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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 besome strong as steel, so that nervousness bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, 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 manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially marriage cannot be a failure. We note and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

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REST TIME SONG.

The Sandman comes with his old gray Filled with dust for the liftle one's

He sifts it out with a lavish hand And he hushes the baby's cries.

The Sandman clasps in his wrinkled

The soft hands of my baby fair, And baby's frolic gives place to calm As he yields to the Sandman's care.

The Sandman beckons the flying dreams, Bids the sweetest and fairest to stay.

And angels watch o'er that baby's

Till the dawn of the glad, new day. "Nid-nod." he whispers to baby dear. Baby knows well what he means;

The white lids droop o'er the eyes so And they're off to the land of -Pearson's Weekly.

## "HE'S ALL RIGHT."

It was the fifth day of September. A new school term was about to begin at Renfrew Hall. The boys had been straggling in for a week with trunks; satchels and the usual accompaniments of a student's outfit. But at last all had arrived.

The two boys who interest us the most as the leaders of their classes and the athletic games, Chauncey Wylde and Don Macgregor, were entering their senior year. The final struggle for supremacy was about to begin, both in studies and athletics.

Sometimes one and sometimes the other would forge ahead, only to be displaced by the other. But, take it all in all, they remained about the same in popularity.

This, of course, was their last year at Renfrew Hall. As they took their seats that bright September morning in the classes, they each made a secret vow to surpass the other in everything and to win the much-coveted badge of honor and also the honors of the school in athletics if possible.

As the boys filed out of the schoolrooms that afternoon, they saw posted on their bulletin-board a notice asking the names of all who wished to try for a place on the team.

For two months the training and practice went on after the team had been chosen. Several games had been played, all with a view to the great game of Thanksgiving-the game with Renfrew's inveterate rival, Morgan Hall, a school some twenty miles away. The rivalry between these two schools in every form of sport had been one of years' duration.

Don Macgregor was the captain of the Renfrew team, and right half-back. Chauncey Wylde was the left half. The friendly relations between these boys, because of their rivalry, had become somewhat strained, and this was largely due to the irrepressible zeal of their followers, and the speeches which each side continued making about the leader of the other," rather than to anything which the

two leaders themselves said. At last the eventful day arrived on which Renfrew was to try conclusions with Morgan Hall. The great gridfron field was in perfect condition. The grand stands were well filled. The girl friends of the schools from the neighborhood and a number front abroad were present in force, each decorated with the ribbons of their favprites.

The girls from Miss Thomas' boarding-school, five miles away from Renfrew, had their colors blended with those of the Renfrew team-red and blue. But the Morgan Hall colors of purple and white were seen fastened to many tasteful gowns.

A number of the spectators had come over, ready to cheer the Renfrew boys from the start with the well-known yell: "Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! --

Renfrew, Renfrew-tra-la-la!" "Hoor -- Ren-Hoorah-Ren-Morgan!" came from another set of throats. The Morgans were coming on

the field. As one catches sight of the two teams there seems little difference between them on which to base calculations as to the outcome of the battle. A fine looking set of fellows they are, and the teams, viewed from the grand stand, appeared to be remark-

ably well matched. The two teams lined at the sound of

the umpire's whistle as follows: Renfrew. ....R. E .. .. ....Blair Smith .. .. .. R. F. . . . . Thompson Jones .... ...R. G.. .... Fuller Turner ..... .. .. C.. .. .. Gilks Selden ..... L. G..... ... Ward Roper ..... L. T..... Nicholson Wood .. .. L. E ..... Lawrence Tucker .. .. Q. B. . . . Parrot Macgregor . . . . R. H. B. . . . . . King Wylde .. .. .. L. H. B... .. .. Sunday 

The contest opened with the game in Renfrew's hands. "6-11-44!" cried little Tucker as he snapped the ball to Ely; and, form-

ing a ring, the Renfrew team dashed into the Morgans. "Get there, Ely!" shouted a crowd of boys on the side lines, and Ely did "get there," making ten yards.

"You match Macgregor and Wylde to-day, said Tom Knox, a well-grown, fine looking young fellow, attired in foot-ball costume and a sweater, for he was a substitute. "They are each going to try their level best to out-do

"Yes," replied Harry Golden, who belonged to Wy'de's clan; "I heard Wylde say last night that he would rather win this game than win the

class rosette in the examinations, and I know he wants that."

In the meantime the game was going on furiously. Neither side could gain much ground. First Morgan would carry the ball twenty or thirty yards, only to lose it and be forced back.

Both Wylde and Macgregor were working like young Trojans. To see the set expression on their faces, one would imagine that a matter of life or death rested on their efforts. By steady gains Morgan forced the

ball to Renfrew's ten yards line. The umpire sang out: "Third down, five yeards to gain." Renfrew forced herself. Parrot

snapped the ball to King, and shouted: "He is going over the line!" But no. Don Macgregor rushes through, tackles him, and the goal is

They line up. Ely kicks it with a grand punt. The ball is down in the middle of the field.

The umpire's whistle sounds, and the first half of the game is over without either side scoring. "Was not that a grand tackle of

Don's?" said Nell Worden, one of the smaller boys. "Yes," was the reply; "but he could not help getting there."

"But what did you think of that twenty yards run of Wylde's?" asked Bailey Burr, one of Chauncey's ad-

"Oh, it was just Don's guarding that did that!" replied Neil, anxious to claim everything for his tavorite. And so, all over the field, the respective adherents of the rivals argued in favor of each with great vehemence.

Once more the teams line up, and the last half of the game is on. The game progresses fairly, but neither side is able to gain much advantage, though both are fighting hard. Little Tucker, the quarter-back, is

playing the game of his life-not fumble nor a mistake. The Morgans, on their part, are playing a faultless game. Sunday, the captain, is a big, cool-headed fellow. By his example, he is showing his men just what to do. He is everywhere, making seemingly impossible tackles,

and blocking finely. The ball is in the middle of the field. "Three minutes more to play," says. the umpire.

Neither side has scored. Then comes Chauncey Wylde's temp-

tation. "2-7-61." calls out little Tucker. That is the signal for Don to go around "L. E." As this is the first down and the time is so short, it is hardly possible for the Morgans to get the ball and score. Shall he do his utmost, and guard and help his rival to score and become the lion of the school, or shall he work 'the other It is a momentary mental way? struggle, which many a noble-minded but ambitious bow has passed through some time in his life.

"Let him retackle and delay the game!" something seemed to whisper

But he wavered only for a moment. 'As the ball reached DonMacgregor's hands he started; Chauncey Wylde made a dash forward, pushed aside another, big fellow, and so Don had a clean field before him.

On the rivals sped over the field, sic by side. But one man remains between Don and victory, and this is Morgan's full-back; but Chauncey Wylde easily pushes him aside. Don crosses the line and touches the bali down between the goal-posts.

The hard-fought battle is decided in favor of Renfrew. The red and blue waves in triumph from all parts of the field, and Miss Thomas' girls are especially demonstrative. A regular bedlam has broken loose.

"What's the matter with Macgregor?" shouts some one. And the loud response comes from all parts of the field:

"He's all right!" The ball was brought out and goal scored, the score now being 6 to 0 in favor of Renfrew. As the boys

started out the umpire called time and the game was over. The cheers broke forth anew. The crowd of boys rushed on the field,

picked Macgregor up on their shoulders and carried him off in triumph. "Hold on there, fellows!" said the generous and grateful victor. "While you are cheering, send up your loudest for Chauncey Wylde, for he saved me!"

Then, from the apex of the struggling mass, on whose shoulders he was being borne, he tossed his cap high in air, shouting, in a voice that could be

heard all over the field: "What's the matter with Chauncey

Wylde?" And then the boys, catching the spirit of fierce but honorable rivalry between the two leaders, broke out into one tremendous shout, which went far to repay Chauncey for his momentary struggle. "He's all right!"

Chauncey Wylde and Don Macgregor had many fierce competitions after that, and sometimes the indiscreet zeal of the followers of each would nearly involve the two in hard words; but something would always check Machegor in time. It was the thought of his rival's noble self-forgetfulness on that hard-fought field! and Chauncey Wylde would see his rival again from the top of that sea of heads, tossing his cap high in air, and would hear again the shrill, clear shout:
"What's the matter with Chauncey Wylde? He's all right!"

Miss Quizzer—Is there any infallible test of a poet's greatness, or is that something concerning which every one must form his own opinion.? Critic— There is an infallible test. When a poet can make grammatical errors and have his admirers try to show how they add clearness to his meaning and beauty to his diction, then he is un-deniably great.—Chicago News.

Who is crippled by accident or deformity hardly understands the meaning of the word "crippled" as compared with the victim of rheumatism. He is not only bent and twisted, but also racked with

pain so cruel that he envies the cripple who stumps along on a wooden leg, whistling as he goes. Rheumatism is known to-day as a blood disease. It can only be cursed through the be cured through the

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with rheumatism for
twelve years, so bad
at times I could not leave my bed. I was
badly crippled. Tried many doctors, and two
of them gave me up to die. None of them
did me any good. The pains in my beak, hips
and legs (and at times in my head), would
nearly kill me. My appetite was very bad.
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where both gentlemen wept in their beef, and including numerous highly candid details of the speaker's daily life. "Next morning I copied the whole thing neatly on the typewriter and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in, with his eyes fairly hanging out of their sockets. Great heavens, Charley! he gasped.

What is this, anyhow? "'It's a stenographic report of your monologue at —'s last evening,' I re-plied and gave him a brief explanation. "'Did I really talk like that?' he asked

faintly. 'I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report,' said I.
"He turned pale and walked out, and
from that day to this he hasn't taken a drink. His prospects at oresent are splendid—in fact, he's one of our coming men. All that he needed was to hear himself as others heard him."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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