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Detroit Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New for the Cure of Men's Diseases in Their Own Homes.

You Pay Only if Cured

Expects No Money Unless He Cures You—Method and Full Particulars Sent Free—Write For It This Very Day

A Detroit specialist who has 14 certificates and diplomas from medical colleges and boards, has perfected a startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes; so that there is no doubt in the mind of any man that he is



DR. S. GOLDBERG,
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates
Who Wants No Money That His Does
Not Earn.

Both 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, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, enlargement of parts, impotency, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but like wise, all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so 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 interest 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 simply, Dr. S. Goldberg, 293 Woodward Ave., Room 1, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about. Write at once.

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CASE =I13=

By...
**Emile
Gaboriau**

A friend of Prosper, who can neither receive nor present himself at your house, needs to speak to you. He is in the stage office opposite the St. Jacques tower tonight at 9 precisely, and the writer will approach and tell you what he has to say to you. I have appointed this public place for the rendezvous so as to relieve you of all fear.

"And you are going to this rendezvous?" cried Mme. Alexandre.

"Certainly."

"But it is imprudent, foolish. It is a snare to trap you."

"It makes no difference," interrupted Gipsy. "I am so unfortunate already that I have nothing more to dread. Any change would be a relief."

And, without waiting to hear any more, she set out. She was not in the street before Fanferlot bounced out of the closet.

"A thousand thunders!" he cried. "Are people to walk over the Archangel as if it were a public street? Was ever such impudence heard of?" he continued. "A messenger comes into my house and goes up stairs without being seen by anybody! And the idea of you, a sensible woman, being idiotic enough to dissuade that little viper from keeping the appointment!"

"But, my dear—"

"Did you not suppose that I would follow her and discover what she is attempting to conceal? Come, make haste and help me, so that she won't recognize me."

In a few minutes Fanferlot was completely disguised by a thick beard, a wig and one of those long linen blouses worn by men who go about seeking work and at the same time hoping they may not find it.

"Have you your handcuffs?" asked the solicitous Mme. Alexandre when he was ready.

"Yes, yes. Make haste and post that letter to M. de Clameran and keep good watch."

And without listening to his wife, who cried out, "Good luck!" Fanferlot darted away.

Mme. Gipsy had ten minutes' start of him, but he ran up the street he knew she must have taken and overtook her near the Change bridge. On Chatelet place she strolled up and down several times, read the theater bills and finally took a seat on a bench and at a quarter of 9 entered the omnibus office and sat down. A moment after Fanferlot entered; but, as he feared that Mme. Gipsy might recognize him in spite of his heavy beard, he took a seat at the opposite end of the room, where it was dark.

As the Hotel de Ville clock struck 9 a man entered, walked directly up to Gipsy, bowed and took a seat beside her. He was a medium sized man, ruddy stout, with a crimson face and fiery red whiskers. His dress was that of a well-to-do merchant. There was nothing in his appearance to excite

attention. Fanferlot watched him eagerly.

"My friend," he said to himself, "in future I shall recognize you no matter where we meet, and this very evening I will follow you and find out who you are."

Despite his intent listening he could not hear a word spoken by the stranger or Gipsy. All he could do was to judge by their actions and countenances what was the subject of their conversation. When the stout man bowed and spoke to her, the girl looked so surprised that it was evident she had never seen him before. When he sat down by her and spoke to her, she jumped up with a frightened look, as

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it seeking to escape. A single look caused her to resume her seat. Then as the stout man went on talking Gipsy displayed great apprehension. She positively refused to do something; then suddenly she seemed to consent. At one moment she appeared ready to weep and the next her pretty face was illumined by a bright smile. Finally she shook hands with him, as if she was confirming a promise.

"What can all that mean?" said Fanferlot to himself as he sat in his dark corner, biting his nails. "What an idiot I am to have placed myself so far off!"

He was thinking how he could manage to approach nearer without arousing their suspicions when the fat man got up, offered his arm to Mme. Gipsy, who accepted it without hesitation, and together they walked toward the door. They were so preoccupied with one another that Fanferlot thought he could follow them without risk. Reaching the door, he saw the stout man and Gipsy cross the pavement, approach a hackney coach, sent for from the omnibus office, and enter it.

"Very good," muttered Fanferlot. "I've got them now. There is no use of hurrying any more."

When the coach started, he followed at a brisk trot. The cab went up the Boulevard Sebastopol. It went pretty fast. But it was not for nothing that Fanferlot had won the name of Squirrel.

With his elbows glued to his sides, he ran on. By the time he had reached the Boulevard St. Denis he began to get breathless and stiff from a pain in his side, then the cab abruptly turned into the Faubourg St. Martin. But Fanferlot, who at eight years of age had been familiar with every street in Paris, was not to be baffled. He was a man of resources. He seized the springs of the coach, raised himself up by the strength of his wrists and hung on behind, with his legs resting on the axletres of the rear wheels. He was certainly not comfortable, but, then, he no longer ran the risk of being distanced.

"Now," he said behind his false beard, "drive on."

The man whipped up his horses and drove rapidly along the hilly street of the Faubourg St. Martin. Finally at the old "barrier" the cab stopped in front of a winestore, and the driver jumped down from his seat and went in. The detective also left his uncomfortable post and, crouching in a doorway, waited for Gipsy and the stout man to get out, ready to follow them. Five minutes passed and they had not alighted.

"What can they be doing all this time?" grumbled the detective. Stealthily approaching the cab, he peeped in.

Oh, cruel deception—it was empty! "Tricked!" he said. "Fooled! Ah, but I'll make them pay for this!"

In a moment his quick mind had run over the gamut of possibilities, probable and improbable.

"Evidently," he muttered, "this man and Gipsy entered one door and got out of the other. If so, it was because they feared being followed; they have uneasy consciences; therefore—"

He suddenly interrupted his soliloquy as the idea struck him that he had better attempt to find out something from the driver. Unfortunately the driver was in a very surly mood and not only refused to answer, but shook his whip in so threatening a manner that Fanferlot deemed it prudent to beat a retreat.

"Perhaps," he muttered, "he and the driver are one and the same!"

But what could he do now at this late hour? He could not imagine. He walked dejectedly back to the Quai St. Michel, and it was half past 11 when he reached his own door.

"Has the little one returned?" he inquired of Mme. Alexandre the instant she opened the door for him.

"No, but here are two large bundles which have come for her."

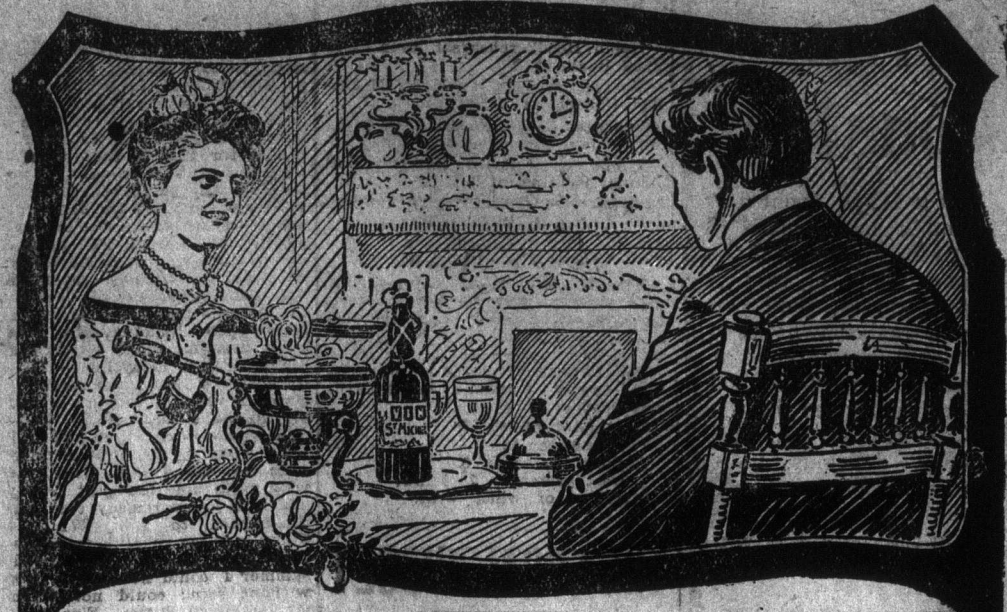
Fanferlot hastily opened the bundles. They contained three calico dresses, some coarse shoes and some linen caps.

The detective could not repress a cry. "Well," said he, "now she is going to disguise herself. Upon my word, I am getting puzzled!"

When Fanferlot was sulkily walking down the Faubourg St. Martin, he had fully made up his mind that he would not tell his wife of his discomfiture, but once at home, confronted with a new fact of a nature to negative all his conjectures, his vanity disappeared. He confessed everything—his hopes so nearly realized, his strange mischance and his suspicions. They talked the matter over and finally decided that they would not go to bed before the return of Mme. Gipsy, from whom Mme. Alexandre was determined to obtain an explanation of what had happened. But would she return? At 1 o'clock the worthy couple were about giving up all hope of her reappearance when they heard the bell ring. At the sound of the bell Fanferlot slipped into the closet, and Mme. Alexandre remained in the office to receive Gipsy.

"Here you are, my dear child!" she cried. "Ah, I have been so uneasy about you!"

"Thanks for your kind interest, madame. Has anything come for me?"



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and rest the nerves.

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Poor Gipsy's appearance had strikingly changed. She was very sad, but not, as before, dejected. To her melancholy of the last few days had succeeded a firm and generous resolution, which was betrayed in her sparkling eyes.

"Yes, two bundles came for you. Here they are. I suppose you saw M. Bertomy's friend?"

"Yes, madame, and his advice has so changed my plans that I regret to say, I must leave you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Then something must have happened."

"Oh, nothing that would interest you, madame."

After lighting her candle at the gas burner Mme. Gipsy said "Good night" in a very knowing way.

"What do you think of that, Mme. Alexandre?" asked Fanferlot, emerging from his closet.

"It is incredible! This girl writes to M. de Clameran to meet her here and then does not wait for him."

"Evidently she mistrusts us. She knows who I am."

"This friend of the cashier must have told her."

"Who knows? I shall end by believing that I am among a gang of thieves. They think I am on their track and are trying to escape me. I should not be at all surprised if this girl has the money herself and intends to run off with it tomorrow."

"That is not my opinion. But listen to me. You had better take my advice and consult M. Lecocq."

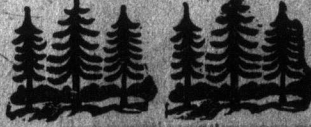
Fanferlot paused to think.

"Very well, I will see him, just for your satisfaction; because I know that if I have discovered nothing neither has he. But if he undertakes to be domineering I will make him know his place."

Nevertheless the detective passed an uneasy night, and at 6 o'clock the next morning he was up—it was necessary to rise very early if he wished to catch M. Lecocq at home—and, having refreshed himself by a cup of coffee, he directed his steps toward the dwelling of the celebrated detective.

To Be Continued.

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