

## Kidney Troubles of Children.

There are many mothers blessing Dr. Pitcher and his wonderful Backache Kidney Tablets. This remedy has proved so successful for that serious affliction of children—bed wetting—that mothers rejoice to know of a positive cure. The Tablets have a strengthening and tonic influence on the weak urinary organs of children and enable them to retain their water naturally.

Don't let your child grow up with this weakness blighting his life. Have the trouble cured in time before it does permanent injury to the health.

### THE DIFFICULTY REMOVED.

Mrs. W. M. Glover, Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont., says: "One of my children that had been suffering from sluggish kidneys read about Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, and procured a bottle from F. R. Curry's drug store. They removed the whole difficulty promptly. That depressing pain over the kidneys stopped, dizziness and headaches ceased, and there was a general invigorating of the system. There is no question regarding the merits of these Tablets for the back and kidneys."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50c. a box, at all druggists or by mail, The Dr. Zina Pierce Co., Toronto, Ont.

## The TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT.

RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN AFTER SHAVING.

Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and often contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

## VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. The "worn-out" veins return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

## STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, sharp, cutting pains at urination, weak erections, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT also cures the stricture tissue, hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened, the nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

### Cures Guaranteed

We treat and cure BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSSES, BLADDER AND KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS, FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK FOR HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN  
148 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

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## THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

Copyright, 1900, by Seward W. Hopkins.

"I am willing. What shall I do?"  
"You already have the entire to this inn. You are already welcome among the conspirators. If I send a man there, he must first find a way to enter. He might be suspected. He might even be killed. Now, you obviate those difficulties. You can go, listen and report. What do you say?"  
"I am ready. The thing is a bit dangerous, however, and you might lend me a pistol. I am unarmed."

"Certainly, with pleasure."  
Wallace slipped a loaded pistol in his pocket.

"And now, my young friend, I will admit that I know who your prince and princesses are. They are persons of very high degree, though but little known in Paris."

"They must be connected with some ruling family?"

"Hush! I cannot at this time take you into my confidence. When this affair is all over and they have left Paris, I will tell you who they are."

"But suppose I find it necessary to go to the prince at once. I ought at least to know his incognito."

"Oh, no; come to me," said the prefect. What! Go direct to the prince and get all the credit? Not in the department of the Seine! Not if the prefect knew his business, and he thought he did.

A few matters of detail having been arranged, details that brought Buckford into rather intimate relations with police business, he left the prefecture and found that he had more than half a day still on his hands.

The strain was partly lifted from his mind. The responsibility of the safety of the princely family was now shifted to the shoulders of the prefect of police.

Buckford had time enough and money enough to enjoy himself a bit and to make whatever arrangements he needed to make in regard to his lodgings.

He went there first.

"I must give up my rooms and take cheaper lodgings," he said to the concierge.

"I owe you something—about what this furniture will bring sold at a loss. Will you take the furniture for the debt?"

"If monsieur is so distressed for money."

"I am in a bad fix. If you are still my creditor after the stuff is sold, I will endeavor to make it good."

"Oh, I have always found monsieur trustworthy."

"I shall not find so accommodating a concierge again."

"Thank you, monsieur. And about the address?"

"I do not know where I shall find lodgings. It depends upon what business I take up. I may leave Paris."

"Monsieur will perhaps return to America and enter mercantile life."

Buckford laughed.

"I must earn the money first."

He spent the remainder of the day hoping to see the main face of the prince or the lovely one of Princess

artist of the shears bowed them in and past him. They entered then a large room where several men were gathered.

"Ah! You have arrived," said one.

"M. le President wishes to see you."

"Indeed," replied Buckford's guide.

"I will take my friend to meet M. le President."

Unsuspectingly Buckford followed him. He was led through a corridor and into a small room where two men stood waiting.

"Ah! Now we have him!" cried one.

"Kill the hound!"

"What's this?" demanded Buckford in alarm. "Foul play!"

The three closed in upon him.

"You lying hound!" now cried his guide in a frenzy. "You betrayed us to the police! Did you think we accept novices without trying them well? You came here, learned part of the truth and visited the prefecture. You have not only failed to save those you wished to save, but you have again come into our hands—this time an enemy. We will not kill you at once, for that would simply carry out your own design. Torture, hunger, misery—all shall be yours! And while you starve and moan and cry for water to quench your burning thirst, the tyrant you sought to save will die by our hands."

"Advance toward me an inch and I will kill you!" said Buckford, drawing his revolver. They stepped back in sudden alarm.

"A police pistol! Proof of treachery!"

The man with the wolfish face made a sudden leap forward. Buckford, in no humor to show patience, fired point blank, and the fellow dropped. The noise of the pistol brought a score of others.

"The traitor! The traitor! He has shot our secretary!" was the cry.

A dozen pistols were leveled at Wallace. He backed up against a door that seemed to be locked and stood at bay. Even if he killed a man at every shot he knew he must soon exhaust his pistol and then fall an easy victim to their hate. They made a rush at him. He fired again, killing the foremost. He stepped back suddenly, the door behind him gave way and he fell through it. There came a rush of cooler air, and he felt himself falling through darkness. There was a crash, and he lay still on an earthen floor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MURDERED MILLIONAIRE.

THE exit of Buckford Wallace from that den of thieves and cutthroats was so sudden and of so startling a nature that it might well be supposed that he had fallen upon one of those relics of the dark ages—a house of mysterious architecture, in which the very walls revolved on pivots, trapdoors open where

still more alarming.

An unsatisfactory scientific explanation was that once given by Hans Christian Anderson, to reassure a timid lady who was taking her first trip by steamboat. She was quite convinced that the vessel might explode at any moment, and confessed that she could not possibly understand the principle of locomotion by steam.

At length Anderson, who rather plumed himself on the faculty for popular exposition, undertook to make matters clear.

"Just suppose, madam," said he, "that you have a pot on a fire, and that it is boiling very fiercely. Suppose again that a large lid is on the top of the pot. If this lid were tightly screwed down the pot might burst from the pressure of the steam inside it. But if it be loosely put on, it will only bob up and down, the steam will ooze out and the pot will not burst."

But the lady clutched conclusively at the railing of the steamer, and clung there. "However help us!" she cried pointing at the deck. "If the lid here over the steam engine bobs up and down as you say, we shall all be pitched into the Danube."

A habit.

The lawyer asked the witness if an incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come!" said the attorney.

"Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twelfth story of a building, and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Oh, yes; but suppose you were doing the same thing the next day? Suppose you looked out of the twelfth story window and fell out and again should find yourself not injured! What would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come, now!" the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twelfth story window, and fell out and struck your head on the pavement twelve stories below, and were not in the least injured. What would you call it?"

"Three times!" said the witness, rousing from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a miracle." And then the lawyer gave it up.

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### Castoria.

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### Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me."  
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