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WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN

Could we read the hearts of every man we meet, what a load of sorrow and despair would be disclosed. Indigestion and Blood Diseases have caused more physical and mental weakness than all other causes combined. They strike at the foundation of manhood; they sap the vital force; they undermine the system, and not only do they often disrupt the family circle, but they may even extend their poisonous fangs into the next generation. If you have been a victim of early sinful habits, remember the seed is sown, and sooner or later you will reap a harvest. If your blood has been diseased from any cause do not risk a return later on. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you and send never fear any return of the disease. We will give you a guarantee bond to that effect. We would warn you sincerely against the promiscuous use of mercury, which does not cure blood poison but simply suppresses the symptoms.

WE CURE OR NO PAY.

Don't Let Your Life Be Drained Away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our New Method Treatment will stop all the natural Leucorrhea, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure Drains, Blood Diseases, Venereal, Stricture, Urinary Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, etc. Cutting or operations. No detection from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

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LIMITED

THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

By Jules Verne

"My God," said he to Harry Blount, "these people of the north are rough men! Do we not owe some return to our companion of the journey? May Korpanoff or Strogoff succeed! What splendid revenge for the affair of Ichim!"

"Yes, revenge indeed," said Harry Blount. "But Strogoff is a dead man. For his sake it would perhaps be better not to remember him any longer."

"And allow his mother to perish under the knout?"

"Do you believe that he has acted better by his rash haste than his mother and his sister?"

"I don't believe anything; I know nothing," answered Alcide Jolivet, "only had I been in his place I should not have acted otherwise. What a slash! Eh, what—the devil, we must boil over sometimes. God would have placed water in our veins and not blood had he wished us to remain always and everywhere imperturbable."

"What a splendid incident for a newspaper article!" said Harry Blount. "If Ivan Ogareff would only communicate to us the contents of that letter!"

Ivan Ogareff, after having wiped off the blood which covered his face, had broken the seal of the letter. He read it again and again for a long time, as if he wished to fathom its contents.

Then, having given his orders that Michael Strogoff, strongly fettered, should be sent on to Tomak with the other prisoners, he took command of the troops encamped at Zabelero, and amid the deafening sounds of drums and trumpets he marched to the town where the emir was awaiting him.

They had not long to wait for the Lieutenant of Feofar. Resounding bugles announced his arrival.

Ivan Ogareff—the Hashed, as they already began to call him—dressed this time in the uniform of a Tartar officer, arrived on horseback before the tent of the emir. He was accompanied by a body of the soldiers from the camp of Zabelero, who drew up along the sides of the plateau, in the middle of which he remained only during the time allotted to the announcements. One could see a deep gash cutting obliquely the face of the traitor.

Ivan Ogareff presented to the emir his principal officers, and Feofar-Khan, without departing from the coldness which was the main foundation of his dignity, received them in a manner which made them satisfied with their reception.

Alcide Jolivet and Harry Blount then joined the crowd and looked on in such a manner as not to lose any detail of a feast, which was to furnish a hundred good lines for the newspapers. They gazed with astonishment on Feofar-Khan in his magnificence, his women, his officers, his guards and all this oriental pomp, of which the ceremonies of Europe can give no idea. But they turned away with disdain when Ivan Ogareff presented himself before the emir, and they waited, not without some impatience, for the feast to begin.

"Do you see, my dear Blount," said Alcide Jolivet, "we are come too soon, like good citizens who must needs come or lose their money. All this is only the rising of the curtain. It would have been better taste to have arrived only for the ballet."

"What ballet?" asked Harry Blount. "The obligatory ballet, faith. But I think the curtain is about to rise."

Alcide Jolivet spoke as if he were at the opera, and, taking his glass from his case, he prepared to have a look at, as a connoisseur, the first subjects of Feofar's troop.

But a tedious ceremony was to precede the amusements. The prisoners had passed before the emir, and in passing each of them had to prostrate the forehead to touch the very dust as a sign of servility. It was the slavery which commenced with humiliation. When the unfortunates were too slow in bending, the rude hand of the guards cast them violently to the earth. Alcide Jolivet and his companion could not assist at such a spectacle without feeling the greatest indignation.

"This is cowardly! Let us go away!" said Alcide Jolivet.

"No," replied Harry Blount; "we must see all."

"See all! Ah!" cried Alcide Jolivet suddenly, seizing the arm of his companion.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the former.

"Look! Blount, it is she!"

"She?"

"The sister of our fellow traveler. Alone and a prisoner! We must save her!"

which the soldiers who were guarding him could with difficulty master.

But old Maria raised herself, and they were about to drag her when Ivan Ogareff intervened, saying:

"Let this woman remain."

As for Nadia, she was thrown back among the crowd of prisoners. The look of Ivan Ogareff had not fixed itself upon her.

Michael Strogoff was then led before the emir, and there he remained erect, without lowering his eyes.

"Your face to the ground!" Ivan Ogareff cried out to him.

"No!" replied Michael Strogoff. Two guards wished to force him to bend, but it was they who were thrown to the ground by the hand of the robust young man.

Ivan Ogareff advanced toward Michael Strogoff.

"You are about to die," said he. "I shall die," fiercely answered Michael Strogoff, "but your face of traitor, Ivan, will not the less bear and forever the infamous mark of the knout!"

Ivan Ogareff at this answer became horribly pale.

"Who is this prisoner?" demanded the emir in a voice the more menacing because of its calmness.

"A Russian spy," answered Ivan Ogareff.

In making out Michael Strogoff, a spy he knew the sentence pronounced against him would be the more terrible.

Michael Strogoff moved toward Ivan Ogareff.

The soldiers stepped on him. The emir then, in a gesture before which the whole crowd bent their heads. Afterward he motioned with his hand for the prisoner, which was brought to him. He opened the book and placed his finger on one of the pages.

It was chance, rather, as these orientals think. God himself, who was about to decide the fate of Michael Strogoff. The pages of central Asia give the name of traitor to this practice. After having interpreted the sense of the verse touched by the finger of the judge they apply the sentence, whatever it may be.

The emir had left his finger resting on the page of the Koran. The chief of the ulemas, then approaching, read with a loud voice a verse which finished with these words:

"And he shall see no more the things of the earth." "Russian spy," said Feofar-Khan, "you came to see what is passing in the camp of the Tartar! Look, then, with all your eyes! Look!"

CHAPTER XIII.
MICHAEL STROGOFF, with his hands bound, was held in front of the emir's throne at the foot of the terrace.

His mother, overcome at last by so many physical and moral tortures, had sunk down, not daring to look or listen any longer.

"Look with all your eyes! Look!" Feofar-Khan had said, stretching out his threatening hand toward Michael Strogoff.

Without doubt Ivan Ogareff, knowing well the Tartar customs, had understood the bearing of that word, for his lips parted for an instant in a cruel smile. Then he went to take his place near Feofar-Khan.

A call of trumpets was heard immediately. It was the signal for the amusements.

"Now we have the ballet," said Alcide Jolivet to Harry Blount; "but, contrary to all custom, these barbarians give it before the drama."

Michael Strogoff had been ordered to look. He did look. A swarm of female dancers came upon the space reserved for them. Various Tartar instruments, united with the guttural voices of the singers, formed a strange harmony.

There were a mandolin with a long neck made of the wood of the mulberry tree, with two strings of twisted silk; a kind of violoncello, open at the back, furnished with horsehair and made to vibrate with a bow, a long flute made of a reed, trumpets, tambourines and tom-toms. At once the dances began.

These dances performed very gracefully various dances, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups. They had their faces uncovered, but from time to time they drew a light veil over their figures, and one would have said that a cloud of gauze was passing over their sparkling eyes like a vapor over the starry heaven.

When this first entertainment was over, a grave voice was heard, which said: "Look with all your eyes! Look!" The man who repeated these words of the emir, a Tartar of high stature, was the chief executioner of Feofar-Khan. He had taken his position behind Michael Strogoff, and he held in his hand a sword with a broad and curved blade, one of those Damascus blades which had been tempered by the famous armors of Karschi or of Hissar.

To be Continued.

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