is natural, an' you couldn't help it, but what I done I could 'a' helped. I ort' to 'a' knowed you couldn't never be happy with me. It was like draggin' a bird down an' tryin' to make it live with a mole, don't like the mole does. I ruined your life by urgin' you to marry me when I ort' to 'a' knowed better, but I hope you will forgive me, an' I pray that God will too. I've paid the debt at the store, an' I leave what money I have. If you need any advice 'bout anything, go to Pap Sampson. He'll be glad to help you, an' I know you can trust him. I've done the best I can for you, but I know it ain't much. All I want is to make you happy, an' I hope you will be. Don't think I blame you for nothin', for I don't. It's all my own fault. But I didn't know. Farwell."

He placed the deeds on the table, then folded the note carefully and laid it on top of them. Then he took from his pocket all the money he had and placed it in a little heap on the note. When it was all done, he stood for a little while looking at it, then turned away, saying to himself:

"It ain't much, God knows, but it's all I can do, an' mebbe Louesey'll understand."

After that he walked back and forth across the room for a long time, and his

head was bent in deep thought. There was one thing more he longed for before he went, but he was afraid it might not be best. It was this of which he was thinking, and at last he decided.

"I'll not do it," he said. "I'd give the world to see Louesey once more, but I can't do it, I can't, for I'm afraid I'd give away to all this I feel, and that might give her somethin' sad to remember. No, I don't see her no more, never ag'in in all this world."

He took up his gun and went out. An hour later Sam Gordon and Jason Roberts, returning from Jonathan Tur-

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he'd heard a gun fired off in Sim Banks' woods.

"Somebody's shot a squirrel, I guess," Sam remarked.

"Reckon so," Jason replied. "Seems like it's kind of late to be shootin' squirrels, though."

The next morning James Melvin was found dead in Sim Banks' woods, with a bullet hole through his heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

Never since that day on which the battle of Lexington was fought had there been such intense excitement on Possam Ridge. The people, forgetting their everyday duties, collected in little groups and all day long talked in low, hushed tones of the terrible thing that had happened. A thousand questions were asked, many of them of a most frivolous nature, but propounded in all seriousness; a thousand surmises were made, and those who happened to possess a fragment of information relative to the one subject of absorbing interest repeated that information over and over again for the delectation of their less fortunate fellow mortals.

In a little quiet place like Beckett's Mill, where but few things out of the common ever transpire, a murder is an event of supreme importance. It is sufficient to claim the entire and undivided attention of the people for a day and to remain the chief topic of conversation for a week or even a month. It is an event which marks an epoch and from which time is reckoned.

Lying in state in a little wareroom just off Hicks' store was all that remained of James Melvin. Jim Thorn in passing through Sim Banks' wood had found the body lying across a little footpath, in almost the same spot where Melvin and Louisa had met. Thorn, in a mild state of excitement, had appeared at Hicks' store to report his find. Hicks and others had repaired to the scene and had removed the body to town.

Soon the news spread, and in an incredibly short time everybody at Beckett's Mill knew of the tragedy. Then the people came to see and to ask questions. Of course every one, man, woman and child, had to pass through the little wareroom and look on the lifeless form. Then, having looked, they gathered in little knots to talk it all over.

Jim Thorn, having been the fortunate one to make the find, occupied the pedestal of chief importance in the village that day. Wherever he went, whichever way he turned, there was an eager group about him, listening anxiously for every word that fell from his lips.

"Time and again, and always to interested listeners, he repeated the story of the find down to the minutest details. And the story Jim Thorn told was this:

"When I got up this mornin', I says to my woman, says I, 'Lucindy, I guess I'll jest step over to Joe Beckett's pasture an' look at that calf of Joe's.' Joe an' me's been on a trade for a right smart while, an' he's been a-wantin' me to take a calf he's got over thar. Waal, I put on my hat an' went over to Joe's, but Joe's woman told me Joe wa'n't at home, but that he'd gone off to look for a pig that'd strayed away. So I jest went an' looked at the calf, made up my mind Joe wa'n't wanted too much for it, then started back across the woods for home. Waal, I'd walked a right smart piece an' was a-goin' along with my head sort of down, a-thinkin' 'bout somethin', when all at once I kinder glanced up, an' right thar before me, not six feet away, laid that dead man."

"Lord, but I bet you jumped an' holered!" some one exclaimed.

Thorn gave the speaker a look of mild contempt.

"I bet I never," he replied. "I never moved a inch, nor I never give a squeak."

"Waal, I bet you was skeered any how."

"No, sir, I wa'n't skeered, not nary a grain more than I am this minute."

"Did you tech him?" somebody asked.

"No, I didn't tech him, but it wa'n't 'cause I was afraid to. I 'lowed mebbe it might be ag'in the law, an' I wa'n't figgerin' on gittin' into no trouble no way."

There was a short pause, after which some one said impressively:

"Lord, jest to think of a feller walkin' up on to a dead man like that! My land, I wouldn't 'a' done it for nothin' on earth! I bet I'd 'a' been skeered, an' I'd 'a' jumped an' holered, too, an' I reckon I'd most broke my neck a-gittin' away from thar, Lord!"

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