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CHAPTER XXXIX. There was no more than that. But how packed with matter for decision was that little filmsy half sheet. Should I obey my father or-my husband? For I had given John the right to call me that when he Bruce-Tom-Crip-Duke-o-Wellington?" liked. My father was not here to consultand-it would have been a thousand times

worse if he had. A sudden impulse came to me. I cannot tell what it was that made me do it-perhaps the sight of Veronica's pale, set lips and disappointed face. I was fond of Veronica and I did not like to see her looking at me like that. Though, of course, the main part of her trouble I could not

I handed her the letter with a quick Nevertheless she shook her head in refusal. "Help us, Vera!" I said and laid my hand upon her arm. She took the note and read. Then, when she had finished, she read t over again carefully. And then she drew a long, long breath.

"What Kate told me tonight is true, then?" she said, looking very straight at me, "about Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn,

"It is true," I answered. "Then I will go with you," she said, slowly. "I may think you are a deceitful little brat, Fairlie Glendenning, but I can't help liking you in spite of it. I hope you will be more straightforward with-with him-than you have been with me."

"Thank you," I said. "It will be difficult to get Kate to go, but if she will come at all it will be with us two."

"First, let me write a note home-one of the boys can take it," said Veronica. "I will tell my father that there is great need for me here and that he is not to expect me home tonight. There will be merry pandemonium at the manse, but never mind. They must just do without me for one night in a good cause. I have all the rest of my life in which to make it up to

She went in, and while she was writing (she wrote very large, half a dozen words to a page) I brought Harry out of the kitchen and bade him take Johnny Colstoun to his mother, as well as deliver Vera's letter at the manse of Kilgour. He was, of course, all curiosity, but, being in fear of Will, asked no questions. Then I showed the letter I had received to Will and bade him get ready to come with us to Gower

"I will not-" he cried, "You heard what my father said about these Glendonwyns."
"Well, you can stay then," I said, "it is quite the same to me whether you go or not. I am going to take the responsibility. I have Veronica Caesar and can go quite well. Only it would look better afterward if the acting head of the

"The acting head of the family, indeed!" he said scornfully, "I should like to know who that is, if not Miss Fairlie Glenden-

"Well, at any rate," I said, "you are the man here our brother, and people will simple world I knew so well. look to you to protect us! But of course -if you are afraid-there is no more to be "Oh," he cried, "If you put it that way,

will come. You know very well, Fairlie, that I am not afraid. No, not of all the Glendonwyns in the burying ground and out of it!"

It was a more difficult and delicate matter to break the matter to Kate. But at last I hit upon a way and in her then state of mind found it easier than I had auticipated. Her dress was done at last, thanks to Vera Caesar-not to me, lazy little pig that I was! Now Kate had in her a root of love for nice things to put on. I, on the other hand, cared more for nice things to eat, after the manner of the unclean four-footed beast aforesaid. I told her that we had been sent for to attend a meeting of the family and friends of Rupert and how it was a great blessing that she had her dress finished in time and the pretty lace collar and cuffs "titched upon it all in readiness.

"But I can't go and leave Babe Rupert," she said, just a little wistfully, "do you and Vera go, I will stay with him."

cried Veronica, enthusiastically, "we will all go. Babe Rupert, of course, must go, too. It is a family gathering." "And I can hold him in my arms all the time-" she said, anxiously, "and we will passed beneath the arch. Then came lights "Yes, quite soon," said Veronica, "that

is, whenever you are tired. Fairlie and I face. will give you a turn sometimes. But you l into our heads to run off with him. He is so wonderfully lovely that we might, you

At this our poor Kate was very much pleased and sprang up all eager to be dressed. She carried Babe Rupert upstairs to have his prettiest clothes on. And with Veronica's wonderful talent for getting people to do things, and her facility in dressing others, gained by many years' expiatory suffering at the manse of Kilgour, we soon found ourselves at the

"Dick, mind the house! Don't go out, and she would not permit me. don't answer questions!" I said, as I went through the door.

"Umph!" growled back Dick, in a yet lower tone, intended solely for home consumption; "think you're the great man Will, don't you?-Mr. Sir William-Wallace-"Get in there and stay!" said Will trucu-

So Dick returned to the fireside, with as much lacking of grace as he dared to show. CHAPTER LX.

The Last of Mr. Surgeon Warner.

night as we drove through the lodge gates plant him." of Gower into the avenue of the castle I felt

the unspoken interrogative on his brother's And indeed there was a certain fitness in And it was pleasant thus to be ordered by lips, "or I'll knock your head off! You it after all, which I could not help but him before them all. acknowledge.

So we passed up a grand staircase, on and when I had finished Mr. Ingalls said, and on. I saw down long, dim vistas serv- "Then I am to understand that Miss Glenants gliding with downcast heads and denning considers Dr. Warner's narrative silent feet here and there, making no to be a fair and correct account of the sound on the thick carpets. There was a facts?" curiously pleasant smell of old rose leaves "Perfectly so," I said.

"Then I presume you will have no oband furniture polish everywhere and then came a lighted room, and a tall, gaunt, jection to swear to the fact," he proangular man, whom I had never seen be- ceeded in his official tone, "my friend Mr. McCrosty is fiscal of the county-perhaps fore, rose to greet us.

"This is Mr. McCrosty, my lawer," said he will put the young lady on her oath howl. The old patted him. John; "also for many years that of the before signing." I thought I possessed some courage and Glendonwyn family, though my father has Which being done, I signed the docubelieve so still. But I own that that recently been ill enough advised to sup- ment in due form.

"There can be no harm in your friends

name.

wishes it-and-I am sure he himself ing with difficulty. Then he continued. marriage and to the birth of the child. "This, my friend and r agree in think-ing," continued Mr. Ingalls, "would have wishes it where he is!" Old Gregory Glendonwyn laid his hand feel it. Besides, Warner told me the truth. been sufficient for the purpose which my client has in view-that of putting the legitimacy of his helr outside the limits of ing to get upon his feet, which he was to get him off. He has the means of esserious dispute. But it would be well to just beginning to feel under him. For cape, and tomorrow he will be beyond the cincily and clearly, it is laid upon me to witness to both marriage and birth-that

So I told the story as briefly as I could

side, the youngling grasping and stretchhave in addition the signature of the other like all the Glendonwyns, he had been late reach of pursuit. Now I am weary-so satisfy posterity as briefly as may be con-"You loved him?" he said with a thrill of Mrs. Rupert Glendonwyn's sister, Miss -Miss Fairlie Glendenning is, I think, the of unexpected tenderness in his voice.

"I loved him-and I love him!" she said. Mr. Ingalls looked across to me as if And the lamplight falling upon her upbe expected that I would speak, but I turned face and on the leosened gold-flecked waited in order that he might invite me glory of her hair (like liquor of Danzic, 1 to do so. It was, however, John who spoke, always said) made her countenance like "Tell them what you know, Fairlie!" he that of an agel worshping at a shrine.

"So-did-li" said the old man slowly. Kate laid the babe in his arms, and rising, kissed him on the brow swiftly. "God have you ever in his keeping!

she said, using one of my father's phrases when any of us were going on a journey. "Amen!" said Gregory, softly. "That prayer from you will do y soul no harm, at any rate!"

And at that moment Babe Rupert, clutching at a large gold reaper watch which lay on the bed with the hunting case open, threw it down and broke the glass. Then, seeing what he had done, he burst into a

measured sixty years of time for me. It will be of small use to me in eternity!"

And, John, when Dr. Chisholm comes and son's good name!"

with increasing difficulty of utterance. "Rupert's wife-I want her! She had a soft hand-a winsome way. But Rupert mother resides. should not have married-not without tellried at all. Nevertheless, send for her!" Kate came, in her arms Babe Rupert.

The old man looked at her strangely. "Let him have it," he said. "It has Then he smiled. "Have you any message?" he said,

simply Gregory Glendonwyn asked a drink from She understood instantly. A dark flush

end of the matter as well as the begin-Having thus performed my duty to the

But it is all useless. I know it. I can ning). on Kate's head as she knelt by his bed- He had every reason for lying to me. It best of my ability by the inclusion of such was that which fixed me in my resolve parratives as seemed most pertinent to the case and which told the story most suc-

weary-! Let me lie down and rest awhile. cerning the outcome of all this. These memoirs are intended primarily Arbuthnot, do not let them probe the wound for the children of both branches of the er give me pain. Let an old man die in house of Glendonwyn-that is to say, for the peace. It was done in defense of his dear son of the late Mr. Rupert Glendonwyn, now a lad of growing form and much per-His breath seemed to be slowly drown- sonal comeliness, dwelling in the manse of his uncle, the Reverend John Glendon-"Where is my daughter?" he went on wyn, minister of the Free Presbyterian church in the parish of Gower, in which house also Mrs. Rupert Glendonwyn, his

The Great House is shut up-that is ing me. And then he would not have mar- so far as any public entertainment is concerned. But I had the pleasure of taking ten with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Grierson She stood before the bed, still a little in the housekeepers' room the other day hurt because she had been asked to take and I am bound to say that a more affecthe babe away. She did not know that tionate husband and a more douce and Mr. Glendonwyn had done it to spare her amenable housewife it had never been my the knowledge of her husband's past wild- lot to see together. It was a pleasure merely to observe them.

As to David Glendenning and his sonsthe Old Gray Wolf duly removed himself according to his pledged word, and for long held no intercourse with either of his daughters. But a severe illness which Fairlie had in the second year of her married life brought him over to see her. Since which time intercourse has been not only frequent but cordial. The matter of his yow, I suppose, he has reconciled to his conscience by the fact that the events which brought about the reconciliation of Kate and her husband's family took place during his absence, as also the marriage of Fairlie and Mr. John Glerdowyn.

But I think it will be pretty clear to any impartial student of these records that, if David Glendenning had not intended something of the kind to happen-at least so far as Fairlie and John were concerned-he would not have dispatchel Fairlie up to Bennangower that June afternoon with the important deed transferring the Boatcroft property to the deacon's court of the Free Presbyterian kirk, and then-betaken himself out of the way. To say the least of it, the collocation of events is instructive.

As for Veronica she has never married, being, as she often goes out of her way to prove, a thousand times better employed in making other people's cilldren happy than in making other people miserable with her own. As she foretold long ago, she is a paragon of "aunties," and so universally in request that her father (low, alas, a widower) declares that he only sees her at breakfast or at baptisms!

Lastly, there is the larger manse that now stands beside the beautiful kirk which has arisen on the old Boatcroft property by the great bend of the Gower water. Kate is still there, sweet, beautiful, lignifiedher mind calm as a mountain tars. She is happy in her boy-bright, generous, truthful, brave, to whom John is like a father, and who himself is an older brother to the two children of the manse.

And when I was last present at the morning oblation there-John Glendonwyn read aloud from the great bible (which is all he had taken from the house to which he might once have been served helm these words amongst others-perhaps the most beautiful and harmonious writ is our English tongue, "Look upon Zion the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation * * * For there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass therely."

I had not previously understood the meaning of these stately and soema phrases, but now, looking out on the thining breadths of the Gower water, voil of sail and unstirred by oar, with the hils of heather and the spires of Kilgour dreamy

a tumbler on the table, and Kate, who overspread her face, rising to her brow. Then, turning to Kate, he introduced also putting down their names as witgesture of appeal. I could see her waver, just a poor little school teacher who had the old man specially to her. She stood nesses of the signatures of Dr. Warner hardly ever thought of her own food, gave "Yes," she answered, bursting into a strayed out of her proper sphere and would up, tall and straight, with a grave, simple and 'Miss Glendenning," continued Mr. it to him in a moment. He drank and lay passion of tears, "tell him that I love him-

YES," SHE ANSWERED, BURSTING INTO A PASSION OF TEARS; "TELL HIM I LOVE HIM, I LOVE HIM!

toward supper time.

Kate also took everything with Indianthe bunny rabbits.

"See, baby," she was saying, "all these were your father's, my dear, dear Rupert's, I am so glad that we are going to visit some of those who loved him and who

owed so much to his kindness." At last at the top of a long ascent the woodlands suddenly ceased and darkly massive before us stood up the ancient towers of Gower Castle, with such a red and gloomy sunset flaming behind them that the sun himself appeared to be dying on an ensanguined bed.

Somehow the sight made me shudder, though I knew not what I had come there

Then came the outer gate, which was open, and a drawbridge like that of a real ancient castle, which indeed it was. wheels clattered harshly on the pavement, anon rumbled solemn and hollow as we and lo! at the carriage door John's hand and above it his dear, much-tried, kindly

"My father is no better," he said quickly can keep hold of his hand lest we take u to the servant Greg; "put in another pair of horses and be ready. You may have to drive to Drumfern tonight with Dr. Warner!"

He helped us out one by one, opening his eyes wide at the sight of Veronica, but making no remark, save that low in my ear he whispered the words: "Thank God, you have brought them!"

He took us into the lofty hall, with heads of ros deer, great horns of foreign animals, bison skins and bear skins, which Rupert had brought home from his travels. I would

"He shall be carried into his father's house for the first time by his father's "Nor ask them-" growled Will, who saw wife!" she said, simply and determinedly.

be giad enough to be back again into the | dignity, something like an ancient statue Ingails. simple world I knew so well.

I was giad to have Veronica with me. It was perfectly wonderful how the conthe latter carried the paper to his father. all the beauty and grandeur. I once heard Mr. McCrosty seated himself on the far fully, taking quite a long time to get the in a burried staccato voice. "Lift my pil Vera say that she only liked a sunset be- side of a kind of table, crossed his legs and rubrication to his mind. cause it told her that it was getting on pursed his lips as if he was going to whiatle.

like stolldity. She held up Babe Rupert to he began, with a curious little whistle in Crosty. the window, calling out to him to look at his voice at the end of every sentence or After these formulas had been carried standstill. "Having been summoned, there- trived anything else. Glendenning-which he did.

. ment. McCrosty's somewhat long-winded state- forgiveness and immunity only hold in the to his estates, and that in this he was any manner open to gentlemen!" son, Mr. John.

had brought nome from Rate, but forthwith usnered upstate have taken Babe Rupert from Kate, but dimly lighted room, in which was Mr. forthwith ushered upstairs into a great, in the courtyard. Gregory Glendonwyn, looking pale and worn, his nostrils so thin as almost to be transparent and his eyes cavernous and dark. He was lying at full length on a bed, propped up with pillows. He had about him a loose dressing gown of some fine soft carpet, wide hall and outer dark swalwool of a brownish hue, while Dr. Warner, lowed up the surgeon. looking like a sallow specter, thin, erect litte apart, gazing at him with those sinister | weak and far-away.

> Another man of lawyer-like appearance, said, "will you bring him forward?" the same Mr. Ingalis who had formerly | Kate rose and went swiftly to the made himself so prominent in the ecclesi- man's side. astical affairs of the parish, sat at a desk with a second sheaf of papers before him. | called him Rupert, too-Rupert Glendonin-opening his eyes indeed at sight of my father would not let him be baptized." Veronica, but, like his son, taking no objection to her presence, and indeed making no

remark upon it. Mr. McCrosty nodded over to his brother lawyer as much as to intimate: "All set- I desire that it shall be done forthwith, let us proceed!"

Whereupon Mr. Ingalls rose and said: 'It is the wish of Mr. Glendonwyn that the marriage of his late son Rupert Glen- father's side in a moment. donwyn, to Catherine or Kate Glendenning should be put beyond possible dispute. I have, therefore, drawn up a paper embodyattested by one of the two witnesses, Dr. Herold Warner of Kilgour. This document will now proceed to read."

This, when he had finished it, proved to be a brief but perfectly exact statement of what had occurred in connection with the marriage of my sister, to which was subjoined a medical record of Dr. Warner's several visits to Inch Jonet and of the birth of Babe Rupert. There were also included in the budget several letters from the late Rupert Glendonwyn to his friend Warner, in which specific and re- sweet voice that was always to me like mine to him.

I was glad to have veronica with me, it was perfectly wonderful how the content of the letters of his name with a and he came near, who on her part sat playing with baby and sclousness of being Rupert Glendonwyn's who traced the letters of his name with a and he came near. "I have—somethe talking to Kate perfectly unimpressed by wife upheld her all through that night, trembling hand, but determinedly and pain—"I have—somethe

"You will also witness Mr. Glendonwyn's will-it will be better to have the same has done of good or ill was for his sake-"Mr. Glendonwyn is very seriously ill," names upon that!" interposed Mr. Mc-

so, the effect of which was truly remark- out Mr. Glendonwyn signed to Dr. Warable, contrasting as it did with the dignity ner to approach the bed. The surgeon did of his manner and the gravity of his com- so in his usual gloomy, saturine and halfmunications. I learned afterward that in contemptuous manner. If Rupert Glenhis youth Mr. McCrosty had been a great donwyn at times looked like a beautiful stammerer and had cured himself by always devil contriving michief, as I have said, whistling a bar of "Duncan Grey" or some Harold Warner looked at that moment like other Scots ditty as often as he came to a an ugly devil who never could have con-

fore, to the bedside of my ancient friend "I desire to bear witness." said Mr. and patron, and consulted as to what was Glendonwyn in a feeble, but steady voice, his best course in these painful circum- "that I consider Dr. Warner ought to bear stances, I took it upon me to remind him no blame before man in the matter of my that justice was a condition of repentance, illness or death. The fault, if fault there and that reparation and honest dealing mis- be, was mine alone. And I desire with my became no man. If he were satisfied that last breath that my relatives and agents his son Rupert had left lawful issue, the shall take no steps against Harold Warner matter should not be left hanging in the in the event of my death. Being, as I am wind one single moment. Having, more-credibly informed, a dying man, I take over, been informed by Mr. John Glendon-leave to say that I frely forgive Harold wyn (who did me the honor to make me Warner for all the ill be has brought on his confident in the matter some time ago) me and my house, of which this last acci- did to pay my son Rupert's debts, shall be that the young lady's father had destroyed dent is but the last part-and the least. an important, though, happily, not indis- In token of which I have agreed to shake pensable document, I advised Mr. John Dr. Warner's hand for the last time." Giendonwyn to apply directly to one of the He held out his hand and Dr. Warner

two witnesses of the marriage still alive took it with the jold triangular bayonetand accessible—that is, to Miss Fairlie thrust look strong in his eyes. The old man held the passive fingers for a mo-It is not necessary to continue Mr., "It is understood," he added, "that this

ment, which indeed amounted to little more event of my death. If I am spared by any than that Mr. Gregory Glendonwyn desired freak of Providence I am free to pursue to own his son's child publicly as the heir Dr. Warner and bring him to account in being heartly supported by his surviving "That is understood!" said Dr. Warner

grimly, and went out to the carriage which, The lawyer having finished, we were as we knew, was waiting his convenience

CHAPTER XLII.

Kate's Last Message. There was a possessing silence in the

room till the door closed and the abyas of Then we heard the voice of Mr. Glen and colorices as bleached bone, stood a donwyn again, a little firmer now, but still

"I would like to see my grandson," he

"See," she said, "this is his son-I have troubles me!" Mr. Glendonwyn nodded to us as we came wyn. But he has really no name yet, for The brow of the old laird darkened

"I have at least an equal right," he said,

The son, so quiet, ready, humble, worth | denwyn took up his tale. a thousand of that other, was at his

"I educated you and put you into the his companion abroad, and desired to trade parish which you have despised and de- upon certain knowledge he possessed in serted," he said. "I have no sympathy order to blackmail me. I struck him in ing a statement of the facts, which will be with you or your work. But that is not the face for something that he said about what I meant to say. You have not laid my son, and the tablet which I had put up saide your ordination vows with your to his memory. He would have gone away parochial ones. Baptize this child? has no earthly father. I will present him giving him his choice of sword or pistol for baptism." John looked down at Kate. "Do you wish it?" he said, softly.

that last time to Inch Jonet.

back awhile with closed eyes. He waited | love him-love him-as when I first put my reversa:15, such an awe has even the ante | hand in his!" chamber of death. Then he motioned John

"I have-something-to-say-" he said low-no-not you! Let Rupert's wife do it. She loved him-you hated him. What she If I have sinned, it was for his sake-his

sakc. So, unjust to John and hating him to the last, the old laird would not permit the best son in the world to lay so much as a finger on him in the day of his mortal sickness, and indeed made no attempt to conceal his distaste at his mere approach. Well. I could make that up to him-and I would.

Very gently Kate adjusted the pillows. If I had had to do it, living or dying I would-but L am told that I must not say what I would have done, and it is true that it does not come into the story. Yet how can one help one's feelings at the sight of njustice, wherever one sees it? There never was a son like John, and I

who know him so well, will maintain it. "I have not much to say," Gregory Glendonwyn continued, clearly and feebly, "nor yet as I think a great while to say it in. I have arranged that the money belonging to my wife-which was left to my son John, and which I ought never to have used as I refunded to him year by year, principal and interest, as the estates will allow of it My son knows of the forgery and malversation of trust which was committed on that occasion, and therefore shares with Mr. In galls here and Mr. Fiscal McCrosty the criminality of compounding a felony! I am going where Letters Criminal do not run, and in a few hours I shall be safe under the reatest of all statutes of limitations, And, indeed, a greater penalty hath been executed upon me for my sins. I told you and Dr. Warner told you that I have gotten a stroke. It is a true word! Behold it, gen-

And with a quick movement of the hand Gregory Glendonwyn threw aside the brown dressing gown and showed a bandage stained with red, drawn tightly across his left breast.

The same movement revealed under the coverlet two small swords, one of which was staned with blood six inches from the

The two lawyers started to their feet and came hurriedly forward. John Glenfonwyn cried out a loud, sudden word and leaped to the door. But his father called him back.

"Nay," he said, "do not go. You heard what I promised to Dr. Warner. Bear him witness-and me. What I have said is the truth. But stay-take the babe away. Ho

Kate snatched her Babe Rupert to her osom. "None shall ask me twice to take my child

away!" she was beginning indignantly, but Veronica took her gently by the arm and led her out, throwing a glance back at me "moreover, I have no long while to live. which said, "Stay where you are-I will take care of her!"

As soon as the door was shut Mr. Glen-

"To be brief, I quarreled with Dr. Warner about my son, Rupert. He had been He but being angry, I challenged him to fight, We fought in this room. And at the second engage he run through the lung. It is bleeding inwardly, he says, and I cannot She nodded a bright assent. Indeed, I live. The doctor from Kilgour will be have seldom seen her look so radiant and here in an hour-Dr. Arbuthnot, from happy-certainly not since Rupert came Drumfern, in the morning. Warner was to send them on as he passed through. "Of course," she answered, in that clear, He will keep his word, I know, as I did

peated references were made both to the the singing of a bird, "Rupert's father He lay a good while motionless, breath-

CHAPTER XLII. Lecture and Addition.

(Being the concluding observes of the in the distance, I seem to catch a glinpse first editor, which are made by him com- of that other Zion and its peace where the fortable to the usage of that late excellent inhabitants shall not say I am sick, and historian, Mr. Robert Dodrow of Eastwood, where the people that dwell therein stall who could never be content to set down be forgiven their iniquity. anything without telling (as it were) the

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complaint and suffered so severely that I was compelled to do something, and went to Kuhn & Co's drug store for a box. At all drug stores-50 cents. Fester-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.