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Dear Mr. Editor—I wish to tell you of a recent experience I had when suffering from backache, weak back, rheumatism, droopy, and congestion of the kidneys. I tried a new medicine called "Anuric," which has recently been discovered by Dr. Pierce, of whose medicinal and Surgical Institution in Buffalo, N. Y., you have no doubt heard for years. This medicine acted upon me in a wonderful manner. I never have taken any medicine so helpful in such quick time. I do wish anyone in need of such a remedy would give it a trial. (Signed) G. H. HERR.

NOTE: Folks in town and adjoining counties are delighted with the results they have obtained by using "ANURIC," the newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is head of the INVALIDS' HOTEL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, in Buffalo, N. Y. Those who started the day with a backache, stiff legs, arms and muscles, and an aching head (worn out before the day began because they were in and out of bed half a dozen times at night) are appreciating the perfect rest, comfort and new strength they obtained from Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. To prove that this is a certain uric acid solvent and conquers headache, kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, if you've never used the "Anuric," cut this out and send ten cents to Doctor Pierce for a large sample package. This will prove to you that "Anuric" is thirty-seven times more active than lithia in eliminating uric acid—and the most perfect kidney and bladder corrector. If you are a sufferer, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box of "Anuric." You run no risk for Dr. Pierce's good name stands behind this wonderful new discovery as it has for the past half century for his "Golden Medical Discovery" which makes the blood pure, his "Favorite Prescription" for weak women and "Pleasant Pellets" for liver ills.

# The Wanderer

Novelized by William A. Page  
From Maurice V. Samuels'  
Great Biblical Drama of the  
Prodigal Son, Presented  
at the Manhattan Opera  
House, New York

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JETHER, SON OF JESSE.

### CHAPTER II.

#### The Warring Brothers.

**J**ETHER! It is Jether!" Naomi, watching from the highest pinnacle of the house of Jesse, beheld on the road from Hebron the familiar figure of the younger son as he moodily trudged along the narrow, winding road which led over the hills from the town beyond. Hastily bidding the faithful Rissah prepare the chamber for the advent of her cousin and to lay out fresh linen, Naomi ran lightly down the stone steps from the roof, sprang through the arch of the courtyard and met the boy almost on the threshold. "Jether, I knew thou wouldst come in time. Thou didst hear the trumpets calling us all to the feast before the holy day?" she said happily, linking her arm in his.

Jether somewhat rudely shook himself free from her embrace, as he saw several of the servants, who were about to enter the house.

"Have I heard the trumpets? Aye, and so have they. Go within and get ye all ready to sit at my father's table, and give thanks for what ye have not."

Naomi drew back, hurt and surprised, while the servants, not understanding the spirit in which their young master spoke, ran hastily inside. Jether laughed and cracked the small whip which he carried.

"And hast thou no word for me, Jether?" Naomi spoke.

"What wouldst thou hear?" demanded Jether, raising his voice somewhat in excitement. "How once again in brother Gaal's quiver I have placed an arrow he will aim against me? My pious, ever zealous elder brother! Trust Gaal to learn whatever might count against me, and of course he knows I was not upon the hillside with my flock. He hates me, and I hate him."

"Thou art wrong, Jether," pleaded Naomi. "He hates thee not; only his ways are different from thine. Gaal cannot understand thy scorn of tasks in which he doth rejoice."

The boy angrily cracked his whip again, then threw it from him.

"He would be my master," he muttered. "He would tell me what to do and what to leave undone. I know my elder brother. Always hath he hated my coming into the world to rob him of that share which one day he must surrender to me. But I have a plan now which my elder brother cannot thwart."

"Jether, what meanest thou?" "That thou shalt know in time, Naomi."

"Jether, thou knowest the hour grows late. At sunset we must sit at table and worship."

The boy angrily and impetuously interrupted her. "Aye, ye must not! Those trumpets called me not from Hebron."

"Thou canst not mean thou wilt not celebrate with us, Jether? Oh, my cousin, I fear, for last night I dreamed a dreadful dream!"

"And I, too, dreamed a dream!" cried Jether as she shrank back half terrified at the new note in the voice of the young boy. "But my dream was not the kind that's bred from herding sheep or reaping barley in the fields below or guiding stupid oxen when they tread the ripened grapes—no, nor the kind my pious brother dreams as he adds up the season's gain, thinking all the while, 'Two-thirds of all there is will some day be mine, with all my father's servants and this house,' and thee, perchance, Naomi, for his bride."

Naomi's large blue eyes filled with tears, and she looked appealingly to Jether. "Why addest thou that?" she said reproachfully.

"Hath not my brother eyes?" demanded Jether angrily. "Art thou not fair? Doth Gaal not know the measures of the land thy father left thee?"

"That is true," admitted Naomi, drying her eyes. "Aye, the fields are broad and in thy father's care have been rich in harvest. Perchance I shall indeed win the favor of thy elder brother," she added, with irony.

Only the blind anger of the headstrong boy prevented him from reading the love light in her eyes, for he continued, with rising voice, "And wouldst thou then marry him after all?"

Naomi cast her eyes upon the ground and answered tenderly: "How can I say whom I would marry when no one hath asked me?"

Jether laughed. "When Gaal is not so busy in the fields he may find time to ask thee," he retorted.

"Thy thought is ever on thy elder brother," protested Naomi. "I often think thou wouldst be more happy if—"

Jether was quick to sense the hidden meaning of her words and noticed her abrupt pause. Resentfully he spoke: "Thou thinkest, like all here, that I should do the things Gaal does—should toil from morning until night in the hot fields like any servant. Then per-

chance should all else here approve of me—father, mother and Gaal—instead of noting faults in me thou, too, wouldst find some good in me."

"Nay, Jether, thou art bitter," protested Naomi, coming to him and taking him again by the arm. "Thou art unjust, Jether. I would see thee in thine old age respected as is thy father."

Jether broke from her angrily and turned scornfully upon the young girl. "How little thou knowest me, Naomi!" he cried boastfully, with a vague sense of that future greatness which some day he hoped to attain. "Yet one day thou shalt behold me differently. One day I shall stand before thee and thou shalt know how much!"

He started toward her, his voice breaking with real and genuine affection, as if to embrace her, but hesitated.

"Nay, I shall not tell thee now," he added. "Some day perhaps, but not now."

"Thou wilt tell me—what?" she inquired eagerly.

"Nay, not now. Get thee into the house, and perchance I will join thee presently. Come, Naomi!"

Together, hand in hand, they started up the steps into the house of Jesse. Suddenly the drapery of the door was pulled aside. A man, tall, heavy, full bearded, rough and strong, stood before them. Naomi, with a frightened cry, drew back to let him pass, as he came down the steps directly toward Jether.

"So there thou art!" he cried gruffly. Jether laughed mockingly at him. "My brother Gaal," he said, bowing in pretended obeisance. "Go thou within, Naomi. I fear a storm."

Gaal's face was cold and hard as he stood before Jether. Surely no one would ever have suspected that these two men who faced each other with anger in their hearts and grim intensity in their faces were really brothers. The one, not less than forty, strongly built and rough visaged, with brawny arms bare to the shoulder, showing muscles of steel, clad in rough but serviceable cloth garments far more expensive than the simple sheep-

herd skins of the young brother, who seemed not a day over twenty and had the slender, lithe, agile frame of a

splendid young athlete. "Thou worthless one!" bellowed Gaal angrily. "Where wert thou last night?"

Jether flippantly and lightly turned on his heel and strode toward the well.

"Where I chose to be," he answered. "Then I can guess!" cried Gaal, controlling his anger with difficulty. "While I have sweated in the sun to bring the harvest in before the holy day, father and I and all of us, down to the meanest servant, thou hast shirked thy one task like the other, lying about by day and night, companion to the worthless in the village, or on thy back a-starting at the sky. How thou canst be of the same parents as myself I cannot see. Yet thou art my brother, and one day I must give thee a third of all there is, yea, a third. Be thou accursed!"

Jether laughed contemptuously. Before him stood the well, the pitcher of water which Rissah had but recently drawn to take within the house and the cup from which the servants quenched their thirst. He filled the cup with water, and, turning to the towering figure of his elder brother, whose fist was raised in a threatening manner as though to strike him, the young boy hurled the water full in the eyes of the elder. Gaal staggered back in surprise and anger.

"Take thou my blessing for thy curse," cried Jether as Gaal, temporarily blinded, sought to dry his eyes. "May the water cool thy wrath and purify thee for the festival, thou pious, self-complacent hypocrite!"

In another moment the two men were clasped in each others arms as Gaal, making a sudden rush, sought to overthrow the younger brother. But Jether was quick of foot and agile in squirming from his brother's grasp. Again they clinched, each striving to throw the other, yet Gaal in spite of his superior size proved not more than an equal match for the energetic Jether. Suddenly a voice, strong, deep, commanding, made both brothers pause and involuntarily relax their holds.

"Stop, my sons!" Upon the upper step in the doorway of the house stood the aged patriarch, Jesse of the tribe of Judah, his staff in hand, his left hand raised in an imperious gesture, his long white hair and beard making him seem almost like an inspired prophet. Slowly and with majestic mien the aged Jesse, he who sixty years before had been the boyhood friend of the great King David, came down the steps, while the two brothers fell back before him. The patriarch gazed reprovingly from one to the other and shook his head sorrowfully. Gaal took this silent rebuke as a reflection upon himself and sought to make his peace with his father.

"I did but reprove him for his laziness, my father, and he hurled an insult into my very beard," he cried angrily. "Didst thou but know one half of Jether's doings, my father?"

Gaal hesitated as if the indictment were too great to lay upon his father's head, but Jether laughingly and mockingly bade him go on.

"Speak, good brother," jeered Jether. "Thou hast ne'er before lost any chance to speak ill of me. This time thou canst find many witnesses against me. My father listens. Speak!"

Jesse raised his hand for silence. "Peace, both of ye!" he cried. "I am the master here. Gaal, thou art the elder. Thou shouldst be the wiser. Thou knowest Jether has too high a pride to let thee tell him what to do. Besides, that is my duty, not thine, to get thee ready for the evening meal."

Gaal hesitated and cast an angry look at the mocking Jether.

"Go, I say," commanded the venerable patriarch, pointing toward the house. With a muttered and indistinct remark Gaal slowly re-entered the house.

"And thou, Jether," continued Jesse, laying his hand in kindly affection upon the shoulder of his younger son. "Thou hast done wrong to lift thy hand against thy brother. Never again let there be strife between you. To-night before I ask God's blessing upon my household, yes, even before we gather at the table, thou shalt tell thy brother that thou dost repent of thy childish act."

"I—ask pardon of Gaal?" replied Jether incredulously, drawing back in amazement. "Ask pardon of Gaal?"

The kindly face of the venerable Jesse smiled indulgently as he gazed upon the headstrong boy.

"Not less for thine own sake than for his," he continued. "Thou art too quick of speech. Thy pride is over-great, though pride is honorable in moderation. Thine, if uncurbed, may bring thee to calamity."

"I'll not have Gaal the master over me," muttered Jether.

"Nor shalt thou," agreed Jesse approvingly. "Only to thy father shalt thou account. Where didst thou spend last night? From the high watchtower I saw thy sheep upon the hills at dawn this morning, but thee I did not see. Where didst thou spend last night?"

Jether came to his father petulantly, almost pleading, "Am I a child?"

The old man looked with loving eyes upon the lad.

"In many ways thou art, and yet the fault is not all thine. Thy mother hath indulged thee overmuch, and I myself perhaps. Jether, thou dost not know how dear thou art to us, thou child of our old age, and such a child wert thou, so beautiful."

Once more Jether clinched his fists with anger and resentment.

"A child—again always a child," he protested. "Canst thou not understand a child becomes a man? Thou, too, dost treat me as Gaal does—when I am no longer a child, but a man full grown."

Jesse nodded his head in approval.

Continued from page 6.



NAOMI AND JETHER.

"Go thou within, Naomi. I fear a storm."

herd skins of the young brother, who seemed not a day over twenty and had the slender, lithe, agile frame of a

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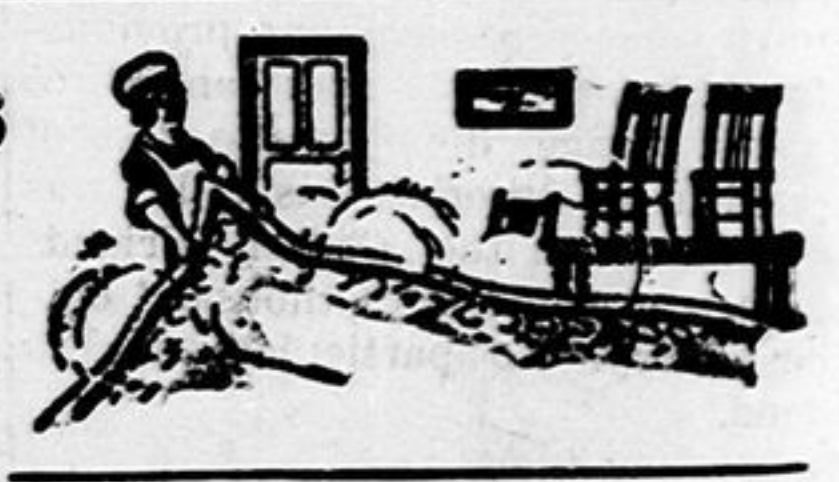
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