

COMING

DR. W. TUCKER, M.D.
Indiana's Leading Specialist
in Chronic and Private
Diseases of Men and
Women.

PRESIDENT
Fort Wayne
Sanitorium
221 W. Wayne St.
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Will Be At The

Murray Hotel
Monday, April 16
and Every Four Weeks Thereafter.

Sixteen Years
of Success.

More Genuine Medical Diplomas Than Any Other
Specialist in the States.

Absolute Cures.

Never Disappoint My Patients, I
Fulfill Every Promise and Never
Hold Out False Reports.

TREAT SUCCESSFULLY

Stomach, Bronchitis, Lung Trouble,
Diseases, Headaches, Deafness,
Neuritis, Rheumatism, Paralysis,
Heart Disease, Cancer, Tumors, Goiter,
Rupture, Epilepsy, Appendicitis,
Constipation, Piles, Fistula,
Skin Disease, Eczema, Hydrocele,
Uricocle, Lost Vitality, Weak
Nerves, Blood Poison, Liquor Habit,
Gam Habit, Bladder Trouble, Kidney
Trouble, Ssomach and Liver
Trouble.

WOMEN troubled with irregular,
suppressed or painful menstruation,
nausea, leucorrhoea, displacement
or ulceration of the womb, that bear-
down feeling, inflammation of
the ovaries, backache, bloating, [flatu-
ous] general debility, indigestion
or vertigo, prostration, or are beset
with such symptoms as dizziness,
nausea, lassitude, excitability, irri-
tability, nervousness, sleeplessness,
melancholy, hot flashes and tired,
run-out feeling, should call and I
will explain my home treatment to
you.

Guarantee to Cure in the
Shortest Possible Time.

BLOOD POISON.

My treatment for this terrible dis-
ease is known to the Medical Sci-
ence. I have yet to find the rare that
will yield to my treatment. The
disease rapidly disappears and a cure
is certain in every case.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Are you suffering from that pecu-
liar weakness that makes life a bore?
I treat and cure thousands of cases
every year. The nerves are strength-
ened, every portion of the body made
stronger, and perfect health and
strength result from my treatment.

VARICOCELE.

Any sufferer from this disease knows
the terrible effects upon the mind and
body. Unless cured it results in
a special weakness. I cure vari-
cocele speedily and without opera-
tion.

STRICTURE

usually accompanied by some oth-
er trouble such as inflammation of
the prostate gland, kidney or bladder
trouble. My treatment is a true spe-
cialty and quickly removes every ves-
tige of the trouble, leaving the por-
tions with normal strength.

KIDNEY, BLADDER AND PRO-
STATE DISEASES.

I cure all irritation, frequent de-
sires, stoppage, pain in the back, brick
sediments, scanty flow and ca-
stical conditions. If you are trou-
bled, you should consult me at once,
because Bright's Disease may de-
velop, unless you receive the atten-
tion of a skilled specialist.

PILES AND FISTULA.

I cure without the knife, cauterization. No pain or detention from
business. My treatment is guaran-
teed to cure the most severe cases.

REMEMBER, DR. TUCKER

Will cure you at your home in the
shortest time possible. His treatment

will bring back your old time vigor

and make you yourself again. If you
are suffering from any chronic or pri-
vate disease, come and consult him
and find out just what is the
matter. If your case is curable, he
will cure you. If not he will honestly
tell you so. He has cured hundred

of skilled specialists.

He is the happiest of whom the
world says least, good or bad.—Jeff-
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THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

IT GLEAMS LIKE A DIAMOND ON THE
BREAST OF THE SEA.

The Beauties of Cowes, the Fashion-
able English Resort, Where Not-
ing Ever Gets Dirty—What One Ma-
See on the Historic Island.

The Isle of Wight is shaped like a
diamond, and like a diamond it gleams
and flashes on the breast of the sea.
Like a diamond, too, it is the luxury of
the rich.

As your steamer approaches the road
stead of Cowes you might well suppose
the little town to be a fashionable ham-
let far inland on the bank of a river.
The esplanade looks as near to the
water as a towpath, and the green
woods that rise behind the white
houses are as thickly bunched and as
brightly verdant as the unsalted trees
of Pangbourne. The coarse beamed
dark sailed smack of the sea fisherman
is a rare sight on those social waters.
Everywhere you behold among hovering
gulls and rocking buoys the craft
of pleasure and the shipping of day-
light. White yachts, with sails as
white as summer clouds, ride there
with the grace of swans, and white
steam yachts, with brasswork flash-
ing blindly in the sun, rest royally at
anchor off that little shore.

Nothing ever gets dirty at Cowes.
The tamarisk which lifts its fine feath-
ers above walls at the sea's edge is as
clean as the sails of the yachts. The
roads of red gravel make neither mud
nor dust and lie as smoothly as gar-
den paths. The Virginia creepers
which swarm up the pillars of white
houses, overspread the tiers of ba-
conies and almost cover the dark tiles
of the roofs, are every whit as
green and every tittle as radiant as
the shaven lawns beside the esplanade.

Flowers there are at every point of
view—red geraniums, golden cal-
lops, blue lobellas, crimson hyssop, ched-
dar pinks, roses of every hue and ferns
of every form—growing in neat flower
beds, lifting their bright colors above
garden walls and swaying gently in
baskets hung from balcony and sill.

The windows of the shops are as
polished as a lady's mirror and shine
in the sun. Prosperity waits behind
those counters of plenty and puts itself
completely and genially at the com-
mand of the wealthy. The butcher and
the greengrocer announce to the pass-
erby that French and German are
spoken in their establishments. The
yacht of the most necessitous million-
aire can obtain in those narrow, clean
streets all that she desires. Royal war-
rants, as big almost as the shops them-
selves, gleam over shop fronts, and artis-
tic signboards obtrude from the
smart little doorways. The shine of the
sweet windows is a magic induce-
ment to buy.

On the esplanade, where is a tall
white flagstaff at every few paces, and
waiting at the little granite stairs,
washed by green waters, you meet no
burly and rough clad fishermen, but
only the white capped, blue jerseyed
hands from the crews of yachts in the
roadstead. Fresh faced, well groomed
girls walk there with indulgent papas,
and jolly schoolboys in dandies, carrying
paper bags of green gooseberries
and red cherries, stroll down to the
dingey at the stars, munching as they
go. There is no haste and no exertion
at Cowes. At half past 12 on a lovely
morning I heard in my hotel the voice
of the manageress giving an order to
one of the maids. "Her ladyship says,"
she cried, "that she must have a hip
bath in her room immediately, or else
she won't be down for luncheon."

Foolish and lazy little ladyship to

be on such a good morning so far
a place as this diamond of the sea!

For it is not only the esplanade,
the bright shops and the pleasure of a
saunter to Egypt which are

within the reach of the visitor to

Cowes. The whole Wight is within a
drive of the Medina. You must go to

Newport, and, paying the tax which

was demanded of me, not requested,

for entering the church, you may see

the lovely memorial which Queen Vic-

toria set there to the poor little Prin-
cess Elizabeth, who died of a broken

heart beside an open Bible for love of

Charles I. You may also go to Car-
lyle-brooke and enter the splendid castle

where that poor little princess died

and where her unhappy father was

imprisoned. You may see the donkey

Jacob summoned by a word from grass

nibbling under fig trees to enter the

big wheel of the well and draw up nine

gallons of water from the invisible

spring at which those royal prisoners

quenched their thirst. But you, if wise,

will quench your thirst with tea under

the spreading trees of the Eight Bells'

pleasure gardens in the village below,

listening there to the comments of en-

thusiastic Americans and watching

the elderly gentlemen playing bowls

on a smooth lawn, as King Charles

played that ancient game in the castle

on the hill.—London Mail.

A Crozier In a Fight.

Formerly the archbishops of York
had the privilege of claiming two casks
of wine from every vessel of twenty
tons burden entering the river Hull.

The merchants of the port came to

view this claim as an oppressive tax,

and by unloading their ships in the

Humber evaded the officers employed

to collect these obnoxious dues. Find-

ing his revenue diminishing, Archbish-
op Neville, in 1378, determined to as-

sert his rights and proceeded to Hull

with his attendants to enforce them.

The mayor of Hull, Sir Thomas de

Waitham, with his two bailiffs and a

large number of citizens, met the ecclasi-
stics, and from hot words the two

parties came to blows, when the may-
or snatched from the archbishop his

crozier and used it so vigorously in

the free fight which followed that it

was broken into several pieces.

SYSTEMS OF WRITING.

The Famous Method Known as the
Boustrophedon.

About the year 450 B. C. the Ionians
first introduced the system of writing
from left to right. Previous to that
time all scribes and penmen in general
had been in the habit of beginning the
line on the right hand side of the page
and running it toward the left. The
introduction of the left to right mode
of writing caused considerable confu-
sion for a time, and from the mixed
systems which prevailed during the fol-
lowing century sprang the famed method
known as the boustrophedon. Those
who used the system last mentioned
would begin a line at the left margin
of their parchments and run it through
to the opposite margin and then drop
a space below and run back to the op-
posite edge of the sheet again. In other
words, the boustrophedon mode of
writing was a system in which the lines
ran alternately from left to right and
from right to left. This system did not
entirely disappear until about the time of
Christ. The ancient Hebrew and Greek
languages were written from right to left,
but the boustrophedon mode of writing
was a system in which the lines
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