down came the foremost horse with a lurch

I heard the quick beat of hoofs behind me and slackened my pony's pace as Mr. Graham, the boss, galloped up. We reached

story plainer than words. It was radiant

and there was a light in the girl's blue

eyes that could hardly be expected after

such an experience as she had just gone

I grasped Lou's hand without a word

and the boss, whose eyes were keen, placed

"After today, Lou," he said, "you're

known to the world as a third owner of

the L X ranch, with full control of affairs.

And as as soon as you please, which I

judge ian't far distant, you have my

consent to take charge of the wildest little

tenderfoot that ever came west, Not a

word!" sa Lou tried to stammer something;

"it's all right, my boy! Take my advice,

make arrangements quick, and let's wind

up the live stock show with such a wed-

ding as even the west hasn't seen in a

score of years!" Which leads me to be-

lieve that the boss knew how things were

Waited Until the Book Agent Finished

and Then Gave Him a

Recommendation.

This is the tale of a mild, little woman

and a too-persistent book agent. The for-

mer had a pressing engagement at a

mothers' meeting and mentioned it politely

to the agent, who, however, lacked either

the sense or the courtesy to withdraw. In-

stead, he marched in at the open door and

"I'm positively in great haste this morn-

ing," said the woman politely. "Couldn't

you come some other time? I'm too busy

to look at it now; but I think I should like

the book--I really do need an up-to-date

"I won't detain you a moment," declared

the agent. "Pray be seated, madam, and

permit me to explain briefly the scope of

this valuable work. Here, under A. we

have 'Acontte, a genus of hardy, herba-

"How much is it?" interrupted the victim.

'Battering ram,' " pursued the agent,

paying no heed, "an engine for battering

down the walls of besieged places. The

"Ill take it," exclaimed the woman, hop-

ing by this means to escape. "What's the

price of it?" But the agent had learned

his little piece, and meant to say it to the

bitter end. Possibly he feared that he

might forget it if he falled to keep in prac-

" Campus Martius, a large place in the

suburbs of ancient Rome.' 'Cantaloupe'-

everybody loves the luscious cantaloupe-'a

small, round variety of muskmelon of deli-

cate flavor.' 'Dynamics, a science which

deals largely with the laws of force in their

"Yes, yes," murmured the woman, im

"Presently, presently," murmured the un-

perturbed agent, turning the leaves with

exasperating slowness. "Now suppose,

madam, you are interested in 'Epictetus, a

Greek stoic philosopher, born in Phrygia;

though nominally a stole, he was not in-

terested in etolcism as an intellectual sys-

tem.' Also under E we have 'Epilepsy, a

disease of the nervous system, causing un-

consciousness either with or without con-

vulsions.' Perhaps you wish to read about

fusel oil; here you find it. 'A heavy, oily,

inflammable fluid, with a high boiling

The little woman gave a long sigh, and

monotonous voice went on-so did the hands

"Here, under W," said the agent, at last

nearing the end of the book, "we have the

little 'Wren, certain birds allied to the

warbler; also Sir Christopher Wren, the

noted English architect; he was born-'

"I've decided," said the little woman, re

viving as the agent approached the end of

the alphabet, "that I don't want the book,

after all. I've seen more than enough of it

"At least," said the only slightly crest

fallen agent, handing her paper and pencil,

'you won't object to writing a little test!

nonial telling what you think of the work

Your commendation, I am sure, would

ers, and help me to get the prize that is

offered for those who make the greatest

number of sales. I'll be greatly obliged for

His meek little victim took the pencil,

wearily, and without a moment's hesita-

"The book appears to be all right; but

the agent is an unmitigated nuisance and

an intolerable bore. Don't let him in."-

An Early Riser.

David J. Brewer, justice of the United

States supreme court, went to Kansas and

entered upon the practice of law at 23. He

is now 67 and hale and hearty. "For many

years," he recently said, "I have been get

ting up at 4 o'clock in the morning. Lately,

however, the hour has been 5 o'clock, for I

find I enjoy more sleep. My retiring hour

at night is usually about 10 o'clock. I

began early rising when I lived in Kansas

As a young judge I was ambitious and at

night I found myself dreaming over the

cases I had tried during the preceding day.

I did not rest well and this troubled me so

much that I consulted a doctor. He advised

me to drop all work in the evening. I was

to go out with my wife, attend the theater,

play cards or go to parties, but forget the

law. I followed this advice and gradualty

Mechanical Explans 'on.

The engineer, seeing a specimen of the

Mephitis americana on the track ahead,

acquired the habit of rising at 4 o'clock."

tion obligingly wrote:

Chlcago Record-Herald.

carry weight with other possible purchas-

of the clock.

"Tell me, please, how much it

seated himself in the parlor.

This was a fatal admission.

eous plants, represented-"

ancients employed---'

encyclopedia.

meekly,

GOT EVEN AT LAST

his hand on a stalwart shoulder.

the scene together a few minutes later. One glance at Windom's face told his

within a yard from destruction.

through with.

going all along.

LOVE AND A LARIAT

(Copyright, 1904, by Hilton R. Green) If a man's face be a true barometer of his feelings, Windom's certainly indicated anything but settled emetions that morning when he came down from the ranch house upon a half dozen of us fellows, who were making ready for a quick run on the

"What's the matter new, Windy?" inquired Barstow, looking around from his "Matter?" growled Windom. "The very devil's to pay. You heard the boss send

for me this morning? What do you sup-

"Wanted me to drive into Milford this out here from the east to make her home."

"Nothin' so bad about that, is there?" "Strikes me that an ordinary ride alongside a good lookin' woman every L. X. ranch, which throughout ten succesday in the week."

"That's 'the trouble exactly," protested Windom. "How'll an ordinary cow puncher feel steering up against one of these educated boardin' school girls? Worse than a locoed steer in a bunch of fresh-branded Longhoms, I imagine."

"What's the matter with the boss?" questioned Wells. "Laid up with a touch of rheumatism, he says. But I swear it looks like a put

Windom's perplexity was almost pathetic. "Say, Mayhew," he said, suddenly, "take my place, won't you? You're something of a hand with the women, you know and, really, you'll do me a favor by relieving me of this job."

Mayhew bent to the ground in token of "Thanks, my boy," he said. "Your offer is exceedingly kind and does me honor, but I couldn't think of depriving you of such an unexpected and unusual pleas-

Windom looked appealingly at each of his auditors in turn.

"You then, Wells?" "Much obliged, Windy," drawled big Shep Wells, "but I'm not feeling any too good myself this mornin'. 'F 'twasn't for

that I'd be delighted to-" "Oh, well," drawled Windom as he turned on his heel, and his spurs clinked savagely as he strode away.

When he drove into the stable between sundown and dusk that evening he found four of us fellows waiting for him. As if he were a broncho we mounted him and began to dig him with spurs of in-

"Still alive, ain't I?" he laughed: "but I'm durned if I expected it this morning!"

"What'd she look like?" "Not half bad. Healthy-lookin' skin, chestnutty hair, and eyes that beat these prairie blue-bonnets for color. Not one of the fiscky sort, either. 'Course, I felt like a maverick in a round-up at first, but the girl put me on my feet in a few minutes. and I'll be blamed if I didn't sit there and talk away same as if I'd known her all my life! Didn't seem half of the fifteen miles out here to the ranch. Fairly took my breath away with questions. Wanted to know all about everything, and said she really felt like she was living out here, where she could have plenty of room to breathe and think and do things."

It took just a couple of weeks and a day after that for me to make a discovery.

Lou Windom, the clearest-headed, quickest-handed plainsman in the southwest, had from the outside world. At first I didn't speak of it to Lou. Poor devil! I knew just how he felt. He was so much of a pauper in self-appreciation that he consid ered it presumptuous, I knew, to even think of loving a woman like Phyllis Graham,

much less to dream of winning her love in Windom was appointed a sort of special guide to show the newcomer about the ranch, explaining different things of interest and giving her a thorough insight

into the real life of the plains. And Phyl-That's what she made people call her-was openly delighted at everything. She declared she was going to take a hand in the next roundup, and wrought such havoc all the while with those blue eyes of hers that poor old Windom's heart

was corralled forever. One day when we were alone I eatled his hand. A friendship of many years, through sun and storm, gave me this priv-

Lou's face went red beneath the brons "And what if I do?" he saked. "The girl's worthy of any man's love."

"She's lucky to gain yours!" I said warmly. "Why don't you go in and win

"Great God! Me, me!" He laughed bitterly. "Think of a poor heathen of a cow puncher daring to ask for the love of a woman of refinement and wealth!" Deep down in my heart I knew that Windom was good chough for any woman that ever lived. But I felt the truth of his remark and pressed the subject no

A week later he brought it up himself. no use, Tom," he said. stand it any longer. In a few more weeks I'm going to cut loose from the L X outfit forever. You needn't ask the reason. You know already. Every day of heaven for the last two weeks has brought me a step nearer to hell. And the best thing to do is

'Have you told the boes?" "Not yet," he answered. "And don't intend to until after the big live stock show at Westville next week. We boys

and I couldn't well desort just at this As the time for separation drew near I schooled myself up to a sort of grim resig-

On the following Monday we all went to Westville. I have never seen a broadershouldered, brawnier-limbed set of men than the L. X. outfit was that day. dom, looking a veritable incarnation of the west, led the party, and many an eye was turned our way as he rode down the

The town was in gala attire, decked out with flags and bunting, and was filled to Six pairs of eyes asked questions at overflowing with a curious throng of excursionists and pleasure seekers. The hearty western spirit was everywhere in evening after a niece of his that's coming evidence. The stores, hotels and streets were jammed, but the people laughed good-Mayhew broke in with a long drawn naturedly as they jostled against each

Several of our boys were obliged to take part in the contests, but Windom stood cow puncher don't get an opportunity to out as the recognized representative of the sive annual carnivals had not failed to carry off the honors.

So strong was our confidence in Lou's ability that we expected great things of him in the riding and roping contests. Nor was our confidence misplaced, for, with more than a dozen of the quickest men in the southwest pitted against him, he came out victor in both contests.

From her seat among the spectators Phyl Graham drank in the excitement with sparkling eyes and joined in the storm of applause that followed Windom's victories. I saw her smile down at him and knew that

his head was w'irling. A few moments later he ran the stampede of throughng admirers and came hurriedly to my side.

"Herel" he said, taking hold of my arm "Let's out of this while we can!" He led the way to our horses and we were soon riding away from the fair

grounds and headed toward town. "That mob makes me tired." he declared "Guess we'd better drop by Hart & Majors' for that saddle before they close in on us

The prize in the riding contest, an expen sive saddle, which had been on display for weeks in advance of the occasion, was an elaborate affair, richly embossed and a perfect specimen of the harnessmaker's art. The junior member of the firm brought out the prize and turned it over to Lou.

"I thought you'd get it, old man," he said, "and took pains to select the finest in It was but the work of a moment to remove the old saddle and fling the new one upon the back of Lou's restive cow pony, but in that moment something took place that colored the after life of at least two

Lou was shortening the different straps o the saddle, when from somewhere up the street a hoarse shout of warning arose. The crowd returning from the fair grounds scattered to right and left. Alarmed owners rushed to their teams, which began to show fright at the unusual commotion. This cleared the street partially and gave

us a chance to learn the cause of the uproar. One glance was enough. Down the street at terrific speed came a runaway horse, dragging behind him a careering buggy, which threatened to over-

turn at every leap. In the buggy s , a woman whose iden-tity was obscured by the thick cloud of dust that rose. The reins had fallen to the ground, and the horse, freed from the restraining bit, was plunging madly forward. Collision with the crush of vehicles that lined the curbstone seemed every

As the runaway passed I caught a low, range cry from Lou.

"Phyl!" he cried. "Great God!" Even his lips went white. I recognized the girl at the same moment, but went daft for the space of a dozen seconds. By that time life came back to Windom with

One jerk and the last buckle was made secure; a leap and he was in the saddle; a dig of the spurs and he was off after the runaway at a pace I have never seen equalled before or since. The crowd watched breathlessly.

At the best gait my plump little bay could command I was off after them, but was left hopelessly in the rear. I have seen many swift horses in my day, but one might as well have pursued unleashed

lightning as Lou's pony that day. Just on the outskirts of the town the hunger of many freshets had eaten a huge ravine, with steep, precipitous banks. Toward this ravine I saw with horror the foremost horse was headed. I shuddered to think what the result might be.

If Lou could only reach the buggy in time his steady arm and ready brain might avert the danger. Already he was gaining on the hard-run horse ahead, but could his brave little cowpony keep up the mad gait for the few needed moments? With so much at stake might not Lou's quick hand and keen eye fail him? Even as I ques tioned Windom was at work. Before could fathom the depth of his daring he leaned over on his horse's neck and uncoiled the long rawhide that swung from

the pommel of his saddle. Then, in a flash I comprehended his des perate plan. If it failed his own life would pay the forfeit, for a few more strides would bring pursued and pursuer to the brink of the ravine.

Lou whirled the lariat about his head in the old peculiar way which I had noted on a thousand former occasions, and I knew that his muscles were tightening for the most critical ordeal of his life.

It may have been distorted fancy that caused it, but I seemed to hear distinctly the keen swish of the rawhide as it out through the air and settled squarely about the neck of the runaway. Windom's trained are expected to represent the L. X. ranch, cowpony stopped short in its tracks and Fall Millinery

New and pretty millineryjust received. We are now showing many new ideas and creations, designed especially for us for the "Horse Show." Popular prices prevail throughout this department.

Cash or Credit.



3-Room Outfits

Furnished for

\$8.00 Per Month

Advance Autumn Showing of LADIES' SUITS @ CLOAKS



The Smartest Coat Shown This Season-is the new 'Tourist Coat." We are showing a great many in various styles. Ladies will find a certain exclusive style in our coats that others lack. You will find our garments well made-cut rightfit right-material right-We handle no shoddy goods. For Monday's selling we offer a tourist coat made of covert cloth, 42 inches long, pleated belted back, new flare sleeve, double breasted. Our regular \$15 coat, for

New Runabout Skirts

Of high priced odds and ends made of all wool plaids and mixtures, in subdued colorings. Some only two of a kind, others three or four. Would ordinarily sell at \$10. They will go on sale Monday-special at, each

These skirts are made in the very newest fall styles. Come early. Get one while they last.

Men's and Boys' Clothing on Credit

The swellest clothes in town. They are not made to your measure. Don't think for a minute that a little "tape line" and a big price produce the finest clothes in town. Ask to see our K. N & F. clothes. They are winners. Priced from \$5.00 to \$25.00.

Just Have it Charged.

September Sale

is now at its height—the greatest money-saving opportunity of the year. Investigate and be convinced. CASH OR CREDIT.



Bed Room Sets 75 bed room suits, well finished in golden and highly polished, French bevel mirror plates and handsome brass trimmings - worth \$25.00 -September

5-piece Parlor Set-mahogany finish-tapestry or velour upholstering-worth regularly \$40-September sale

Handsome Couch Upholstered in swell patterns of velour, massive frame, full sanitary construction and well designedworth regularly \$18.00 September sale-



Special inducements to young folks just starting housekeeping

Carpéts, Drapery and Bedding Sale 9x12 Ingrain Art Squares, new lot just receivedworth regularly \$7.50-September Sale Tapestry Curtains—handsome paterns—worth regularly \$3.00. September Sale larly \$3.00—September Sale Comforts-good weight, well made-September Sale 79c Cotton Blankets-gray or tan colors-Sept. Sale 69c 5-ft. Curtain Pole and Trimmings complete 15c

AND

Stoves and Ranges Be sure and visit our mammoth stove department. We are sole agents for

the world's famous line of Garland stoves and baseburners. Estate oak heaters. Star Estate steel ranges and many other standard lines.

hastily applied the airbrakes and stopped great energy. Patrolman Bently, there- will appeal with great interest. One is a was going to say "for purposes of identifi-But he was not quick enough. The loconotive ran the little animal down.

He returned even more hastily. "What is the matter, conductor?" asked an anxious passenger. "Is anything wrong Staten Island mule, which, after much ton" in ink in the upper right hand corwith the engine?"

Staten Island mule, which, after much ton" in ink in the upper right hand corwith the engine?"

Staten Island mule, which, after much ton" in ink in the upper right hand corwith the engine?" visibly wilted in her chair. It was evident that the persistent agent meant to read his encyclepedia from A to Z, and that there

The conductor went forward hastily.

IN DEFENSE OF THE MULE the Animal Kick?-Answer Ye

Who Have Felt the Gentle Touch

of the Battery.

Without the smallest hesitation, we say: He does, he does! We go further, making the deliberate assertion that he kicks fre quently, systematically and often with most evil and destructive consequences. Colone, George E. Jenkins, however, entertains an exactly opposite opinion. Colonel Jenkins is quartermaster and commissary of the Nebraska National Guard. He claims a large experience with mules and insists moreover, that he has investigated them through the testimony and experience of

"After a lifetime of close association with the mule I have never known him to kick a man; nor have I ever met a man who knew another man of his own knowledge who had been kicked by a mule.

"This is a bold statement, but it is true nevertheless. You can question soldiers of the army everywhere, and I confidently predict that they will bear me out in this know I am uprooting a popular belief, I am not doing our mule friend a deserved fustice. Horses' kicks are plenty-mule kicks are as rare as promotions."

We have no prejudice against the mulefar from it. As a matter of fact, when and design are quite the equal of similar we consider the treatment he receives at the hands of the average plowman, teamster and hostier, it sems to us that his is attached quite a history. This, perhaps, serves a monument as high as human art can reach. But we are not to be diverted from the fact by flowery byways of mere sentiment. Colonel Jenkins wanders as

prairies, far away from comrades and that which one is in the habit ordinarily samp, weary, looking for the distant twinkling campfires not to be found? Did you ever at such a time see your mule friend lift his tireless head and blow his resonant trumpet of discovery of the ought-for haven? He has not seen it, but he has smelt it, and in a moment is trotting a bee line for the distant picket line and forage ration. Were you ever riding across a dreary, dry, dusty country, thirsty, no water in sight, and its whereabouts undiscovered? Throw the bridle loose on the mule's neck and give him his way; he will take you to water as unerringly as a carrier pigeon wings its way to its roost." Very pretty, indeed, and true enough bebut the mule's intelligence, longsuffering submission and sweetness of temper are now at issue. The question is whether he kicks, and from that question we are not to be seduced by any tender

and poetic pleading.-We shall not ransack history and tradition at this time, though 'twere easy thus to bring down the Jenkins postulate with a resounding crash. Let us take one simple, isolated instance, guaranteed as to its integrity by no less a witness than the New York Times of the sixteenth instant. Early on Tuesday morning last a street car-electric, of course-was hustling merrily along Davis avenue, from Port Richmond to Tompkinsville, Staten Island. It was loaded well-nigh to suffocation with an Italian society bent on celebrating something in the usual Italian way. Patrolman Bently, recently transferred from the Tenderloin, went along, under orders to keep the festivities from burgeoning into homicide. There was a band on the oar, and the band was play-"Bedelia" and "Santa Lucia" with

fore, rode on the running board as far volume entitled "An History of the Earth cation," but thought better of it. as possible from the uproar-not to put and Animated Nature," by Oliver Goldtoo fine a point upon it, away up in front smith, and the present volume is No. 5 of and who did not care for garlic. Some- and what makes it of more than ordinary where on the way the car encountered a value is the signature "George Washing-"Only temporarily, ma'am," he replied. Jurgation, stepped to one side and let written by Washington to a Mr. Anderson mule took aim and lifted Patrolman Bently eight feet into the peaceful summer air. Maybe he wanted to kill the band. Maybe he objected to "Bedelia." At all events he kicked-with skill and power, too-and Patrolman Bently will swear to it in several languages.

This is a great question. It interests us deeply. But we propose to discuss it without prejudice or passion. Let the country have the facts.

MEMENTOES OF WASHINGTON

Boston.

A Rare Collection in the Custody of Old South Meeting House,

Lovers of things historical, especially those which have directly to do with the name and person of Washington, cannot fail to be interested in a valuable collection which has just been placed in the custody of the Old South meeting house. The collection is the property of the heirs of the late Mrs. Mary Hemenway, who during her lifetime took an especial interest in gathering articles which beionged to the father of his country, and it is safe to say that, locally at least, there is no collection numbering so many pieces as one finds in the present instance One of the first articles to attract attention is a bedquilt made of pieces of Lady Washington's dresses. Many of the pieces are rich brocades, and in quality, coloring goods to be found today. To a miniature of Washington enameled on copper there amiability, forgiveness, sunny cotimism de- is one of the most valuable pieces in the collection. It is the work of W. Bone, who was the enameler to George III. The painting was made from a sketch of Washington in 1796 and while no one could fall to note the characteristic features of the great man, the portrait is different from of seeing. The miniature was made for some friends of Washington, in whose family it remained for a number of years. Eventually financial reverses made it necessary to dispose of the heirloom and it was purchased by the late George Peabody of London. Next it found its way into an English family, who later came to Canada, and when Mrs. Hemenway's attention was called to it the miniature was in the possession of an antique dealer in this city, from whom she purchased it. Originally it was mounted in rosewood, but a delicate gold frame now surrounds it.

A piece which dates back even two generations beyond Washington is a goodsized silver bowl used in the christening of this famous man, as well as the member of the two preceding generations of his family. The bowl contains very little decoration beyond the initial W, surrounded by a wreath of laurel on one side and the inscription on the reverse side. The bowl is about six inches high with a stem, and in general proportions resembles a chalice. A couple of sait cellars of old blue Canton china set in a silver frame were used tu the Washington family at Mount Vernon. lets, also used in the family, were purchased by Mrs. Hemenway from Washington's grandniece, Mrs. Fanny Washing ton Finch of Washington D. C., in May, 1866. A locket containing locks of hair of George and Martha Washington, the locket inscribed with his name, also has special interest. A haif dozen teaspoons as well as several of the dessert size are among the collection. To the collector of rare volumes and

documents there are two articles which

under date of September 8, 1799, from Mount Vernon concerning the state of Lady Washington's health, which it appears was not good at that time, the lady having evidently been suffering from a lever.-Boston Transcript.

DECORATIVE COFFIN PLATES Suggestive Conversation, with Touching Note on Beauty in a Husband.

ironing board.

n astonishment "Yes, miss; it's my first husband." she sent her old mother to show it.

"But, I thought," said the visitor, "that coffin plate should be left on for-" She

be awful pretty. I want a wreath of white

Publish your Want Ads in The Bee.

"It's in the drawer with the coffin plate, nother," called the laundress from the "Coffin plate?" asked the woman visitor,

The little girl on the visitor's knee be longed to the big woman at the troning board by virtue of adoption, and the document proving it had six seals. The laundress was so proud of the document that That intrusive coffin plate, however, slipped out of the legal paper, and had to

"Most people do leave 'em on," explained the proud possessor, "but it was so pretty. motorman, who was a friend a set of eight. It bears the date of 1779, I wanted it. I'm goin' to have it framed In one of them deep frames soon as I can

> roses set about it, an' a big black velvet bow put at the bottom of the wreath. But doesn't your husband object? "Goodness, no. He's proud of the first He was a fine, educated man. He traveled in his business an' didn't let me work. This man goes with me to his grave. every Decoration day. I can't afford a stone, so I have his picture set in at the

head of the grave. It looks awful pretty," "Was your first husband good looking?" "Oh, yes, miss. He was very plump and bald, he was very handsome. See how solid it is."

The coffin plate had intruded again,-New The Bee Want Ads Are the Best Business

What's the User

The great inventor had solved the prob lem of aerial navigation. Seating himself in his perfected machine, he placed his hand on the starting lever. then paused and reflected. "Let me think," he said, and a look of perplexity crossed his face,

'Why don't you go ahead?" asked his "I'm wondering," he answered, "what object I had in ever wanting to fly."-Newark News.

If you have anything to trade, advertise it in the This for That column in The Bes Want Ad Pages.

We are living in an age of specialsm; an age when success can only be attained by the concentration of every thought upon the unswerving pursuit of a single object. We are precisely such specialists. This accounts for the difference between success and failure in the treatment and cure of diseases of men. The physician who tries to explore and conquer the whole field of medicine and surgery becomes proficient in no particular branch. We have confined ourselves entirely to a single class of diseases and the complications that ensue and mastered them. We do not scatter our faculties, but concen-trate them on our particular speciality. We have made a life study of diseases and weaknesses peculiar to men, spending thousands of dollars in researches and evolving a special system of treatment that is a quick, safe and certain cure for all skin, nervous, blood and private diseases.

Our name has been a household synonym throughout the west for over a quarter of a century for remarks he skill and ability in the treatment and sure of the diseases and weakn success to prevalent among men.

If you are drifting in a sea of sickness and disease toward the rely and should stop drifting and consult the sminent specialists connect of with the STATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE at once, before it is too late.

Our success is the result of superior knowledge spined by 25 years of conscientious study and experience. The second is nothing doubtful or experimental about our treatment. We 'I now the effect off every medicine we use. For twenty years we have been curing Varicoccie, Rupture, Hydroccie, Stricture, Blood Poison (Syphilis), Skin Diseases, Hiotches, Sores, Loss of Manly Vigor, Unbafural Habits, Orgins or Losses, Wanted or Undeveloped Parts and all Private and Genito-Urinary Diseases of Men.

CONSULTATION FREE if you cannot call. This for symptom blank of p. m. Sundays is to 1 only

