A Novel of the American Spirit

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54-40 or Fight

By Emerson Hough
Author of "The Mississippi Bubble"

CHAPTER XXII.

But Yet a Woman.

Woman turns every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
—Shakespeare.

On the day following my last interview with Mr. Calhoun, I had agreed to take my old friend Doctor von Rittenhofen upon a short journey among the points of interest of our city, in order to acquaint him somewhat with our governmental machinery and to put him in touch with some of the sources of information to which he would need to refer in the work upon which he was now engaged. We had spent a couple of hours together, and were passing across the capitol, with the intent of looking in upon the deliberations of the houses of congress, when all at once, as we crossed the corridor, I felt him touch my arm.

"Did you see that young lady?" he asked me. "She looked at you, yess?"

I was in the act of turning, even as he spoke. Certainly had I been alone I would have seen Elisabeth, would have known that she was there.

It was Elisabeth, alone, and hurrying away! Already she was approaching the first stair. In a moment she would be gone. I sprang after her by instinct, without plan, clear in my mind only that she was going, and with her all the light of the world; that she was going, and that she was beautiful, adorable; that she was going, and that she was Elisabeth!

As I took a few rapid steps toward her, I had full opportunity to see that no grief had preyed upon her comeliness, nor had concealment fed upon her damask cheek. Almost with some resentment I saw that she had never seemed more beautiful than on this morning. The costume of those days was trying to any but a beautiful woman; yet Elisabeth had a way of avoiding extremes which did not appeal to her individual taste. Her frock now was all in pink, as became the gentle spring, and the bunch of silvery ribbons which fluttered at her belt had quite the agreeing shade to finish in perfection the cool, sweet picture that she made. Her sleeves were puffed widely, and for the lower arm were opened just sufficiently. She carried a small white parasol, with pinked edges, and her silken mitts, light and dainty, matched the clear whiteness of her arms. Just as she reached the top of the broad marble stairs, I spoke.

"Elisabeth!"

Seeing that there was no escape, she paused now and turned toward me. I have never seen a glance like hers.

"How do you do?" she remarked. Her voice was all cool white enamel.

She was there somewhere, but I could not see her clearly now. It was not her voice. I took her hand, yes; but it had now none of answering clasp.

"Elisabeth," I began; "I am just back. I have not had time—I have had no leave from you to come to see you—to ask you—to explain—"

"Explain?" she said evenly.

"But surely you cannot believe that I—"

"I only believe what seems credible, Mr. Trist."

I pulled from my pocket the little ring which I had had with me that night when I drove out to Elmhurst in my carriage, the one with the single gem which I had obtained hurriedly that afternoon, having never before that day had the right to do so. In another pocket I found the plain gold one which should have gone with the gem ring that same evening. My hand trembled as I held these out to her.

"I prove to you what I meant. Here! I had no time! Why, Elisabeth, I was hurrying—I was mad!—I had a right to offer you these things. I have still the right to ask you why you did not take them? Will you not take them now?"

She put my hand away from her gently. "Keep them," she said, "for the owner of that other wedding gift—the one which I received."

Now I broke out. "Good God! How can I be held to blame for the act of a drunken friend? You know Jack Dandridge as well as I do myself. I cautioned him—I was not responsible for his condition."

"It was not that decided me."

"You could not believe it was I who sent you that accursed shoe which belonged to another woman."

"He said it came from you. Where did you get it, then?"

Now, as readily may be seen, I was obliged again to hesitate. There were good reasons to keep my lips sealed. I flushed. The red of confusion which came to my cheek was matched by that of indignation in her own. I could not tell her, and she could not understand, that my work for Mr. Calhoun with that other woman was work for America, and so as sacred and as secret as my own love for her. Innocent, I still seemed guilty.

"So, then, you do not say? I do not ask you."

"I do not deny it."

"You do not care to tell me where you got it."

"No," said I; "I will not tell you where I got it."

"Why?"

"Because that wold involve another woman."

"Involve another woman? Do you think, then, that on this one day of her life, a girl likes to think of her—her lover—as involved with any other woman? Ah, you made me begin to think. I could not help the chill that came on my heart. Marry you?—I could not! I never could now."

"But you loved me once," I said banally.

"I do not consider it fair to mention that now."

"I never loved that other woman. I had never seen her more than once. You do not know her."

"Ah, is that it? Perhaps I could tell you something of one Helena von Ritz. Is it not so?"

"Yes, that was the property of Helena von Ritz." I told her, looking her fairly in the eye.

"Kind of you, indeed, to involve me, as you say, with a lady of her precedents!"

"I hardly think anyone is quite just to that lady," said I slowly.

"Except Mr. Nicholas Trist! A beautiful and accomplished lady, I doubt not, in his mind."

Still I went on stubbornly: "But may I not see your father and have my chance again? I cannot let it go this way. It is the ruin of my life."

But now she was advancing, dropping down a step at a time, and her face was turned straight ahead. The pink of her gown was matched by the pink of her cheeks. I saw the little working of the white throat wherein some sobs seemed stifling. And so she went away and left me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Success in Silk.

As things are, I think women are generally better creatures than men.—S. T. Coleridge.

It was a part of my duties, when in Washington, to assist my chief in his personal and official correspondence, which necessarily was very heavy. This work we customarily began about 9 in the morning. On the following day I was on hand earlier than usual. I was done with Washington now, done with everything, eager only to be off on the far trails once more. But I almost forgot my own griefs when I saw my chief. Over him hung an air of utter weariness; yet, shame to my own despair, energy showed in all his actions. He greeted me with a smile which strangely lighted his grim face.

"We have got news of some kind this morning, sir?" I inquired.

In answer, he motioned me to a document which lay open upon his table. It was familiar enough to me. I glanced at the bottom. There were two signatures!

"Texas agrees!" I exclaimed. "The Dona Lucrezia has won Van Zandt's signature!"

I looked at him. His own eyes were swimming wet! This, then, was that man of whom it is only remembered that he was a pro-slavery champion.

"We are certain to encounter opposition. The senate may not ratify this Texas treaty."

"The senate will not ratify," said he. "I am perfectly well advised of how the vote will be when this treaty comes before it for ratification. We will be beaten, two to one!"

"Then, does that not end it?"

"End it? No! There are always other ways. If the people of this country wish Texas to belong to our flag, she will so belong. It is as good as done today. Never look at the obstacles; look at the goal! It was this intrigue of Van Zandt's which stood in our way. By playing one intrigue against another, we have won thus far. We must go on winning."

He paced up and down the room, one hand smiting the other. "Let England whistle now!" he exclaimed exultantly. "We shall annex Texas, in full view, indeed, of all possible consequences. There can be no consequences, for England has no excuse left for war over Texas. I only wish the situation were as clear for Oregon. And now comes on that next nominating convention, at Baltimore."

"What will it do?" I hesitated.

"God knows. For me, I have no party. I am alone! I have but few friends in all the world"—he smiled now—"you, my boy, as I said, and Doctor Ward and a few women, all of whom hate each other."

I remained silent at this shot, which came home to me; but he smiled, still grimly, shaking his head. "Rustle of silk, my boy, rustle of silk—it is over all our maps. But we shall make these maps! Time shall bear me witness."

"Then I may start soon for Oregon?" I demanded.

"You shall start tomorrow," he answered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Whoahaw Trail.

There are no pleasures where women are not.—Marie de Romba.

In our own caravans, now pressing on for the general movement west of the Missouri, there was material for a hundred canvases. The world of our great western country was then still before us. A stern and warlike people was resolved to hold it and increase these westbound I now was felt the joy of that thought. I ing west.

The old trail to Oregon was by no government, arranged by neer, planned by no surveyor, by no appropriation. It sprang already created, from the covering two thousand miles of try. Why? Because there was that country to be covered by trail at such a time. Because Oregon.

We carried with us all the society, as has the Anglo-Sa Did any man offend against the ten creed of fair play, did he when that meant danger to the good, then he was brought before cil of our leaders, men of wi fairness, chosen by the vote of so he was judged and he was At that time there was not w Missouri river any one who cou ister an oath, who could execute document, or perpetuate any le mony; yet with us the law man passu across the land. We had chosen because they were fit to leaders who felt full sense of re ity to those who chose them.

At the head of our column the flag of our republic. On were skirmishers, like those ro flanks of an army. It was an army of our people. With women. With us marched was the difference between and that slower and more made up of men alone, whi year was faring westward upper reaches of the Cas That was why we won. It women and plows were with

(To be continued.)

Detective Connor's Heart Adventures

Detective Connor and the Golden

BY WILLIAM M. CLEMENS.

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Big Bill Connor sat in a big armchair in the captain's private office, with his hands clasped in front of him. He was slowly twirling his thumbs as he paid strict heed to the voice of the captain.

"A diamond sunburst stolen from the residence of Paul Ward, in Fifty-second street; six large stones in center; 15 smaller stones in circle; $500 reward for recovery," read the captain, handing the detective a blue, printed slip received from headquarters in Mulberry street.

"This was a second-story case," added the captain. "While the Ward folks were downstairs at dinner, the thief opened a rear window, pinched the sparkler from a dressing table, and made a getaway over an extension roof to the alley in the rear. It looks to me like the work of Blue-Eyed Boston. Take it up, Bill, and search every pawnshop in the precinct."

Detective Connor realized that he had a long day's work before him. There were sixteen pawnshops in the sixth precinct, and they were scattered all the way from Canal to Fourteenth street, but the most of them were strung along the Bowery, which would help some as far as the walking was concerned. Into the haunts of the three-balls Big Bill journeyed, and when night came he had finished a dozen of his sixteen quests, with no sign of the missing sunburst.

Bill dropped in at Bobby Havens's oyster place for his evening meal, and then strolled around to the station to report that in the course of an hour or two his search would be concluded. Just as he started out again rain began to fall in torrents, but Bill never minded the weather, and turning up the collar of his coat, he made toward the three-ball shop of old man Michelson. Bill recalled that he had not seen old man Michelson since Christmas eve, when the hue and cry had been raised over the robbery at the pawnshop.

On this particular night old man Michelson stood, winking and blinking, inside his iron-barred door, with his fat hands folded across the fullness of his waistcoat. He was long and wide and thick—as men go—heavy-cheeked and small-eyed, and short-breathed, as well as short-haired. He was proud of his fatness, proud of the big rings on his fingers, and proud of the gold and jewels in his iron safe.

Stanton street had known old man Michelson for upward of fifty years; Stanton street owed its bread to him, its drink to him, its clothes to him, ever since that eventful day long ago when three new brass balls appeared over the doorway of No. 46. The brass balls were dull with age now, and Michelson was older, too, and stouter, and the gold in his iron strong box a thousand times heavier. He had seen many changes in his day. Old folks had passed away never to return, leaving in Michelson's hands cherished remnants of lost heritages; young folks had come to him with their strange, young faces marked with anxiety and care, and many a token of youth and hope was left with Michelson.

The day had been long and dreary in the dingy pawnshop. Upstairs, in the living rooms, his wife, Rebecca, had worked in solitude with garment and needle awaiting the hour when Michelson would put up the shutters and climb the stairs for his 10 o'clock tea, and afterward to sit by her side and tell her of the profits and losses of the day's trade. As the evening advanced the thunder roared and the rain beat a tattoo on the windows of the shop. Michelson, whistling softly, began putting away his trays and his boxes in the iron safe.

At this very moment Bill Connor came in, shaking the raindrops from his broad shoulders like a big dog just out of his bath.

Old man Michelson looked up in surprise.

"So late a visit, Mr. Connor?" he queried.

"Rather late," answered Bill, "and it's a bad night at that. Do you happen to have a diamond sunburst in your safe, my dear uncle; nice big affair with plenty of shiners in it? Been put up within a week?"

"A sunburst, Mr. Connor!" exclaimed the old man. "You make me stop my breath. I haven't seen a good stone of any kind in a month, Mr. Connor. Business has been very bad, very bad. I'm too generous, Mr. Connor. I help so many people. I'm the friend of everybody, Mr. Connor. But diamonds! Huh! They don't bring sparklers to old man Michelson any more."

Connor stepped behind the high counter as he chatted with the shopkeeper, and was quite out of view of the front door, when that very same door swung open, letting in a gust of wind and rain. A small, sickly young man, made prematurely old by work and pain, stepped in and closed the door behind him. Upon the counter he laid a small parcel wrapped in a newspaper.

Michelson opened it brusquely with an air of business.

"Nasty night, Peter. What you got this time?" he chuckled.

"Only a trifle, Mr. Michelson. There's nothin' else, and will you make it 15 cents. It's bread I must have, Mr. Michelson."

The little man spoke in whispers, and sadly, too, with tears in his eyes.

Old man Michelson held up in the dim light the other man's offering—a baby's little sacque trimmed with dainty lace.

"Umph! You're right, Peter," grunted the shopkeeper, with a smile of disgust upon his fat face. "It's nothing—nothing at all. Ten cents is a risk, my friend—a great risk—"

"Make it 15, Mr. Michelson," pleaded the whispering customer.

Old man Michelson shook his head, and, reaching into the till, his thick fingers picked out a new and bright coin. He laid it tenderly on the counter.

"Only ten!" murmured the young man sorrowfully.

Michelson's face relaxed and his fat hand sought the till again. Two pennies followed the silver dime, and the small man seized them eagerly.

"They can't call me a hard man, Peter. I'm the friend of all the poor," the shopkeeper cried. "See! I give you 12 cents instead of 10. But it's bad business, my friend—very bad business."

But the door had already closed on the little man, hurrying away into the night.

"Bad business—very bad business," repeated the friend of all the poor, turning to Connor.

"Yes, d—d bad!" grunted Bill. "Who's the little man?"

"Who? Peter?" exclaimed the other. "Last name Hardesty. Lives at 86 Stanton street, second floor rear. Nothin' crooked about him, Mr. Connor. He's simply out of work and making a hard fight of it."

Connor took out his notebook and scribbled down the address. Then he bade Michelson good night and went out into the storm. A few steps away he turned and glanced back. The rain beat a tattoo on the windows of the shop. Old man Michelson, winking and blinking, stood with his fat hands folded across the fullness of his waistcoat.

"Friend of all the poor," sneered Connor. "The old scoundrel! He'd take the pennies from a dead man's eyes."

Three more pawnshops and Bill Connor's work was done. He stopped at the station, made his report, and then took a crosstown car and was soon dry and comfortable in his hall bedroom in old Greenwich village.

But there was little sleep for Bill that night. Perhaps it was the howling of the wind and the patter of the rain that made him restless and wide-awake. Perhaps, too, it was the sickly face of a very small man and the memory of a baby's little garment that disturbed his rest.

And all the next day Bill was haunted by that night scene in the pawnshop. He went about his work as usual, but the face of Peter Hardesty seemed to appear constantly before him. Twice he opened his notebook and glanced at the address in Stanton street, and late in the day, just at dusk, he clenched his big fist. "I'll go and see!" he said, with a smothered oath.

Climbing two long flights of stairs at 86 Stanton street Detective Connor found himself in a large, square hallway. The only light came from a small sky-window overhead, and the corners of the hall were like so many dark closets. He moved slowly toward the door of the back apartment, where, according to old man Michelson, he would find the home of Peter Hardesty.

He had hardly taken half a dozen steps before the sound of voices caused him to stop suddenly, stand very still and listen. He was close to a door at his right hand on the opposite side of which two men were evidently quarreling.

"I tell ye, no!" came to Bill's ears. "Ye can't hock it here! You'd get pinched in an hour. I tell ye, we've got to take it to Montreal or Toronto. It's the only safe way."

A string of curses followed from the other man, and then the declaration:

"Well, I'm going out for a drink. Make up your mind, and we'll settle the thing when I get back."

There was a moving of feet inside, and Connor tiptoed back to one of the dark corners of the hall. A short, stocky man came out of the door and shambled down the stairs. Bill leaned over the stair rail and saw, by the dim light of a flickering gas jet, the face and figure on the floor below. He felt pretty certain that he recognized in the short man a character well known to the police of a dozen cities. Then it occurred to him that the conversation he had just overheard had something to do with theft, or at least with the pawning of jewels or an article of value.

In another moment he had determined upon a course of action. He stepped softly to the side door and cautiously turned the knob. Luckily, the door moved and turned, having been left unlocked. Bill drew his revolver and held it in his right hand behind him.

"Excuse me," he said politely to a round-faced, bald-headed man, who sat at a small table in the center of the room. The man was slowly filling a pipe and looked up at Bill with a scowl on his face. Then he seemed to recognize Connor, for, with an oath, he leaped to his feet.

"That will do," exclaimed Bill, bringing his revolver into view. "Hands down, my boy! Behave like a gentleman now, and there will be no trouble. I suppose you'll walk around and see the captain and make no fuss about it."

"Guess I'll have to!" growled the other, with his eye on the gun in Bill's hand. He reached for his hat, and, seeming to know the method of procedure, stalked toward the door, with Bill and the gun close at his heel. But on the table, under the lamp, the detective saw a very small parcel—something wrapped in tissue paper with a rubber band around it, and he deftly picked it with his left hand and dropped it into his pocket.

Bill kept close to his man all the way down the stairs. At the street door the hand holding the revolver was hidden in the outer pocket of his coat, while his left arm was locked in the right arm of his prisoner.

They walked into the station house arm in arm. The captain, smoking a big cigar, was standing at the sergeant's desk. He looked up with a smile on his face.

"Hello! hello!" he cried. "And if here isn't our old friend, Blue-eyed Boston!"

Later, Bill Connor handed over the tissue-paper parcel.

"And the Fifty-second street sunburst, too!" exclaimed the captain. "Bill, you're in luck."

Then Connor and another plain clothes man hurried back to the Stanton street house just in time to capture the companion of Blue-eyed Boston as he was entering the room on the second floor.

The next morning the detective again climbed the stairs of the tenement in Stanton street, and knocked at the door of Peter Hardesty. He had a good excuse for calling now, for in his official capacity he could make inquiries as to what Hardesty knew about the men who had occupied the room next door.

Peter himself answered Bill's knock, and the detective made himself at home with a very few words. All about the room he saw indications of extreme poverty and want. When Peter introduced his wife, a nod of the head came from a couch in the corner, where a thin, pallid face and deep, sunken eyes told of long weeks of suffering. There was a puny baby sleeping in a crib by the window. And Peter, too, was weak and emaciated. His hands trembled and he had a troublesome cough.

By dint of adroit questioning and pertinent inquiry, Bill Connor soon learned the story of the struggle and the fight that the man, the woman and the child had made against hunger and privation. It was an old story—old to Bill Connor—old to the great East Side with its bedraggled, disheveled, half-fed multitudes—a very old story, yet always new to those who never journey east of the Bowery—that long dividing line between food and famine.

Peter's father had been rich. The son had never learned to work. Then failure came, and death followed, and after awhile the young man found himself and his wife alone. It is a quick, easy way downward—oh, so very easy. And Peter did not know how to work, nor how to obtain work. His boyhood had been a training for spending money, not for earning it.

They kept moving eastward, because eastward the rent was lower and the food cheaper, and there was not the embarassment of meeting of acquaintances on the East Side; anywhere east of the Bowery is a place to hide in or to die in. Then there came the baby! There were a few dainty, lace-trimmed garments for it, even if food was scarce, for the mother had treasured the materials from other days, better days, long before. And Mrs. Hardesty had passed through a siege of illness, months of suffering, and Peter, too, had been ill and crippled by pain. Yet they were very proud. They fought the hard fight alone, making no cry, asking no favor, seeking no aid. The only friend that Peter found was old man Michelson at the shop of the three balls.

That was the story that Big Bill Connor learned from Peter Hardesty, and he cheered up the little man, cheered up the pallid-faced woman, threw a bit of human sunshine into the dreary back room of Stanton street, and when he went away he left a wave of optimism and an atmosphere of hope behind him.

A few days later Detective Connor was called to headquarters in Mulberry street, and, with more or less red tape and ceremony, was paid $500 in crisp bills as his reward for the recovery of the Paul Ward sunburst. Twenty minutes afterward he was climbing the stairs at 86 Stanton street.

Peter Hardesty met him at the door.

"Say, young feller," said Bill, quietly, "one of our leading philanthropists, who says he knew your father and remembers you when a very small boy, has appointed me a special messenger to make you a present of this wherewithal," and he laid $300 in crisp bills on the table.

Peter's sick wife, who had observed and overheard, began to sob softly. Peter himself, with tears in his eyes, started to protest. But Big Bill had taken his hat and was already out of the door.

As he turned the corne Bowery, Connor chuckled to "Why, not?" he murmured. it belongs to him, don't it? gone to old Michelson's that I wouldn't have gone to hi And I'd never got Blue-ey would I? Nor the sparkler of it. He's a chap that dough, and he needs it, an What I do want just now is stew, with milk in it, at Bobby

HOW HE CURED HIS RHEUMATISM

"Six years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism. I was confined to my bed for six months, and the doctors seemed unable to help me. I tried many liniments, plasters, home remedies, etc., but none of them gave me any permanent relief; the symptoms always returned when such treatment was left off. My knees and elbows were terrribly swollen, so bad in fact, that for a while I could not move hand or foot. I certainly had one of the severest cases of Rheumatism I ever heard of. I was getting discouraged when I heard of S. S. S., but as it was recommended to me as a fine treatment for Rheumatism I began its use. This medicine soon helped me, and I continued taking it until I was cured sound and well. S. S. S. relieved the swelling, purified my blood, stopped all pain, and cured me entirely. This was six years ago and I have not had Rheumatism since."

1355 Mt. Vernon Ave., Columbus, O. R. H. CHAPMAN.

The severity of Mr. Chapman's case of Rheumatism proves the value of S. S. S. as a cure for this disease. It is just another demonstration of the fact that only a blood purifier can conquer the trouble.

Rheumatism is an acrid blood fermentation; a souring of the circulation from an excess of uric acid in the blood stream. This uratic impurity is transmitted to the blood through the process of absorption, and comes as a result of constipation, indigestion, weak kidneys, etc.

When the blood becomes infected with this uratic impurity the complications of Rheumatism are set up. The circulation is no longer able to furnish the different muscles, nerves, joints and bones with nourishment and strength, but instead deposits into these members the gritty, pain-producing acid with which it is contaminated.

Rheumatism is usually manifested in the joints and muscles. It is here its sharpest twinges of pain are felt, and stiffening of ligaments and tendons first commence. The pain of Rheumatism is caused by the contact of the censory nerves with the gritty, acrid formation which uric acid causes to accumulate in the corpuscles of the blood. The severer symptoms of the disease come on gradually. Constantly the circulation deposits the uric acid particles into the muscles and joints, and slowly the natural fluids are dried up or hardened. Then Rheumatism becomes chronic and serious, and if allowed to run on, may permanently cripple, or break down the health of the sufferer. Like all blood diseases, Rheumatism can be transmitted from generation to generation. This explains why young persons, and others, are afflicted with it, who have always been healthy otherwise.

There is but one way to cure Rheumatism, and that is to purify the blood—cleanse the circulation of the uric acid impurity. S.S.S. goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by removing every particle of the uratic matter, and building up the blood to a healthful condition, this medicine destroys the cause and cures Rheumatism. When S. S. S. has cleansed the blood of the acrid impurity, enriched and warmed the circulation, then the nerves are quieted, the muscles become elastic, the blood tissues are thickened and freshened, all pain disappears, and the feverish, inflamed flesh is soothed and made comfortable. Nothing equals S. S. S. as a cure for Rheumatism, because nothing equals it as a blood purifier. Insist on getting S. S. S. We have a special home treatment book on Rheumatism which we will send free to all who write.

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"I have had a remarkable case of inebriacy under my personal observation. The patient drank heavily for fifteen years and reached a degraded condition, which caused the breaking up of his family and separation from his wife. Every hope was given up of ever saving the man from his strong desire for drink and only a mother's interest finally persuaded him to voluntarily take treatment for his diseased condition. It was my pleasure to recommend Orrine, your liquor habit cure, and the treatment was taken faithfully. This was two years ago and the patient is now in a healthy condition and still abstains from the use of stimulants. I have sold Orrine for a number of years and have always found it to be satisfactory. I believe you have an exceptionally good treatment for this disease."

Orrine is prepared in two forms. No. 1, a powder, absolutely tasteless and odorless, given secretly in food or drink. Orrine No. 2, in pill form, is for those who wish to cure themselves. Orrine costs only $1 a box. The guarantee is in each box. Write for Free Orrine Booklet (mailed in plain sealed envelope) to Orrine Co., 773 Orrine building, Washington, D. C. Orrine is for sale in this city by Smith Drug Co. and Druehl & Franken.

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After forty-five years' study in Nature and her laws along lines, my superior advantages and ability go without saying, and I itatingly declare, and my unparalelled record as a successful spec in private diseases of men backs up my claim, that more men have cured by me of VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE, NERVO-SEXUAL DE ITY, BLOOD POISON and REFLEX DISORDERS within the last thir years than by any twenty specialists in the United States combined fact is self-evident and indisputable, and, with my rates more rea and treatment more successful, you do wrong to experiment with whose methods are being frequently changed, and whose doctors scrapings together of transient and defunct concerns.

Courtesy demands that we mention no names in a newspaper, you come to my office I can furnish some valuable information proofs so conclusive that you will not regard them as selfish arg

NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY CURED

Nervo-Sexual debility is a term which I use to designate a decline of power in the general syst also a loss of certain special functions and powers. No matter what the cause, it is always necessary cases to correct defects so as to supply the true elements of lost force.

This is the keynote of Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Premature Decline, Lost Power and oth nesses, all included under the sweeping term, "Nervo-Sexual Debility."

The cure of these infirmities implies the restoration of tone in every organ of the body and the re the nerve impulse force which governs and controlls all organs. I solved this problem a few years ago along the line of chemistry of the human body, and my discovery was that of means by which I can revi powers of the organism so as to cure Nervo-Sexual Debility in any of its forms or stages of develop brief, I enable the process of Nature to remove the waste tissue and supply new; with the elements added to the system go new forces that establish and maintain the natural powers of the body. Thus Nervo-Sexual debility to stay cured.

VARICOCELE AND ITS REMEDY

Scrotal Varicocele has been described as a creeping disease. It silently steals upon its victim like a thief and before he is really aware of its presence, great and damaging inroads are made upon his constitut veins surrounding the spermatic cord became enlarged and engorged with impure blood and diseased tis times this condition may be accompanied with a dull, dragging pain in the small of the back, extending the parts, low spirits, weakness of body and brain, nervous debility, partial or complete loss of th powers, and not infrequently decline of the general health. All these disagreeable symptoms soon disap pletely and forever under my Varicocele cure, which is safe, painless and bloodless. Every clot of blood and every fiber of diseased tissue are driven from the infected parts, normal circulation is re-e throughout the pelvic regions, the weakened organs become strong again and sturdy manhood is restored.

REFLEX AND ASSOCIATE DISEASES

Are those which are present and act to aggravate and favor the progress of the main malady. I neve a case until cured in every particular. If the case is complicated with Hyrocele (dropsy of the Hemorrhoids, Fissure, Fistula, or any form of disease, I cure such additional complaints also, so that may be perfect and permanent.

Reflex effects of all pelvic complaints are destructive to the tone of the Sympathetic Nerves. itating effects on the general health and strength are demonstrated by such manhood sapping agents as Stricture, Blood Poison and Discharge-producing Virus. I cure both causes and effects, and restore timized by their own folly or by inheritance of Blood Taint.

Personal and Correspondence Consultation FREE. Address—

Office, Rooms 1, 2 and 3, 28 West Third South Stree