

The Firebrand.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Ranon Garcia, known as El Sarria, having been induced to believe that his wife, holores, is unfaithful, stabs as presumably Rafael Fiores, whom he the window. His kissing Dolores through the window. His kissing Dolores through and he becomes a bunted man. At the same time a young Spain, and during an inn quartel is alich to the panier of his ass and raised the princess upon his arm. Seotch adventurer, Kolio Blair, comes to Spain, and during an inn quartel is alich to the panier of his ass and raised the princess upon his arm. Seotch adventurer, Kolio Blair, comes to Spain, and during an inn quartel is alich to the monastery of the might by John Mortimer, an Englishman. They was a moment or two before the man directed the monastery of the might? "It was a moment or two before the man directed the fine work and the monastery of the might?" The young queen: "be cried aghast. "What is she doing here at this hour of the night?" Theyoung queen: "be cried aghast. "What is she doing here at this hour of the night?" Theyoung queen: "be cried aghast. "What is she doing here at this hour of the night?" Theyoung queen: "gent and her lift. Coroute for the queen regent and her lift. Coroute for the queen regent and her lift. Coroute for the pass the home of El Sarria, who learns that Dolores was not false to him and that his downfall was plotted by Luis Fernandes, Dolores was not false to him and that his downfall was plotted by Luis Fernandes, and the word of the minute of the pass the home of El Sarria, who learns that Dolores was not false to him and that his downfall was plotted by Luis Fernandes, and the pass the home of El Sarria, who learns that Dolores was not false to him and that his downfall was plotted by Luis Fernandes, and the pass the home of El Sarria who learns that Dolores was not false to him and that his downfall was plotted by Luis Fernandes, and the pass the card of the monastery was the card of the monastery and the pass the home of El Sarria who learns that Dolores was with the Carlist cause because Biair was forced to leave his credentials at the convent as security for Dolores. They are sentenced to be shot at daybreak. Concha arrives from the convent with credentials, saves their lives and later joins Blair's party in search of the queen regent. The adventurers learn that the queen regent account at San lidefenso has scattered because of the black plague and Cardono and La Giraido are sent forward to reconnoiter. They learn that a band of gypsies are planning to raid the castic, and Rollo hastens to the rescue of the royal party. Rollo and party barricade the palace, res st the gypsies, who succeed, however, in kidnapping the Princess Isabel. Rollo rescues Isabel and starts with her for the hermitage.

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CHAPTER XXXV-Continued.

The sound of a brisk interchange of shots came to their ears from the direction of the "These be young fools who run their

heads against stone walls," said the huge gypsy. "We are wiser men. They seek Like you, we will be content with silver. Altar furniture is by no means to be defits eggshell. But whither do you fare?"

myself, where the pair of us have a rendezvous," answered Rollo, "Mine uncle Don Jose hath had no wish to meddle in in the hermitage kitchen for breaking bones all this yesterday morning. But as for me, seeing that I was young of my years and pations. desired to make my mark, he permitted me Ermita were as other men, plain, simple to come. But I would rather give up all and devout, ready to give up their lives, my booty, though honestly taken with the either by dying of disease at their post or strong hand, than keep Jose Maria wait- duty, or by the steel of cruel and ignorant

"Nay, that I doubt not," he said, "but The cook-almoner, on the other hand, here we are good fellows, right Roms, true proved to be a shrewd little man, with to each other, and would rob no honest much ready conversation, a great humorist comrade of that for which he hath risked at most times, yet with a due regard for his life. Pass on, brother, and give to Jose his own safety. Him the little princess lighted (it may be) by some haggard crone Maria of Ronda the respects of Ezquerra, knew well, having often stolen off through with a guttering candle, or only stumbling the executioner who on the Plaza Mayor of Salamanca removed the spike from the iron taste his confectioned cakes, cravat that so deftly marked him for life!" With a burst of gratitude quick and sin-

cere Rollo seized the huge hand and wrung it heartly.

"You saved Jose Maria's life!" he cried: "then mine is at your service!"

"Pass on, boy," smiled Ezquerra grimly; "it is not the first time since I became usher to was his constitution feeble, but he was the Nether World that I have been able to just recovering from a dangerous attack do a friend and brave comrade a good turn. of pneumonia. Altogether Brother Teodoro Only warn him that now they have a new was a northern-looking rather than a Spanoperator at Salamanca in whose veins cir- ish man. It was with Brother Teodoro culates no drop of the true black blood of that Rollo in quick, low-spoken sentences Egypt! Re must not try the collar twice!" discussed the possibilities of the hermitage Rollo passed on with his donkey, and he as a place of defense. It was clear that

was into the second street before he dared no ordinary military precautions and prepto lift the covering of hay which hid the arations would serve them now. The four child. He expected to find her in a swoon brethren were willing, if need were, to lay with fright or half dead with fear and down their lives for the young queen. But anxiety. Isabel II was neither.

"Take off that platter of metal." she whispered. "What funny talk you speak. his belt, and the bell-mouthed blunder-It sounded like cats spitting. You must teach it to me afterward, when Dona Susana is out of the way. For she is very strict with me, and will only let me learn French and Castillian, saying that all other languages are only barbarian and useless, which, indeed, may well be!" "Hush," said Rollo; "we are not yet in

safety. Here is the way to the Hermitage!" "But will you teach me the cat language?

'Yes-yes, that I will, and gladly," quotb Rollo to the little queen, anxious to buy her silence on any terms; "as soon, that is, as there is time."

After passing the gate and the group collected there. Rollo had turned rapidly to the right, and soon the ancient walls of the Ermita of San Ildefenso rose before him, gleaming dimly through the dense greenery of the trees. If any of the fathers who made their homes at that sacred place still remained, the outside of the building

gave no sign of their presence.

a time for Rollo to stand on any cers by. With a rough tug at the rein he compelled the donkey to follow a narrow winding path which, entering at an angle, made its way finally to the main of the Hermitage. The young man thundered at the knocker, but receiving no answer, he selected a flattish stone of a size suitable to pass between the iron grilles of the window bars and threw it up at them with all his force. The jingling of glass followed, upon which presently a white face was seen behind the bars and a mild voice inquired his business.

"The brethren are either asleep or gone about the affairs of their order in the town," the monk said, "there is no general hospitality here in time of plague!"

"I have not come to claim any." said "I am here to warn you that San lidefonso is in the hands of wicked and cruel men-gypsies of the mountains. Call your superior and admit me at once."

"Alas," answered the man, "our prior is dead. I only am almoner here and there are but three of us left. All others are ead among the sick folk of the town. They labored till they died. I have labored also to provide them food when they could crawl back for it-setting it in the guest chamber God knows not from any fear of the infection, but because if I chanced to be taken our work would be at an end. For none of the others can so much as cook an omelet or dish up a spoon of gazpacho fit

for any son of man to eat." 'Well," said Rollo, "at any rate let me I carry no infection and the time is short. I will help you to hold your hermitage against the malefactors."

"But how," answered the monk shrewdly, "can I be certain that you are not of the

plussed. But his invention came upon him

piece, the little queen repeated her childish prayers as placidly as if she had been at her nurse's knee in the royal palace of Madrid, with the sentries posted duly and the tramp of the guard continually passing without.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Death Cart.

Thus came the little Isabel of Spain into gold and are in danger of getting lead. the sanctuary. That the respite could only be temporary Rollo knew too well. The monks were stout and willing men, but spised. It fits the melting pot as egg meat such arms as they had belonged to almost primitive times, chiefly old blunderbusses "I am passing in this direction solely that of various patterns, from the middle of the I may reach a place known to my uncle and sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, together with a halbert or two which had been used from time immemorial other men's matters, as indeed he told you and such like humble and peaceful occu-

Two of the remaining brothers of the men, as the martyrs and confessors of The Moorish gypsy now laughed in his whom they read in their breviaries had done in times past.

The fourth and principal friar proved these were two men. More frequently upon acquaintance to be a man of another man and a woman, and most frequently of mould. He was a tall, square-shouldered all, two women. man, now a little bent with age, but with the fires of loyalty burning deep within eyes of the clearest and most translucent blue. His hair was now quickly frosting over with premature infirmity, for not only saving the pistols and the limited ammunttion which Rollo had brought with him in busses aforesaid, rusted and useless, there was not a weapon of offense within the hermitage of San Ildefonso of greater finish.

The basque friar laid his hand on his brow and leaned against the wall for a minute or two in silent meditation.

weight than the kitchen poker.

"I have it," he said, suddenly turning upon Rollo, "it is our only chance-a ghastly one, it is true, but we are in no case for fine distinctions. We will get out the death cart and gather us an army.' Rollo gazed at the monk Teodoro as if he had suddenly lost his wits.

"The death cart! What is that? he cried, and how will that help us to gather an

army? The basque smiled and Rollo noticed when he did so that his eyebrows twitched spasmodically. There was a broad scar slashed across one of them. This man had not been in the army of the "Gran Lor" for nothing! For in addition to the sabre cut he had great ideas under that blueveined, broad, sick man's forchead of his.

"Yes," answered Teodoro, calmly, "our brother whose duty it was to collect the bodies of the plague-stricken died two days ago, and the oxen have not been in the weak, we could get no farther! But do town since. As for me, I, too, have been you help, and it will be easy!" sick-a mere calenture, though for a time the brethren fewred that the plague had its sad victims, lifted the shrouded burden laid its hand on me, and as for those other over his shoulder without a shudder. two, they have enough to do to keep up was in the mood to take things as they their ministrations among the living! To came. The two little girls sank on their give the last sacrament to the dying is after knees on the floor, waiting for their lost all more important than to cover up the mother and imploring his blessing in aldead. Tonight we will make of these very ternate breaths. dead an army to defend our little queenthe Lord's anointed. For in this matter cried. "Pray for us and her, most holy I do not think as do the most of my father!"

brothers of the church. I am no Carlist. God be my witness!" Rollo was still in a maze of wonder and stairs. A knot of straggling gypsies, furdoubt when they arrived at the little stables | tively expectant, stood about the door. The attached to the long, low building of the cart was still in the middle of the street Hermitage and began to harness the oxen with its attendant boy, in the exact place to the eart. He prided himself on his quick- where Rollo had left it. ness of resource, but this was clean beyond

"One of us must abide here," continued | midst with his white-wrapped burden. the monk. "I am still sick unto death, so that I greatly fear that I can give you no habit and the thing he carried on his help. But lend me your pistols, of which shoulder the gypsies dispersed, running in you will have no need. I am an old soldier of the wars of the independence, and have were on their track. The boy in the red not forgotten my skill with the weapons of the flesh! Only make such speed as you

And with the utmost haste the Basque instructed Rollo as to his behavior when he should reach the town, whilst at the same time he was helping him into the dress of a Brother of Pity and arranging the

stumbled and almost fell with his burden hood acress his face. "Hold your head well down," so ran the The boy put out his hand to stay him. His monk's rubric for the dread office: "repeat | fingers almost touched the dead. gang and that if I open the door a hundred in a loud voice, 'Bring out your dead! Bring of you will not rush in and slay me and us out your dead!' No more than that and no anger. With the butt of your ox-staff strike | come hither?" For a moment even Rollo was non- the doors whereon you see painted the red | The boy looked up at the man and an- manner. The timidity was lest she should

cross, and those that remain will bring out

whom the plague hath smitten!" The young man hastened as in a dream. The exen started at the friar's gentle chirrup. The ox-staff was placed in Relio's hand, and lo! he was guiding the meek, bent heads softly toward the town, before he even realized that he was now to eucounter a foe far more terrible than any he had ever faced in battle or at the rapier's

point upon the field of honor. The trees were solidly dark as black velvet above him. The oxen padded softly over the well-trodden path. In the gloom he dropped his goad and only became conscious when he tried to pick it up that the basque had drawn over his hands a pair of

of them bowed his head low to the little had been the wings of the angel of death

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your

heard echoing through the streets of the

town to the chilly hours of the night. Here

and there at the sound lattice opened and

some bereaved one cried down to the monk

Then staggering down the staircase,

blindly in the dark with their load, the

bearers would come. In a very few cases

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your

"Brother, we cannot," a shrill voice came

from high above. "Come up hither and

help us for God's sake and the Holy Vir-

gin's. She is our mother and we are two

called down to him. Another at her shoul-

"She is so little and light, brother, she

sacrament but an hour before she parted

It went to Rollo's heart to refuse, but

he could not well leave his oxen. He was

a stranger to them and they to him and

While he stood in doubt, his mind sway-

ing this way and that, a figure darted

across to him from the opposite side of the

street-a boy dressed in a suit of the royal

"Give me the stick," he said in a muffled

of this curious circumstance, where all

circumstances were curlous, Rollo darted

up the staircase, his military boots clat-

tering on the stone steps, strangely out of

He found the little maiden with the can-

dle, waiting at the door for him. She ap-

peared to be about 8 years old, but struck

him as very small bodied for her age. Her

sister had remained within. She was older,

perhaps 10 or 12. She it was who had

"Indeed, good brother," she began, "we

did our best. We tried to carry her and

moved her as far as the chair. Then, being

Rollo, growing accustomed to death and

"Our mother-our dear mother!" they

"God in heaven bless you!" Rollo said

aloud in English and strode down the

"Here-lend me a hand," she cried, in

voice of command, as he emerged into their

But at the mere sight of the monk'

every direction as if the very plague-specter

cap, however, crossed the road toward him

and at the same momment the elder of the

little girls sobbingly opened the lattice.

The feeble rays fell directly on the boy'

"Hands off!" thundered Rollo, in flerce

last look at her mother.

holding the candle in her hand to take a 12,000 living!"

upturned face. At the sight Rollo terial upon Rollo.

harmony with his priestly vocation.

pleaded the cause of the dead.

If need be, I will help you.'

"Go up and bring down the woman.

his work, though well begun, was yet to

from us. Come up and help us, for dear

Brother Jeronimo gave her the

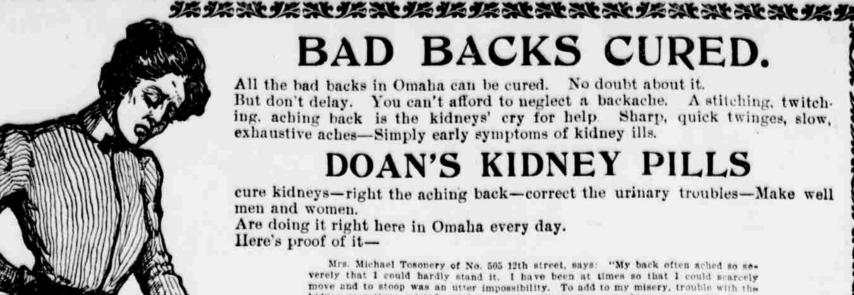
young maids, children without strength."

dead!"

hand.

head.

Mary's sake."



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THE THE SECOND S

swered simply and clearly "Rollo,"I came because you dared."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Dead Stand Sentinel.

"THE YOUNG QUEEN!" HE CRIED AGHAST.

But this-it was too great for him, too

mighty too surprising. For his sake-be-

cause he dared. All the girls to whom he

had made love-ave, even Peggy Ramsay

herself running barefoot on the braes of

Falkland, instantly vanished. Life or death

became as no great matter-almost as it

Meanwhile Concha walked silently along-

side, the exstaff still in her hands, but

dimly understanding what was passing in

simple. Her creed contained but two arti-

cles, or rather the same truth, brief preg-

in different ways: "If he live, I will live

with him! If he die, I will die with him!"

So, with her eyes on the oxen and her

goad laid gently on this side and that other

of their heads, Concha guided them along

"You have forgotten to cry," she whis-

pered, dropping back from the ox head, "we

have passed two alleys without a warning!

And so once more there rang down the

streets of the town of San Ildefenso that

It chanced that in the next street, the las

of the little town, they made up their full

complement. The heads of the oxen were

Not one word either of love or reproach

had Rollo spoken since those into which he

had been startled by the fear lest the girl

plague. Nor did they speak even now.

Rollo only put out his gloved hand to steady

the cart here and there in the deeper ruts

motioning Concha to remain at the head of

the oxen, where no breath of the dead migh

As they came round to the front of the

building the Basque at the door was before

them. He met them on the steps, a lantern

"Who is this?" he asked, with a signifi-

"Carlo-a lad of our company, an Anda-

lusian!" said Rollo in answer. "I met him

by chance in the town and he has helped

The friar nodded and letting down the

rear flap of the cart he surveyed the melan-

"Twelve!" he said, "not many, but

enough! The dead will guard us well from

the evil men! Aye, better than an army of

And attiring himself in an apron of tarred

stuff, he fastened another of the same ma-

"We will now proceed to set our sen-

As Rollo put on the gauntlets and ap-

proached to help Brother Teodoro to draw

timid and yet with a certain decision of

cant gesture toward Concha.

directed once more toward the hermitage.

ing was rent with the most opposite feel- about the hermitage made as secure as pos-

should hold his life in his hands. All his Rollo followed the Basque upward to the

life he had loved adventure as men their roof, and Concha, with her cape still about

daily bread-not passionately, but as a her shoulders, followed Rollo into the light

It was right and natural that he light from the east.

THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

Rollo looked up and saw the child that ings. He was certainly angry with Con- sible.

that?

liveries, but with a cloak thrown about his seemed to him then the same thing. For

shoulders and a sailor's red cap upon his here was one who held all the world as well

Without pausing to consider the meaning his mind. Love to her was exceedingly

lost to him.

the silent streets.

blow upon her.

me with the oxen!"

tries!" he said, grimly.

choly harvest.

"Concha Cabezos, how dare you out the sorpses Concha hovered near, half

in hand.

dolorous and terrible cry.

necessity of existence.

They walked on for a while in silence, Rollo too much thunderstruck and con-Certainly it was a solemn and awful cry founded to speak a word. His whole be-

"Let me help the brother," she said at last. "I have nursed many-no plague will touch me! The monk stared at the lad in wonder as

be refused in that which it was upon her

tongue to ask.

But Rollo roughly and angrily ordered Concha back to the heads of the oxen. "Is this boy by any chance your brother?" said the monk, as between them they set tled the first sheeted dead in his niche by the side of the great door.

"Nay," said Rollo, "not my brother!" "Then of a surety he hath a great affection for you." continued the monk. "It is a thing unusual in one of his age!"

To this Rollo did not reply, and in silence the cart was led about the house till every door and practicable entrance was guarded by one of these solemn warders. Then the three went within and the doors were locked, the bolts drawn and everything



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Aranjuez, from whose cheek also the rose had momentarily fled.

"And why did you wear that curious red cap?" cried the little queen, "I know Dona tigues of the night and the proximity of so Susanna would be very angry if she saw many victims of the plague, a chill would you. Pages must show their hair and wear most likely be fatal. So he carefully drew it in curls, too. Have you pretty hair?" in quickly and with some irony. "Do you not know that since Senor Mendizabal came

as much liberty as we want?" "Well," replied the Princess, tartly, I know is that I wish I had more of it. royal palace as he stood among the reeds Dona Susanna will not let me do a single of the canebrake. thing I want to do. But when I grow up I mean to do just what I like."

But the girl was not yet finished with her signal! inspection of Concha "Do you know," she went on, "I think you are the very prettlest boy I have ever seen.

You may come and kiss me. When I am grown up I will make you an officer of my cdyguard!"

Leaving little Isabel Segunda to make availeth! Let the doom fall!" bodyguard! friends according to her heart with the page He spread his hands abroad as if he pro-So much was clear to him. It was It was yet a good two hours from day-

boy from Aranjuez (to whom she immeder held a lighted candle with a trembling rash, it was unmaidenly-to follow him at light and if the gypsies were coming that distely proceeded to swear unutterable fidel- posted below. such a time in such a guise. Yet the night their appearance would not be long ity) Rollo and Brother Toodoro retired to girl had come. She was risking a terri- delayed. It was Rollo's opinion that they await with what patience they might the pleaded, "and went so regularly to con- ble death for his sake. Well, what of would attack with the first glimmer of day- long-delayed approach of the gypsies. "Twice during your absence did I be-

lieve them on their way," said the friar. "On the first occasion I heard in the wood wild cries, mixed with oaths, cursings and revilings, unfit for any Christian cars. God help this land that holdeth such heathens The little queen had two candles before within it!"

her and under her fingers was a great book The ruddy light of approaching day scarce tinged the treetops, but the highest fleecy says: clouds caught the glow long before the horiwhales and sea monsters writhed across uncharted seas, while an equal wealth of zon was touched. Yet the darkness down him to try Electric Bitters and he was unicorns and fire-breathing gryphons freely among the trees was less absolute than beperambulated the unexplored continental fore. There was also a weird, faraway until he was wholly cured. I am sure spaces. hoofs upon a road nearer at hand. A slight remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs stirring among the higher foliage adver- and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regu-"Oh, I know you!" she cried (here Rollo tised the coming of a breeze. Involuntarily lates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures contrembled), you are the new page boy from the two men shivered as with a soughing stipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kid-

"Grand rounds!" he said, "It is the angel of death visiting his outposts!" But Rollo was aware that after the fa-

a silken handkerchief from his pocket and "It is the cap of liberty the boy wears, fastened it carefully about his throat, ad-Princess," said the Basque man, breaking vising the monk to cover his head with his hood. Then suddenly another sound caught his to Madrid from England we are all to have ear. It was the identical signal he had heard from Sergeant Cardono, the same he

> "They are here," he whispered hoarsely to his companion, "it is the gypsies' battle

had heard repeated in the garden of the

The Basque spread abroad his hands, raising them first to heaven and anon pointing in the direction of the approaching foe. "The scourge of God!" he cried. scourge of God descend upon those that do

nounced a benediction upon the sentries

"Blessed souls," he cried, "for whom we of this holy house have died that you might live, cause that your poor, vile bodies may fight for us this night Let the dead meet the living and the living be overthrown. Hear, Almighty Lord of both quick and dead-hear and answer!"

(To Be Continued.)

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave digger. He "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded Aranjuez. He was to arrive today. What murmur a blast of ice wind swept down ney troubles, female complaints; gives perfrom the peaks of Penalara and the Basque | feet health. Only 50c at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store.

nant, confessional, uncontrovertible, stated should set her hand upon the dead of the

"WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE AT

of the hall, nervously dragging the folds

of maps upon which dragons and tritons.

But as soon as the girl's eyes fell on Con-

"Carlo!" said the new page boy from gripped his companion by the arm.

as low as possible about her knees.

cha she sprang up.

is your name?"

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