KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH" "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" ETC. ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. He goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army. The plainsman and Neb escape from the cell, and later the two fugitives become lost in the sand desert.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wilderness Cabin.

The light was considerably farther away than they had at first supposed, and as they advanced steadily toward it, the nature of the ground rapidly changed, becoming irregular, and littered with low growing shrubs. In the darkness they stumbled over outcroppings of rock, and after a fall or two, were compelled to move forward with extreme caution. But the mysterious yellow glow continually beckoned, and with new hope animating the hearts of both men, they staggered on, nerving themselves to the effort, and following closely along the bank of the stream.

At last they arrived where they could perceive dimly something of the nature of this unexpected desert oasis.

The light shone forth, piercing the night, through the uncurtained window of a log cabin, which would otherwise have been completely concealed from view by a group of low growing cottonwoods. This was all the black, enshrouding night revealed, and even this was merely made apparent by the yellow illumination of the window. The cabin stood upon an island, a strip of sand, partially covered by water, separating it from the north shore on which they stood. There was no sign of life about the hut, other than the burning lamp, but that alone was sufficient evidence of occupancy. In spite of hunger, and urgent need, Keith hesitated, uncertain as to what they might be called upon to face. Who could be living in this out-of-the-way spot, in the heart of this inhospitable desert? It would be no cattle outpost surely, for there was no surrounding grazing land, while surely no professional hunter would choose such a barren spot for headquarters. Either a hermit, anxious to escape all intercourse with humanity, or some outlaw hiding from arrest, would be likely to select so isolated a place in which to live. To them it would be ideal. Away from all trails, where not even widely roving cattlemen would penetrate, in midst of a desert avoided by Indians because of lack of game—a man might hide here year after year without danger of discovery. Yet such a one would not be likely to welcome their coming, and they were without arms. But Keith was not a man to hesitate long because of possible danger, and he stepped down into the shallow water.

"Come on, Neb," he commanded, "and we'll find out who lives here."

The window faced the west, and he came up the low bank to where the door fronted the north in intense darkness. Under the shadow of the cottonwoods he could see nothing, groping his way, with hands extended. His foot struck a flat stone, and he plunged forward, striking the unlatched door so heavily as to swing it open, and fell partially forward into the room. As he struggled to his knees, Neb's black face peering past him into the lighted interior, he seemed to perceive in one swift, comprehensive glance, every revealed detail. A lamp burned on a rudely constructed set of drawers near the window, and a wood fire blazed redly in a stone fireplace opposite, the yellow and red lights blending in a peculiar glow of color. Under this radiance were revealed the rough log walls plastered with yellow clay, and hung about with the skins of wild animals, a roughly made table, bare except for a book lying upon it, and a few ordinary appearing boxes, evidently utilized as seats, together with a barrel cut so as to make a comfortable chair. In the back wall was a door, partially open, apparently leading into a second room. That was all, except the woman.

Keith must have perceived all these in that first hurried glance, for they were ever after closely associated together in his mind, yet at the moment he possessed no clear thought of anything except her. She stood directly behind the table, where she must have sprung hastily at the first sound of their approach, clutching at the rude mantel above the fireplace, and staring toward him, her face white, her breath coming in sobs. At first he thought the vision a dream, a delirium born from his long struggle; he could not conceive the possibility of such a presence in this lonely place, and staggering to his feet, gazed widly, dumbly at the slender, gray clad figure, the almost girlish face under the shadowing dark hair, expecting the marvellous vision to vanish. Surely this could not be real! A woman, and such a woman as this here, and alone, of all places! He staggered from weakness, almost terror, and grasped the table to hold himself erect. The rising wind came swirling in through the open door, causing the fire to send forth spirals of smoke, and he turned, dragging the dazed negro within, and snapping the latch behind him. When he glanced around again he fully believed the vision confronting him would have vanished. But no! there she yet remained, those wide-open,

"I—I Accept Any Terms You Desire."

frightened brown eyes, with long lashes half hiding their depths, looking directly into his own; only now she had slightly changed her posture, leaning toward him across the table. Like a flash he comprehended that this was reality—flesh and blood—and, with the swift instinct of a gentleman, his numbed, nerveless fingers jerked off his hat, and he bowed bareheaded before her.

"Pardon me," he said, finding his voice with difficulty. "I fell over the step, but—but I didn't expect to find a woman here."

He heard her quick breathing, marked a slight change in the expression of the dark eyes, and caught the glitter of the firelight on a revolver in her lowered hand.

"What did you expect to find?"

"I hardly knew," he explained lamely; "we stumbled on this hut by accident. I didn't know there was a cabin in all this valley."

"Then you are not here for any purpose? to meet with any one?"

"No; we were lost, and had gone into camp up above, when we discovered your light."

"Where do you come from?"

Keith hesitated just an instant, yet falsehood was never easy for him, and he saw no occasion for any deceit now.

"Carson City."

"What brought you here?"

"We started for the 'Bar X' ranch down below, on the Canadian; got caught in a sand-storm, and then just drifted. I do not know within twenty miles of where we are."

She drew a deep breath of uncomcealed relief.

"Are you alone?"

"The negro and I—yes; and you haven't the slightest reason to be afraid of us—we're square."

She looked at him searchingly, and something in Keith's clean-cut face seemed to bring reassurance, confidence in the man.

"I am not afraid," she answered, coming toward him around the short table. "Only it is so lonely here, and you startled me, bursting in without warning. But you look all right, and I am going to believe your story. What is your name?"

"Keith—Jack Keith."

"A cowman?"

"A little of everything, I reckon," a touch of returning bitterness in the tone. "A plainsman, who has punched cattle, but my last job was government scout."

"You look as though you might be more than that," she said slowly.

The man flushed, his lips pressing tightly together.

"Well, I—I may have been," he confessed unwillingly. "I started out all right, but somehow I reckon I just went adrift. It's a habit in this country."

Apparently those first words of comment had left her lips unthinkingly, for she made no attempt to reply; merely stood there directly facing him, her clear eyes gazing frankly into his own. He seemed to actually see her now for the first time, fairly—a supple, slender figure, simply dressed, with wonderfully expressive brown eyes, a perfect wealth of dark hair, a clear complexion with slight olive tinge to it, a strong, intelligent face, not strictly beautiful, yet strangely attractive, the forehead low and broad, the nose straight, the lips full and inclined to smile. Suddenly a vague remembrance brought recognition.

"Why, I know you now."

"Indeed!" the single word a note of undisguished surprise.

"Yes; I thought you looked oddly familiar all the time, but couldn't for the life of me connect up. You're Christie Maclaire."

"Am I?" her eyes filled with curiosity.

"Of course you are. You needn't be afraid of me if you want it kept secret, but I know you just the same. Saw you at the 'Gaiety' in Independence, maybe two months ago. I went three times, mostly on your account. You've got a great act, and you can sing too."

She stood in silence, still looking fixedly at him, her bosom rising and falling, her lips parted as if to speak. Apparently she did not know what to do, how to act, and was thinking swiftly.

"Mr. Keith," she said, at last in decision, "I am going to ask you to blot that all out—to forget that you even suspect me of being Christie Maclaire, of the Gaiety."

"Why, certainly; but would you explain?"

"There is little enough to explain. It is sufficient that I am here alone with you. Whether I wish to or not, I am compelled to trust myself to your protection. You may call me Christie Maclaire, or anything else you please; you may even think me unworthy respect, but you possess the face of a gentleman, and as such I am going to trust you—I must trust you. Will you accept my confidence on these terms?"

Keith did not smile, nor move. Weak from hunger and fatigue, he leaned wearily against the wall. Nevertheless that simple, womanly appeal awoke all that was strong and sacrificing within him, although her words were so unexpected that, for the moment he failed to realize their full purport. Finally he straightened up.

"I—I accept any terms you desire," he gasped weakly, "if—if you will only give one return."

"One return?—what?"

"Food; we have eaten nothing for sixty hours."

Her face, which had been so white, flushed to the hair, her dark eyes softening.

"Why, of course; sit down. I ought to have known from your face. There is plenty here—such as it is—only you must wait a moment."

CHAPTER IX.

The Girl of the Cabin.

He saw Neb drop down before the blazing fireplace, and curl up like a tired dog, and observed her take the lamp, open the door into the other room a trifle, and slip silently out of sight. He remembered staring vaguely about the little room, still illumined by the flames, only half comprehending, and then the reaction from his desperate struggle with the elements overcame all resolution, and he dropped his head forward on the table, and lost consciousness. Her hand upon his shoulder aroused him, startled into wakefulness, yet he scarcely realized the situation.

"I have placed food for the negro beside him," she said quietly, and for the first time Keith detected the soft blur in her speech.

"You are from the South!" he exclaimed, as though it was a discovery.

"Yes—and you?"

"My boyhood began in Virginia—the negro was an old-time slave in our family."

She glanced across at the black, now sitting up and eating voraciously.

"I thought he had once been a slave; one can easily tell that. I did not ask him to sit here because, if you do not object, we will eat here together. I have also been almost as long without food. It was so lonely here, and—and I hardly understood my situation—and I simply could not force myself to eat."

He distinguished her words clearly enough, although she spoke low, as if she preferred what was said between them should not reach the ears of the negro, yet somehow, for the moment, they made no adequate impression on him. Like a famished wolf he began on the coarse fare, and for ten minutes hardly lifted his head. Then his eyes chanced to meet hers across the narrow table, and instantly the gentleman reawoke to life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Establishing a Reputation.

"If I knew how to go about it, I would have every dog in my store tried before a judge and jury for assault and battery," said the animal dealer. "Unless he was convicted and executed I could get about three prices for him.

"Every time a dog is haled to court on the charge of having bitten somebody I attend the trial and take part in the reception the beast holds after his acquittal. A dog that has enough class about him to precipitate a lawsuit couldn't be bought for love or money, but if his master wished to sell him he could do so a dozen times over before leaving the courtroom.

"Even if it has been proved that the dog does show his teeth once in a while there are people willing to take chances just for the sake of owning a dog that has so much character. Selling dogs being in my line, I have studied up a good many ways to advertise, but trial by jury is the best way so far discovered."

The Lily Eaters.

"This beautiful spring weather," said James Wilson, the secretary of agriculture, at a luncheon in Washington, "sends one, in thought at least, back to the farm."

Mr. Wilson smiled.

"I heard of a farm the other day," he said, "to which a certain congressman sent a gift of rare lily bulbs from the department. The farmer's wife acknowledged the gift thus:

"Dear Sir—Thank you so much for the particularly fine onions, which were greatly enjoyed with last evening's steak."

Criminal Instinct.

Crimes lead into one another. They who are capable of being forgers are capable of being incendiaries.—Burke.

Why Odd Wore Overcoat

Day Was Warm, but Fashion Mentor's Trousers Hadn't Been Pressed for Two Days.

Delos Odd is a clerk in the office of a broker. Now, Delos has been pronounced by a certain authority as the man's fashion mentor of the town. Some time ago the broker had a rush order to fill in the sale of some bonds. The wasting of a few minutes might mean that the sale would fall through and that the broker lose a fat commission.

"Delos, run to the bank and get those bonds. Be quick," the boss ordered.

The bank was less than a half block away. The weather was quite warm. With deliberation Delos slipped on his coat and then his overcoat and went out. In a few minutes he returned with the bonds. The sale was made and the customer left.

"Now, will you kindly tell me, Mr. Odd," the broker asked, after a preliminary sputter or two, "just why you stopped to put on your overcoat to go such a short distance, and especially when the weather is so warm?"

Odd's face showed surprise that such a question should ever be asked.

"Why, sir," he said, with a patronizing smile, "didn't you notice that my trousers hadn't been pressed for two days?"

Early School Books.

The horn book invented in 1450 and used considerably up to the close of the eighteenth century was the usual textbook of the elementary school. A thin slab of hard wood was covered with parchment, on which was printed the capital and small letters, numerals and some elementary syllables and words.

Over this a thin sheet of transparent cow's horn was placed and firmly bound so that no moisture could penetrate. To this the Bible and the sampler on which little girls painfully stitched the letters of the alphabet, some "Godly saying" and a border of herring stitch, or some conventional pattern of impossible flowers and foliage and the legend "Mary Smith, her sampler," or the like, were about all that the children used up to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Up in Maine.

Haskins was speeding merrily over the Maine road when Hippleigh, his guest, noticed that a smaller car was following in their train.

"That car has been trailing us all morning," he said.

"Yes," said Haskins. "It is my extra car. I have it back there to catch me when I come down when one of these Maine road cobble. hurls me up into the air. We save time and many a hard bump by having it there."—Harper's Weekly.

Snake-Killing Birds

In South Africa is to be found the champion snake killer of the bird family. It is known as the secretary-bird.

The name seems an odd one, but the bird received its name from a crest or tuft of plumage rising from the back of its head, which reminds one of a secretary or bookkeeper with a bunch of quills stuck behind his ear.

As a rule it attacks smaller snakes in preference to the very powerful ones, and in doing so uses every precaution against contact with the poisonous fangs or strong cells. It does not attack its prey suddenly, but, after walking round the spot occupied by the reptile, suddenly spreads its wings and gives the reptile a sudden but sharp blow or the head with its very hard and sharp talons. This is done so quickly that the reptile has no chance to resist.—Harper's Weekly.

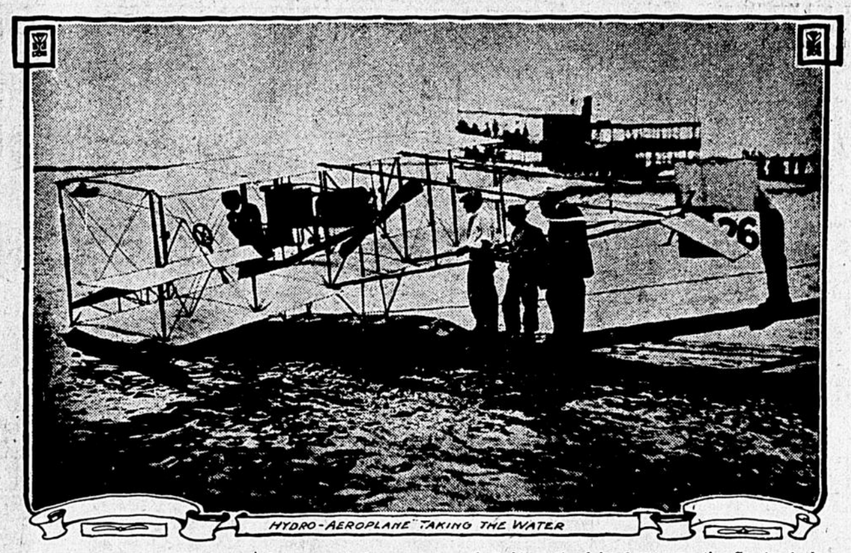
The Model.

"I'd gladly lend you ten dollars, Jones," said Marrowby, "but really I'm busted. We've just moved out into the country and I've had to buy a machine."

"Really? Runabout or touring-car?" asked Jones.

"Neither," said Marrowby. "Mowing."—Harper's Weekly.

NOVELTY OF THE CHICAGO AVIATION MEET.



HYDRO-AEROPLANE TAKING THE WATER

CHICAGO.—The real novelty of the great aviation meet recently held on the lake front was the Curtiss hydro-aeroplane, operated by Hugh A. Robinson. The machine travels in the air or on the water with almost equal facility. When St. Croix Johnstone fell to his death in the lake, Mr. Robinson in the hydro-aeroplane, reached the wreck within half a minute and could have rescued the unfortunate aviator had he come to the surface.

BRIDE IN DISTRESS

Wanted to Go to Coney Island, but Boarded Albany Boat.

Sympathetic Hudson River Tugboat Captain Took Her Off and Returned Her to "Bridegroom of Few Weeks."

New York.—A woman who described herself as Mrs. J. J. Day of 317 West Ninety-third street intended to go to Coney island, but didn't go. Instead she would have arrived at Albany, but for the act of a tugboat captain, who took her off the Frank Jones, a Hudson river steamboat, somewhere in the neighborhood of Tarrytown, and returned her safe and sound to what she described as her "waiting husband" and "bridegroom of a few weeks." The real Mrs. Day denied that she had figured in the transfer, and intimated that the woman was a girl friend, who is her guest.

The woman wanted to go aboard one of the Iron Steamboat company's vessels, but failed to realize she was a passenger on board the Frank Jones until Yonkers hove in sight. Then she declared that "hubby" would sit up all night looking for his "bride" in vain and wept very bitterly. Captain Loucks was sympathetic but firm. Signals of distress from the whistle of the Frank Jones brought the Albany, another Hudson river steamboat, alongside in jig time.

"What's the matter? Riot?" asked Captain Post, anxiously leaning over the rail of the Albany.

"No; a bride," replied Captain Loucks through his megaphone. "Thought we were a blooming Coney island tripper and is afraid hubby will miss her when she's gone."

"Too bad," floated the response across the water; "we are all out of smelling salts. Is there anything else I can do?"

"Why, yes," responded the skipper of the Frank Jones. "If you think of it you might telephone to J. J. Day, at 317 West Ninety-third street, that his wife is taking an unexpected run up to Albany and won't be back till tomorrow."

At this critical stage Captain Ulster Davis, who was a board the Frank Jones, saw a towboat belonging to the Cornell Towing line, of which he is superintendent. Snatching the megaphone he hailed the tugboat and ordered it alongside. The woman amid cheers and congratulations, was placed on board the tug and returned to Manhattan.

When Mr. and Mrs. Day learned of the report that the passenger had given the name of Mrs. Day, they declared they had both been at home on the day in question. They refused to give the name of the young woman who is their guest, but some of their friends were discussing, amid giggles, the subterfuge of the "bride" who did not want to take a trip to Albany instead of one to Coney.

AIMS TO ABOLISH TROUSERS

Berlin Society of Scholars and Artists Proposes New and Unique Garments—Discard Linens.

Berlin.—A society of seventy persons has been organized in Berlin for the purpose of reforming the style of men's garments. It is composed of persons from all sorts of professions and aims at abolishing trousers, substituting knickerbockers; while coat and waistcoat are to give way to a sort of loose blouse hanging well down to the knees. Linen of all sorts is to be discarded.

The newspapers treat the matter as more or less absurd; and some of them challenge the members of the society themselves to appear in public in the new garb. The Cologne Gazette goes deeper and points out that Germany can have no influence over the world's fashions for men's clothing because of the predominance of the military uniform over civilian clothing here, where even the emperor never lays aside his helmet for a silk hat.

It thinks that the fashion for men's garments will continue to be set at London, for "a popular dandy of London clubdom has more influence in setting the fashions than the whole of this society of German scholars, artists and writers."

CELEBRATES DEATH OF KIN

American Woman in Paris Gives Dinner in Honor of Mother-in-Law's Demise, Only to Find Error.

Paris.—Many strange things happen in Paris, but the most weird and ghastly expression of novel social entertainments this season was a dinner given by a certain New York woman, celebrating, as she thought, the death of her rich mother-in-law. The lady has been in Paris since the close of the Nice season. Her husband, who does not care for butterfly life society, remains in the villa at Nice.

The other day she received a telegram from her husband, which read: "Mother is dead." Thinking it was the wealthy mother of her husband, she invited friends to dinner, saying she was going to celebrate a new and better era in her life, which the fortune of her mother-in-law would bring. Some of the more sensitive guests rebelled inwardly at the idea, but the dinner went on. Next day the hostess sent apologies to her guests, saying it was not her mother-in-law who had died, but her own mother. The mistake arose by her husband merely repeating a cablegram received for her at Nice.

COUPLE GIVE KISSING SHOW

Large Crowd Gathers and Enjoys Osculations at Piasa Chautauqua—Girl Was Pretty.

St. Louis.—Piasa Chautauqua was aroused soon after the arrival of the steamer Alton, by a volley of smacks. Several men and women ran down to the river and beheld a young woman and a swain in blue serge, sitting close together on the beach. One of his hands was clasped firmly in hers.

With regularity he popped his lips upon hers and each kiss was so vigorous as to be audible. In a few minutes the news spread throughout the resort. Swimming pools and walking paths were deserted and scores of persons flocked to points of vantage.

In reply to jeers the young man cried: "You fellows are only jealous. Don't you wish it were you?" The enraptured pair remained absorbed in one another until it was time to take the steamer back to St. Louis. The girl was a brunette about 22 years old and was prettily dressed. The man seemed a few years older.

RUNAWAY BOYS FIND ERROR

Two Pittsburg Lads Get Stranded in Cincinnati and Writes Injunction to All Youths.

Cincinnati.—Frank Heiber and Joseph Lechner of Pittsburg, both aged fifteen, who started out to see the world a few days ago, were found early the other morning sleeping under the Cincinnati & Ohio bridge in Cincinnati. They told the officers that they had come to Cincinnati in a parlor car, and thought they were going to see the entire world. However, their money soon gave out and they were forced to sleep anywhere they could find a place to lie down.

Heiber said his father died last March, and that his mother is very sick. He doesn't know why he left her. The officials will send them both home. Heiber has written the following injunction to all youths:

"Boys—Never leave home. It is the best place on earth.

"If you ever feel the hankering to see the world, ask your home folks what is the best thing to do.

"I started out feeling like a millionaire. I had $12. I thought that was plenty. They found me sleeping under a railroad bridge.

"That old song, 'There's No Place Like Home,' is the truest song ever written."

Robs Her Own Stocking.

Springfield, O.—Mrs. Nora Jenkins, who kept her savings of $31 in her stocking, which she wore to bed, arose in her sleep, took the stockings off and taking the money down stairs, buried it in the cellar. It was several days before she found it.

Alpaca Coat Worn in Paris

Real Summer Weather Works Revolution in Men's Fashions in French Capital—Few of Changes.

St. Louis.—"Whew! It is hot!" One may hear this hundreds of times a day now that Paris has had a taste of real summer weather. I caught a deputy going into the Palais Bourbon with white shoes and looking quite pleased with himself, writes the Paris correspondent of the Globe-Democrat. The golf collar is still to be invented as an adjunct to the French summer costume, but the kummerbund is here, oddly in vogue with wearers protuberant in those parts. The really classic figure is the Frenchman with a black alpaca coat, white linen trousers, a Panama hat with a rakish twist behind, an immense blue tie with white spots, a handkerchief of brilliant hue and design half way out of his pocket, the whole surmounted by a gray cotton umbrella. This venerable type still exists, but is becoming rarer.

The modern Frenchman has taken an inventive turn with his clothes. I am leaving aside the man who has become Anglicized by reason of much reading of tailors' circulars from Bond street, and who take naturally to his flannelette suit in summer—he is the exception, the large exception. The ordinary Parisian, if you produce a hot sun, becomes playful, sartorially, and disports himself in the strangest garb. Sitting opposite to me in my club is a representative specimen, who looks uncommonly like a diver on a bean feast, if you can imagine a diver regaling himself on anything but oysters or sponges. He has certainly a deep-sea appearance; a curious khaki cloth, very light and very shiny. He looks more than ever like Father Neptune in an off moment as he pulls at his long briarwood pipe.

Decency in Bathing Suits.

Santa Monica, Cal.—By a vote of the city council the scant bathing suits that heretofore inadequately garbed the forms of men lolling on the sands have been banished from this beach. Men must wear skirts on their surf costumes. The short trunks must be lengthened into trouserettes reaching to the knees, and there must be sleeves.

Furthermore, "bathers" must bathe when they come down to the beach, not merely disport themselves on the sands.

The new order was put through by irate citizens. There was no complaint about the costumes worn by women, although they also are ordered to bathe and not pose. "Spooning parties" are barred.

Killing Savage Rooster Justified.

London.—The killing of a rooster by a father whose child it attacked was held to be justified by Judge Smith at Atherston county court. Sued by the bird's owner, the father pleaded that he killed the cockerel, which was notoriously savage, as it was attacking his child.

Human Skin Sold by Inches

New Jersey Boy Gets Rid of Big Piece at Very Good Price—Two More Transfers to Be Made.

Newark, N. J.—Approximately seventy-five square inches of skin were sold by Alden Arms, an Orange youth, to the Orange Memorial hospital, at the rate of 20 cents a square inch. Immediately after the deal was consummated the skin was taken from Arms' thigh and transferred to the back of Andrew Visconti, fifteen years old, who has been an inmate of the hospital since early in July, a victim of a serious burning accident.

Sufficient time will be allowed to elapse to determine whether the transfer has been successful, and if successful two more similar transfers of cuticle will be made, to the end that Visconti will be able to go out of the hospital a perfectly well boy. Without the aid of such volunteers as Arms, Visconti would have to remain in the hospital indefinitely, unable to get well. The area of his back which was seared by the accident of nearly a month ago is so great that nature unaided could not supply the skin to cover it. It comprises, the doctors at the hospital say, approximately one and one-half square feet.

The experience of surgeons has shown that one healthy, full grown man can spare one-third of the area which Visconti stands in need of without undergoing serious detriment. For that reason it will be necessary for two others to surrender skin, as Arms has done. At the present time the hospital authorities have no one in view from whom to purchase the requisite skin, but the chances are much in favor, they say, of having on hand when needed more volunteers than are required. Each man who undergoes the voluntary operation will have to remain a patient at the hospital himself long enough to repair the damage, but the physicians say there is absolutely no danger in it.

CATS RELISH KISSING BUGS

Feast on Insects as They Fall From Arc Lights—Mother Teachers Kittens to Appreciate Delicacy.

Columbus, Ind.—Kissing bugs are here in swarms, but do not exhibit themselves until after dark. They are commonly called electric light bugs because they swarm about arc lamps. They dart here and there in a blind fashion, often striking people in the face, and this gave them the name of "kissing bugs" here.

Cats are fond of "kissing bugs," and at night a few stray cats can be seen sitting under nearly every arc light in this city. As fast as a bug gets overheated and drops to the street the quickest cat in the bunch darts forward and has a dainty morsel. One old cat was noticed teaching her kittens to appreciate kissing bugs.

Indian Trail Marks.

Young oaks were cut and bent by Indians in the old Illinois country to mark the trails in leafy June or in the depths of deepest snows.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.

Given Up By Physicians—Cured By Doan's Kidney Pills.

Edward Gucker, 612 S. 14th St., Mattoon, Ill., says: "I could scarcely stand the terrible pains in my back and I gradually ran down until I was a physical wreck. My kidneys were in terrible condition—the urine passing too freely and being a chalky white in color. My appetite failed, I lost flesh rapidly and could not sleep. The doctors thought I had only a short time to live. I was so greatly improved after short use of Doan's Kidney Pills that I continued and was completely cured. I am positive that Doan's Kidney Pills will cure any case of kidney trouble if taken as directed."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Solitude.

"Mother, did God make the earth?" inquired a very little girl with a very large bump of inquisitiveness.

"Yes."

"All alone?"

"Yes."

"And did he make the sun and moon and stars and peoples?"

"Yes."

"All alone?"

"Yes, dear—he did it all by himself."

The very little girl pondered a bit. Then:

"Mother, doesn't God ever play with anybody?"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The trouble with giving advice is not many want to take it.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

Calling people down is not a very uplifting process.

Cement Talk No. 3

Concrete is the hardened rock-like product made by using some brand of *Portland cement* with sand, gravel or broken stone and water. The *cement* is the material which binds the sand, gravel or broken stone together; this binding action is produced by water. The terms "*Cement*" and "*Concrete*" thus have different meanings, although they are frequently used interchangeably. While cement is only one of the materials in *concrete*, it is perhaps the most important. To insure the best results in *concrete* work, the highest grade of *Portland cement* should be used. The *concrete* worker may rest assured that he has the best *cement* if he will make certain that the word *UNIVERSAL* is printed on each sack of *cement* that he buys. Representative dealers everywhere handle *UNIVERSAL*.

UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
72 W. ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO
ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS

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