HUMAN INTEREST STORIES IN THE CONTEMPORARY NEWS OF THE COUNTRY

BROTHERS MEET AFTER 35 YEARS

Talk Together on Steamship Pier Without Recognizing Each Other.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—"Dear Brother: I am going to see you, and will arrive in New York on the Oceanic about Jan. 4."

When Michael Cook pulled the Twentieth Century flyer into Toledo, after the run from Buffalo, he stepped from the cab and received the above note from his brother, the Rev. William Cook, whom he had not seen for thirty-five years. Michael Cook realized then that he had no idea of what his brother looked like. He remembered his brother only as a student in college, when the Cook family lived at Newcastle, England.

He puzzled over this for several days while his train speeded over the rails, but on Wednesday, when he arrived in this city, he was as much at sea as ever. When the big Oceanic swung into her pier, Michael gazed at her passengers lined along the rails, but he couldn't find any among them that looked to him like a Cook.

He went over to the pile of baggage under the letter C and waited. Scanning every face closely and trying to recognize voices was of no avail, and he was about to go away disappointed when a stranger in clerical garb, who had taken Michael for an official, approached him and chatted with him for several minutes. Finally announcing that he was the Rev. William Cook, of Moonta, Australia, and that he would like to be taken care of.

Then He Knew Him.

"I'll take care of you," Michael almost yelled, and in five minutes they were walking down the pier, arm in arm, neither able to hear enough of the other's years of experiences.

"Say, Billy, do you know how old I am?" was one of Michael's first questions.

"Why, yes, you're fifty-four," answered his brother. "But tell me, if I am a clergyman in the Church of England, what are you?"

"I am an engineer, and proud of it," quickly replied Michael.

The Rev. William Cook has been preaching since a young man in the little copper-mining community of Moonta, Australia. His son William Ternent Cook, then in a small Australian school, secured one of the University of London scholarships arranged for by the prince consort. He was graduated with honors, and is now at Adelaide university, working on the development of radium. Dr. Cook's daughter is also in Adelaide university, studying music and art.

Michael Cook left home when he was sixteen years old and came to this country. He now lives at Ashtabula, Ohio, with his wife and six children. His two boys are mechanics on the Lake Shore railroad.

An Old Engineer.

Michael is one of the old engineers on the road, and has carried presidents, governors, statemen and many prominent people behind his engine. He has known Senator Hanna for many years, and the latter in true presidential style always goes to the engine and shakes Michael's hand at the end of each trip.

The two brothers went sightseeing in the city yesterday Dr. Cook took great interest in the dome of the Pulitzer building and the view from it. He said the thing that impressed him most was the high buildings and the compactness of everything, which he pointed out as a contrast with Australia.

"I like to see the bustle and energy here," he said. "Everybody seems to be working hard, but happy. That's the way to be.

"Our little country thinks a lot of America, and no one could be more interested here than an Australian."

After a few days here, during which time Dr. Cook will call on Bishop Potter, the reunited brothers will go to Stoneborough, Pa., where their sister, Mrs. Elizabeth West, lives. Dr. Cook has not seen her for forty-one years.

BREWER'S SON IN TEMPERANCE ARMY

Frank Carrington, of London, Forfeits Fortune of Millions for the Cause.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—To the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's church, is due the conversion to temperance of Frank N. Charrington, son of the late millionaire brewer, who was head of the firm of Charrington, Head & Co., of London.

During one of Dr. Rainsford's visits to the continent he met Charrington, who was then actively engaged in the brewing business with his father. The minister and the young brewer became companions during their trip, and as a result of many long talks Charrington became interested in the temperance question.

After their return to England Charrington accompanied Dr. Rainsford to many of the meetings of the temperance workers in the mission halls of the Whitechapel district. The inner side of the liquor question that was there revealed to him caused Charrington to vow that he would never again be connected in any way with the liquor traffic, and that he would do all in his power for the cause of temperance.

Resolve Cost Him a Fortune.

The day following this statement Charrington went to his father and told him of his resolve. There was a scene, but despite his father's threats and entreaties the young man remained firm.

Soon after this the elder Charrington died and it was discovered that he had cut off his son from any share in his $6,250,000 estate. Had it not been for the fact that the young man's mother had left him a large fortune the future would have been rather dark.

Charrington's first temperance work was to start a crusade for reclaiming of the outcasts of the Whitechapel and the Miles End districts. He then built a building within a stone's throw of his father's brewery and carried on his temperance campaign there. The hall was called the Great Assembly hall and cost $200,000. Among those who assisted Charrington in this venture were the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Lady Henry Somerset, the Rev. F. B. Myer, the Countess of Warwick and the late Earl of Shaftesbury.

For Aristocratic Drinkers.

Charrington has now started on entirely new scheme which he thinks will eclipse all others in the temperance line. It is the combination of a sanitarium, retreat and home for aristocratic drunkards. With this object in view he purchased the island of Osea, in Blackwater bay of the Essex coast, for $30,000. Work is rapidly being pushed on a home for the inebriates which, when completed, will be under the management of a competent doctor, and will be open to both sexes. There will also be cottages and small houses for those who wish to live by themselves.

When a reporter questioned Dr. Rainsford yesterday as to the story that he had induced Charrington to become a temperance advocate he said:

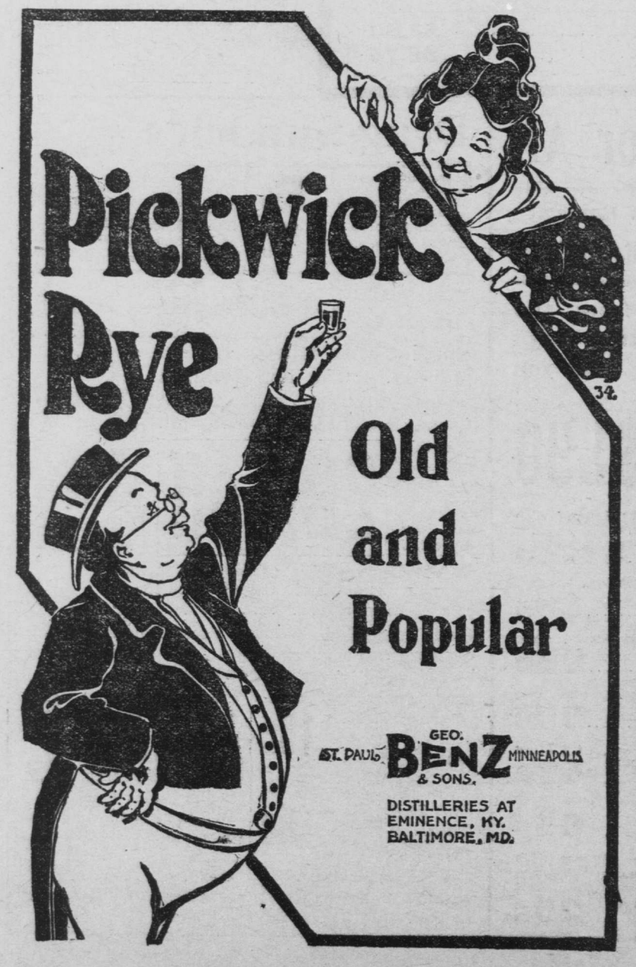
"Yes, the story is true. Charrington is a splendid fellow and I admire him very much. He has done great work in the temperance field of England."

SAVES $8,000 YEARLY BY MOVING TWO BLOCKS

Richest Girl in Blue Grass Region Will Live Out of Town to Escape Tax.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 13.—Miss Clara D. D. Bell, the wealthiest girl in the blue grass region, will move out of Lexington to avoid paying city tax on certain personalty.

She is the only daughter of the noted clubman, the late D. D. Bell, and resides with her mother and the latter's husband, Arthur Cary, president of the Lexington & Eastern railroad, in the old Bell homestead. They will move into a house they bought today, two blocks further out, thus escaping about $8,000 yearly tax. Miss Bell is worth $750,000.



LIVES TO BE 114 BY NOT WORRYING

Woman of That Age Also Attributes Her Longevity to Cold Bath Every Day.

GENEVA, N. Y., Feb. 13.—Amanda Luella Smith on Thursday reached the age of 114 years.

Mrs. Smith is the widow of one of the soldiers of the War of 1812. She has seen five generations and her chances for living to see another are excellent. Mrs. Smith not only has a keen memory for events in her early life, but her memory seems unimpaired on all points of history from the time she was a wee child up to the present.

When called upon by a correspondent Mrs. Smith sat in an old rocker. She wore no glasses and was anything but a poor example of one who has survived a century of time.

The correspondent asked her the causes that had brought her such longevity, coupled with health and happiness.

"Well, young man," she replied, "I have observed the rules of nature, that's all. I eat only two meals daily, take a cold bath every morning, and never let myself worry over trifles. These little worries kill one, while the big ones seldom do harm. I believe in God and try to follow His teachings. Aside from these my pipe of smoking tobacco has been and is always a big factor to me. I smoke almost all the time. I get strength, consolation and comfort from the pipe, and know it has prolonged my life.

"Lastly, I care little for material things. What we have now may vanish any moment. By living on a high spiritual plane I have gained long life and happiness."

Mrs. Smith's face is not covered with the customary wrinkles of old age and her countenance does one good to look upon.

"KAISER" CHIDES HER

"Mushy" Exhibits in Breach of Promise Suit.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Mrs. Hattie Burdette, who is suing Banker J. W. Buehler for $25,000 damages for wounded affections, found, after she had obtained a divorce in order to marry him, that he was married. The letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Buehler to Mrs. Burdette are signed "Der Kaiser." Mr. Buehler bears a striking resemblance to Kaiser Wilhelm. Here is one dated Mackinac:

"Mon Chere: Two pages I poured out my heart to you, and you replied in a first-primer note. Why so cold, girlie? Why don't you believe me when I say you are my soul's confessional and respond in a soul-to-soul billet?

"You are veritable frozen moonlight to me—so beautiful and yet so unresponsive. Sometimes, little one, that eternal question they call dark, damnable doubt creeps into my mind, and I think—oh! I hate to say it—that you are tiring of your toy. Honey, I wonder how it would be if we should all begin to play truth—not candor, but truth. Candor bears the same relation to truth that oleomargarine does to creamery butter."

And this in another:

"It is about two months since I had the pleasure of your society. How I would enjoy my little one now if I had her with me. Dearest, your image is engraven on my heart too deeply to let me forget you. Know you again? Don't you ever get any such idea into you head.

"Oh, no, my dear, you never fear that I will think you are not a good fellow because you do not drink. At my home in Chicago I have in my cellar about two thousand bottles of the choicest brands of wines, but unless I have some friend call I seldom drink anything at home. No, no, dearie, you need not fear my getting tired because you don't drink. I will tell you a story some day of a woman who drank—but never mind now; when I see you I will tell you of a few things of the past.

"Well, I guess your love and kisses that are coming on the same boat will be a long time coming, but, as you say, dearest, they will be all the better for the waiting; and then just look at the quantity we owe to each other. We will have to take a day off so as to be able to repay each other."

ARTIST IS FORCED TO STEAL TO GET FOOD

Boston Painter Resorts to Theft to Save Family From Starvation.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 13.—The police today arrested George P. Osborne, a landscape artist of this city, on a charge of larceny, and Osborne has confessed. The officers say that he was forced to steal to get food and keep a home for his wife and children.

Osborne, the police say, states that he had worn himself out trying to find a market for his pictures and had, accepted employment at painting signs for a clothing store. This brought little money.

When his wife and children were cold and hungry, and his landlord threatened to put them out of their tenement, Osborne says that he took several garments and pawned them.

BOYS STEAL COLOGNE.

All Admired the Same Girl and Wanted to Give Her a Present.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Frank Williamson, thirteen years old; Thomas, his brother, eleven years old, and Frederick Williams, eleven years old, all of Second avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, were caught yesterday in the act of taking three ten-cent bottles of cologne in a store on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

"Why did you commit this crime?" asked the frowning sergeant at the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station in his gruffest voice.

"We want the cologne for our girl," said the three in chorus.

"Your girl! How many girls have you?" growled the sergeant.

"One!" chorused the three. "She's the only girl in the world for us."

Plainly there is a belle in Harlem. Her admirers stoutly refused to tell who she is, and were put in the Gerry society's charge.

"BUSTED" CORNELL MEN "GIVEN HOURS"

Students Who Fail Not Allowed to Stay in Ithaca More Than Five Days.

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 13.—"There are too many lawyers in New York state, and there are too many new lawyers being made now," is the new declaration of the faculty of the Cornell College of Law.

As a result of the midwinter week of examinations, just completed, more students have been "busted" in the Cornell law school than ever before.

A "busted" student has five days to get out of town, and no more than five. The authorities of the town of Ithaca stand in with the university authorities, and if the "busted" student is found in town five days after he has received his walking papers things are made so uncomfortable for him that he is soon forced to leave for a more congenial climate. And all this happens in America, "the land of the free."

A local tailor tells the following story:

"This morning a young man came into my store and asked for a pasteboard packing case. When I brought it to him I saw tears running down his cheeks. In answer to my questions he said that he was a freshman and had been 'busted.' His father had told him that if he did not pass in his work at college he should never show his face at home again. 'I worked hard all term,' said the boy, 'but I got busted anyhow. I telegraphed my father to send me money to come home, and he wired right back to go where I pleased, but never to come home. I don't know where to go, and I don't dare to stay here.'"

This is only one of many student tales of woe.

For a long time it was the proud boast of the Cornell College of Law that they had never had one of their graduates fail in the New York state bar examinations. But this excellent standard was not maintained in the last state examinations, and consequently the faculty of the College of Law are on the warpath now and are not only "busting" right and left freshmen who they think are not up to the proper standards, but they have denied to many seniors and juniors of the college the privilege of being graduated with their classes, and are going to require them to spend an extra year in the college before they are given their degrees.

A howl of protest went up from the students when they saw almost one in every ten of their number expelled from the college, but this had no effect upon Dean Huffcut and his faculty. Long petitions were drawn up and presented praying for the reinstatement of the "busted" students. It was all to no avail, the Cornell law professors declaring that they were determined to raise the standard of legal education in New York state.

LOVE WINS A RACE FROM GREAT RICHES

Young Woman Sacrifices Prospective Wealth to Marry Man She Wants.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 13.—Miss Martha Evelyn Bardwell, the pretty Hatfield (Mass.) school teacher who it was announced last summer was to be adopted by Byron A. Simmons, a wealthy Hartford widower, and made an heir on condition that she did not marry during Mr. Simmons' lifetime, has wedded.

The marriage, which took place in Hartford Monday, was the culmination of a romance which began before Miss Bardwell met her wealthy benefactor, and it is stated that the bride and bridegroom will live with Mr. Simmons at his Asylum avenue place in this city.

The bridegroom is William Parsons Weaver, who was an instructor at a Northampton (Mass.) commercial school which the bride attended several years ago. Miss Bardwell did not allow the inducements of her new position to break the match, the result, it is said, being that Mr. Simmons recently withdrew his objections.

The unexpected turn of affairs in the Simmons household will be certain to provoke much comment, as Mr. Simmons' friends have awaited with keen interest developments in his unusual experiment.

He Was Lonely.

Mr. Simmons, who is seventy years old, retired from business several years ago. Mrs. Simmons has been dead four years. After her death he frequently dwelt upon his lonely existence. Last summer while visiting at Warehouse Point, a few miles from this city, he met Miss Bardwell, now Mrs. Weaver. He was attracted by her vivacious manner and gifts as a conversationalist, and suggested to her that she share his home as a daughter.

Mr. Simmons admitted that companionship with a man so many years her senior might become irksome, and told her to choose from her young women friends some one to enjoy with her the advantages he had offered.

Miss Bardwell wrote to her closest girl friend, Miss Susan Loomis, of Easthampton, a stenographer, and the young women, after careful consideration, decided that Mr. Simmon's offer promised a more inviting future than either teaching or stenography.

Mr. Simmons took his proteges to New York and provided them with the latest creations of fashion. It was stated that they were to have every advantage which money could buy, and were to be made sole and equal heirs of Mr. Simmons, the only stipulation being that they should not marry during his lifetime. Mr. Simmons, it was stated, had no objections to their marrying other than the fact that he feared that such a contingency would deprive him of the companionship of his wards.

It is said that Mr. Simmons had not a shadow of a suspicion that Miss Bardwell was not heart-free when with Miss Loomis she took up her abode in his home.

The query is being propounded whether Mr. Simmons will acquiesce in a second wedding as gracefully as to the first in case Miss Loomis, who is twenty, decidedly pretty and by no means destitute of admirers, in turn surrenders to Cupid.

MRS. CLARENCE EDDY WANTS A DIVORCE

Wife of the Famous Organist Seeks to Sever Marital Bonds.

PARIS, Feb. 13.—Mrs. Clarence Eddy, wife of the famous organist, is reported about to seek a divorce. They have lived apart a long time. The wife owns a mansion near the Trocadero. Her entertainments, especially her musicales, are among the best in Paris, surpassing even Miss Fanny Reed's. The name upon her invitations is not Mrs. Clarence Eddy, but Mrs. Hershey Eddy.

Two Americans now in Paris have received invitations from King Leopold to attend the next court ball at Brussels, Feb. 10. They are Mrs. T. W. Cridler, wife of the St. Louis exposition commissioner, and Mrs. J. G. Leischman, wife of the minister to Constantinople. Leopold has frequently said to Mrs. Townsend, wife of the American minister at Brussels, that he desired to see his court festivities always graced by the presence of beautiful American women. Miss Leischman, daughter of the minister at Constantinople, is seriously ill. She was the belle of the brilliant New Year's ball at the Ritz. It is feared an operation for appendicitis will be necessary.

Elaine Whitney Hoff, daughter of Mrs. J. J. Hoff, of New York, is ill with measles. The fact that she recently inherited $500,000 from her grandfather, Mr. Whitney, of Detroit, has made her an object of interest to titled French fortune seekers. Mrs. Hoff is now a leader in Paris society. She has suspended entertainments owing to the illness of her daughter.

The sultan of Johore has taken up a temporary residence in the fashionable Hotel Champs Elysees, where he has given a splendid dinner in honor of Mrs. Hattie Henshaw, of San Francisco. The barbaric splendor and abundance of the sultan's jewels amazed the guests.

WORKMEN ROUTED

Men Had Come to Lay Tracks Across His Father's Land.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 13.—Seventeen-year-old Charles Boyle last night routed a large force of Delaware & Hudson railroad workmen who tried to lay tracks across his father's property. With two revolvers he stood ready to shoot the first man who crossed the fence.

"My father is in the West," said Charley today, "and the company could not get his permission to cross our property with the tracks they are trying to lay to the Baltimore tunnel to carry coal to their main tracks, so they tried to get the tracks over by force. Foreman John Keeney and a large force of men advanced on the fence.

"'What are you going to do?' I asked.

"'None of your business, Kid,' said one of them.

Then they began to tear down the fence.

"'Stop that!' I cried: "'this is my father's property. If you touch it you'll get into trouble.'

"They just laughed at me, and one of them got hold of the fence and tore off a board. Then I ran into the house and came back with a revolver in each hand.

"'Now you stop tearing down that fence and get off this property,' I cried. They stopped, but the foreman came up and told me to put the guns down or he'd have me arrested.

"'All right,' I said, 'have me arrested, but I'll shoot the first man who lays a hand on that fence.'

"They thought I was bluffing and they came forward, but I raised the revolvers and aimed at them and they went back again, and after a time they went away. I stayed on guard all night and today, but they have not come back."

WANTS TO WED DEAF AND DUMB WIDOW

Illinois Man Will Help to Wash Clothes if She Owns the House.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Any deaf-and-dumb widow in New York city is in a way to become a blushing bride if she will but say the word.

There is a man out in Canton, Ill., on the lookout for a wife, who finds four odd requirements necessary to the completion of his ideal. First, he desires that she be deaf and dumb, as he is a man of quiet tastes; second, he insists that she be a matrimonial graduate, a widow; third, he wants only a New Yorker, and fourth, he asks that she own her own home. No age limit is prescribed, beauty does not enter into the question, and even a ready-made family will be considered no handicap. Old or or young, with or without attachments, any widow who can neither hear nor "sass back" may draw the prize.

This remarkable proposal of marriage is made by Thomas Blakely, of Canton, and reached New York by novel means. Mr. Blakeley, realizing his eligibility, considering the modesty of his demands, took measures to prevent the miscarriage of the letter in which he stated his hopes. He therefore addressed it to "Any Deaf-and-Dumb Widow, New York City, in care of the Chief of Police."

When this remarkable document reached Police Headquarters and was referred to Commissioner McAdoo with his morning mail he was struck with consternation. In the first place he refused to rank as an expert on widows, and in the second opined that deaf-and-dumb widows were beyond the need of police protection. He therefore turned the whole matter over to Supt. Bauer, of the department of dependent children, and the superintendent is still wondering what peculiar mark of fitness secured him the honor.

Mr. Blakeley, who describes himself as a deaf man, proceeds directly to the point:

"Will you please get a marry me, if I can help you work in your own home?" he demands in his opening sentence. "Do you own your home in New York City? Will you treat me well if I marry you? I am a shoemaker, a broommaker, and washer, a bakery. If I can help you wash the clothes and you are quiet you will find me a good temperate man."

He gives as an inducement several samples of the excellence of his memory, among others citing a meeting with the servant of George Washington, who died at the age of 116 in Ohio.

"What do you think of this small letter," he concludes, coyly.

"Please write me about marry me."

Any anxious widow may write Mr. Blakeley to Canton, Fulton County, Ill.

WON'T SETTLE UNTIL HE TRIES ON TEETH

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Dr. Max Landau, dentist of Third avenue and Seventy-ninth street, pulled the teeth from the upper and lower jaws of Isaac Weinstein, painter, of No. 401 East Seventy-fourth street, and made teeth to replace them.

The agreement was that Dr. Landau was to put Weinstein's mouth in first-class condition, and that in part payment, Weinstein was to decorate the dentist's offices.

Dr. Landau began his work first, and, toothless, Weinstein entered upon his task. When he had finished his new teeth were made.

Dr. Landau's bill was $57. Weinstein's charge for his work was $25. Dr. Landau accepted $10 on account and Weinstein asked for his teeth. The dentist refused to deliver them until the decorator paid him the balance of $22.

"I've done this work," said Weinstein, "and you want to keep my teeth. That's not right. I am willing to pay you $10 more and take the teeth on a week's trial. If they fit I'll give you the other $12, but I oughtn't to pay for teeth until I try them on."

"You'll pay me the whole $22 in money or you don't get a tooth," declared Dr. Landau.

"I'll sue for my teeth," said Weinstein, "and when I get them I'll pay your bill as soon as you pay mine."

Whereupon Weinstein brought suit.

LONG HUNT FOR A GET-WED-QUICK MAN

Schatchen Introduced Him, Marriage Followed at Once; In Three Days He Fled.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Mrs. E. Dorf, of No. 215 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street, is hunting far and wide for one Henry Weston, who a year ago in March married her daughter, Lillian, and three days afterward, she alleges, left her after receiving the $1,000 that was the bride's wedding dowry. Mrs. Dorf had a warrant sworn out against Weston in the Jefferson Market court last April, charging him with grand larceny, and since then has devoted all of her time to tracing him. She says she has found about twenty-five other women who have been married by the same man under another name, and who have been deserted after his receiving their money and their jewels.

"About a year ago," said Mrs. Dorf, "I was approached by a schatchen who said that she had a nice young man for my daughter, and if Lillian was willing to be married she would bring him around to my house.

Loved Him at First Sight.

"The next day she brought a man whom she introduced as Henry Weston, a dentist. He was a fluent talker and prepossessing. Lillian immediately fell in love with him, and I made haste to inform my husband of the young man."

Mr. Dorf is a clothing dealer on upper Third avenue. He said:

"Last March while I was in my store my wife came running around to me and said there was a young man up at the house who wanted to marry my daughter and that I should come home immediately. On the way to the house my wife told me that Weston did not have money enough to buy Lillian a ring and asked me to get one. You know nowadays the women rule the men, so what could I do but obey?

"I went to a jewelry store and then came home. Weston was there and I was introduced to him. He was fine appearing, wore gold pince-nez eyeglasses, was tall and well-dressed. He said he was ready to marry my daughter that very night, and my wife told me to go out and find a rabbi. I got the Rev. Dr. Goldsmith and he performed the ceremony. The next day I drew out $1,000 from the bank and gave it to my new son-in-law to start in married life. I furnished them a flat at No. 317 West Seventeenth street, and they went in for housekeeping.

"A couple of days later my daughter came home and said that her husband had deserted her."

"For the last year I have hunted high and low for some trace of Weston," says Mrs. Dorf. "In my search I have come across many more women who have been dupes of this man.

"I will furnish to the police a list of many more of the women he has married and swindled. I have found out that he operates on the East side. He can speak eight languages, and his specialty is marrying widows and young girls who have just come over from Europe. I have the names of five of these women whom he has duped.

"Early last year the police officials in Long Island City notified me that they were also looking for a man who had married many women in the Long Island towns and that they had received the same letters from him as my daughter had received.

"My clues have led me nearly all over Long Island, New Jersey and New York and I have always encountered the same description of the man who married my daughter. He had black hair, wore eyeglasses and was quite tall."

ESCAPES DEATH THREE TIMES IN A MINUTE

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Death through three agencies has come close to Malcolm Lindell, all within a minute. As mementos of his adventure he has a broken leg, a broken arm and several fractured ribs, which will necessitate a stay in the hospital.

Lindell was crossing the Lake Shore railway bridge, over the Calumet river, when a Pennsylvania train bore down upon him. He leaped directly in front of a passing Lake Shore train, and was hurled over the bridge rail and into the water.

dissipators and fiends

Come to a time when the cigarette must go—when the weakness must be overcome. Every man owes it to himself, to his futurity to be strong, vigorous, lusty. Now you have broken the laws of nature, broken the rules of health, lain violent hands on the powerful organs of the body, yes, you must expect to be weak. You smoke tobacco beyond the dictates of prudence, burn your candle at both ends, and even in the middle, then you become a poor, miserable man. You have sown the seeds of violence, you must reap the harvest of weakness

THERE IS A CHANCE for you; just one chance. You can overcome your follies, you can stop the losses of night and day, you can be made well and big—by the use of **CUPIDENE.** There is only one and one only **CUPIDENE.** It is the ***weak man's*** remedy. **CUPIDENE** cures prematureness, varicocele, hydrocele, knotted veins. **CUPIDENE** cures the mind that is frail, the body that is weak; cures the bleary eye, the all-gone man. **CUPIDENE** lifts you out of the rut. Puts vim and life into your entire system.

note the symptoms:

CUPIDENE cures dizziness, mental incapacity, fits of weakness, despondency, rush of blood to the head, giddiness, loss of sleep, emissions, lack of blood to parts, purility, hypochondria, lack of power, knocking knees, irritability, night sweats, hot and cold flashes, kidney and bladder disorders, swelling under eyes, puffiness of eyes, wasted conditions of parts of the body, poor circulation of the blood, numbness, semenal emissions, enlargement of the semenal ducts. ***Cupidene*** cures just as certain as you are a weak man. Give ***Cupidene*** a fair, impartial trial. Don't trifle with yourself any more. ***Cupidene*** is sold under a guarantee. ***Cupidene*** is O. K. Try this man's remedy. 20 years' of use, 20 years' of testimonials. ***Cupidene*** is sold for just $1.00 per package. Six packages $5. Send for free circulars. Book of ***Cupidene*** cures free. Write privately **DAVOL MEDICINE CO.,** 40 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For Sale by

For Sale by F. M. Parker, Druggist, Fifth and Wabasha Streets, St. Paul, Minn.