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If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes-not serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, aching pains itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, ing pains itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, ing pains itchiness, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't need to luck. Don't run your system with the old fugy treatment—mercury and trust to luck. Don't run your system with the old fugy treatment—mercury and nappy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already entred by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risky not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

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Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vinier,
The poor man's hope, the triend without a peer
Jaffar was tiead, slain by a doom unjust.
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the had might say. t no man living from that Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.

All Araby and Persia held their breath—

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show How far for love a grateful soul could go And facing death for very scorn and grief And facing death for very scorn and facing death for the great heart wanted a great relief. Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square Where once had stood a happy house, and there Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man!" the caliph cried. The man Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried

he.
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me; fears; Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;

Restored me, loved me, put me on a par With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?" Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lors of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said: "Let worth grow frenzied if it will,
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and, since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem.
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took and, holding it

Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffari"

Told Over The Samovar

This is the story as Polly told it to me over the samovar-bad luck to the new come Russian of bearded smile who gave it to her! But the story loses much in coming from the second hand, for the grace of Polly's tales lies in the telling-in the light of eye, the twitch of mouth, the smile and the shrug of shoulder, and these, by favor of heaven, cannot be put to paper, else all would have my Polly.

She-Polly, of course-was asked by Miss Stanton to spend the night with her. Miss Stanton had moved into a new place during the day and wanted Polly to help her fix up-Polly knows by instinct just where this and that ought to be placed for the best effect. When they got to the house just at dusk, not a soul was at home, and the immovable door recalled to Miss Stanton that she had not yet asked for a latchkey. For an instant there were consternation and blank faces. Then the front windows were tried. One of them was not locked. Their faces resumed expression.

"It's unlocked all right," said Miss Stanton in a voice made hopeless by new troubles, "but how are we going to get in? Can you climb?"

Miss Stanton couldn't; that was plain. Miss Stanton is-well, as Polly hesitatingly said at the telling, "she's -she's wide, you know." And then Polly spread her hands until about three-quarters of the width of the table lay between them. "About so,"

"Can I climb? Of course I can," said Polly with the confidence of an all doing genius. "You just stand in front of shaking her head with wide eyed, shivthe window, so no one can see, and I'll ering solemnity. "It was shocking!"

how Polly got through the window-it began three feet from the veranda throat. floor-is not to be told, for Miss Stanton effectually screens much territory, and Folly, when I asked her, demurely replied that there were some secrets that a woman could keep.

Just as Polly came down with a little thump within Miss Stanton gave a great gasp without. "Oh, Polly! A policeman! What'll

we do?" "A policeman!" cried Polly, peeping over Miss Stånton's shoulder. Sure enough there was an officer in terror inspiring brass buttons. And he

was walking toward the house. "Quick, Polly! What'll we do?" The voice approached the frantic.

But before Polly could make answer there came words from the officer. "Say, you there—come out of that!" "But-we live-we stay here," expos-

tulated Mas Stanton tremblingly. "That's right, Kate. Talk up to him," whispered Polly encouragingly. "Oh, yes, of course," said the officer

dryly, a man of "most painful humor," according to Polly. "There was nobody at home, and I'd

forgotten my latchkey." "Good, Kate! Don't let him scare you," in a discreet undertone from

Miss Stanton was trembling. "That's a nice little story, but it's a little old. But, say," he demanded brilliantly, gazing with a most wise smile at Miss Stanton, who completely eclipsed the window, "how did you ex-pect to crawl through that window?" Miss Stanton stammered, whereat

greater wisdom. "You're smooth, but the game's an old one. I'll just run you in. You're the kind I'm looking for."

the officer nodded his head with even

"But you don't mean to arrest me? live here!" Miss Stanton cried weak-

The policeman grinned. "That will not go either. I know every one in the house." Which was the truth, as they learned later, for he was sweet on one of the girls. "You might as well close the talk and come with me."

He took hold of Miss Stanton's arm. As he did so he chanced to look over her shoulder, and his eyes lighted on Polly, who was calmly biting the finger tips of her gloves.

"Hello! So there's two of you?"
"Yes." admitted Miss Stanton. He motioned to Polly. 'Come out," said be. "I won't," said Polly. He started for her, but Polly slipped he window down, locked it and looked

at him with chin straight out. When Pelly holds her chin so, one usually does as she likes. The officer stared through the glass an instant and then turned to Miss Stanton.

"She'll come out of there all right. You come with me to a patrol box." Miss Stanton meekly wal'ed away with him. In about five minutes they came back and sat down on the steps. Polly pulled an easy chair to the window, slipped into it and leisurely be

gan to pull off her gloves. So they sat until the patrol wagon drove up, into which Miss Stanton was bundled with little ceremony. Then the policeman came up the steps to the window.

"Look here," he called out. "I'm tired of this! Come on out of there!" Polly calmly took off her hat and eyed it critically with head a trifle to

"If you don't, I'll smash the window and come after you! You'll come then." Perhaps he would have done so-for he had but little temper left-had not the man who owns the house come up the steps just then with his wife. To him the officer turned.

"Robbers have been trying to get into your house, Mr. Wilson," 'he called "Robbers" exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

"Thieves in my house! Where?" screamed his wife. "Oh. we've got 'em tight enough,' said the peliceman. "One's in the par-

for now. She got in through the win-"What!" Women thieves?" Mrs. Wilson ran up the steps, and within the window sat Polly, leaning back, with her hat in her lap, which sight almost

sent her into hysteries. "There's one of them!" she screamed. pointing to Polly. "Sitting there just as if she owned the place! Oh, thecreature!"

"Yes, I seen her just as she and t'other one was trying to get in," the officer said complacently. "Tother one's in the wagon." The frantic Mrs. Wilson made a rush

for the patrol wagon. Miss Stanton thrust out her head. "It's me—it's just me—Miss Stan-

ton," she said plaintively. "Miss Stanton! Well, of all thingsmy new roomer?" Mrs. Wilson stepped short. "What are you doing in there? How did you get in there?" "They put me in," said Miss Stanton

Then came the explanation. And then Mr. Wilson said something to the policeman. What that was Polly does not know. "I couldn't hear," she explained to

mournfully.

me when she had finished telling the "Probably told him that he was

policeman," I suggested. Polly shook her head as she dropped a slice of lemon into her tea. "No; think he called him a fool."

"Which is the same," said I, with feeling that I was very clever. "But how did it all end?" "It's ended. That's all there is to

Polly looked at me in suence for a

full minute. But Polly is never long without a word. "Wasn't it simply awful?" she said.

Then an irre Miss Stanton slipped into position the gravity of Mr face, and she laugh-and Polly disappeared behind her. Just ed, her head thrown back just enough to reveal the birdlike pulsings of her

"It was funny, though-is now. It wasn't then." Her eyes were bright with mirth tears.

She leaned forward, dropped her chin into her hands and gazed at me half smiling, half blushing. "You'll never tell, Tom. That's a

good boy-don't." "Teil!" said I, hurt by the imputa-"No, of course you won't," said

Polly. "Of course not," said I. But Polly will never see this .- Chicago Journal.

Ingersoll and Beecher.

Several years ago Henry Ward Beecher and Colonel Ingersoll met in a railroad station in New York state. where both had to wait for a train They talked together on all sorts of subjects, more especially the future of man. Finally the conversation drifted to peculiar epitaphs on gravestones, and Mr. Beecher, who had been looking over the headlines of a morning paper, exclaimeds

"Ah, colonel, here is a fitting epitaph for you." The day before the birthday of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, had been celebrated with unusual ceremony, and a description of the celebration occupied considerable space on the first page of the paper. Mr. Beecher tore off a two column headline and handed it to the unbeliever. It read, "Robert Burns."

Two years later Ingersoll and Beecher met again in a St. Louis hotel. "I remember your epitaph on me, Mr. Beecher," said Ingersoll, "and I have got one for you. I will read it for you, Born in the slavery of sectarian shackles, hungry and thirsty for freedom and light, he yet died in religious bondage."

Beer Exhibits at the Paris Exposi-At the Paris exposition 40,000 square

feet have been allotted to the Boers. Their pastoral life will be shown by a Boer farm, portraying vividly the life of the first colonists of the Transvaal. The national pavilion of the Transvaal, built in the Dutch style, will display geographical documents, mineral speci-mens and exhibits showing the methods of instruction in the schools. In the Boer farm will be exhibited the wild animals of the Transvaal. The means and methods of transportation used will also be portrayed. The mining industry will be shown by a five stamp battery.-Scientific American.

In the mythology of Ancient Greece Hymen, the god of marriage, was the half brother of Esculapius, the god of medi-cine. The ancients believed that mar-



ers cannot bear healthy children. The prospective mother should use every precaution to preserve and foster her health. Not alone for the sake of the little one to come but for her own sake. A perfectly healthy woman is in no danger and in

rittle pain at her time of trial.

There must be due preparation for this time. Nature makes the preparation for this time. tery period three-fourths of a year and women who take the hint from nature and use the time properly need have no fears of the outcome. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a medicine designed to cure all distinctly feminine ailments and taken during the period of gestation it renders childbirth easy, safe and com-

paratively painless.

It is the invention of Dr. R. V. Pierce. of Buffalo, N. Y., a regularly graduated physician and skilled specialist in the

physician and skilled specialist in the cure of all diseases of woman.

Mrs. Orrin Stiles, of Downing, Dunn Co., Wis., writes: "I cannot praise your 'Pavorite Prescription' enough, for I have not been as well for five years as I now am. In July last I had a baby boy, weight it lbs. I wis only sick a short time, and since I got up have not had one sick day."

Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge. Every letter is held the sixty private and sacredly confidential. strictly private and sacredly confidential Designing men work on women's feelings, by advising women to "write to a woman who understands woman's needs." It is useless to seek advice about disease of any woman who is not a physician. So far as known no qualified woman physician is connected with any proprietary medicine establishment.

The busy Modern Girl Smiles over her Trivial Interests

An Extract from the Dairy of a Young Lady of Long Ago, Proves Very Interesting and has a Touch of Romance in it.

An extract from the "journal of a young lady of fashion" severa! centuries ago makes one feel quite relieved that it is not really a part of elegant living nowadays to keep journals, remarks an exchange. Poor little faded journal! The delicate little hand that penned those cramped lines, maybe, was given to "John Grey." For romance's sake, let's hope that it was.

"7 o'clock-Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the courtyard. "10 o'clock-Went to dinner; John Grey, a most comely youth-but what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little and stole a great many tender looks at me; said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good natured. I hope my temper is not intolerable. • Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hands with vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objections to John Grey; he plays at prison bars as well as any of the country gentlemen and is remarkably dutiful to his perents, my lord and lady, and never

misses church on Sunday." A sample of poetry dedicated to " young lady" shows what wemen were served with in the way of literature:

And he whose lot is blessed, As only man's can be.
Will find too sure a rest
On earth with thee.
Where all is bright and fair

And sorry joys ente Thou'lt be transplanted there

And ever bloom. O ye shades of our ancestresses What would you think of the contents of some of our library shelves? What would you think of the rosy cheeked girl who would consider such poetry as you read simply too insipid and stupid for any use?



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