

**FREE TO YOU-MY SISTER** Free to You and Every Sister Saving from Woman's Aliments.



I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's aliments, who sends me \$1.00. I will mail this cure to you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. This can easily be done by anyone. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for the following: Whitehead's Disease, Headaches, Headaches & Falling of the Head, Proctitis, Scrotal or Pustular Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also piles in the head, neck, bowels, bearing down from the sacrum, crooked back, curvature of the spine, maniacal desire to cry, hot flashes, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by the ovaries.

I want to send you a complete ten day's treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. If you would like to receive it, it will cost you only about 15 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment. Write to Dr. R. V. PIERCE, MEDICAL ADVISER, with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and should be able to use it. It is a safe and sure cure for yourself. These words have been written for you by a member of the Board of Directors. I will explain a simple home treatment which specially and effectively cures Leucorrhea, Green Bacteria and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Pregnancy and health always results from the use of our localities who know and will gladly tell you where to get it. This treatment really cures all women's diseases, and makes women well, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten day's treatment is yours.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H

South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

## PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play  
... By ...  
**JOHN W. HARDING**

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### CHAPTER XIII.

**R**EMORSE may be the least active of all the moral senses. Still, there is no heart absolutely without it. No sooner had his wife passed from his view than it became active in Brooks, having been fired by the flicker of shame that the full realization of his villainy had provoked as he took down the receiver of the telephone to call Captain Williams.

In forcing Emma to deliver herself into the hands of his employer he had not actually believed that it would be necessary for her to make the supreme sacrifice. "You can handle him all right," he had told her. "You know how far you can let a man go—all women know that." But he had been willing to take the chance that this sacrifice would be exacted, and, knowing only too well the brutal sensuousness of Williams, his notorious depravity and that he had cast what he had taken to be longing eyes on Emma, he now had no doubt whatever that it would be. The captain was not the man to give anything for nothing, to part with money without receiving full value. With his great physical strength and his will that overbore and wore down all opposition, how would the gentle, submissive nature of Emma be able to hold out against him? Reduced to helplessness by his all dominating power, with the alternative of compliance or ruin held out to her, she would have to submit.

Brooks pictured the scene as though it were being enacted before him, and he went hot and cold, and a sweat of agony broke out all over him. "No, no, no!"

He uttered aloud the protest wrung from his writhing soul by his half resuscitated manhood. He clutched his throat, struck himself in the mouth with such violence that his teeth cut his underlip and the blood dyed his chin, seized his hat and dashed wildly for the door. Fear met him there and held up a restraining finger.

Downstairs were the three central office detectives. On the morrow, in a few hours, at the office where he had worked for five years, these men, at the behest of his employer, would place their hands on his arms, and he would be under arrest. He saw himself being led out, handcuffed, under the mocking eyes of his fellow clerks and the customers.

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