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Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists

Life in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century. Whose successes are, Without a Parallel, the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

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\$1000 for Failure. CAPTURE AND FISTULA CURED. The SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and watery growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

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BOOK FREE—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands of cures at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment, given to every patient.

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Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

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AN HUMBLE HERO

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT
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now that he was so near. She had never believed him guilty. That was one great comfort. No matter what his fate, that knowledge would cheer him even if she held aloof from him in his hour of trouble.

At the squire's office Sam remained guarding his prisoner while the squire and the others went to answer the summons of the stranger. Pap Sampson, finding himself not needed at home, came down to be with him.

The news of the arrest having spread, a number of people came to see him, a few of them out of sympathy, but the greater number out of mere curiosity. Jim Thorn and Mary Mann were among the visitors.

Thorn did not say a word to Sam, but there was a triumphant expression on his face that showed he was highly gratified at Sam's arrest. He had never forgotten that blow Sam had given him, and now, after four years, he was getting his revenge and getting it in full measure.

Mrs. Mann was equally as well pleased as Thorn; but, unlike him, she was not content to let the expression on her face show her feelings. Approaching quite close to the prisoner, she said:

"I'm glad to see you, Sam Banks, and to see you right where you are. I hope now you're satisfied."

Sam made no reply, but Sam Morgan spoke for him.

"Mis'us Mann," he said, "you ort to be ashamed. Anybody that'd talk to

"Mis'us Mann, you ort to be ashamed."

Sam that a-way now ain't got as much heart as a stone. If you can't say something comfortin', don't say anything."

"Let him look to Lousiey Banks for comfortin' words. She's the one to speak 'em. An jest let him wait till she does speak 'em. He'll wait for ever."

Pap Sampson had been fidgeting in and out of the room ever since he came. He'd go out and look off down the street, then come in and sit down. In a few minutes he'd go through the same motions again. This he kept up till finally Sam Morgan said:

"What's the matter of you, Pap, that you've got so restless all at once?"

"Nothin', Sam, nothin' at all," Pap replied.

But Sam Morgan knew better.

CHAPTER XXIV.
"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Pap Sampson was expecting the arrival of Louisa. He had immediately after Sam's return sent her word informing her of that fact. He had not asked her to come and had made no suggestion as to what she should do. He simply told her that Sam had come home and was going to give himself up and left the rest to her.

He believed she would come. He felt confident of it, but he didn't know. He said nothing to Sam of what he had done for fear of encouraging false hopes. If Louisa came, it would be all right, but if she didn't it would be better for Sam to think she didn't know.

So it was that Pap Sampson was all on edge with expectancy and doubt.

The Old Motto Still Prevails
SMALL PROFITS
AND BIG SALES

McConnell, the cut-rate grocer, is still in business at the old stand, Park street east.

Our prices bring in customers from all parts of the city. Our stock is fresh and good. A trial order will convince you.

FOR CASH
We will reduce 10 per cent on dinner, tea and chamber sets; also on China, opal and glassware.

Great value in teas; 3 per cent off all 25c. per lb. teas, 5 per cent off all teas over that price, for the day only. Other goods at our usual low prices, for good groceries.

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and was in a continual fidget. He was so anxious for Louisa to come and so afraid she wouldn't. Then, too, if she did come he wanted to be the first to meet her.

Of course Sam's old neighbors were anxious to learn the history of his life during the four years of his absence, and they piled him with eager questions until he was forced to tell much more than he wished. His career as a soldier had been glorious in a humble way, for he had fought at the front in many hard contested battles, and he had performed more than one deed of uncommon valor. But Sam was modest, and it was trying on him to have to speak of these things, and even when he was driven to tell he passed them over as lightly as possible.

Pap Sampson, however, was too fond and proud of Sam to allow his heroism to remain unknown. So, notwithstanding his excited condition, he took time to tell the full story of how Sam had saved Thompson by bravely rescuing him from the field of battle in a rain of shot and shell. Pap told it all as Thompson had told it, giving him his full meed of credit. When he had finished, there was a long silence, during which everybody sat with open mouth, staring at Sam in astonishment. It was a full minute before any one spoke, and even then some one merely exclaimed:

"Waal, I'll jest be doggoned!"

"This broke the spell, and quickly Sam Morgan added:

"Don't that beat you? Who'd 'a ever thought of Sam Banks doin any sich a way as that?"

"Lord," some one exclaimed, "I bet he was skeered, though. Wa'n't you, Sam?"

"I don't know," Sam replied wearily. "I don't mind much 'bout it."

Pap Sampson brought his cane down with a thump.

"Of co'se Sam wa'n't skeered," he said. "A man that'd do like he done ain't gwine to git skeered at nothin. Sam Banks skeered! Lord, you make me plumb tired."

"My land, Pap, you're plumb right 'bout that. A feller fixed like Sam was that don't have no time to think 'bout gittin skeered. I know jest how it are, 'cause I've been in lots of jest sich scrapes myself. I mind doin putty nigh jest that same thing once on a awful bloody battlefield, and I wa'n't no more skeered than I am this minute."

"Was that the time you fit Hicks' taters down thar in the cellar, Ebenezer?"

Ebenezer Sparks tossed his head with an air of fine scorn.

"I reckon," he said, "you think you're pow'ful smart, allus draggin that old cellar in ever time I das't to open my mouth. But I guess you'll keep on a-draggin it in till you've wore it plumb out."

Pap Sampson, who had been out on the street, came hurriedly in and whispered something to Sam. No one heard what he said, but whatever it was it had a magical effect, for Sam was transformed in an instant from a state of listless apathy to one of eager and excited interest. His face beamed, and his eyes glistened, and he trembled from head to foot. He sprang up and started out, but Sam Morgan laid his hand gently on his arm to detain him.

The next moment a woman appeared in the open door. Everybody looked up and saw it was Louisa. Then a silence as still as death fell over the scene.

She paused for an instant and glanced around. Her eyes wandered until they rested on Sam. Then with a cry full of joy and pathos she tottered toward him. His arms opened to receive her, and the next moment she was folded in his breast, and in silence they were weeping together.

Nobody spoke. It was a scene too impressive, too sacred, to be disturbed. Many stood with their heads bent, their hearts full and their eyes moist with tears. Sam Morgan drew his handkerchief from his pocket and hastily turned his face away, while Ebenezer Sparks stood smiling idiotically, making heroic efforts to appear unaffected.

To be Continued.

A German brewer in Mexico obtained six gold medals at the Paris exposition for six kinds of beer made by him.

VENTRILOQUISM EXTRAORDINARY.

The Astonishing Performance Given by Sothorn's Confederate.

One of the peculiarities of Sothorn's elaborated jokes was the way in which he worked up to them. He pretended to have accidentally discovered that he possessed the gift of the born ventriloquist and arranged an experiment on the occasion of a supper party given in his house at a pleasant house in a London suburb.

There was a foolish kind of hanger on of timidity with the famous comedian. He had often said, "I wish you would let me help you in one of your practical jokes, Mr. Sothorn." Sothorn humored his desire. Mr. Edgar Pemberton, tells the story in his "Memoir of Sothorn."

The comedy must for my purpose be reduced to a paragraph. You know how fond the professional ventriloquist is of talking up the chimney to the imaginary man on the roof. Sothorn had arranged for his lavish confederate to mount the roof by a ladder and play the part of the voice on the roof, which he did to perfection, and Sothorn's success as a ventriloquist was voted nothing short of marvelous. Supper being over, the party adjourned to another room, at which point Sothorn said "Good night" to his friend above, at which time he had been arranged that the scene should be concluded.

Sothorn had, however, plotted against his man, who when he wished to descend found that the ladder was gone. By hook or crook the deceived confederate found his way to the chimney of the smoking room, where the supper party were settling down for a long evening. Presently a voice was heard calling down the chimney: "Sothorn, Sothorn! For heaven's sake, come and help me! I can't get down, and it's raining like mad!"

Sothorn was taken aback for a moment, but only to be in ecstasies the next at the exclamations of his friends, who considered the voice only another example of Sothorn's skill. "You said you could do no more, your voice was tired, and here it is stronger than ever," Sothorn, accepting the compliments of his friends, managed in a short conversation with the voice on the roof to let his unhappy confederate understand that as soon as possible he would go out and help him down.

After a time, just when Sothorn was about to slip out and release his friend, his host went to the chimney and, all the more to emphasize Sothorn's success, as he thought, called out, "Are you still there?" This was the last straw upon the rain-drenched back of the sufferer. "Oh, go to blazes!" came the angry reply and with it a piece of mortar that rattled in the grate. "You're a beast!"

A Wasted Effort.
"Yes, sir, I did my best to train my daughter up as an accomplished parlour maid. I took her to meetings to meet men. I gave her a chance to listen to the rulings of able chairmen, and I had her learn the textbooks on the subject by heart. I thought I had her perfect in the business, but I was mistaken. She attended a convention not long ago, and pretty soon she had a chance to appeal from a decidedly unjust ruling of the chair, and how do you suppose she did it?"

"Well?"

"She was excited, you know, and this is what she said: 'You are a mean old fright, and I just hate you! So there! And then she burst into tears and sat down. No, sir, woman's nature will have to change before she will ever become a parliamentarian.'"

Just When to Turn.
A Memphis gentleman who has just returned from an overland trip through Mississippi says that one day he stopped at a negro cabin to ask the way to the village for which he was bound.

In reply to his hail an old white-headed man came to the door, and the following conversation took place:

"Can you tell me how to get to B.?" asked the traveler.

"Sartinly I kin, sar," replied the darky. "You follow dis here road till jist before you gits in sight ob de next house, and den you turns to de right, and dar ain't no odder road to put you off from dar on till you gits to whar you is a-goin'."

A Whist Story.
When Lord Thanet was imprisoned in the Tower of London for the O'Connor riot, three of his friends, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Laval and Captain Smith, were admitted to play whist with him and remain till the lock-up hour of 11. Early in the sitting Captain Smith fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and one of the party rose to call for help. "Stop!" cried another. "We shall be turned out if you make a noise. Let our friend alone until 11. We can play dummy, and he'll be none the worse, for I can read death in his face."

An Easy Matter.
"The reason some men don't get along happily," said Mr. Meekton, "is that they don't know how to manage a wife."

"You know this?" was the skeptical query.

"Certainly. It is the simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is to say 'yes' whenever she wants anything and always let her have her own way."

The Sponge and Its Uses.
Two little girls with snub noses and public school voices stood in front of the window of a Third Avenue drug store yesterday afternoon.

"My," said one, "Look at the sponges! Most a thousand of 'em. What d'yer s'pose they use 'em all for? I didn't think they was so many states in the world." The other little girl looked at her companion with withering scorn.

"Don't yer know," she sniffed contemptuously, "that windows has to be washed?"

The Inevitable Camel.
The vicious disposition of the camel is general is evinced by an instance given by the Arabs. Some time ago in Little Aden a Somali boy endeavored to escape from an infuriated brute which was pursuing him by plunging into the sea, but the camel swam after him and killed him.

The motose man takes both narrow and selfish views of life and the world; he is either envious of the happiness of others or denies its existence.—C. Simmons.



The Indoor-bicycle Shoe.

A light, comfortable shoe that looks like a dress shoe and feels like a bicycle shoe.

It is the only shoe that's as easy as a bicycle shoe and doesn't look like one.

Made of fine kid with noiseless, slipless Elk sole and heels.

A perfect shoe for men or women to wear indoors—especially adapted for those who stand—salespeople, nurses, housewives—anyone on their feet.

Can be worn all winter with overshoes.

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Sold by D. Turrill and J. L. Campbell.

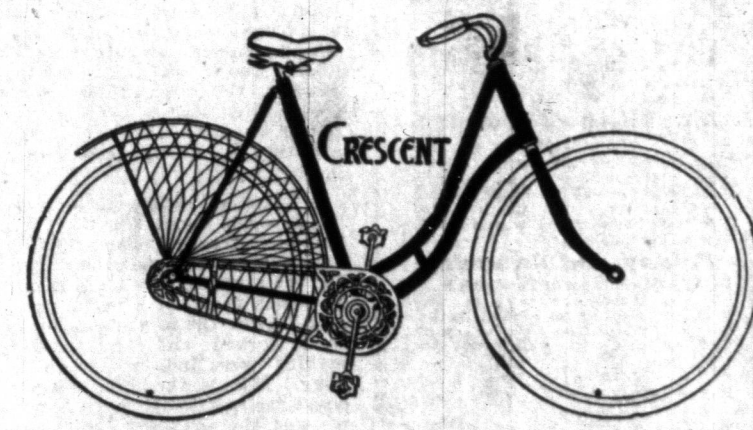
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CHEAP BICYCLES

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