

# I Can Cure Consumption

I Have Cured Where Others Failed, and I Am Glad to Tell Any Sufferer How, Free.



I have proven consumption can be cured.—Dr. Rupert Wells.

I have succeeded in producing and perfecting a marvelous compound that has cured consumption in its worst stages as if by magic. The marvelous cures of hopeless cases prove to me beyond doubt that I have an absolute and positive cure for the deadly consumption, and I am glad to tell every sick and suffering person absolutely free how they can be cured. Write to-day. Delay is dangerous. It may be fatal. Tell me all about your case and I will tell you free how you can be cured.

My new treatment quickly restores health and strength and life. Mrs. Guenther, of Cincinnati, had consumption and was given up to die. On April 8, they read my advertisement and ordered my treatment, and it saved her life. On May 11, they wrote: "We have got her out of bed and learned her to walk again, which she did not do in ten weeks." To-day she is doing her own house work—well and healthy as ever.

I am glad to tell every person suffering from true consumption, or tuberculosis in any form, how they can be cured. I have cured many hopeless cases and I want to send my remedy to every sick and suffering consumptive on the face of the earth. Write me to-day. It may be the means of saving your life. No matter if other doctors and remedies have failed, my marvelous remedy has cured. Address Dr. Rupert Wells, 709 Granite Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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see a swarm of foxes, how would you call it?"

"A skulk of foxes."  
"And if they be lions?"  
"Nay, fair sir, I am not like to meet several lions in Woolmer Forest."  
"Aye, lad, but there are other forests besides Woolmer, and other lands besides England, and who can tell how far afield such a knight errant as Nigel of Tilford may go, when he sees worship to be won? We will say that you were in the deserts of Nubia, and that afterward at the court of the great Sultan you wished to say that you had seen several lions, which is the first beast of the chase, being the king of all animals. How then would you say it?"

Nigel scratched his head. "Surely, fair sir, I would be content to say that I had seen a number of lions, if indeed I could say aught after so wondrous an adventure."

"Nay, Nigel, a huntsman would have said that he had seen a pride of lions, and so proved that he knew the language of the chase. Now had it been boars instead of lions?"

"One says a singular of boars."  
"And if they be swine?"

"Surely it is a herd of swine."  
"Nay, nay, lad, it is indeed sad to see how little you know. Your hands, Nigel, were always better than your head. No man of gentle birth would speak of a herd of swine; that is the peasant speech. If you drive them it is a herd. If you hunt them it is other. What call you them then, Edith?"

"Nay, I know not," said the girl listlessly. A crumpled note brought in by a varlet was clenched in her right hand and her blue eyes looked afar into the deep shadows of the roof.

"But you can tell us, Mary?"  
"Surely, sweet sir, one talks of a sounder of swine."

The old Knight laughed exultantly. "Here is a pupil who never brings me shame!" he cried. "Be it lore of chivalry or heraldry or woodcraft or what you will, I can always turn to Mary. Many a man can she put to the blush."

"Myself among them," said Nigel.  
"Ah, lad, you are a Solomon to some of them. Hark ye! only last week that jack-fool, the young Lord of Brocas, was here talking of having seen a covey of pheasants in the wood. One such speech would have been the ruin of a young Squire at the court. How would you have said it, Nigel?"

"Surely, fair sir, it should be a nye of pheasants."  
"Good, Nigel—a nye of pheasants, even as it is a gagle of geese, or a badling of ducks, a fall of woodcock or a wisp of snipe. But a covey of pheasants! What sort of talk is that? I made him sit even where you are sitting, Nigel, and I

saw the bottom of two pots of Rhenish ere I let him up. Even then I fear that he had no great profit from his lesson, for he was casting his foolish eyes at Edith when he should have been turning his ears to her father. But where is the wench?"

"She hath gone forth, father."  
"She ever doth go forth when there is a chance of learning aught that is useful indoors. But supper will soon be ready, and there is a boar's ham fresh from the forest with which I would ask your help, Nigel, and a side of venison from the King's own chase. The tinnemen and verderers have not forgotten me yet, and my larder is ever full. Blow three moots on the horn, Mary, that the varlets may set the table, for the growing shadow and my loosening belt warn me that it is time."

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To be continued next Sunday

### Explanatory Notes

THE war in which Edward III., King of England, was then engaged is known as the Hundred Years War. It began in 1338, with Edward laying claim to the French throne—he was the son of Edward II. and Isabella of France. In 1350 he renounced the French crown, retaining four large Provinces, but subsequently in a war with Charles V. he lost all his possessions in France with the exception of Calais, Bordeaux and Bayonne. Prior to the French Wars King Edward espoused the cause of Edward de Baliol, who had claim to the crown of Scotland on the death of Robert Bruce in 1329. In 1346 Edward defeated the Scots under David Bruce, who had finally wrested the crown from Baliol in 1342, but the vanquished maintained their independence.

The Prince mentioned in "Sir Nigel" is Edward "the Black Prince," son of Edward III. He was born in 1330 and died in 1376, a little more than a year before his father, the King. It is a historical fact that Sir John Chandos saved the life of the Black Prince at the Battle of Poitiers, where in 1356 an English army of eight thousand defeated the French army of sixty thousand and took their King prisoner. But their greatest battle was that of Crécy, held to be one of the world's twelve most decisive battles, where in 1346 Edward with thirty to forty thousand defeated the French army of eighty thousand under Philip VI.

COATMAIL—A hood of chain mail extending from the breast or armor head-piece to the shoulders, or from the hauberk upward over the head.

SOUTERENS—The steel shoes forming the part of a coat of armor. Sole is derived from the same ancient root. The greave-plates covered the greaves or shins.

"Benedictus dominus deus meus qui docet manus meas ad primum et digitos meos ad bellum." (Blessed be the Lord my God, who teacheth my hands to fight, and my fingers to war.)

MINIVER—A spotted fur once in common use for lining or trimming. The name seems to have been taken from two old French words meaning like ermine.

DEPTON—A moor in Perthshire, Scotland, where in 1332 Edward Baliol defeated the Scottish Royalists under the Earl of Mar.

THOR—The principal god of the ancient Scandinavians, and also the God of Thunder. Thor was the champion of the gods, and was worshipped as the God of Battles.

BRINKS—Boughs thrown to turn aside deer from their course.

The tinnemen kept the hedges in the forest, and the verderers were officers charged with keeping the vert, that is the green, or trees and undergrowth.

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

SIR NIGEL is a romantic tale of the loves and adventures of Nigel Loring, a young Englishman of heroic ancestry, who took up the sword to mend the fallen fortunes of his noble house the year after the great plague devastated England in the fourteenth century.

Nigel and his grandmother are the sole survivors of the family, and the Cistercian monks of Waverley Abbey are threatening to eject them from their meager possessions. Young Nigel openly opposes, and finally is forcibly taken prisoner to Waverley to be tried because he has thrown the summoner into a morass and destroyed some legal papers that were being served.

He is sentenced to bread and water for six weeks, with a daily exhortation from the chaplain. The indignant Squire defies the guards. Just as he is about to be shot down he is joined in flight by Samkin Aylward, a bowman. As the conflict is about to begin, Sir John Chandos, one of the most valiant knights of King Edward, arrives in search of Nigel, announcing that his majesty is coming to spend the night at his house.

The enemy of the monks is at once transformed into serenity, and Nigel leaves in the company of Chandos, followed by Aylward, who determines to be in the young Squire's train.

The royal train draws near to the Loring mansion, but is halted near the river by Chandos, who points to an armored, mounted figure on the bridge, as he promises the King and knights some rare sport.

The knight on guard is Nigel in his father's huge suit of armor, offering to contest the right of the bridge with any member of the King's train. He defeats Wilddicombe, Sir Walter Manny's Squire. Sir Hubart de Burgh next tries his skill, but his horse is frightened and runs away with him. Manny himself then goes against Nigel with such force that he knocks him from his horse. The head flies off of his armor and rolls away. The consternation of the party is pitiable until Nigel is discovered safely stowed in the lower part of the huge suit.

The dinner at the Lorings is interrupted by the arrival of Sir Aymery of Payn, the Seneschal who was guarding the King's treasure at Calais. The King accuses him of attempting to barter away the treasure to the Knight de Charny.

# How Deaf People are Made to Hear

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Ever see a pair of Sound Magnifiers? They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft.

In the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

The principal of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing should grow, because they rest up, and strengthen the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

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Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 190 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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