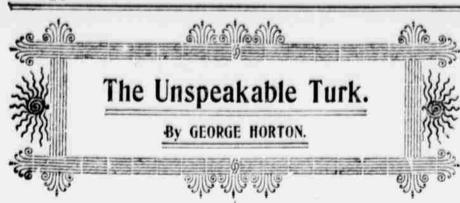
The village, on this fragrant and dewy

spring morning, was peaceful and idyllic.



(Copyrighted, 1900, by George Horton.) Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish war, joints a fillbustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, accompanied by Lieutenant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan reach the island safely. They arrive at a village and are cared for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin.

(Copyright, 1900, by George Horton.) CHAPTER 18.

The house of Papas-Malecko Nicolaides consisted of three rooms, two downstairs and one above. Curtis was given a seat damaged by the bath which it had received upon an antique couch with a wooden frame, upon whose high back was carved the date, 1855. Papas-Malecko's father-in-law had received it in that year as part of his wife's daughter. It was a highly prized posses-

A trunk studded with brass-headed nails. several low wooden stools and a bureau completed the furniture of the apartment. The priest brought a stool for Curtis' foot and lifted the wounded member tenderly thereon. The windows and doors were darkened by the wondering population. Two or three leading citizens pushed through into the room and commenced talking in chorus. All gesticulated wildly. Lindbohm knelt down by the foot and began to remove the stocking.

"I know something of medicine," he said. "Do I hurt you?

"Go on," replied Curtis; "that's a mere detail." Lindbohm poked the puffy sole here and there until his patient gave a jump, as when the dentist finds a nerve.

"There it is," cried Curtis. "There's something in it." Further examination disc vered the head of a black sliver, which, after several attempts with a penknife blade and his

thumbnail, the lieutenant succeeded in extracting. The curiosity of the throng that now packed the room almost to suffocation found expression in a storm of volubility. The sliver was passed from hand to hand. Curtis thought he detected again and again the syllables, "many, many." He fo go: they were speaking Greek. 'Do they say there are others?" he asked.

"No," replied Michali; "they say 'kaiemene,' which means poor fellow."

"Oh, tell 'em it's nothing. Just a sliver In my foot. I'll be all right in an hour." "On the contrary, I regret to say that you sort foot may have during two or three weeks. It is a spine of the achinoos."

"Oh, the sea hedgehog. Is it poistnous?" "Not exactly polsonous, but it will make much irritation. You should have spoken been so bad. Did it not hurt very bad?" thought I had scratched my foot on a stone.

"Well, by Jupiter!" cried Lindbohm, "you Americans have plenty of gravel." "Plenty of what?"

'Plenty of gravel. Isn't that what you eay? I heard that expression once." "Perhaps you mean sand?"

Maybe it is. At any rate, you've got it." At this moment a tremendous hubbub "It is a beautiful custom," said the of an old weman, who stabbed the ground cordially by the hand. at every step with a long, quivering staff. In her left hand she held a whisp of dried things." herbs. The cries of relief and joy which her presence evoked reminded Curtis of the arrival of a tardy fire engine.

"Who's this?" he asked. "She is the wise woman," replied Michali 'She will put something on the foot that

will cure him very quick." Her orders, delivered in a shrill voice, resulted in the immediate production of warm water, a towel and a basin. The old woman made the sign of the cross over the foot. She

then washed it, applied the leaves and bound

"That does feel nice," said Curtis. "How much ought I to offer her?"

'Money?" asked Michali. "Yes, of course."

them on with rags

"Nothing, nothing. She would be-what you call him? She would suffer in her feelings. You are the guest of the village. Bid me to thank her for you." "Sure. Tell her she's a regular old brick. Tell her my own mother couldn't have done

4t better. "Ah, that, yes. I do not know what is

that brick, but the mother will make her very glad." Michali evidently knew what to say, for she patted Curtis' head affectionately, and

tears ran down her cheeks. "She says she had three boys, all big. strong fellows like you, and the Turks have killed them all," explained Machali. "Yes," replied Curtis, "I understand the

The demarch now made a brief speech, which resulted in clearing the house. As the Ambellakians retired a merry voice shouted:

most of that myself. She speaks very

"Perastika, Kurie Pelarge!" (May you recover soon, Mr. Stork) and all took up the refrain, shouting the syllables over and over, amid great laughter. To Michali's unbounded delight Curtis cried "Eucharisto!" (Thanks.)

"That was splendid," said Michali, when

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To All Who Write. Free trial package of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any from of sexual weakness resulting from outhful foily, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varieocele or emaciation of parts can now cure themselved at home. The remedy has a peculiarly statement of the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the fills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 269 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complete with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute is desirous of reaching that serious easily to the method. As modern Greek and the remark, easily understood in Greek, and the mayor, shoutting great thunder claps of laughter, patted. Curtis on the back and cried, "Bravot bravot"

Panayota seaming food from his cafe, a proceeding from this daughter, good-naturedly resented as a reflection on their own hospitality.

"Seems like a quarrel between church and state," observed Curtis.

Michall explained the remark, easily understood in Greek, and the mayor, shoutting great thunder claps of laughter, patted. Curtis on the back and cried, "Bravot bravot"

Panayota Placed on the cloth a huge lost of brown treatment and all distinct than that of the others and dustice than that of the state them that the end was doubled over and bore the fetters, beautifully was doubled over and bore t of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all suested to write without delay.

all had left except himself, Lindbohm, the demarch and Papas-Malecko; "How did

you understand what they have said?" "I studied modern Greek in college and used to practice on the Greeks in Boston. But I don't understand hardly anything. I'm disgusted with myself. I said "Eucould think of."

"O, you are too modest. You answered exactly right. They said, 'May you get well soon, Mr. Stork,' and you answered, 'Thank you, thank you." Curtis took from his pocket a book, badly

when he had jumped for his life from the ill-fated Holy Mary, but still serviceable. 'This is a new method, just out," he ex plained, holding it up to view. "O, I shall dowry, and had given it in turn to his own be talking in a day or two-I lose confidence when there are so many people together. They all gabber at once and I can't under-

> The demarch and the priest examined with great reverence the copy of Rangave's excellent method.

Their ideas of books were chiefly asso-

stand a word."

ciated with the holy scriptures and the "Lives of the Saints." The mayor crossed himself devoutly, but the priest refrained. He had heard that there were profane books. Evening was now at hand, and a girl ome in, bringing two lighted candl a n tall brass cantile ticks. She was the maiden whom the shipwrecked strangers had first seen, standing on the edge of the preci ice, with the water jug on her should r. Her height was rather greater than that of the ordinary woman, her figure was both slender and athletic. There was something antique and statuesque in her attitude n.w. as she advanced, holding the two tall candiesticks. Papas-Malecko introduced her as his daughter and Michall explained. She smiled sweetly and replied with charming graciousness of manner that the strange a were welcome. There was no simpering or coyness. She demeaned herself with the modest courage of innate nobility and innonence. The false standards of so-called civilization were unknown to her. She was a daughter of the democracy of the mo ntains. In her theory of the world all women were virtuous, and all men, except Turks. were gentlemen and heroes. When Curtis heard her speak Greek he redoubled his resolve to perfect himself in the language without delay. He even framed a senten e with which to address her, but a certain shyners, the fear of exciting laughter in those beautiful eyes through some mistake

in accent or grammar deterred him. Lindbohm, as soon as he comprehended that he was being presented to the mis rest of him immediately, then it would not have of the house, brought his hee's lovet'e. and, bowing low, lifted her hand to his lips. "Why, it hurt some, of course, but I It was a knightly and courtler-like act t a clothed him in dignity despite the shr nken I wasn't going to delay the game for a little and salt-incrusted Prince Albert and the grotesque remnants of shoes. Panaveta flushed like a peony and looked inquiringly at Michali.

"It is the custom among the gentlemen in his country," replied the young patr'o'. were a queen.

right and to left, made way for the entry culty on one leg, had shaken Panayo a

She was bent like the new moon, and her replied Michali. "This is a royal salute you wrinkled skin was the color of a mild cigar. know, and they know nothing about such | self to furnish." The beautiful young girl brought in a

table cloth and spread it on the floor. The mid-air over the bowl. demarch stepped to the door, and, calling a young boy from the street, said something chail to Lindbohm. to him in a low tone.

A notsy but good-natured discussion immediately arose between the mayor on the

broadly, with two flaring ears, not unlike Curtis drew a long breath into his lungs the butt of an Arab's gun. Cutting the and, closing his eyes, imagined himself in bread with this, he impaled a bounteous sucient Arcadie. On the balconies of the charisto" because it was the only word I portion and offered it to Curtis, who took it neatly whitewashed houses pots of basil from the point, saying "Eucharisto, polu, and begonta had been set out and formed Kurie Demarche" (Many thanks, Mr. green patches against the white. Here and Mayor.) there an almond tree in full bloom dis-Bravo, bravo!" cried Michali, "you're pensed wide sweetness or shook its snowy getting on. At this rate you will speak petals to the breeze. The site of the town Greek by tumorrow better than I do!" was so uneven that it seemed possible to was so uneven that it seemed possible to

he could with his legs, his knees persisted tethered to his buttonhole.

serving maid, distributed four forks among is not visible."

in rising on a level with his ears. Curtis

The Cretans made the sign of the cross,

which corresponds with our blessing, and

the five diners. There not being enough to

knife whose stiver-mounted handle ended

go around, the demarch unsheathed a long

"IT WAS MUSTAPHA PASHA," CONTINUED MICHALL

"This is truly wonderful," observed the | step from the threshold of some of the priest, and asked Curtis, slowly and dis- dwellings on to the red-tiled roofs of othtinctly, "How many years have you been in ers. There was water everywhere. Some-Greece? "He says-" began Michali.

"Hold on, old man, I understand him." interrupted Curtis, and he replied, slowly but correctly, in Greek: "I have been here only two weeks." "This is a miracle," roared the demarch.

"We shall make a Cretan of you; but let us who had read of similar scenes in foreign begin eating," and spearing a piece of bread romances. "He salutes you as though you with his knife he dipped it into the e up. "You must do as I do " seid Michall din ping his own chunk and eating it from his imposing figure and doubtless felt his post- as poet. With nodding plume and warlike The demarch lunged through the demarch. "But is not the American also a fork. "This is lenten soup-black-eyed tion in the community, combining as he did eye he frowns terribly down from the dir gy crowd, and, throwing his constituents to gentleman?" for Curis, rising with diffi- beans cooked with oil. Over this was the in one person the important functions of walls of a thousand khans and waysids inns. contest between church and state. The mayor's cook makes famous lenten soup "Oh, the Americans are great democrats" and Kur' Nickolaki wished to send for some, but Papas-Malecko desired the dinner him-

> "Kalo (good)?" asked the mayor, bolding a huge chunk of dripping bread suspended "He asks you is it good?" explained Mi-

"Kalo? kalo?" repeated Kur' Nickolaki.

"Kalo," replied Lindbohm. A medium of general communication was one hand and Papas-Malecko and his now established. Papas-Malecko and Kur



MICHALI EVIDENTLY KNEW WHAT TO SAY, FOR SHE PATTED CURTIS' HEAD AFFECTIONATELY.

from the door, called the boy back; the Curtis and Lindbohm and asked "Kalo?" mayor, Kur' Nikolaki, seizing Lindbohm's and they both replied, "Kalo, kalo." cane, threatened the boy with it and pushed After dinner the demarch departed, takthe priest back into the house.

apon the virgin and crossing herself.

daughter on the other. The priest, darting Nikolaki with nearly every bite smiled upon

ing Michali with him, and Panayato made Panayota protested laughingly, calling up the bed on the floor for Curtis and Lindbohm. She brought in a mattress from out-"What's the row, anyway?" asked Curtis, doors, which somewhat mystified Curtis enough words from the rapidly-spoken way to the upper regions was built on the sentences to be quite sure of their meaning, outside of the house. She laid a sheet Paneyota's enunciation was more clear cut sewed to it in such a manner that the end and distinct than that of the others and was doubled over and bore the letters, beaufrom what she said he concluded that the tifully embroidered, for Panayota Nicolaides.

to his great disgust, not being able to catch until he remembered that the stone stair- versation making him feel that he must do seemed all joined together into one worl to feel the hopelessness of their condition

could decline the nouns and conjugate the they had entered, hoping that his host pos-

Curtis had made great progress in Pana-

der each eye.

yota's language during his brief stay, as he had lost no opportunity of practice. He had found the girl very willing to talk with him and not a little interested in his efforts to acquire fluency in her native tongue. He had also made this discovery, which pleased him greatly, that the Greek of these sturdy mountaineers was easier for him than that of Athens, as it possessed a more archaic flavor. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" shouted the

not bring him along, that he might take a

"I am very well," replied Curtis in

Greek. "We did not bring the church, be-

drink of cognac with the state?"

cause we did not see him."

times it ran through wooden troughs and

sometimes it darted down clear byways

a wall, on which was an aqueduct, and they

heard the water gurgling above their heads.

as young frogs. Kurios Nikolaki was an

He stood now, with his hairy hands crossed

The demarch was standing in the door

demarch. "Your progress is wonderful. I observe it every day." "Ah, this is comfortable," said Curtis, sitting on a bench with his back against the

plane tree. "Are all the Cretan villages as pretty as this?" "Some are much more beautiful," cried Michali. "That is, those which the Turks have not destroyed. But this village is not so easy for them to reach. You see how hard it is from the sea to come. And behold, we have all around us a circle of mountains." "An enemy couldn't get in at all," said Lindbohm, casting an experienced eye about.

He was striding nervously to and fro, fencing with an imaginary opponent. "Yes, one way. There is, what you call it began to speak. He finished and stepped a cut in the hill-"

'A ravine," suggested Curtis . all the time."

The conversation did not progress rapidly, because Greek politeness demanded that able roar, in the midst of which Papas. a Greek-he probably marry the girl." Michali translate every word for the Malecko sprang upon another beach and was necessary to turn into English.

guests. Michali had again described the excitement, they were screaming one moas barbarians, worse than the Turks, and next. He only know that he was listening the demarch had told a story of a famous to an outburst of wild, crude elequencebattle in which thirty Cretans slew 200 the eloquence of passion-the exactation of Mahometans, on which occasion he himself righteous indignation. When the priest had had led the victorious party. There seemed finished he tore the paper into little bits to be nothing else to talk about.

said the mayor. "Come lieutenant, Kur' the Greek gesture of a curse, Stork, Michali,"

"But the pictures?" said Curtis, when sessed a collection of Byzantine, or perhaps Venetian, works of art. Mr. Nikolaki glanced about the room and waved his hand majestically "They are hanging on the walls," he re- asked.

ceiling.

Borrowing Lindbohm's cane, he made the

wave of the hand and a dazzling smile that hobbled down the stony street, his lame dependence. Have you ever heard of him?"

flashed from her white teeth and beamed in foot clumsily bundled in rags and swinging "Heard of him!" cried Curtis. her great brown eyes, cried "Oreeste." The in the air. Lindbohm strode on ahead, in-"And this is All Pasha." continued the demarch sat down upon the floor, crossing stinctively making sword-like passes with nayor, "with his head in the lap of his mayor, "with his head in the lap of his favorite wife. He lived at Janina. He was his legs under him. The priest laid his the rattan cane. The latter's appearance hand upon Lindbohm's shoulder, and pointed had been much dignified by the assumption finally killed, as he deserved to be. He to the spread. The Swede sat down as awkwardly and as many-jointedly as a He had been repeatedly offered a Cretan camel. The floor seemed far away to him, terrified Albania, Epirus and a part of Macedonia, but the Sullotes he could not terrify. Their women preferred to die and when he had finally reached it, do what to the shapeless and uneasy straw, still rather than submit to Turks." Kur Nikolaki was reciting, after the manner of a lecturer. one of those glorious incidents in modern slid his lame foot along until he was sitting a turn in the street whence the view was "Behold!" cried Michall, as they reached Greek history which all Greeks know by O heart. unobstructed over the tops of the houses.

"Why do you go to Suli for an example of O "Yonder is the ravine where we came up heroism?" cried Michali, springing to his which corresponds with our blessing, and and there is the sea. You will hardly find a village in all Greece from which the sea feet, his eyes blazing with excitement. "He will tell you of the deeds of the brave Sullote women, and how they blew themseives up with their own powder, or have danced, singing, over the edge of one cliff, to save their honor. Why shall he not tell O rather of the convent of Arkadie?"

"Ab, certainly, certainly, tell them of Arkadie," cried the demarch, catching the

"It was Mustapha Pasha," continued O Michall, speaking rapidly despite his unfamiliarity with English. His fists were O elenched and he jerked out the words by servously smiting the air, as though beating on an invisible table.

"He had come with very many Turks to Rethymo. He kills, he burns. The women, many of them prognant, and the small children, they cannot climb over the hills and sleep on the rocks. They take asylum in the monastery of Arkadie, on south side Mount Ida. The old men go, too. Mustapha, he puts cannon on mountains all around O and fires down from above. By and by he beats down the walls, and his army rush O into the court. He say, 'Yield.' The women, the old men, the friars, they say, 'No, we die!' and they shoot from the windows. O. they kill very many Turks. Then Mustapha bring in his cannon, and he commence shoot at walls of building. Pretty soon he will make a hole. Friar Gabriel, the Hegoumenos, he sees this. He shout through the roar of the cannon: 'Shall we die, my children, or shall we yield?' They say all together: We shall die!"

Lindbohm was striding up and down before the speaker. The demarch still held the rattan cane, but the licutenant was O making home thrusts with his closed fist. "Friar Gabriel he stretch out his arms. They all fall on their knees, the women. the children, the old men. The Hegoune- O nos blesses them; he say, 'Father, into Tay C hands I commit these souls!' Then he go s O down celiar. They know where he gin-. @ The women hug their bables tight and begin to sing the hymn of liberty and the mon

From the bones of the Greeks upspringing, Who died that we might be free, And the strength of thy strong youth bring-

and chanting-" and Michali sang:

join in. They are all looking to the sky

Hail, Liberty! Hall to thee! Every moment a bullet comes through and kills somebody, but they know nothing new except the song, 'Hail, Liberty.' Then the wall falls and in rush the Turks and begin to kill, when 'boom' the powder magazi.e roars like one gun, and all are d.ad-Greeks, Turks, all dead-Ah! all dead to gether-two hundred Turks!"

But the demarch, not understanding all this, was unable to enter fully into the enthusiasm of the others. He was anxious to continue with his picture gallery.

"This," he said, "is the Lordus Bee on who, being descended from the ancient worn in the blue rock. They walked beside Greeks, came over to this country to fight for his native land."

Curtis, despite his enthusiasm for Bryon did not rise. He had seen that wood cut of his cafe. A single grape vine, spreading before in Athens. It repre ented the y uth out on a frame, supported by two posts and ful poet wearing a brass cavalry belm t the wall, made a panoply above his head. with a sublime plume. This is the Byron The leaves were new and were as pale green honored among the uneducated classes in who know him as a liler and not mayor, grocer, salcon keeper and banker. In his apotheosis he no longer to ds high converse with Shelley and Tom Moore, he over his semi-spherical stomach, watching hobnobs with Ypsilanti. Bozzeris and Adthe advent of his guests and smiling be- miral Miauoulis.

nignly. As Curtis glanced at the tall yel-"This," continued Kur' Nikolaki, "is the low boots, the volumninous breeches, the most beautiful woman in the world. I ha e double-breasted vest with woolen balls for never found any one who knew her name buttons, the rakish fez, he thought for the but all agree that she is a Greek-probably first time since landing in Crete of his cam- a Sphakiote."

era. That had gone down with the Holy | Lindbohn and Michall gazed carnestly at Mary. The demarch was clean-shaven, with the cheap engraving, but no name was the exception of his gray mustache, and his visible. Curtis arose, and, placing his hand shirt sleeves were fresh from the iron. His on the mayor's shoulder, hopped across the cheeks were florid with good living and he room.

would have been a comely man save for the "An American actress, by Jove!" he exfact that his lower lids had fallen a little, claimed. "She's a beauty, indeed, but she's disclosing a red and raw-looking spot un- an American, old man." And in Greek to the mayor: "She's an American-ah-I can't think of the word for 'actor.' Michali, "Welcome! Welcome!" he cried, as the tell him her picture is to be found in every party arrived. "How is Mr. Stork and the nook and cranny of the civilized globe. lieutenant? And Kur' Michali? And where is the church this morning? Why did you can't say 'nook' and 'cranny' in Greek.

CHAPTER VI. "Hello!" cried Lindbohm, "what's the

hubbub?" It was the morning of the 2d of May Curtis and his two friends were sitting in the mayor's cafe, partaking of muddy black coffee, served in tiny cups. Noisy voices, as of an increasing and

excited throng were audible. Michali, the mayor and the Swede rushed to the door, but dumbly at the broad back of the vi.lager were almost immediately swept back inside just before him. It expanded into the front on the crest of an angry human wave. Two of a whitewashed cottage, with a laugh ng or three tall young shepherds, with long Greek girl standing beneath a porch of vine . crooks in their left hands and with hairy She had soft brown hair, large brown eyes cloaks thrown over their shoulders, were and a low, broad forchead. As he looked, a flinging their fists in the air and shouting frightened expression crept into the eyes, hoarsely. Papas-Malecko, fully as tall as they, and looming above them by the height of his priest's hat, was flourishing angrily a bit of letter paper, and evidently attempting to outyell them. His head was thrown back and his great black beard, jerked by his rapidly moving chin, twitched and danced upon his breast. Every moment more men, women and children crowded into the cafe, until the interior became thronged to suffocation. Curtis seized the little table that stood before him firmly with both hands and pulled it over his lame foot.

The demarch, clambering upon a bench, shouted and gesticulated, evidently for order. His efforts, at first unavalable, at length resulted in partial quict, and he down. Then one of the shepherds jumpel upon the improvised platform. He was n "Yes, I t'ink so. A ravine, very deep and orator, but with few and he itating words very crooked. But the shepherds watch him told his story. But this was evidently a case where facts were eloquent, for his voice was soon drowned in an unexil guish-"Na!" he cried. "In the moment of silence, of evident

perplexity, which followed, Curtis arose, and, seizing Michall firmly by the shoulder, the floor in his eagerness to follow. pulled him nearer. "What in heaven's name is all this?" he

"Bad, very had," replied the Cretan, siaff. Some of the Cretans were laughing "Kestakes effend), with 250 men, has two and others were shouting "Brayot" circuit of the room, pointing to the wretched villages destroyed on the other side of mounprints that were hung high up, close to the tain, and kill many people. He write I tt r chall to Curtis. and say we send him Panayota, the priest's "That's where he ought to be," replied "This," he explained, "is Marco Botsaris, daughter, for his harem, he go 'way. If no. the American. tablecloth, and Panayota, with a graceful demarch's cafe. Michali assisted him as he a famous Greek patriot of the war of in- he come through the pass, burn, kill."

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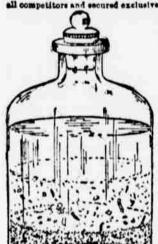
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Varicoccle is an accumulation of slucgish blood in the veine of the Scrotum, due selsiv to imperfect circulation, and has its origin in a diseased and torpid Prestate Gland. Operations in this disease are only temporary, and no mechanical device yet discovered has cured a single case. Hestore the Prostate, restore healthy circulation, Varicoccle disappears and the sluggish accumulation is replaced by pure, healthy, red blood.

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Showing the diameter of the St. James Cravons, composed of the solvent "Gran-Solvent." THEY ARE PREPARED IN VARIOUS LENGTHS TO SUIT THE PATIENT'S CONDITION, are inserted into the wrethral canal upon retiring at night, and slip into position without the slightest effort. We have prepared a valuable work, profusely filustrated, showing the various parts of the system involved in Urethral diseases, which we will send securely wrapped in plain package, prepaid, to any applicant Every sufferer from Stricture and its offspring Prostatitis and Seminal Weakness, should read this wonderful work. We preserve absolute secrety and never expose a patient's name.

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Made happy by our Turkish T. and P. Pills. Monthlies sure to the day. Never disappoints any lady. Cures scanty, excessive or painful menetruation. Nothing like it in the market. \$1.00 box by mail. Two boxes cure any case. No pain, no danger. Hahn's Pharmacy, Omaha. Neb.

Curtis sank upon the seat and stared and she turned them upon him appeal-

ingly "By G-d, they shan't have her!" he cried aloud, smiting the table with his fist Rising OF RUSSIA." without thinking of his foot, he began to shout the situation excitedly into Lindbohm's ear. The latter listened with apparent stolidity, but, making a thrust with the imaginary sword, punched the broad back viciously with his fist.

Another of the shepherds mounted the Papas-Malecko surged through the rowd and shook his fist at the speaker. This last orator was about 40 years of age sturdy and florid. He has small, keen eyes and a conciliatory manner.

no genuine Turk anyway. His mother was

Then an unexpected thing happened. The demarch, whose own remarks, moreover, it commenced to speak, still shaking the Lit crator was having a visible effect on a perof paper. Silence again fell. Curtis could tion of his audience. He was dispersing Would you like to see the inside of my understand scarcely anything. Each of the the patriotic exaltation of the weaker store?" asked the latter, a lull in the con- speakers talked so rapidly that the works minded and was causing even the boldest something for the entertainment of his of interminable length. Besides, in their At this critical moment the Norseman, who had grown deadly pale, gave way to frenzy. shipwreck, the English had been denounced ment and talking in a hourse guttural the He threw the listening throng to right and left as easily as though he were walking through a field of tall wheat. the bench of the astonished orator, he kicked it from under him. The Cretan sprang o his feet and drew his knife. Lindbohm be nothing else to talk about.

"I have some very fine pictures inside."

and threw them into the air with thumbs seized the uplifted wrist and twisted it until
the mayor. "Come lieutenant Kur" agely hustled the crator through the crowd too astonished to interfere, to the door, the entire throng surging into the open air after him. Curtis forgot his foot, but was sharply reminded of it by putting it on When he finally reached the door Lindbohm was bounding merrily after the escaping coward, beating him over the back with his own

"He will go to join the Turks," said Mi

(To be Continued.,

Telegram from Russia:

"SEND TO ANITCHKOFF PALACE. ST. PETERSBURG, IMMEDIATELY AN-OTHER CASE OF VIN MARIANI FOR HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, EMPRESS

Ordered by the Court Physician.

WORLD FAMOUS TONIC. Michali.

'He say, send the girl. We have but little ammunition, few guns. Kostakes effendi have plenty men, plenty guns. Better one suffer than all. Kostakes, he says, is no genuine Turk anyway. His mother was

