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Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father-like son. Beware of Mercury and Potash treatment. Dr. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases or No Pay.

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The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk operations and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Dr. K. & K. guarantee Cures.

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Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Dr. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid. They guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

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TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT.

When the first flash of morn, Nature's slumbers surprise,
Uplifts the dark veil from the brow of the night;
The waking world thrills anew with delight,
And the Spirit of Birth
O'er the quivering earth,
From the summit's bright glow
To the foothills below,
Stirs Nature's great heart with its light.

Though it be but a rift in the stormclouds around you,
Or the gleam of a star in the darkness of night,
Or the ray from a hope which in passing has found you,
The soft afterglow of the years in their flight;
Though it be but a thought
Which a sunbeam has caught
Or a smile, undefined,
In the eyes of a child,
Yet turn your face to its light.

—Beatrice Harlowe in Woman's Home Companion.

JOE.

His Rags Covered That Which Proved of Value.

Twenty-five years ago I taught school in southern Nebraska, which was only thinly settled in those days. But the few settlers were hardy men and women, living honest lives and going on slowly but steadily to prosperity, and I had a pleasant time among them.

My schoolhouse was a very primitive affair indeed. It was small, unpainted and unplastered, but had a good floor and fairly comfortable seats, and my pupils, of whom there were 22, were mostly hearty, wholesome boys and girls.

One warm day in spring I opened the windows and doors to let in the genial sunshine and was busy with my classes when I walked a strange boy whom I had never seen in the neighborhood.

He was thickly freckled, had red hair and was poorly dressed, but was very clean. He came directly to my desk.

"May I come to school, teacher?" he asked, looking at me earnestly.

"Where do you live, my boy?" I questioned.

"Just back here by the edge of the woods," he replied.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Joe Morton," said he, adding, "We just moved here."

"Well, Joseph," said I, "you may come to school. Come this afternoon and bring all your books."

A bright look came into his face as I said this, but he made no reply and went out as unconcernedly as he came.

He made a queer picture as he went down the aisle. His clothing was patched, his coat was too big for him, and he carried a large, ragged hat in his hand. But he held up his head in a self-respecting way, and I felt sure that Joe Morton was good and manly.

I resolved to help him all I could. I was afraid he might not have a very pleasant time with a certain few of the boys, for, although they really were not bad boys at heart, they were much given to making fun of any newcomer and sometimes made it very unpleasant for a boy who seemed odd or strange to them.

The leader of this set was Tom Atherton, a bright boy, but one who had very little kindly feeling for any one in school excepting his little sister Pearl.

Pearl Atherton was about 7 years old and the most beautiful child I have ever seen. Tom loved her with a love that was almost worship, but to the rest of the pupils she was something of a tease and a torment, always teasing and making fun of some one and sometimes in a most thoughtless, unkind way.

I had many serious talks with him on the subject, but as soon as he was out of the schoolroom he seemed to forget and went back to his old ways.

As Joe went down the aisle I glanced at Tom and saw that his eyes were twinkling mischievously, which I thought boded no good to Joe, but thought he would be able to defend himself.

In the afternoon Joe came and, after I had assigned his lessons, took his seat quietly.

At recess I heard Tom's voice singing out:

"I know a boy whose name is Joe,
With boots all out at the toe, toe, toe."
I heard no answer from Joe, and soon Tom said mockingly:

"What am I offered for the hat? Bid quick! The only one left that came out of the ark! How much am I offered? Who'll make it \$1? Who'll make it \$1?"

And so it went from day to day, Tom saying unkind, jeering things as soon as he supposed himself out of sight and Joe taking it quietly. Sometimes a quick flush would pass over his face, and his lips would quiver, but no word escaped him.

I thought best to appear not to know what was going on between them, thinking it would soon wear itself out and perhaps Joe would feel better to think I did not know, but I kept him with me as much as I could and grew to like him very much.

He made rapid progress in his studies, and his everyday life showed strength of character.

I could always depend on him to tell the truth on every occasion, and, looking into his earnest face, I would forget the ragged hat.

Not far from the schoolhouse was a wide, deep stream of water which ran dank and turbid in the spring. It was crossed by a footbridge with a railing on both sides. Nearly half the children crossed this bridge to get to school.

On pleasant days we often sat on the bank to eat our dinner, which we brought with us.

One lovely day in early June we were

seated there after eating our dinner. I was reading a book, and the children were amusing themselves in various ways.

Pearl Atherton strolled alone across the bridge to look for violets, which sometimes grew on the opposite side.

In coming back she threw some leaves into the water and leaned against the railing, watching the leaves against the dotted away.

The railing was old and in some manner had become so loosened that it gave way with her weight, and, with a piercing cry, she went down and out of sight.

Tom stood upon the bank white and speechless, with a look of agony I shall never forget. He could not swim and so could not reach her.

But at the first cry Joe had stripped off his coat and in a minute plunged in and swam so rapidly toward the spot where the little golden head went down.

He grasped her as she rose to the surface the second time, raised her head out of the water and slowly swam with her to the bank.

When I took her from his arms and laid her upon the grass, the beautiful face was white and still, but she had been in the water such a short time that a vigorous rub with soap and she soon came back to her usual manner.

We wrapped her up as well as we could and sent her home with a neighbor who was passing in a wagon.

Joe ran home, changed his clothes and came back, none the worse for his wetting.

After the bell rang I missed Joe and Tom from their seats.

The back door was ajar, and I looked out.

There stood Tom, with tears in his eyes, holding both Joe's hands.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he was saying, "I have been too hateful for anything, but I'm awful sorry, Joe. If you'll forgive me, I'll be a better fellow after this. If Pearl had been drowned, I don't know what I would have done. Oh, Joe, I thought I would die when I saw her go under the water. I can't ever thank you enough."

"I don't want any thanks," said Joe, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder. "It is all right. I was glad to do it. Don't say anything more about it, please."

They talked a few minutes longer, but I did not hear what they were saying. Then they remembered that the bell had rung, and they came into the schoolhouse.

From that day Tom was a different boy. He was quiet and kind with the other pupils, and he and Joe were fast friends. He grew earnest, upright life.

When the term closed, I came to my eastern home and after a few years entirely lost track of my pupils. I did not know whether they had drifted or what they were doing, though I often wondered.

In the fall of 1890 I took a trip along the Pacific coast and one Sunday morning, in company with a friend, went to one of the finest churches I had seen in that locality.

As the minister began to speak I thought I saw something familiar in his face and manner, but could not place him. He gave one of the most earnest, eloquent sermons to which I ever listened.

I sat and wondered where I could have seen that man before. Suddenly it came to me—it was the look and manner of my pupil of years ago, Joe Morton.

I waited to speak to him and was invited to call at his home next day. And there I found him the same Joe in heart, nobly, tenderly caring for his feeble, white-haired mother and invalid father.

He has made for himself a name not soon to be forgotten in the state in which he lives. He is a strength and inspiration to his friends. He has written several books that stand high in the literature of our country, and once he was only a ragged, barefooted boy.—Golden Days.

His Intimate Friends.

Father Darcy, an Irish wit, was once invited by a man who was known as an ignorant blaggart to visit a new and beautiful house which the person, who had become wealthy suddenly, had bought. With more than his usual composure the host dragged the priest over the place and expatiated on the excellence of everything that he owned. Finally they reached the immense library, where there were thousands of volumes, all splendid in binding. The host sank into one of the great leather covered chairs with a sigh of contentment and exclaimed:

"But, after all, father, what is all this luxury compared with my favorites here? The other rooms maybe give pleasure to my wife and daughters, but this is my place—right here among these books, which are my friends. And these here on the desk"—pointing to a score of fine volumes—"are what I may call my most intimate friends."

Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good natured face.

"Well, it's glad I am to see that you never out your intimate friends!" he exclaimed.

She Smoked For Profit.

A fascinating woman entered the smoking compartment of a train journeying from Vienna to Prague and expressed her presence to the two commercial travelers she found there by saying that she was a devotee of the weed.

She offered her fellow travelers cigarettes, which they recovered from the effects of the opium mixed with the tobacco, they found that their pocketbooks, containing \$2,000, were missing, as well as their watches and other valuables.

CONSUMPTION.

The germs of consumption are everywhere. You may breathe them in with the air, drink them with water, eat them with your food. They are not dangerous with your food. They are not dangerous with your food.

If you are in perfect health but if you have a slight cold, or cough, or if you have inherited weak lungs, or if you are weak and run-down generally—look out!

Once consumption gets a strong foothold it is almost impossible to dislodge it. The time to cure it is at the beginning or before it starts. If you are run-down—build yourself up. Make every tissue so strong and well that consumption germs cannot find a foothold.

Fill your body with rich, red blood—build up strong, healthy flesh—put your digestive system in perfect order. Don't drag along half dead. You may be well as well as not. The following letter from Mrs. Jennie Druggan, of Van Buren, Kansas Co., Mich., will tell you how to do it. She says: "Before I took

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was hardly able to do my work at all; had pain in my left side and back, and had headache all the time. I tried your medicine and it helped me. Last spring I had a bad cough; got so bad I had to be in bed all the time. My husband thought I had consumption. We thought we would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and before I had taken one bottle the cough stopped and I have since had no signs of its returning."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

ARTHUR STRINGER,

The Post and Author who Hails From This County.

Had a Good Joke on Professor Powell of Oxford College—The Story of a Basket of Peaches

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the Dominion "Our Lady of the Snows." When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christchurch.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little, but the next day he had a letter from the professor, the finest basket of Ontario peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford.

A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit dish loaded with tremendous peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me today, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the south of France, I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer. They will be such a novelty, you know."

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, then at the fruit, then at the poet.

"I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm in Kent county, Ont., you know. He has 200 bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones along with the whale blubber."—Saturday Evening Post.

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