The Unspeakable Turk.

By GEORGE HORTON.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Graeco-Turkish war, joins a filibustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, accompanied by Lieutenant Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, Michali, 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. He is nursed by Panayota, the priest's daughter. In a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town. The Cretans gather in the pass, the men fighting and the women and girls keeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are killed, but Michali is badly wounded and Panayota is captured by Kostakes. The Cretans retreat to the sea. Kostakes plunders the town, taking the old priest and Panayota along as prisoners. Curtis, representing himself as a newspaper correspondent, also accompanies the Turks. Kostakes has the old priest murdered and Curtis plans to rescue Panayota and avenge her father's death. In the absence of Kostakes Curtis kills two of the guards and wounds another and escapes with Panayota. They meet Lindbohm and friends and attack the Bashi Bazouks, who recapture Panayota. Curtis and Lindbohm each discover that the other is in love with the Cretan captive. Kostakes now imprisons her in his harem in Canea and tries to persuade her to marry him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Panayota was lying face down upon the bed, but when she heard heavy footsteps in the hall and the scratching of the key upon the door, as some one outside fumbling at the lock, she sprang to her feet and backed to the wall at the farther side of the room. She cast her eyes about the bare, dim room, as though there must be some way of escape, moaning, meanwhile:

"Little Virgin, save me! Oh, my God, what shall I do?"

When Kostakes entered he found her thus, her fists clenched, her lips white. She was looking at him with great eyes of fear and horror, and she scarcely seemed to breathe. There was in her attitude the alertness of a hunted cat, that hopes to make a sudden dash for liberty and get away even at the last moment.

"In the name of God, Panayota," he said tenderly, "why are you so frightened? Have I not told you I would not touch a hair of your head?"

She made no reply, but slid along the wall, with her eyes fixed on the open door. He turned with an exclamation of impatience, shut it with a slam, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

"Na!" he said, "don't think of escaping. Try to fix your mind on what I am going to say to you. And now, in the first place, I swear to you by my hopes of salvation that I mean you no harm. Now listen to me—I love you, Panayota."

"Is that why you have murdered my father?"

"Why do you say that I murdered your father?"

"Bring him to me alive, and then I shall know that you did not."

"You ask an impossible thing. Panayota. He is probably among the Sphaklote mountains by this time, and you know there aren't troops enough in all Turkey to get him out."

"Then I'll tell you what you do," cried Panayota eagerly, advancing a step or two. "Let me go and find him. I'll return here to Canea with him. Honestly I will, honestly—and you shall come and talk to me all you like."

Kostakes gave his mustache an impatient twist.

"To let you go, after all the trouble I've had getting you? Oh, no, Panayota. You're mine, by Allah! and whoever takes you away from me must kill me first. You don't know how I love you. I could never tell you. Listen. There isn't a drop of Turkish blood in me. My grandfather became a Turk because—because of circumstances, to save his life. I am the son of a Greek mother and she used to sing Greek lullabies to me in my cradle." He was talking very fast now. "I have always said I would turn Christian some time, and when I saw you I made up my mind to do it right away. I have heard great news. Everybody says that the powers have decided to give the island to the king of Greece. Then there will be no more Turks here. They will either go away or become orthodox. Say you'll have me, Panayota, and I'll get rid of my harem, and we'll be married before the priest—"

"Will you murder your wives as you did my father?" asked the girl. Kostakes stared at her, deprived for the moment of the power of speech. In his enthusiasm, he had talked himself into the feeling that his dreams were already realized. Panayota's voice, hard, sneering, cold with hate, shocked him like a sudden blow in the face with a whip. Then rage surged up in his veins and knocked at his temples. His hands, that he had extended pleadingly, trembled, and he gnashed his teeth. Kostakes was not beautiful at that moment. Panayota laughed.

"Oh, you Turk," she cried "you cowardly Turk. You needn't grind your teeth at me. I'm not afraid of death. It's only your vile love that I fear."

Kostakes raised his doubled fists above his head and brought them down with such violence that an involuntary "Ah!" escaped him.

"By God, girl, you would drive a saint crazy," he cried. "Here I am offering to change my religion and put away my harem, and all for you, and I get nothing out of you but an insult. Don't you know that you are in my power, and I can do with you what I please? No cursed foreigner will rescue you this time. He did not know enough to keep you when he had you and I'll see that he doesn't get another chance. I want you to love me as I love you. Panayota, I've made you an honorable proposition. I leave you to think it over. But make up your mind to this—you're mine and I'll never give you up while I live."

When Kostakes stepped into the court again, Soulemia was blowing up the coals in a little charcoal stove, home-made from an American petroleum can. Ayesha, standing by the table, called out in a stage whisper, plainly audible throughout the enclosure:

"The effendi comes," and pulled the fish from the drawer.

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" he snarled, "what have you lazy women been doing?"

"All ready, effendi," replied Ayesha. "We couldn't fry the barbounia till you came. They are better hot. Souleima, bring the olive oil and the salt. In two minutes, effendi."

"Got any wine?" asked Kostakes, as the platter of steaming fish was set before him.

"Wine, effendi, in a Turkish house?"

"Yes, wine; if you've got any, bring it on, for I am tired and thirsty."

"I think Ferende has some," sugested Souleima. "She drinks like a fish."

"Umph! And I don't suppose you help her?"

"Effendi, I swear—" commenced Souleima.

"I don't even know the taste of it," protested Ayesha.

"Silence, silence! and bring me some. And look here," as the decanter was set before him, "if I ever hear a lisp about my wine drinking I'll wring the necks of you both—cackling old hens that you are. And now send Ferende to wait on me, and get out of my sight, the two of you. You take my appetite away. She at least is not a greasy old sloven."

After the effendi had eaten he betook himself to his chamber in search of much-needed rest. Ferende followed him, and, sitting down upon the side of the bed, attempted to lay her cheek against his. But he pushed her from him, saying in a querulous and disgusted tone:

"Get off from me and let me breathe, can't you? Darken the room and go away. Shut the door, and if any of you women make a noise—eh, there, listen!"

"Yes, effendi." Ferende had nearly closed the door, but she opened it a little ways and thrust her face back into the room.

"Don't take Panayota up those cold fish. Fry her some hot ones, and give her some wine."

The ex-favorite found the two elder wives whispering together in the garden.

"Why didn't you stay with the effendi?" asked Ayesha, spitefully.

She walked straight up to them.

"Let's be friends," she said. "We're all in the same boat, and must work together. In fact, you are in a worse fix than I am, for I am younger and better looking than either of you, and a young handsome woman can always live somehow."

This was not conciliatory language, but it accorded so well with what the two women had just been saying to each other, that they could make no reply. Each looked inquiringly at the other for a moment, and then Souleima asked:

"Do you think he is in earnest?"

"Absolutely. He would have no reason to parley with the girl, else. She is in his power."

"We shall all be turned into the street," said Ayesha.

"He would never dare," cried Souleima. "He has nothing against us. We are faithful, honest wives. It would make too great a scandal."

"He will find a way," replied Ferende, coolly. "When a Mussulman really wishes to get rid of a wife, he always manages it sooner or later."

"What shall we do, oh, what shall we do?" sobbed the two elder wives. Poor things! They had no Virgin to take refuge with.

"If she should take sick and die!" suggested Souleima.

Ferende started violently and turned pale. "No!" she cried, so loud that all three of them glanced apprehensively at the windows. Then lowering her voice:

"Don't ever think of such a thing again. It's too dangerous. She must escape."

"But the effendi would kill us even for that."

"It must be done in such a way that he will never suspect us. We must put our heads together."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"We must just take our chances," said Lindbohm. "How far is it from here to the blockhouse?"

Curtis was lying on his stomach behind a rock, with his rifle beside him.

"About sixty or seventy rods," he replied.

"Rods? What is a rod?" asked Lindbohm.

The Yankee laughed.

"The fort is—let me see—between 200 and 300 yards from here."

There was a puff of smoke from a window of the square, gray building, followed a moment later by a distant report and the humming of a guitar string in the air above their heads. Curtis lay down again.

"D——n bad shot," observed his companion. "Make me sick after being in South Africa. If that had been a Boer, now, he would have hit you. But these Turks cannot shoot. So we will make a rush. We will have our best shots crawl in close and fire on the doors and windows. Then I take a detachment and run in. When the Turks appear we drop down and our men fire another volley. Then we jump up and make another dash. So we take it."

The blockhouse was a little above them, on a rocky eminence that commanded the gleaming sheet of Suda bay, in shape like a written capital V. Four war ships, two Englishmen, a Frenchman and a German, lay resting at anchor, thin columns of smoke bending from their funnels and drifting away amicably together. Something over a mile and a half away, those great floating engines of death and terror looked as innocent as a tiny fleet on a duck pond. Entrenched in the rocks all about Lindbohm was an armed band, 150 in number, consisting of Cretan insurgents, youthful Italian enthusiasts and Greek Turcophobes. Behind them rose the tremendous piles of Ida and the White mountains, and below them lay the bright, smiling valleys of the coast and the lower slopes, where an ocasional white village gleamed among its olive orchards.

"How many are there of 'em?" asked Curtis. Lindbohm smiled and raising his big, pink hand to his blonde mustache, gave it a playful pull.

"That's yust what we're going to find out," he replied. Calling an insurgent to him who spoke French, he explained in that language the plan for the assault. He himself selected the men who were to accompany him, twenty-five in number, and such as possessed bayonets proceeded to fix them to their rifles. The places from which the shooting was to be done were selected and the men began to get to them as rapidly as possible. Lindbohm and Curtis, at the head of their little band, worked down toward the open spot across which the rush must be made. These movements caused more or less of exposure and drew repeated fusillades from the blockhouse. Most of the bullets passed over the heads of the attackers, but occasionally one slapped against the soft face of a rock, or scurried through the gravel. One glanced near Curtis' head and hummed like a musical top. He turned and looked curiously in the direction of the sound.

"It takes yust one good big battle to break a man of that," observed the lieutenant.

"Of what?"

"Looking after the bullets. They sing all sorts of tunes and sometimes they only whisper—but they always say the same thing—death, death."

The attacking party spread out into a line with distances of ten feet and over between the men. Lindbohm held out his hand to Curtis.

"Au revoir, my friend," he said, fixing his innocent blue eyes upon the American. "You better stay here. This is a little dangerous and you got a mother, you know."

The men were lying upon their stomachs; Lindbohm's left elbow rested upon the ground, his chin supported by the left hand. As he spoke he pushed out his right arm toward Curtis and the two men clasped hands. The American was thrilled by a great revelation of affection for the Swede—his eyes were so childlike, his voice so tender and his smile so sad and sweet, like a woman's; he had lost the handkerchief that had been tied about his head and his pompadour had fallen down in spots, like a wheat field upon which fragments of wind have dropped here and there. He was very much in earnest now, as nervously he swept one end of his great blonde mustache between his teeth with the tip of his tongue and inquired:

"Eh? Is it not so? We must remember the little mother."

"Do you think I'd go back on a friend in a time like this?" asked Curtis indignantly. "But, see here, Lindbohm, since you're uneasy about me, you'll find my address in my pocket. If anything happens to me, write to my folks. And—and, about Panayota—"

Lindbohm dropped the hand that he was holding and the color faded out from beneath the dust and grime upon his face.

"About Panayota?"

"Tell her I meant what I said to her that day, every word of it. I—I—, she'll understand. And say, Lindbohm, if Kostakes has insulted her, let daylight through him, will you? Give him one for me, will you?"

Lindbohm made no reply, but still resting upon his elbow, he slid his face down into his great soft hand and remained silent for so long a time that an Italian called impatiently from a little distance.

"Parati, signor!"

Then he looked up suddenly and again seized Curtis by the hand.

"You are not going," he said sternly. "I am in command here and I order you to stay back."

Ere the American had a chance to reply half a dozen guns roared from a covert near by, a dozen more followed as rapidly as the sound of a boy trailing a stick along a picket fence, and then for a full moment the firing continued as capriciously as the explosions of a bunch of firecrackers. It ceased, and Lindbohm, bent low, was running toward the blockhouse. He had not got more than ten yards away before the others were darting after him.

"Oh, d—n his orders!" muttered Curtis and scrambling to his feet he ran so rapidly forward that he passed two or three of the Italians, and had nearly reached Lindbohm's side. He heard a sound as though the man behind him had stepped on a bundle of dry twigs. Turning, he saw the poor fellow lying upon his side, bent like a bow. He was clutching the calf of his left leg with both hands and grinning. His shin had been shattered by a ball. Somebody fell upon Curtis and bore him to earth, and immediately there was a crash and rattle of rifles behind and all around him. The man at his side took deliberate aim at somebody and fired. Curtis followed his example and shot at one of the windows of the blockhouse. There was a lull and they dashed forward again. Curtis kept his eye on Lindbohm this time and pitched forward upon his face when he saw the Swede do likewise. They ran but a short distance each time, but the third spurt brought them half way to the destination. Lindbohm now kept straight on, stopping every moment to aim and fire. The others followed his example and they were able thus to keep advancing, and none the less to maintain quite a fusillade against the doors and windows of the Turkish stronghold. They were still ten or twelve rods away when a white flag appeared on the roof. Lindbohm turned and motioned to his companions, who gathered about him. They walked fearlessly through the open door into the front room of a square stone building. A thin-faced, gray-headed officer in a faded fez, came forward to meet them. Twenty Turks in ragged uniforms were huddled together in a corner. The place was dim and sulphurous with smoke.

"To whom have I the honor of surrendering?" asked the Turkish officer in French, unbuckling his sword.

"To me, monsieur," replied Lindbohm, bringing his heels together with a "click" and saluting with great dignity.

"I surrender to save bloodshed," said the Turk. "I see that you are not a Cretan, and I therefore, with perfect confidence, turn these men over to you as prisoners of war."

"They shall give up their arms and suffer no harm, Monsieur will do me the honor of retaining his sword."

The remaining Cretans were now come up and may of them had crowded into the room. Lindbohm ordered them out and put two stout fellows at the door.

"Now, monsieur, if you will kindly tell your men to give up their guns."

The officer said a few words to his little band and one by one, as a sergeant called their names, they stepped forward and handed their weapons to Curtis, who passed them to a man outside the door. The last gun had scarcely been given up ere a sudden commotion broke out among the Cretans and half a dozen burly insurgents, forcing their way past the guard, burst into the room. The commotion now swelled to a hoarse uproar and Curtis caught the words: "Kill! kill!" and "No! no!" Lindbohm did not realize the gravity of the situation. He was raging because his orders had been disobeyed, and thought that the whole band, actuated by curiosity, were about to swarm in. He therefore leaped to the door with leveled bayonet and threatened the crowd so fiercely that they all shrank back. Meanwhile a thing happened that fairly froze Curtis with horror. The half dozen insurgents raised their guns to their shoulders and deliberately pointed them at the body of unarmed Turks, who, seized with panic, assumed all the attitudes of fear. Some crouched against the wall, as though they would shrink through it; some fell upon the earthen floor; others squatted and doubled their arms in front of faces and chests. Several tried to seize their companions and hold them before their own bodies.

A dreadful laugh, mingled with foul and insulting words, broke from the insurgents' throats. The Turkish officer stepped quietly in front of his men and, crossing his arms over his chest, regarded the Cretans with a look of high scorn. His thin face and gray beard added sublimity to the dauntless soul that spoke in his attitude. He had the beak and eyes of an eagle.

Curtis was completely carried away with revulsion and horror. The words, "In the name of God! In the name of God!" beat in his brain with the regular strokes of a trip-hammer, and he fancied that he heard someone shouting them. An insurgent threatened him with the bayonet and another with an outburst of expostulation seized the threatener's gun. Then a third Cretan leaped upon him and attempted to push him to one side of the room. Curtis, now completely crazed with rage, dropped the gun which he was unable to use at such close quarters and snarling, "D—n you, I'll choke the life out of you!" danced with hooked hands at his adversary's throat. Strong as a gorilla and notable among the best athletes in the world, the foot ball players of Harvard, he had nothing to fear. He dodged between the sinewy arms of his opponent and, arching his back against the python embrace which now tightened upon him, felt for the Cretan's throat, when—there was a great crunching and trembling sound, and in the air, that had suddenly turned milky and pungent, and yellow with a lightning burst of sun, Cretans and Turks were leaping like imps. Curtis stood for a moment in stupid wonder, his mouth open, his hands still convulsively twitching. He was gazing at a great heap of debris and a triangle of wall with one ragged side. Men were scrambling over the rubbish, working their arms as though they were trying to fly. Something like an electric shock—it was fear—smote the American, and his stomach swooped as when one goes down in a swing. He leaped among the fleers and gained the open. Without looking to see where he was going, he struck out instinctively for the hills. Once or twice he fell down, but was on his feet again in an instant. As he ran his fear grew. Someone shouted to him, a familiar voice, but he did not stop. Lindbohm seized him firmly by the arm and held him. Curtis struggled for a moment and then he felt weak. He could run no further. He tried to speak several times, but was entirely out of breath. At last he managed to gasp:

"What? What? What?"

The Swede was standing on a little eminence, with one hand in his pocket, hair, face and clothing were dusted miller white with powdered lime. He was gazing toward the sea and there was the ghost of a smile in his child-like blue eyes.

"Six-inch shell," he replied. Curtis looked. There was a spurt of flame from one of the toy ships in the duck pond, followed by a muffled detonation, and a sound like the wind sometimes makes at sea. An explosion threw up a great cloud of dust about thirty yards beyond the blockhouse—or what remained of it.

"French!" said Lindbohm.

Another flash, again the sound of the wind, again the explosion—this time about twenty yards short.

"German, I think. They lowered too much, because the others fired high."

The third shell from yet another ship clipped away the white flag that was still standing on the corner of the building.

"English! That's great work!" Lindbohm's interest was entirely professional and disinterested.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN KOSTAKES ENTERED HE FOUND HER THUS.

One to the Plumber.

A plumber was sent for to the house of a wealthy stock broker to execute some repairs.

He was taken by the butler into the dining room and was beginning his work, when the lady of the house entered.

"John," she said, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once."

But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," he said to his apprentice, who accompanied him, "take my watch and chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be dishonest people about this house."

Wrong Professor.

Chicago News: "Prof. Sumner of Yale," remarked Miss Friable, "declares that 90 per cent of the marriages that take place fail to meet the ideal."

"What is Mr. Sumner professor of?" asked Miss Frocks.

"Ethnology, I believe. Why do you ask?"

"Problems in percentage should be solved by the professor of mathematics."

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LUCKY WHIMS IN MINING LIFE

Stories Told by a Group of Gold Miners Taking a Day Off

GIVING A ROAD AGENT THE GRIP

Incidents that Made Fortunes for Some and Lost Others a Stake—Chance Investments Panned Out Well.

It was a group of gold miners telling stories. "I was engaged in mining in Idaho," said one, "when a party of half a dozen rather hard looking men stopped at our camp on their way to some new diggings. The leader of this party was a brother of one of the men working for me, and by whom I was introduced. As the newcomer shook hands with me I noticed that he gave my hand a peculiar grip. I was then introduced to the others and I gave them the grip their leader gave me, which grip they responded to. In the course of a few weeks I was passing afoot over a lonely stretch of country carrying $3,000 worth of dust, when suddenly a man wearing a brace of revolvers stepped out of the brush in front of me and stood in the trail. I knew at once that he was a road agent and suddenly I recollected my recent meeting with the band of toughs and their peculiar method of handshaking. I called out 'Hello, Pard!' and walked up to him with extended hand. He appeared somewhat surprised, but held out his hand, which I clasped, giving him the grip I had previously learned and which was at once returned by the man with the brace of revolvers. Then we sat down and talked. He could hardly understand how it was that I had been engaged in trying to learn an honest living by mining, but accepted my explanation that it was merely an experiment. He asked me what luck I had had and I very frankly told him—as I thought it the safest thing to do—that I had cleaned up $3,000, which I then had with me in a buckskin bag. I wanted to get away from the fellow and yet I hated to start for fear that he would shoot me in the back, but finally I started and walked on down the trail with a queer feeling in my spinal column and expecting to hear a revolver shot at any instant. But I got away all right; my newly found acquaintance had a proper respect for the secret sign of his profession."

Hesitated and Lost.

"I was out on a prospecting tour in Montana," remarked another, "riding a very good horse. I came to two men who had sunk a prospect hole a few feet and one of them bantered me for a trade—their claim for my horse. I asked them how the claim panned out and they said they didn't know yet. Then one of them took a pan of dirt out of the bottom of the hole and walked down to the creek and washed out the pan, showing considerable color. Then he renewed his urging me to make the trade and I told him that I would like first to wash out a pan for myself, which I did with results so gratifying that the two men emphatically declared the trade off, one of them adding: 'Stranger, the price of this here mine has jumped up to $5,000.'"

"Up at Dawson my partner and I owned a claim which was not particularly promising," observed a man with a corduroy suit, "and as we did not get along very well together I sold out to him for considerably less than I had put in in money and labor. We had been working at the upper end of the claim, where he continued to work, but let a lay to another man, who began operations on the lower end, and it was not long until he took out enough gold to make my former partner's share an even $100,000."

Fortune Forced on Him.

"You may all have heard of the experience of one of the fortunate ones of Dawson," said another member of the party, "but I'll tell it just the same. This man, a Swede, was in Dawson with $800 in his pocket and fell into the clutches of some fellows who proposed to get hold of that cash. They owned a claim which they considered absolutely worthless, which claim they made over in proper legal form to the Swede (after having filled him full of liquor), taking his $800 in payment therefor. When he came to his senses he begged and prayed for a trade back, but to no effect. Then he went to work on the claim and is now one of the solid men of the Klondike. He employs a good many miners, pays the top wages and when he goes in to Dawson occasionally hands to the fellows who undertook to fleece him a neat amount of gold dust as a slight token of his appreciation of the service they rendered him."

"A friend of mine," remarked another, "sold a claim for a modest sum and was looking about for a chance to buy another. He came to one where a father and son were at work. They had gone in the season before, had done a large amount of ditching, had made their sluice boxes and had planned for getting down to hard work when the next season opened. My friend found them throwing dirt in their sluices, at which they had been engaged for a few days, but without cleaning up. They said they would sell and thought that $2,500 would pay them for their prospect, for the labor thus far performed and for material used. This price my friend considered rather high and he left them and went on to another camp, where he stayed all night. Thinking over the proposition during the night he concluded to risk it and in the morning he went back, paid the $2,500 and took possession. That day he made a clean-up of the work done by the former owners and took out $1,100. He hired two men to help him and in two days more took out $2,500, which amounts practically paid for the mine. In another case I knew of a mine being abandoned as worthless by the owner and another man taking $80,000 out of it afterward."

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The cause being microbic or parasitic, it logically follows that a cure can only be effected by a scientific microbicide—a specific that will destroy the microbe.

This Cranitonic Hair Food and Scalp Soap will do.

Your hair receives its nourishment from minute blood vessels which end in a long sheath in which the hair grows. This sheath is the home of the microbe, the delicate lining of which it soon destroys. In time the hair root is affected, becomes shriveled up and the hair falls out. If the ravages of the microbe are not arrested, baldness soon follows.

Cranitonic Hair Food cures diseases of the hair and scalp because it destroys the cause which produces them.

It does more—it feeds the weakened hair follicle back to health and aids in replacing lost tissue.

Split hair, harsh hair, lustreless hair, brittle hair, falling hair, and prematurely gray hair can all be cured by the use of Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and keeps it permanently clean and healthy. Itching and irritation of the head are instantly relieved and positively cured.

Unlike ordinary hair preparations Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food contains no oil, grease or dangerous mineral ingredients. It is not sticky and will not clog the scalp or stain the clothing. It is perfectly harmless, clear as crystal, sparkling as champagne, delightful to use and most exhilarating in its effects upon the system.

MICROBES HAVE JUST ATTACKED THIS HAIR

Free Hair Food and Scalp Soap

To convince every reader of this paper that Cranitonic Hair Food and Scalp Soap will stop falling hair, make hair grow, cure dandruff and itching scalp, and that they are the only hair preparations fit to put on the human head, we will send by mail, **prepaid,** to all who will send name and address to CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO., 140 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY, a bottle of Cranitonic Hair Food and a sample cake of Shampoo Scalp Soap.

A HAIR THE MICROBE IS KILLING

RETAIL DRUG TRADE SUPPLIED BY RICHARDSON DRUG CO., OMAHA.

SENT FREE TO MEN

A Most Remarkable Remedy That Quickly Restores Lost Vigor to Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent by Mail 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 form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills 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, 309 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied 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 makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package, so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

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Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

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Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago

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Relieves **Kidney & Bladder** troubles at once. **Cures in 48 Hours** all URINARY DISCHARGES

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