

A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER XVI.

Never had the little town of Cumberhays been stirred to its depths as it was on a certain April morning, when it awoke to find that it had rendered itself famous after a fashion which would cause its existence to become known wherever an English newspaper penetrated. Its name would be in everybody's mouth for weeks to come. It felt that it could never again sink into utter obscurity.

For the prisoners—about whose alleged attempts to rob the train all sorts of wild rumors had been put into the brain and brought on to Cumberhays, and were for the present lodged in the town jail. The magistrate would assemble at ten o'clock, when the preliminary inquiry would take place. But even a deeper interest, if that were possible, centred itself in the arrest of the alleged murderer of the Baron von Rosenberg, who was said to have actually been working as a signaller on the line for the past three or four months. It was several times thought that the lives of several hundreds of respectable people should have been at the mercy of such a miscreant!

The town-hall was besieged by an excited crowd long before the opening of the doors, and had the justice-room been three times larger than it was, it might easily have been filled three times over. Among the foremost ranks of the surging crowd, and maintaining his position with passive tenacity, was a man on whom many curious eyes were bent. He was a foreigner—so much was evident at a glance—and that of itself was enough to excite the curiosity of the good folk of Cumberhays, many of whom had never been a score of miles from home. He was very lean and very tall, with drawn-in cheeks and sharply defined cheek-bones. He had deep set eyes black and burning with something in them of the expression of a half-famished-wild animal. He wore small gold circles in his ears, and was dressed in a coat of frayed velvet with a soft felt hat; and a coloured silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat. He spoke to no one and no one spoke to him; but now and then his lips worked strangely, as though he were holding a silent colloquy with some invisible companion. He was the one man in the crowd who was the least incommoded by the crowd. Those nearest to him shrank a little from him involuntarily, as if he were a being of a different world from theirs, and they knew not what to make of him.

Jules Piot—for he it was—had arrived in Cumberhays at a late hour the preceding night, having walked there from another town about a dozen miles away. By what strange chance his wandering footsteps had brought him by many devious paths to this place of all others, and at this particular time, will be told a little later on. He had hired a bed for the night at the Wheatseaf Inn, a cheap and unpretentious hostelry. He was up and had ordered his breakfast by eight o'clock next morning, and it was while waiting for that meal to be brought him that his intention was attracted by some conversation in the taproom which he could not help overhearing. The pallor of his face grew deeper as he listened; but whatever other emotion he might have experienced, it certainly had not its origin in fear.

"So! It is for this that I have been brought here," he muttered, half to himself and half aloud, in French. "Now I understand."
Going into the taproom, he put a few questions to the men to whose talk he had been listening. Having ascertained what he wanted to know, he left the house without waiting for his breakfast and bent his steps in the direction of the town hall, a quarter of ten o'clock, when the doors were thrown open. Jules Piot was one of the first to push his way forward, or to be pushed forward by those behind him, into the small court or space allotted in the justice-room of Cumberhays to the general public. In three minutes the place was crammed to its utmost limits.

A few minutes after ten, the magistrates entered one by one and took their seats; their clerk having preceded them by a few seconds. They were three in number, all venerable gentlemen. One was partially blind; one partially deaf, while the third, who had a very red face and took the lead in everything, was quick-tempered and aggressive in his manner. There were two cases of drunkenness and one of theft to be disposed of before the great sensation of the day would begin. Everybody seemed relieved when they were over; and presently a flutter of intense excitement ran through the court as three men in charge of as many constables filed in and were placed in the dock. Then after a brief pause, a fourth man was ushered in whose left arm was supported by a sling, and a murmur ran round that this was the alleged murderer of the German Baron. A moment later another door opened, and there glided in a female in black, closely veiled, which one of the officials handed her with a bow. The prisoner with his arm in a sling was also allowed to be seated a little way from the dock in the company of the other men placed there. When the mountebank beheld Gerald Brooke, whom he still knew only by the name of "Mr. Stewart," marched in as a prisoner, and when he saw, and his black eyes recognized, the veiled figure in black who entered immediately afterwards, he was seized with a vertigo, which caused the room to revolve, and the prisoners to surge up and down before his eyes as though they were being tempest-tossed at sea. "Mon Dieu! est-il possible!" he exclaimed half aloud. Then he buried his face in his hands for a time, while a cloud seemed to lift itself slowly from his brain, and much became clear to him that had been dark before.

The charge against the first three prisoners was one assault and attempted robbery; but against one of them was a supplementary charge of attempted murder. That against the fourth prisoner was the more serious charge of murder. But from what the magistrates could understand of the case at present, this fourth prisoner was the more serious charge of murder. But from what the magistrates could understand of the case at present, this fourth prisoner was the more serious charge of murder. But from what the magistrates could understand of the case at present, this fourth prisoner was the more serious charge of murder.

After the remaining prisoners had answered to the name entered on the charge-sheet, the first witness was called, but not till the red-faced magistrate had intimated that he and his colleagues only intended to take sufficient evidence that day to justify a remand. The first witness proved to be Mr. Sturgess, a London jeweller. His evidence went to show that, according to a trustworthy assistant, he had left home the previous day on his way to Lord Leamington's seat, a few miles beyond Cumberhays, having in his charge a box containing jewelry to the value of several hundred pounds. All had gone well till he reached Greenholme, at which place he had to wait an hour and change to the branch line, but on his arrival there he found a telegram awaiting him from his partner in London, in which he was told on no account to pursue his journey without first obtaining an escort of four or five constables. No reason was furnished by the telegram for taking such extraordinary precautions, and he could only surmise that an attempt was about to be made to rob him of the box, and that by some means his partner at the last moment had obtained wind of the affair. Fortunately, through the courtesy of the police authorities at Greenholme he experienced no difficulty in obtaining the required escort, and under its protection he resumed his journey by the next train.

The next witness to answer to his name was the driver of the train, who deposed to everything having gone right till he was just inside the distance signal of Cinder Pit Junction, which showed "line clear," where he and his mate were startled by the explosion of a fog-signal. He at once whistled, and put on all the brake-power at his command, and could not have gone more than forty or fifty yards farther before a second signal exploded; and then he could just make out the figure of a man standing on the embankment and bearing down on him with both arms as a sign for him to stop, which, as the brakes were on already, he was not long in doing. After that the police took charge of the affair, and he did just as they told him.

The next witness called was Margery Shook. She had been sitting out of sight behind a large screen, which sheltered her from any possible draughts at the lower end of the room. As she entered, her witness-box she shot a glance of venomous hatred at Crofton, which would have killed him then and there if looks had power to slay. The nature of the evidence she had to give was long and painful. More once her peculiar phrasology caused a titter to run through the court, which was, however, promptly suppressed.

Clara Brooke was the next person called upon. As she raised her veil her eyes met those of Crofton for a moment, while a faint colour suffused her cheeks, only to die away as quickly as it had come. A low murmur of commiseration passed like a sigh through the court, and the eyes of many there filled with tears when they beheld her pale beautiful face; for it had been whispered about that this was the wife of the man who was accused of murder.

The evidence she had to offer was given so clearly and unhesitatingly, and with the purport of it we are sufficiently acquainted already. When she had told all she had to tell she let her veil drop and went back to the seat she had occupied before.

The next and last witness whose evidence it was proposed to take at preliminary trial was the Greenholme sergeant of police. He had been in the dock, instructed by his superiors to accompany four men and accompany the gentleman from London as far as Cumberhays. Then he narrated how the train had come to a standstill as a consequence of the explosion of the fog-signal, and how when he and his men alighted from the train they found the witness Margery Shook, who gave them to understand that the train was about to be attacked a little way farther on. How the girl had scarcely finished telling them that when she saw the signaller, who had been released by his wife, and how, under his guidance, he, witness, and how men had succeeded in surprising the would-be thieves and in capturing three of their number; and finally, how the signaller had been severely wounded by Crofton, one of the prisoners, firing his revolver point-blank at him.

"You have omitted one little episode," said Crofton in cold measured tones from the witness-box; "you have forgotten to tell these worthy gentlemen that it was I who recognized the man charged with the willful murder of the Baron von Rosenberg, and that I denounced him as such then and there."
"That is so, your worship," said the sergeant.
"We quite understand that already," remarked the red-faced magistrate; "but it is a point on which we need not enter at present more especially seeing that the prisoner in question has already admitted that his name point of fact is the man whose apprehension a reward of three hundred pounds is still unclaimed." With that the magistrates laid their heads together and consulted for a little while among themselves.

By Piot, sitting quietly among the general public and watching everything with restless burning eyes, all these proceedings were only imperfectly understood. Why Gerald Brooke had been brought in a prisoner and almost immediately taken out again without any charge being brought against him was a mystery to the mountebank. Neither could he understand how "la belle madame," and "Margery," were termed in such a fashion to be mixed up in such a strange way in one of whom he had at once recognized the man he had gaged and bound to his chair in the house in Pym's Buildings. He lacked the key to the situation, and wanting that, he could only look on and listen, and feel himself becoming more bewildered after each witness that appeared on the scene. Not that he troubled himself greatly about these things; something of much deeper import lay at the back of all his wandering thoughts about this matter or the other. He had been led to that place, his footsteps had been mysteriously guided thither, and he could see it all power for a certain purpose, and that purpose, as he sat there, was never for one moment out of his mind.

THE FARM.

Now is the time, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, when the average farmer has several calves to feed. He wants to feed them so that they will bring him good returns for his outlay. Some turn them into veal or dispose of them when a few days old. Under some conditions it might be better to do so, but I will now speak of feeding the calves on the farm. It has come to be an accepted idea that the man who turns his crops into pork, beef or milk is the one who makes the money. To do this he must study rations, and the character of the animal with as much care as he gives the currency question. In stating a few simple rules for the guidance of others, I speak from long experience and a fair degree of success in preparing calves for the market. As soon as the cow's milk is good the calf may be weaned. For the good of the calf, as well as a saving of time, I believe it to be better than allowing the calf to stay longer with the cow. In teaching it to drink one will have ample opportunity to exercise patience and self-control. But gentleness is never lost on a calf, and it will learn much quicker if kindly handled. For this purpose there have been many devices put on the market, but so far I have seen nothing better than the old-fashioned wooden bucket. It is greatly superior to the trough, for where the latter is used the large ones crowd out the calves that need the feed. If the calf is strong and a good feeder, the first feed only need be entirely of new milk. A pint of skim milk may be added to the second feed, and gradually increased, till when the calf is two weeks old, it can be fed entirely on skim milk. As soon as skim milk is substituted for new, oilmeal should be added. This is best when made in a porridge, and boiled till it is the consistency of gruel. A small tablespoonful is all that can be given at first, and great care must be taken in increasing it, or it will be apt to cause serious bowel trouble. A hearty calf should be able to eat half a pint when two months old. But I find a great difference in animals, and often the best feeders will get out of order if given that quantity at six months. There can be no set rule in judgment.

As soon as the calf is two weeks old it can be fed a very small handful of corn and oats ground together. This also may be increased as the calf grows older, but great care should be observed not to overfeed. If an animal gives "off its feed" it will lose more than can be made up in a week. It would be impossible to give any rule for ascertaining when a calf has all the feed it can assimilate. It is instinct, rather than reason, and not even experience can give it. As soon as the calf will lick out the last speck of meal and look for more it is time to increase the quantity. From the time it is taken from the cow till it is put upon the market or placed in the dairy it should be pushed to its utmost capacity. There is no profit in letting an animal of any kind stand still; if it is worth raising at all it is worth pushing. If a calf is dainty when young it had best be knocked in the head, or sold, for it will not improve with age. No amount of feeding and fussing will ever make such a calf a first-class cow or beef. But sometimes the strongest animals we get out in order. Usually a reduction of feed will remedy the trouble, but not always. If treatment is necessary, water turned off from the root of the ear will do it easily and obtain. This remedy I found in a book number of this paper, of what date I am unable to say, and it proved very effective in two cases I have had. The only serious cases I have had in my experience. But prevention of scours is better than any cure, and if properly fed the calf will never have it. When the calf is born or six months old it may be found more profitable to feed the skim milk to younger stock. If this be the case, the change from milk and grain to corn and oats will take place gradually. Some prefer wetting the meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If the calf is not to be fed meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If the calf is not to be fed meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water.

When Doctor Nansen went north in the Fram to leave himself at the mercy of the drifting ice-floes, a silent heroine remained behind to await his return. It was his devoted wife, and daughter of a university professor, and a woman of refinement and delicate sensibility. Three years she was with one word from the Arctic seas, and then her husband returned in triumph, the hero of the most intrepid voyage and march in the annals of adventure.

The little child of four months who the explorer had left in his wife's arms, was her chief companion during the long, anxious interval. When he returned "Liv," was a frolicsome toddler, whose fearlessness and inventive mischief reflected his own love of adventure. The mother's face had deepened in intensity of expression, and her hair, when she saw, seemed to have in it undertones of the mysterious, sea-like Wagner's music in "The Flying Dutchman," written after his disastrous voyage in the Baltic.

After remaining five months at home the Nansens went to London, where they were received with the greatest honors of the world of fashion and letters. Few foreigners have ever had so conspicuous a social triumph as the gallant Norwegian. Banquets, receptions, lunches and parties were planned for him. Enormous crowds filled the halls where he delivered his lectures. He was a lion to whom everybody wished to see and hear.

At one of these earliest receptions in London, when the Arctic hero's name had given him a long and distinguished name to Mrs. Nansen, she remarked to a friend: "If I were to propose a toast, it would not be alone to the man of action, who had the inspiration of great undertakings, and the excitement of a tremendous battle with nature. It would be also to the woman who waited patiently at home with 'little Liv.'"

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

THE FARM.

Now is the time, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, when the average farmer has several calves to feed. He wants to feed them so that they will bring him good returns for his outlay. Some turn them into veal or dispose of them when a few days old. Under some conditions it might be better to do so, but I will now speak of feeding the calves on the farm. It has come to be an accepted idea that the man who turns his crops into pork, beef or milk is the one who makes the money. To do this he must study rations, and the character of the animal with as much care as he gives the currency question. In stating a few simple rules for the guidance of others, I speak from long experience and a fair degree of success in preparing calves for the market. As soon as the cow's milk is good the calf may be weaned. For the good of the calf, as well as a saving of time, I believe it to be better than allowing the calf to stay longer with the cow. In teaching it to drink one will have ample opportunity to exercise patience and self-control. But gentleness is never lost on a calf, and it will learn much quicker if kindly handled. For this purpose there have been many devices put on the market, but so far I have seen nothing better than the old-fashioned wooden bucket. It is greatly superior to the trough, for where the latter is used the large ones crowd out the calves that need the feed. If the calf is strong and a good feeder, the first feed only need be entirely of new milk. A pint of skim milk may be added to the second feed, and gradually increased, till when the calf is two weeks old, it can be fed entirely on skim milk. As soon as skim milk is substituted for new, oilmeal should be added. This is best when made in a porridge, and boiled till it is the consistency of gruel. A small tablespoonful is all that can be given at first, and great care must be taken in increasing it, or it will be apt to cause serious bowel trouble. A hearty calf should be able to eat half a pint when two months old. But I find a great difference in animals, and often the best feeders will get out of order if given that quantity at six months. There can be no set rule in judgment.

As soon as the calf is two weeks old it can be fed a very small handful of corn and oats ground together. This also may be increased as the calf grows older, but great care should be observed not to overfeed. If an animal gives "off its feed" it will lose more than can be made up in a week. It would be impossible to give any rule for ascertaining when a calf has all the feed it can assimilate. It is instinct, rather than reason, and not even experience can give it. As soon as the calf will lick out the last speck of meal and look for more it is time to increase the quantity. From the time it is taken from the cow till it is put upon the market or placed in the dairy it should be pushed to its utmost capacity. There is no profit in letting an animal of any kind stand still; if it is worth raising at all it is worth pushing. If a calf is dainty when young it had best be knocked in the head, or sold, for it will not improve with age. No amount of feeding and fussing will ever make such a calf a first-class cow or beef. But sometimes the strongest animals we get out in order. Usually a reduction of feed will remedy the trouble, but not always. If treatment is necessary, water turned off from the root of the ear will do it easily and obtain. This remedy I found in a book number of this paper, of what date I am unable to say, and it proved very effective in two cases I have had. The only serious cases I have had in my experience. But prevention of scours is better than any cure, and if properly fed the calf will never have it. When the calf is born or six months old it may be found more profitable to feed the skim milk to younger stock. If this be the case, the change from milk and grain to corn and oats will take place gradually. Some prefer wetting the meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If the calf is not to be fed meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water.

When Doctor Nansen went north in the Fram to leave himself at the mercy of the drifting ice-floes, a silent heroine remained behind to await his return. It was his devoted wife, and daughter of a university professor, and a woman of refinement and delicate sensibility. Three years she was with one word from the Arctic seas, and then her husband returned in triumph, the hero of the most intrepid voyage and march in the annals of adventure.

The little child of four months who the explorer had left in his wife's arms, was her chief companion during the long, anxious interval. When he returned "Liv," was a frolicsome toddler, whose fearlessness and inventive mischief reflected his own love of adventure. The mother's face had deepened in intensity of expression, and her hair, when she saw, seemed to have in it undertones of the mysterious, sea-like Wagner's music in "The Flying Dutchman," written after his disastrous voyage in the Baltic.

After remaining five months at home the Nansens went to London, where they were received with the greatest honors of the world of fashion and letters. Few foreigners have ever had so conspicuous a social triumph as the gallant Norwegian. Banquets, receptions, lunches and parties were planned for him. Enormous crowds filled the halls where he delivered his lectures. He was a lion to whom everybody wished to see and hear.

At one of these earliest receptions in London, when the Arctic hero's name had given him a long and distinguished name to Mrs. Nansen, she remarked to a friend: "If I were to propose a toast, it would not be alone to the man of action, who had the inspiration of great undertakings, and the excitement of a tremendous battle with nature. It would be also to the woman who waited patiently at home with 'little Liv.'"

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Mrs. Nansen could not speak, for her eyes were trembling with tears which she nodded her head and smiled sweetly. The best of her husband's glory was made from devotion to her husband, but the memory of those years of wearing anxiety still haunted her, proud and happy though she was in his triumph, and she lacked the excitement of adventure, and had only the agonizing suspense of waiting for a voice out of the darkness which might or might not be hers.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY. We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting. Our Stock of DRY LUMBER is very Large so that all orders can be filled. Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock. N. G. & J. McKECHNIE

WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

\$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE!

SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET, SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.

The New Method Treatment is the Greatest Discovery of the Age

FOR CURING THESE DISEASES



Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to premature graves through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, dependent and gloomy, specks before the eyes, dark circles under the eyes, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, painful dreams and loss of sleep, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, caraway expression, poor memory, listless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat, etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all simple bloods and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear; energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We write all the articles to consult confidentially and free of charge. Don't let such an opportunity pass you by. Your hard earned dollars. We will cure you or no pay.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

SYPHILIS is the most prevalent and most serious BLOOD disease. It saps the very life blood of the system and unless entirely eradicated from the system will affect the offspring. Remove it now! It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures it for ever.

OR MIDDLE-AGED MAN— You're led a gay life, or indulged in the follies of youth. Self-abuse or late excesses have broken down your system. The golden rule of health is to keep your system pure. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you were or should be. Lush practices reach their harvest. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Treatment will cure you. What has done for others will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Check, or gold, for it will not improve with age. No amount of feeding and fussing will ever make such a calf a first-class cow or beef. But sometimes the strongest animals we get out in order. Usually a reduction of feed will remedy the trouble, but not always. If treatment is necessary, water turned off from the root of the ear will do it easily and obtain. This remedy I found in a book number of this paper, of what date I am unable to say, and it proved very effective in two cases I have had. The only serious cases I have had in my experience. But prevention of scours is better than any cure, and if properly fed the calf will never have it. When the calf is born or six months old it may be found more profitable to feed the skim milk to younger stock. If this be the case, the change from milk and grain to corn and oats will take place gradually. Some prefer wetting the meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If the calf is not to be fed meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

kept no other for years, and considers them superior to all others for rapid growth and general thriftiness. He calculates to have the pigs come in September so as to get a good start before the winter gets cold. They are fed after weaning on bran and oats, and may be found more profitable to feed the skim milk to younger stock. If this be the case, the change from milk and grain to corn and oats will take place gradually. Some prefer wetting the meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If the calf is not to be fed meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water.

PHOTOGRAPH IN A FISH.

Strange Mar Ings Found Inside an Australian Cod.

There is a large fish found in the rivers of Western Australia, known as the "Murray cod." This fish, which is delicious for the table, is remarkable for its size, sometimes weighing as much as 150 pounds, but the strangest thing about it is the fact that it carries around a photograph inside its body. At least the natives say that it is a photograph, and certainly it looks like one.

When the Murray cod is cut open a bladder is seen extending along the backbone from just behind the gills to the fatty part of the tail. In a thirty-pound fish this bladder is about 12 inches long, and an inch or two wide. Within this is a film, or thin membrane, through which runs a delicate tracery composed of a multitude of little red lines, intruding like the frost-work on a window pane in winter. This film can be peeled off and spread upon a sheet of paper or a piece of cloth, to which it readily adheres. It then forms a very pretty picture. Sometimes it looks like a bit of pressed seaweed; sometimes it seems to portray a miniature landscape with a dark forest background, but in most cases it presents a surprisingly distinct outline of a single tree—the Australian gum tree, a species of eucalyptus.

To explain this singular fact the aborigines have an ingenious theory. They say that the picture thus imprinted on the membrane represents the pool where the fish made its home—in short, that it is a real photograph. Fantastic as the notion seems, it gains a certain possibility from the known habits of the fish, which is extremely solitary and exclusive in its ways. The Murray cod really does make its home in some forest-shadowed pool, to which it always returns after its excursions abroad for food or exercise, leading a hermit-like existence. It will allow no other member of its species to intrude upon its domain. Here the sullen creature spends its life, year in and year out. It never changes its residence. Here it grows from insignificant minnowhood until it becomes a king among fishes, as big and heavy as a well-developed man, and for the greater part of each day the shadow of its favorite tree falls upon its slimy back. It is little wonder, therefore, that the untutored but imaginative savages, puzzled by the life-picture which they find in the bladder, conclude that the familiar scene has become photographical in the creature's very substance.

As I wended my way homeward I found myself contrasting this man's life with those of some other farmers which I have seen in the past. I was poor that they seemed closely related to the famous "razor-backs" of the South. When it comes to a comparison of weights, one pig like the ones that I have seen will outweigh two of the others at the same age. I know of men whose granaries are full of cheap grain who are keeping their hogs, and who are always looking for good pigs. I went with him. He had not exaggerated the case, for they were good ones. He said they were four months old, and that one of them weighed 180 pounds upon the scales the other day. Of course the matter of feed and care came up, and I found out, says a writer, that he is doing about the same as has been recommended through your columns frequently, keeping them warm and dry and giving them plenty of good nourishing food. The breed represented by this litter of pigs is the Duroc-Jersey. This man has

kept no other for years, and considers them superior to all others for rapid growth and general thriftiness. He calculates to have the pigs come in September so as to get a good start before the winter gets cold. They are fed after weaning on bran and oats, and may be found more profitable to feed the skim milk to younger stock. If this be the case, the change from milk and grain to corn and oats will take place gradually. Some prefer wetting the meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If the calf is not to be fed meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water.

kept no other for years, and considers them superior to all others for rapid growth and general thriftiness. He calculates to have the pigs come in September so as to get a good start before the winter gets cold. They are fed after weaning on bran and oats, and may be found more profitable to feed the skim milk to younger stock. If this be the case, the change from milk and grain to corn and oats will take place gradually. Some prefer wetting the meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If the calf is not to be fed meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water.