THE KISS OF GOLD

BY KATE JORDAN

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CHAPTER XIII.

"Do you know, Tom," and his black eyes sparkled as he looked down at the opalescent liquor swaying under the movement of his fingers, "the time has come when you can do me a favor?"

"Can I indeed?"

"You don't seem overjoyed," he said in a purring tone. "Look here. I know we've had a few small differences, but can any two people of marked individuality live together in a state of unruffled peace? Tom, give me your hand."

"Oh, yes, I'll have it back."

"Don't be mawkish. Come to the point. You want something. What is it?"

"Why, you're positively brutal, you uncompromising young dog!" said Delatole, with a laugh, and then leaned confidingly on his arm, something terrier like in the intensified sharpness of his face, "but here goes! I know you'll help me, now that you are a Crœsus again. I'm tired working for The Challenge. The pay, large as it seems, is beastly small for all I do. Emerson is anxious to sell The Morning Cry, and I want to buy it. Whew! What a chance for me. I'd make it yell. Why, I'd be rich in a year. Now, if I can only pay him a third of the required amount down, it's mine. I want you, Murray, to lend it to me."

It was triumph that flickered deeply in Tom's level glance. How often in his luckless moments this voice had sharply prodded him that now, sunk to a caressing tone, asked help of him!

"Quite impossible, my dear Delatole," he said promptly, with a shrug. "I need every penny just now."

"You're jesting." And Delatole grew visibly paler. "What is your pressing need, pray?"

"I must pay my debts. As you so often reminded me, they are legion. I owe you nothing more—thank God for that—but there are others."

"Murray, this is bosh. Let them wait. I should certainly be first with you. This is a critical moment for me. You can't refuse."

"I do. I refuse."

There was a sullen, red point in Delatole's purplish pupils. He felt very much as an elderly hen does who sees a half feathered chicken leave the shelter of her wing and with a defiant chirp make its hesitating way alone. It was a moment before he could control himself and speak.

"Surely Mrs. Baudoine's money"—he commenced with a forced, insulting laugh.

"You've talked a good deal about that money, Delatole. I'm sorry it must be left out of your calculations. The engagement's off. Sink or swim, I go it alone. Mrs. Baudoine understands, and we remain good friends."

"So that's the way the wind lies? You must be growing sentimental again. Well, then, your own money will answer. You're drawing big royalties from your play, and it's one to last. I tell you, Murray, if you refuse to assist me you are a contemptible ingrate." He stood up, placed his palms upon the table, his voice coiling serpent wise around the words. "It was I who made you. Don't forget that, my friend. You are an unformed stripling, a youngster groping in the dark, without polish, without suavity. Why, without me"——

The blood rushed to Tom's face.

"Don't remind me of what I was—without you. Don't let me think of what I have become following you," he interrupted fiercely. "You made me, you say? I have ruined myself, rather, and you have ably assisted at the wrecking. You can no more remake me now than can I myself."

He stood up, his eyes flashing with their old impulsive passion. The words came slowly, deliberately:

"Perhaps it's just as well we speak plainly at last. Delatole, you've robbed me."

"What?"

"Yes, you've lived upon me successfully for two years. I'm negligent about money, and I let you go on, but I'm not a fool. You have bled me in a most consistent and masterly manner, doubled my expenses with a lavish recklessness, and I knew it all the time. But I kept the peace, for I had made up my mind to end it at the first opportunity." He leaned forward, his face close to Delatole's, and his clinched hand rang on the table. "It's ended now."

During his adventurous life Anthony Delatole had many times been surprised, but never so thoroughly confounded before. He stood leaning upon the table and watched Tom out of the room. There was a craven malignity in every line of his sneering face. A longing almost irresistible gripped him to knock Tom down and kick him until the hot, brutal desire for retaliation had been glutted.

"Stumped, by God!" he muttered.

The next fortnight saw an important change in Tom's life. He left the University building and took a cheaper suite of rooms on Irving place, one of the bivouacs of Bohemia. Delatole and he had parted in a silence that was sultry.

His plunges in Wall street kept him well supplied with money for the time being, and of the future he thought but little.

The secret had changed its aspect. He no longer cared to face it. It was now a monstrous fear maddening him with whispers of a hundred possibilities, prodding him, sending out false alarms and slowly chilling his assurance into an ever present premonition. Since the day Felix Dawson left him with the declaration, "Oh, yes, I'll have it back," he had not seen nor heard of him. This absolute withdrawal was more significant than threats. Suppose he had incontestable proof, after all? What if he lied when he said he had no copy? What if he could produce witnesses to prove he had written the play? Would this man some day appear again, relentless in his quiet way, and hurl the bombshell that would bring his false life in ruins about his ears?

His rupture with Delatole—that, too, made him uneasy. Oh, it was a load from his heart to have told him the truth, to have seen the sullen surprise deepen into a stolid hatred in his horrid eyes. It was a relief, a balm, but it brought a danger in its wake. Suppose they met, these two who for different reasons would rejoice in his overthrow. Then indeed might he shudder. Delatole would follow the scent insatiately. He would come like a vulture to pick his bones. Even if proof were not possible he would so damn him with suspicion, so besmear him with the trail of his innuendoes, so riddle him with the darts of his acrid humor, his prestige would be lost forever. Delatole had the power, the opportunity and the unswerving patience to write an enemy down and out of existence.

These dangers lay in wait for him at some turning in the darkness beyond his vision. But there was something more terrible—a voice that spoke to him as no living voice could. Mystic and personal, it came from his soul. Conscience, like the giant of fairy lore, sometimes awakens refreshed and hungry from a seven years' sleep. In this interval of inaction it was impossible for Tom to look back on the short life he had so quickly and completely degraded and feel no pang.

The heartburning, the anxiety, left their haggard marks upon his face. He grew thin, he became morose and melancholy. His world lost sight of him, but hidden in some corner of the crowded theater, driven there by a restless fascination, by the same resistless impulse which forces the murderer to feast his shrinking eyes upon his victim, he nightly watched the play that told him in every line he was a thief.

His nights were sleepless and filled with fears—intolerable links between morbid, feverish days. He drank heavily, trying to find in the flaming odors of brandy an assuagement for the ache in his heart.

This was Tom's life now. And across this waste, like a pale ray trembling from pure, open skies, came a longing, persistent as a thirst, to see Virginia.

He could not account for it. It was not that he fancied their friendship might be in any degree renewed, indeed he never seemed farther from her than at this period, never more undeserving of a glance from her eyes. But the desire was there, not forcible enough to send him seeking her, yet with him always. While fearing, half expecting to come face to face with Dawson, he was unconsciously looking for her on the streets, in shops and at the theater.

Two years had passed, and he had never chanced upon her. Such a thing could only be possible in a city like New York, where interests lie so widely apart and life rushes in great circles, one within another, never meeting. Virginia was scarcely a mile from him, yet not seeking each other they could not have been more separate had they lived in different towns. Bohemia and Chelsea square are antithetic—the one all fever, struggle, laughter, frailty, the other somnolent in an odor of sanctity, ruffled only by tremulous chimes as the days walk demurely on.

Yet, so strange is the affinity between thought and sequence, Tom felt scarcely any surprise when one night at the theater he lifted his languid eyes and saw Virginia in a lower box.

There she was as he had so often pictured her through these useless, feverish, fear haunted days. His sick soul raged with yearning, and in all the crowded, half lit house he only saw her face. He scarcely seemed to breathe. His eyes devoured her. The dear face! There was no other like it in the world.

The light was in her eyes, the red in her arching lips, the soft fire of expecting, exulting youth not one whit dimmed. It is only in books women show upon their faces when they have passed the first milestone on the path of pain.

Would she see him? He hardly knew whether he most longed for or dreaded her glance. How would she look if she knew the truth about the play she watched so earnestly? What would her eyes say then?

A coldness began to steal over him, a desire to shriek. His head was whirling. Was he going mad? This dull, inarticulate grief preying upon his heart—oh, if he could sign it away!

Saw Virginia in a lower box.

And all the while in the rosy gloom thrown upward by the footlights Virginia's face shone like a star. And all the while the old passion grew with the seconds, no longer single and pure, the ideal love of a man's youth, but a reckless, dominant craving for her, the fruit of past experience and present despair.

He remembered nothing more until he stood before her, their hands locked.

Oh, that moment!

He was dimly conscious of a strange man with Virginia and of an introduction to him, but he seemed an interminable distance away through a maddening red blur. The crowd, the music, too, had receded, and Virginia's upraised eyes, her warm, confiding palm, were the only realities.

What he said to her he never knew—something muttered, incoherent—words seemed of such little value then beside the longing to crush her to his sore heart.

Then for a moment he looked away, his eyes drawn upward as by a spell.

A cry wavered from his paling lips; he reeled backward and flung her hand from him. Above, among the sea of faces, was Felix Dawson's, the light from his eyes shooting through Tom's guilty heart like a vein of electricity. To his blinded, maddened senses the face seemed distorted by a terrible menace. His doom was written there.

In a moment he was fleeing from it, pushing through the waiting crowds in the aisles as a man breasts a sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

Virginia, at the door of the box, stood facing the crowd where Tom had disappeared. A shudder shook her from head to foot. She still seemed looking into a pair of tormented blue eyes alight with a shifting flame; the choked, broken accents of a familiar voice were in her ears.

And yet—oh, could it be?—was it really Tom who had stood there? That gaunt figure and sickly face, the dissolute eyes and coarsened mouth were like a travesty on the memory cherished so tenderly. The pity of it!

Her raised arm drooped against the curtain in the shadow, and she laid her face upon it, closing her eyes and letting the slow, heavy tears fall as they would.

A love born of long association is not an easy thing to kill. Virginia's died hard in that piteous moment, but it died surely. She scarcely knew it herself, so keen, so deep was the rush of compassion, almost maternal in its intensity, that took its place.

But gradually as the tears fell and the throes of the awakening continued she saw the truth. The passion that had held her to the past was like a wornout coil whose strands in the weak places she had persistently kept mended until Tom's own hand had cut it tonight, leaving in her grasp only a handful of worn-out shreds. The old feeling was like something done with and put away forever. Weak and morbid natures cling to a sentiment when the ideal that projected it is lost. A proud and virile heart leaps exultant, free.

But there was none of the triumph of freedom tempering the first acuteness of Virginia's awakening. She was thinking of Tom as she had first seen him years ago. He had stood on the steps of the chapel that April morning when the square was a glory of white clouds and young, rustling leaves. The stiff student cap threw a pointed shadow across his glowing eyes. His gown was pushed roughly back, one hand deep in his pocket as he laughed aloud and snapped his fingers at a little terrier rolling on the grass, mad in the caress of the sunlight.

The then and now! Ages had rolled between that moment and this one. Was there nothing to be done—no price she could pay, no sacrifice she could make—to give him back that innocence and know him again as he was that day?

"Virginia!"

"Virginia!"

There was a new significance in Richard Monklow's touch upon her arm, light as it was. She felt it in her blood. There was a sudden shyness in her glance. She drew back, a new recognition startling her, and looked intently at the bronzed face under the shorn white hair. How composed it was, how earnest and gentle!

"You know who that was," she said; "you've heard father revile him often enough." She paused, and again a biting mist swam across her sight. "Poor Tom! His bitterest enemy might pity him now."

"Perhaps you would like to follow him. Would you? If he lives alone, has no one to help him"——

"What do you mean?" And her burning hand was on his arm.

"He seemed to me on the verge of a collapse. I saw a sailor once whose face wore that look. He shot himself. If he hadn't, I think he would have gone mad."

She threw out her hands in a gesture of pain.

"Yes—come. We can get his address at the box office. If not, I know where the manager lives. Come. You will go with me, won't you?"

He made no answer in words, but gazing down into her questioning eyes a flood of fealty poured from his, a long, yearning, inspiring glance of passion that thrilled her to the core of her troubled soul.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DANGER IN WRITING.

Experts Say That Slanting Script Causes Disease.

The method of writing taught in modern schools and practiced by 99 people out of every 100 has been declared dangerous and unhealthful by experts. By the time the next generation matures it will probably have been wiped out. The script then will be vertical instead of slanting, and writers will sit square and upright before their work instead of sideways and stooped, as at present.

The idea of this prospective reform originated in Germany and overspreads England while reaching this country. The following resolution was adopted not long ago by the international congress of school hygiene in London by a vote of 229 against 1:

Whereas, The hygienic advantages of vertical writing have been clearly shown and established both by medical investigation and practical experience, and

Whereas, Its introduction obviates those pernicious positions of the body which entail rachitic diseases and myopia,

Resolved, That we recommend the introduction of vertical writing in the schools of the people.

The effect of so serious an action in a country esteeming proper physical conditions as England esteems them is readily to be imagined.

The corresponding movement in the United States is led by Dr. Burnham of Clark university. His investigations have brought the conviction that the ordinary position in writing is among the foremost conditions of school life and methods of training which must be changed in the interest of health. The vertical script, therefore, is strongly recommended. From 80 to 90 per cent of lateral curvature of the spine is found to be caused in school life, the curvature in a large per cent of these cases being toward the right side, as a result of a defective position in writing, and the eyes at the same time are seriously injured by this slanted writing.

The practical advance of the newly approved system in this country is illustrated in the Worcester normal school and the Workingmen's school at Fifty-fourth street in this city, directed by Professor Adler, where the vertical writing is used in the lower grades and now carried on to the fourth and fifth grades.

The observations of foreign physicians showing that the prevalence of myopia and spinal curvature is regularly increased in the advance through the school grades are supplemented in this country by work on novel lines. An energetic course followed by Dr. Shaw of the University of the City of New York has given additional proof that the cause of the difficulty is to be attributed to the desks which are generally in use, and more especially to the bad position in writing, the opinion being held with apparent unanimity by investigators in this country as well as abroad that all but two positions to be taken in the school practice of writing are improper. One judged to be correct is the oblique central position and the other the straight central position, between which in reference to final choice the controversy in Germany is said to be fierce.

The advocates of reform observe that the child writes vertically when he first goes to school, and that the teacher has to work for the slant. The vertical writing and the central position at the desk are alike naturally indicated. At this stage the controversy has led to the conclusion that the height of the desk and that of the seat must be equally adapted to the growth of the pupil. In some of the progressive schools, as Felix Adler's and at South Orange, N. J., adjustable seats are being used.

The point in Dr. Shaw's recent experiments, made with the aid of several assistants on more than 1,300 pupils in the New York and suburban schools, has been to see whether, with the paper directly in front of the pupil and with the eyes closed, there could be any tendency toward vertical writing. The pupils were first requested to take the customary position in writing, and to write in the ordinary manner the sentence, "John is flying his paper kite." This form of exercise was selected on account of the number of long letters which it contains, and as being one also that is easy for the child to remember. After having thus written the sentence, the pupil was directed to take the straight central position, dip his pen in the ink and with his eyes closed to write the same again.

The closing of the eyes was to eliminate from the child's mind the consciousness of the slant. The angle of slant in all the long letters in the test papers was carefully measured, the angle of slant in the usual writing in each case being also found with the same precision. The measurements and the calculations ran up to 3,600 items, and among other issues of the work was the invention by a lady of a machine for making the measurements.—New York Press.

Club Rule In New York.

I was somewhat shocked last week while sitting in the Knickerbocker club, where I was busily engaged in alternately gazing on those tiresome wall paper bouquets and garlands and in keeping up a desultory conversation with the only two men of my acquaintance left in town, to see a man whom we all knew nod to us as he passed the club window, although accompanied by his wife. This is certainly very bad form. A man should show more deference to his wife than to any other woman. Of course he knew better than to bow. One is supposed never to recognize a woman acquaintance from a club window. Otherwise we approved of him.—Vogue.

New Office Requisite.

Visitor—Why do you have that dog sitting on your writing desk?

Clerk—I have mislaid my sponge, so I am getting him to lick my postage stamps for me.—Sobrenesa.

Foretold His Own Death.

James Beckworth, the famous scout, who became a war chief under the name of Medicine Calf among the Crows, has related to a friend an extraordinary feat of levitation, which a great war chief of the Crow Indians performed in his presence on the eve of leading his warriors to battle. The chief was an aged man and professed to have a premonition of death. For many moons he had led the Crows successfully against their hereditary foes, the Blackfeet. It was not his heart that failed him now, but his medicine had lost its potency.

In the dusk of the gray morning he led his braves out on an open prairie, and, setting his shield on edge some fifteen or twenty feet in front of them, pointed to it with his lance. As the eyes of the fighting men rested upon the embossed surface of the buckler it appeared to rise slowly from the ground until it reached a height corresponding to the head of the chief; it then, by the same invisible means, passed through the air until it obscured his face and hid it from his warriors. A thrill of horror pervaded the assemblage, but no word was spoken. It was taken as an emblem of his approaching eclipse, his banishment from this world, his journey to the land of the Great Spirit, to which all Indians, good and bad, alike, went with unhesitating faith. The great chief was killed that morning.—*North American Review.*

Tobacco Knocks out Cholera.

From investigations at Greenwich it appears that the cholera bacillus does not like smoke. It shares the feelings of the tribe of cannibals who petitioned an evangelical society to send them missionaries who were members of the anti-tobacco society. The authorities at the work-house where cholera recently broke out, discovered that male inmates who had been great smokers, or who had been in the habit of chewing tobacco, passed unscathed through the epidemic. Nearly every man was or had been a smoker, and the statistics show that only eighty-three males were attacked as compared with 160 females. It was found that when a man was seized with the disease it took a very mild form. Several old Irishwomen in the work-house who smoked before their admission and now, when they could manage it, had all escaped. Not one of them had been attacked.—*London Telegraph.*

Horrible Persian Punishment.

The punishment of the boat was common in ancient Persia. The offender was placed between two boats, his head projecting from a hole cut in the end of one of the skiffs. The boat was tied in such a position that the sun shone in his face all day long.

He was fed with honey and milk poured into his mouth and over his face, the mixture attracting myriads of flies. Mithridates was subjected to this awful torture and lived for eighteen days.

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The Development of Pants.

While there have been many changes in the styles of coats and waistcoats, trousers have come down to the present not greatly changed. Diodorus Siculus says of the Belzic Gauls that "they wore close trousers, which they called braccae." The Roman invasion brought bare legs to Britain, and the braccae of the Gauls were discarded for the new order of things. When the Romans took leave and were succeeded by the Saxon, the braccae was compromised by a style of short drawers reaching half way down the thigh and stockings coming up to meet them. The drawers were called breech or hose.

The time of Elizabeth saw the covering of a man's leg develop into a conspicuous part of the attire of a gentleman. The cavaliers wore what were termed the petticoat breeches, and knee breeches followed the absurd petticoat pattern. Trousers for infantry were introduced into the British army Sept. 12, 1812, while cues and pigtails disappeared by general order July 20, 1808.—Washington Star.

A Queer Idea of Enjoyment.

I know, or rather I used to know, a village in Devonshire in which every able bodied man used to subscribe regularly to a common fund. It was an ancient custom and possibly still survives. To what purpose do you suppose that fund was applied? To making every subscriber—that is, every ablebodied man in the place—drunk, dead drunk, I fancy, but certainly drunk, on cider, on certain appointed high days and holidays. Talk of the temptation which a great city offers to a countryman to fall into drinking habits? What singular notions some folks seem to have!—All the Year Round.

The Color of Electricity.

At a meeting of the British Meteorological society at London, Shelford Bidwell made a remarkable experiment, showing the effects of electricity upon steam. It is a well known fact that the shadow of a jet of steam cast upon any white background under ordinary circumstances is of feeble intensity and of a neutral tint. But, however, if the jet be given a discharge of electricity just at the moment when it comes in contact with the air, the density of the shadow is amazingly increased as a result of condensation, and it assumes a peculiar orange brown hue with lines and waves merging into inky blackness.

Mr. Bidwell, the only person to my knowledge who has ever made these experiments scientifically, suggests that the electricity promotes a coalescence of the exceedingly minute particles of water contained in the jet of steam, thus forming drops large enough to obstruct the more refrangible rays of light, but why the color of the shadow should change from neutral to shades of at least three well defined colors he does not attempt to explain. From one of his late articles I gather ideas which point to the intense blackness of thunderclouds being due to similar causes.—St. Louis Republic.

Seventy-Five Convulsions---A Thrilling Experience.

There is no one but at some period in life has an experiende that stands out prominently beyond all others. Such is the case of John B. Collins, of Romeo, Michigan, who says: "From September to January, before using Nervine, I had at least seventy-five convulsions. After three months' use I have no mooe attacks." Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine also cures nervous prostration, headache, poor memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia etc., and builds up the body. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., and J. R. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds of flesh by taking it. Sold by Rogers Bros. on a guarantee. Get the Doctor's book, free.

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JAPAN PI[illegible] CU[illegible]

HAVE YOU TRIED DRUGS AND FAILED TO FIND A CURE?

Thousands of Cures by our Belts are persons who have done so.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT WITH NEW ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY.

The Crowning Triumph in Medico-Electrical Science. It cures all diseases curable by Electricity. It is a complete battery, as used by most physicians, made into a Belt, so easily worn during work, or at rest. A soothing, prolonged currents, which are carried to any part of the body where pain, and will give instant relief, as it permeates the entire system with a glowing heat, rejuvenating every weak or part of the body.

More Belts Made and Sold and More Sufferers Cured than by all other Electric Belts combined.

WEAK MEN

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood, Drains, Losses, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, or general ill health, resulting from over-taxed nerve force, abuses, excesses, worry or exposure, will find a speedy and permanent cure in this marvelous invention, which requires but a trial to convince the most skeptical. In your ignorance of effects or by excess, you may have unduly drained your system of nerve force and vitality—and thus caused your weakness or lack of force. If you replace into your system the elements thus drained, which are required for vigorous strength, you will remove the cause and health, strength and vigor will follow at once and in a natural way. This is our plan and method.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is no experiment, as we have restored to robust health and vigor, after all other treatments failed, as can be shown by hundreds of cases throughout this State, who would gladly testify, and from many of whom we have strong letters bearing testimony to their recovery after using our Belt.

Our 200 page book "Three Classes of Men," should be read by every young, middle-aged and old man, sent sealed, free. It explains our plan of cure, gives testimonials from people in all stations in life and from all parts of the country, many in New York City, whom we have cured, thus showing our marvelous work. Do not delay writing for it. It will cost you nothing, and may be the means of restoring life and health.

The Greatest Boon on Earth is Health and Vigorous Strength. It brings wealth, happiness and fruitful [illegible]

READ WHAT GENTLEMEN WRITE US—YOU MAY WRITE TO THEM—SEE BELOW.

GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.

San Francisco, Cal., August 14, 1892. Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—Before I used your belt I was troubled with lost vigor, vital weakness, and almost a complete loss of power. I would go up with a very tired feeling, bones aching, etc.; since using your belt I have had a new lease of life. I now enjoy life better than I have for ten years past. I have the utmost confidence in your treatment. You can publish this statement, also have others write or call on me. Truly yours, H. A. BOWEN, 26 and 28 Turk Street.

RHEUMATISM AND LAMENESS CURED.

Portland, Oregon, April 18 1892. Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—I got one of your belts two weeks ago for rheumatism, from which I suffered for several years. For the past six months I had not been able to work. Your belt has placed me in almost perfect health in the two weeks I have used it. I can walk comfortably, and feel like a new man generally. M. E. HUGHES, Proprietor International Hotel.

NERVOUS DEBILITY AND LOSS OF VIGOR CURED.

Tacoma Wash., October 24, 1892. Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—I have been using your Electric belt for general nervous debility, and to-day feel better than I have for five years. I have gained in vigor daily, and am strong in every part. Yours gratefully, CHAS. LUETKE.

LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM CURED.

Portland, Oregon, Sept. [illegible] Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—Years of exposure and hard work, [illegible] the strain coming from the jar of an engine, gave me a severe case [illegible] from which I suffered for seven years. My kidneys were so bad that I could not [illegible] Was all doubled up with it. I bought one of your belts. It helped me in two days, and I continued to wear it for four months, being perfectly [illegible] two years ago, and I am as well to-day as I ever was in my life. [illegible] belt well and I know lots of people who have been cured by it. Make [illegible] it, and if they would try it they would find it the same as I did—a [illegible] in the world. I am located here permanently, and will be glad to [illegible] one who wants to inquire about it. ROBERT BURKE, Engineer [illegible]

LOST VITALITY AND STRENGTH CURED.

Everett, Wash., [illegible] Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir—Since wearing your belt I have been [illegible] gified. I feel my old energy fast returning, and am a month's [illegible] find myself twice as vigorous as before. No manhood is not dear [illegible] each day shows for the better. I feel much stronger than before [illegible] Yours truly, REN[illegible]

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt with Improved Electric Suspensory is the greatest boon ever given to [illegible] and we warrant it to cure any of the above weaknesses, and to enlarge shrunken limbs or parts, or Money Refunded. They [illegible] the strength to meet all stages of weakness in young, middle-aged or old men, and will cure the worst cases in two or three months. [illegible] our book at once, sent sealed, free. Address:

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