REMARKABLE ENTERPRISE

Is That of the British Doctors in the Shel don Block, Corner 11th and N Streets.

These Eminent Gentlemen are Giving Their Services Free for Three Months to All Invalids Who Call Upon Them Before Nov. 5th.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, have established a permanent branch of the Institute in this city, at the office, corner of Eleventh and N streets, in the Sheldon b'ock

These emirent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely tree for three months (aedicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them for treatment between now and Nov. 5th. These services will not only consist of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

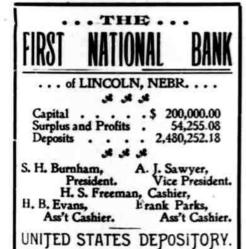
The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally ac-quainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before Nov. 5th.

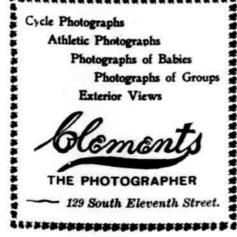
The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

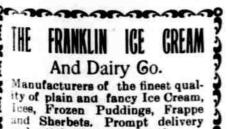
Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief associate surgeon of the Institute, assisted by one or more of his staff associates, is in personal charge. Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m.

No Sunday hours. Special Notice-If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.







and satisfaction guaranteed.

138 80. 12th St. PHONE 205.

ONE OF THE NORTH MEN

KATHARINE MELICK. (For The Courier.)

IX.

In the days when the Swedish chapels took the kingdom of Father Matthiason; when his oldest son doggedly worked his way through the examinations of a Canadian college in quiet defiance of paternal antagonism; when the next two sons sweated and swore at railroad ties, and even Eliza had it in her heart to let Edward go to a seminary,—in those days the prairie preacher ended his last "protracted meeting" by Salt Creek.

There had been "manifestations." One of the men in a "threshing crew" had been drawn into the machine, and while his brothers rode for a doctor, the old minister came. He heard the dying boy's one prayer,-"Lord God, I've been a bad lot. Don't let me die. Boys, don't let me die! I can't die!"

And then the old man, kneeling beside the cot, his white hat beside him, and the dusty-faced men closing in, prayed. While his voice steadied with that assurance of the Eternal presence which calms the torture of doubt, the eyes of the sufferer grew fixed. When he ended his petition to the Judge of all the Earth, the dust had settled down upon the red "threshef" outside, and its victim was still. One of the "gang" followed Father Matthiason a few steps.

"You done what we couldn't," he said with the gratitude that repays all things. And from that hour the old man felt. his "burden for souls" more heavy.

In the cottonwood grove that Eliza Ann had planted he knelt on many a night to pray that the death of the wild young Lamont might bring his brothers to conviction. While he prayed Eliza, with trouble in her heart, looked at Edward, where he sat drawing the baby in its crib, thumb in mouth.

On the very night that two of the threshers' gang came to the "meeting" Edward went away. He left a line for his mother. "Before I come between you and father, I am going where I won't treuble anybody. Don't worry about me. I'll write when things come out right."

It was when Eliza read those lines in the slant, shaded hand her eyes knew so well, that her strong fingers first beoften, with tears dropping on the yarn

glad to go.

front him.

"Go back, my son," he said solemnly. 'You will remember this day, when you stand to proclaim the gospel to sinners whose sins you know."

And the oath which James swallowed broke out, inside the car, where his fend me. brother's "What did the old gentleman give you?" was answered by a fraternal cuff which silenced conversation for thirty miles.

The only time that visitation was repeated was when the stranger's letter came from New Mexico, and James left his engine to set out on the long journey to the Albuquerque pest-house. While the young engineer looked through dusty windows at the wrinkling lines of his native prairie and saw it flatten again into strangely bare stretches of tufted sand, his mother, with fingers that always trembled now, drew out again and again, the letter.

Surely, the name was not uncommon. And then it was not certain that the name Edward Matthiason had belonged to the dead boy. Some friend of Edward's might have had that name-perhaps on a sketch-about him. The writer was not certain. The sick lad had been already delirious when he staggered into the pest-house. And pany, 287 Fourth avenue, N. Y.) there were so many plague-stricken ones. What care-what comfort-no Edward could not have perished so. But that other poor lad-his friend, whose hard bed was made by strangers with "so many plague-victims."

Adah came for a brief Sunday. The toilers have not the luxury of mourning. She sat with the letter at Eliza's side, while her father, white with fasting and ward's salvation.

you, Adah?"

"God help us, mother," said the little Studies" by Oliver Herford. twin: "we shall wait for James."

On a white, frosty morning James est to all college men. walked to his father's door with the little valise that had been Edward's. fingers over her eyes. But Father his eyes to heaven.

his face on her lap.

"Let me come back and be your boy, mother. I'll never go on the road

One of the pretty as well as instrucgan to tremble, and she sat alone very tive games played now-a-days in the public schools is for the teacher to rep. in the Omar Khayyam form, now so stockings she knitted for John, James resent herself as an inanimate object popular, and the spirit of which the and Charles. It would have been so much and from her description the children author has most happily caught, withcomfort to knit something for Edward. guess what she is. One morning not a out being imitative. It contains 131 Thirteen-year-old Dorcas, full of great while ago a young teacher chose stanzas, some being paraphrased from wrestlings and visions from the long "coal" as her subject. "Now children," the prose translations of Nicolas and nights of the "protracted meeting," she said, when the hour for the game McCarthy. The text is set in black, on dreamed often of the brother in some arrived, "I am something which we have a pale green tint block, with illuminated deep, unsearchable recess, calling and never talked about before and I want borders. There are twelve full page calling them to come to him. Then she you to listen carefully, think very hard illustrations, beautifully executed, and heard great doors clank on eternal and see who will guess correctly what the whole is daintily bound in white hinges, and the voice died away. Some- I am. I am black as night. People and purple vellum, with gold stamp and times she saw Edward with a shadowy, burn me. Who ever comes near me edges. The Chicago Chronicle says of vigorous figure that took him silently gets warm. You will always find me it: "One is tempted to quote unreasand swiftly away, and her brother was underground." And thus on she went onably from this beautiful volume, in her description for some minutes and whose external form harmonizes well But there was no word from him nor then asked the question: "Now, who with the delicacy, the grace and senfrom the two recreant lads who had knows what I am?" Up went the hand suous charm of the verse." Henry never stood at their mother's door since of little Frankie. Now, "little Frankie" Olendorf Shepard, publisher, Chicago. the round-house and the "Last Chance" was one of those dreamy-eyed children Price, \$1.50. All booksellers." had taken them in. Once the old min- who had always been delicate and timister, after long prayers, visited the id. He so seldom volunteered infor-"Last Chance" when an engine whistle mation that the teacher determined at which he knew had brought his boys to once to call upon him from the score or their old haunt. Charles caught a more of hands fluttering before her eyes. glimpse of the white hat, but James "Well, Frankie," she said, "you may walked in, alone, to the door, where his tell what am 1?" "The devil," he anfather, gray and old, stood up to con- swered without hesitation .- Mail and

Not in His Line.

Would-be Client-I want you to de-

Lawyer-Are you innocent or guilty? Would-be Client-Innocent.

Lawyer-I can't do it; it would ruin my reputation. - Town Topics.

LITERARY NOTES.

Probably the last literary work done by President Roosevelt before the assassination of President McKinley raised him to the chief executive office of the United States, was the preparation of an article on William H. Taft, governor of the Filipines. This article was written in August, and appears in The Outlook of September 21. It is particularly noteworthy, not only as a cordial appreciation of Governor Taft's remarkable personal qualities, but as in a measure foreshadowing President Roosevelt's future policy with regard to the Filipines, and as giving strong expression to his personal views on the relation of the United States to their island possessions. (\$3 a year. The Outlook com-

A Magazine for College Men.

The Business Side of a Great University, by President Harper of the University of Chicago, is the opening article in the College Man's Number (October 12) of The Saturday Evening Poet of Phila-

Theodore Roosevelt, Harvard '80, is the title of an entertaining paper on prayer, wrestled for assurance of Ed- the President's college life, by his friend, Gwen Wister. Other strong features of "He is sure Edward is dead," Eliza this number are short stories by Max whispered. "But you don't think so, do Adler, Jesse Lynch Williams and Frank Norris, and a page of droll "Nature

This number will be of unusual inter-

The November Century-in many re-Eliza had seen and sat with shaking spects an unusually striking numberwill begin the magazine's thirty-second Matthiason saw the look upon the face year, which is to be a Year of American of the son who bore his name and lifted Humor. A group of humorous stories. poems, etc., including "Two Little "The Lord gave and the Lord hath Tales" by Mark Twain, "More Animals" taken away. Bleesed be the name of by Oliver Herford, and prose and verse by Carolyn Wells, Paul Dunbar and For James, the prodigal, knelt beside other well-known humorists, will be his mother, with shaking sobs, and laid preceded by "A Retrospect of American Humor," by Professor W. P. Trent, with more than thirty portraits of famous humorists of the past and present, from Benjamin Franklin to "Mr. Dooley."

The Gift-Book of the Year. "The Rubaiyat of Mirza-Mem'n."

This is an elegant production of verse

Peachton-So you are really going to marry her?

Bingster-Yes, sir I only wish my income was as large for her as my love for her is.

Peachton-Never mind, old man. It will be later.-Town Topics.

Crawford-What a wonderful change there is in street car traveling since the days of the old horse care!

Crabehaw-Yes, indeed. It is now the motorman instead of the conductor, who does the knocking down.-Town Topice.