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 Melvill.

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team 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. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the targened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

It was growing dark, the outside world, now consisting of level plains, fading into darkness, with a few great stars burning overhead. Trainmen lit the few smoking oil lamps screwed against the sides of the car, and its occupants became little more than dim shadows. All by this time were fatigued into silence, and several were asleep, finding such small comfort as was possible on the cramped seats. Hope glanced toward the heretofore noisy group at the rear—the girl nearest her rested with unconscious head pillowed upon the shoulder of her man friend, and both were sleeping. How haggard and ghastly the woman's powdered face looked, with the light just above it, and all semblance of joy gone. It was as though a mask had been taken off. Out in the darkness the engine whistled sharply and then came to a bumping stop at some desert station. Through the black window a few lanterns could be seen flickering about, and there arose the sound of gruff voices speaking. The sleepers inside, aroused by the sharp stop, rolled over and swore, seeking easier postures. Then the front door opened, and slammed shut, and a new passenger entered. He came down the aisle, glancing carelessly at the upturned faces, and finally sank into the seat directly opposite Hope. He was a broad shouldered man, his coat buttoned to the throat, with strong face showing clearly beneath the broad hat brim and lighted up with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes. The conductor came through, nodded at him, and passed on. Hope thought he must be some official of the road, and ventured to break the prolonged silence with a question:

"Could you tell me how long it will be before we reach Sheridan?"

She had partially pushed aside her veil in order to speak more clearly, and the man, turning at sound of her voice, took off his hat, his searching eyes quizzical.

"Well, no, I can't, madam," the words coming with a jerk. "For I'm not at all sure we'll keep the track. Ought to make it in an hour, however, if everything goes right. Live in Sheridan?"

She shook her head, uncertain how frankly to answer.

"No loss to you—worst place to live in on earth—no exceptions—I know—been there myself three months—got friends there likely?"

"I hardly know," she acknowledged doubtfully. "I think so, but I shall have to hunt some place in which to stay tonight. Can you tell me of some—some respectable hotel, or boarding house?"

The man wheeled about, until he could look at her more clearly.

"That's a pretty hard commission, Miss," he returned uneasily. "There may be such a place in Sheridan, but I have never found it. Old Mother Shattuck keeps roomers, but she won't have a woman in the house. I reckon you'll have to try it at the hotel—I'll get you in there if I have to mesmerize the clerk—you'll find it a bit noisy though."

"Oh, I thank you so much. I don't mind the noise, so it is respectable."

He laughed, good humoredly.

"Well, I don't propose to vouch for that—the proprietor ain't out there for his health—but, I reckon, you won't have no serious trouble—the boys mostly know a good woman when they see one—which isn't often—anyhow, they're liable to be decent enough as long as I vouch for you."

"But you know nothing of me."

"Don't need to—your face is enough—I'll get you the room all right."

She hesitated, then asked:

"Are you—are you connected with the railroad?"

"In a way, yes—I'm the contract surgeon—had to dig a bullet out of a water-tank tender back yonder—fellow howled as though I was killing him—no nerve—mighty poor stuff most of the riff-raff out here—ball wasn't in much below the skin—Indian must have plugged him from the top of the bluff—blame good shot too—ragged looking slug—like to see it?"

She shook her head energetically.

"Don't blame you—nothing very uncommon—get a dozen cases like it a day sometimes—stay in Sheridan, show you something worth while—very pretty surgical operation to-morrow—come round and get you if you care to see it—got to open the stomach—don't know what I'll find—like to go?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure you mean it all kindly, but—but I would rather not."

"Hardly supposed you would—only knew one woman who cared for that sort of thing much—she was nursing for me during the war—had a hair lip and an eye like a dagger—good nurse though—rather have your kind round me—ever nurse any? Could get you a dozen jobs in Sheridan—new prospects every night—fifty dollars a week—what do you say?"

"But I'm not seeking work, Doctor," smiling in spite of her bewilderment. "I have money enough with me."

"Well, I didn't know—thought maybe you wanted a job, and didn't like to ask for it—have known 'em like that—no harm done—if you ever do want anything like that, just come to me—my name's Fairbain—everybody knows me here—operated on most of 'em—rest expect to be— Damn that engineer! don't believe he knows whether he's going ahead or backing up." He peered out of the window, pressing his face hard against the glass. "I reckon that's Sheridan he's whistling for now—don't be nervous—I'll see you make the hotel all right."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Marshal of Sheridan.

It was called a depot merely through courtesy, consisting of a layer of cinders, scattered promiscuously so as to partially conceal the underlying mud, and a dismantled box car, in which presided ticket agent and telegrapher. A hundred yards below was the big shack where the railroad officials lodged. Across the tracks blazed invitingly the "First Chance" saloon. All intervening space was crowded with men, surging aimlessly about in the glare of a locomotive head light, and greeting the alighting passengers with free and easy badinage. Stranger or acquaintance made no difference, the welcome to Sheridan was noisily extended, while rough play and hoarse laughter characterized the mass.

Hope paused on the step, even as Dr. Fairbain grasped her hand, dinned by the medley of discordant sounds, and confused by the vociferous jam of humanity. A band came tooting down the street in a hack, a fellow, with a voice like a fog horn, howling on the front seat. The fellows at the side of the car surged aside to get a glimpse of this new attraction, and Fairbain, taking quick advantage of the opportunity thus presented, swung his charge to the cinders below. Bending before her, and butting his great shoulders into the surging crowd, he succeeded in pushing a passage through, thus finally bringing her forth to the edge of the street.

"Hey, there," he said shortly, grabbing a shirt-sleeved individual by the arm. "Where's Charlie?"

The fellow looked at him wonderingly.

"Charlie? Oh, you mean the 'Kid'? Well, he ain't here ter-night; had a weddin', an' is totin' the bridal couple 'round."

Fairbain swore discreetly under his breath, and cast an uncertain glance at the slender figure shrinking beside him. The streets of Sheridan were not over pleasant at night.

"Only hack in town is somewhere else, Miss," he explained briefly. "I reckon you and I will have to hoot it."

He felt the grip of her fingers on his sleeve.

"The boys are a little noisy, but it's just their way—don't mean anything—you hang on to me, an' keep the veil down—we'll be there in the shake of a dog's tail."

He helped her over the muddy crossing, and as they reached a stretch of board walk, began expatiating on the various places lining the way.

"That's the 'Mammoth' over there—dance hall back of it—biggest thing west of the Missouri—three men killed there last week—what for? Oh, they got too fresh—that's the 'Casino,' and the one beyond is 'Pony Joe's Place'—cut his leg off since I've been here—fight over a girl. Ain't there any stores?—sure; they're farther back—you see the saloons got in first—that's 'Sheeny Mike's' gambling joint you're looking at—like to go over and see 'em play? All right, just thought I'd ask you—it's early anyhow, and things wouldn't be goin' very lively yet. Say, there, you red head, what are you trying to do?"

The fellow had lurched out of the crowd in such a manner as to brush partially aside the girl's veil, permitting the glare of "Sheeny Mike's" lights to fall full upon her revealed face. It was accomplished so openly as to appear planned, but before he could reel away again, Fairbain struck out, and the man went down. With an oath he was on his feet, and Hope cowered back against her protector. Each man had weapons drawn, the crowd scurrying madly to keep out of the line of fire, when, with a stride, a new figure stepped quietly in between them. Straight as an arrow, broad shouldered, yet small waisted as a woman, his hair hanging low over his coat-collar, his face smooth shaven except for a long moustache, and emotionless, the revolvers in his belt untouched, he simply looked at the two, and then struck the revolver out of the drunken man's hand. It fell harmless to the ground.

"And don't you pick it up until I tell you, Scott," he said quietly. "If you do you've got to fight me."

Without apparently giving the fellow another thought, he wheeled and faced the others.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Doctor? The drunken fool won't make any more trouble. Where were you taking the lady?"

"To the hotel, Bill."

"I'll walk along with you. I reckon the boys will give us plenty of room." He glanced over the crowd, and then more directly at Scott.

"Pick up your gun!" the brief words snapping out. "This is the second time I've caught you hunting trouble. The next time you are going to find it. I saw you run into this lady—what did you do it for?"

"I only wanted to see who she was, Bill."

"You needn't call me Bill. I don't trot in your class. My name is Hickock to you. Was it any of your affair who she was?"

"I reckoned I know'd her, and I did."

The marshal turned his eyes toward Hope, and then back upon Scott, evidently slightly interested.

"So? Recognized an old friend, I suppose?"

The slight sneer in "Wild Bill's" soft voice caused Scott to flame up in sudden passion.

"No, I didn't! but I called the turn just the same—she's Christie Maclaire."

The marshal smiled.

"All right, little boy," he said soberly. "Now you trot straight along to bed. Don't let me catch you on the street again to-night, and I'd advise you not to pull another gun—you're too slow on the trigger for this town. Come along, Doctor, and we'll get Miss Maclaire to her hotel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't Be Nervous—I'll See You Make the Hotel All Right."

ONE AMERICAN IDEA FAILS

Tourists From This Country Form Only 8 Per Cent. of Those Who Visit Switzerland.

We have been telling ourselves so long that our American tourists keep up the European hotels and that but for them Europe would become bankrupt, we have come to believe it. Some figures on the subject now come from Switzerland, the "Mecca" of all Americans after they have reaped their reward for virtue by visiting Paris.

Swiss hotels entertain about two million tourists annually, and if those who stay at pension and boarding houses are included the number of guests reaches three million. Of this number 22 per cent. are the Swiss themselves. The Germans, who are often pictured as stay-at-homes, constitute 40 per cent., then come the English, 17 per cent.; the French, 15 per cent., and the Americans, who, with their eight per cent., are only one per cent. ahead of the Italians. So, after all, it seems that Switzerland would not go to the wall if the Americans boycotted Europe long enough at least to see the wonders and beauties of the Grand Canyon, the Canadian Rockies, the Yellowstone, the Yosemite and Niagara Falls first.

Pity the Chinese Student.

A new map of China was recently published by a German house which undertakes to transcribe the chief names in the exact forms which they assume in the dialects of the respective provinces as well as the commonly accepted form. In this way the fifteen chief dialects are represented, says the National Review. The commonly accepted form is printed in dark green, the dialect forms in black. Thus such unfamiliar forms appear as Taetsiu for Taichow, Fupe for Hupei, Fulan for Hunan, Hokklong for Fukien, Ssjutchon for Suchow, etc. Other features which make the map valuable are the thoroughness with which it treats Mongolia and the Kokonor country north of Ssechuan—regions which in most maps are left more or less blank spaces.

Commuter's Travels.

She—Are you fond of travel?

He—I think I must be.

She—I've circled the globe six times—a matter of 150,000 miles—think of it! I suppose you have traveled more?

He—Yes—New York and Stamford—every week day—23 years—a matter of 462,300 miles—just think—great Scott!" (Snaps his watch and runs.)

Useful About the House

Ammonia Cleans Clothing and Paint and is Good for Numerous Other Purposes.

In housekeeping ammonia has many uses. It is an efficient help about the wardrobe. Black material, sponged with a cupful of water in which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been mixed, will renew its freshness, while black silk will lose its objectionable shininess by such a sponging. A little ammonia will remove grease from collars, and when rubbed over corsets will cleanse them to a nicety. When mixed with equal parts of turpentine, ammonia will remove paint stains from cloth. If the paint is stubborn it may require several applications before the work is done. Persevere. Nothing is so good for boys' tweed suits as to sponge them with the ammonia mixture. For toilet use, a small quantity will soften the water in which the hair is washed and aid in cleansing the scalp. It renders the bath delightful, and carpets, when thoroughly gone over with ammonia and water, are surprisingly restored to something like their original freshness. When mixed with white wax and turpentine it makes the best of polishes for the floor. To relieve the pain and prevent inflammation resulting from the bites and stings of summer insects ammonia ranks first as a cure.

Ants Plague English District.

An extraordinary plague of ants is causing alarm in the Durham, England, colliery village of Ryhope. One hundred and twenty miners' houses are infested with myriads of the pests, which swarm in the living rooms, causing serious discomfort and damage. The ants spread rapidly, and swarm about the cupboards and on the food in the houses. They are of a foreign species, and were brought to the village in consignments of Egyptian hay. The colliery owners have engaged experts to exterminate the pests. The infested houses are dealt with in turn, the ants being dug out in colonies and their nests destroyed.

On the Warship.

First Officer—Things look threatening on shore. We will have to land a force.

Second Officer—Go tell that to the marines.

Increasing Life of Tungsten.

The hot wire system for tungsten lamps is being used on eastern railroads to minimize breakage. A small current, keeping the filament at a dull red, is always on the line, thus giving longer life to the filament, says Popular Electricity. The lamps are lighted from storage batteries at 60 volts, this being reduced to four volts when the lamps are extinguished.

From his point of view a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.

The Sunny Side

Since there is a sunny side of life as well as a seamy, why not hunt it out? Do not be one of the mopers—by disposition or pose; force yourself to smile and laugh, no matter what goes wrong. It may be a sickly smile at first, the kind that is near kin to tears, but the effort is well worth making. Keep it up and the habit of sunniness is yours.

And what a blessed habit it is!

None knows how blessed as well as she who is forced to live with the shade-keeper, whose gloom, if not contagious, is irritating.

Cultivate the spirit of joyousness. Life will be less of a bore and a burden. Sadness, if it cannot be escaped, at least will not permanently darken one's days with regret and discontent.

"Walk on the sunny side, do not keep in the shade." There is nothing equal to that as a trouble easer, a life sweetener.

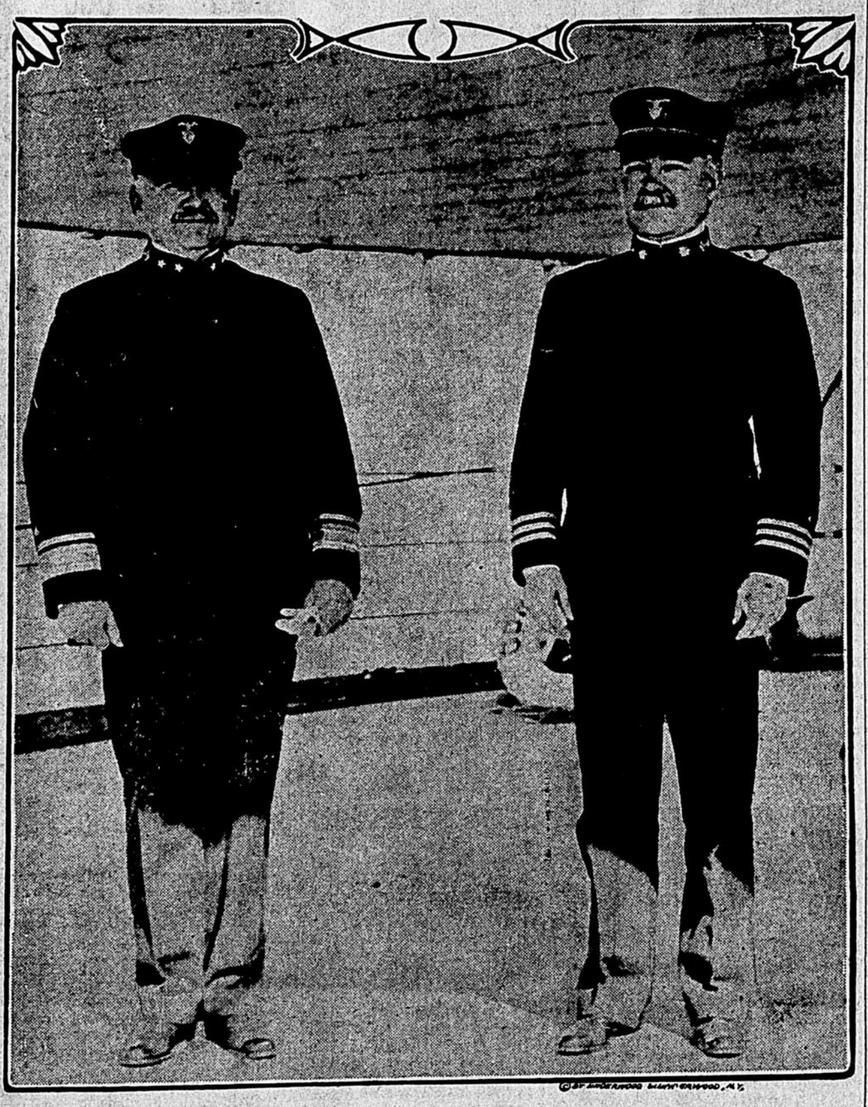
His Currency.

"This cash register you shipped me is a fraud," declared the country editor.

"Just like the sample," pointed out the salesman.

"But I thought that was a model in miniature. Why, man, I can't keep potatoes and turnips in these tiny bins."—Washington Herald.

COMMANDING GREAT ATLANTIC FLEET



OUR photograph shows Rear Admiral Hugh Osterhaus (left), and Capt. William R. Shoemaker, chief of staff, on the flagship Connecticut in New York harbor just previous to the review, by Secretary of the Navy Meyer, of the Atlantic squadron. Over nine miles of the Hudson river stretched the vast Armada, in which were 102 war vessels with a total tonnage of 577,285.

GRAND CANYON GOLD LURES

Men Seek Riches Washed Into Bed of Colorado River for Centuries—Dredges Being Installed.

Denver, Colo.—Endeavors at last are being made to compel the Grand canyon of the Colorado to give up the gold which has been washed into its bed for centuries. Several concerns are preparing to conduct operations on a large scale to overcome obstacles to get these riches.

It has long been known that there was much gold in the bed of the Colorado canyon. Explorers who have been in various parts of the great abyss have reported deposits of gravel and black sand that apparently ran to a great depth and that promised values, although well distributed in the sand and gravel. Attempts have been made to interest capital in plans to get out this wealth, but heretofore there has been no success, because propositions easier to get at and involving smaller expenditures of money and risk have attracted most of the capital available.

In recent years, however, several syndicates have been formed to get out the gold. One, backed by eastern capital, has been at work for some time at Lee's ferry. This is a desolate place, far from any railway, but it has offered the best opportunity for such work, being at the point where the river runs out of the sand hills after cutting through them for hundreds of miles and running for a few miles about at a level before dipping into the marble canyon. Dredges have been installed here after being hauled far over the desert. Black sand impregnated with gold and platinum and gravel having small nuggets of gold in it have been found here, and the enterprise promises to be highly profitable. This sand and gravel runs to a depth of from thirty to sixty feet before bedrock is touched, and the dredges can take it out in great quantities.

Above this point, in Utah, where the cliffs are not high, similar operations have been put under way. Here it is said that the conditions are similar to those found at Lee's ferry, except that there are evidences of even richer values. Parties have gone out into the wild regions between these two points to explore for places where the river can be reached. Reports have been received that wherever the prospects can be made conditions are found favorable. Nature, however, has provided huge battlements to defend these riches, and there is doubt whether many of the deposits can be exploited profitably.

Horse Bus is Gone.

London.—When Andrew Gibson, for 37 years the driver of an omnibus in London, throws down his reins some night near the end of the present month, the last horse-drawn bus will have finished its final trip through the streets of the world's metropolis.

Gibson shakes his gray head sadly over the prospect and declares that the London of the motorbus and taxicab is not as happy as the London of the days when people were content to move slower. At the hey-day of Gibson's career the two omnibus companies of London owned 31,000 horses.

RICH MAN WORKS AS WAITER

Son of Russian General Seeking Material for Play Which He Will Write Labors in St. Louis Cafe.

St. Louis.—Waiting on table in a fashionable cafe is the latest means an embryo playwright has chosen in order to get materials for plays in which he may put to use his observations of the weaknesses and foibles of the rich, the newly rich and the class which Clyde Fitch termed "the climbers." There is such a waiter at the Planters hotel. He is James J. Grain, son of a Russian general.

When seen recently he was reluctant to tell of his ambitions. He said he did not wish his people to know what kind of work he was doing. He admitted he found his occupation favorable for making observations which might be utilized in plays, essays and poetry, at all of which he has tried his hand.

"I have never had anything published yet," he said. "But I hope to get into print some day. I feel a man who writes for the sake of money is likely to do poor work; so I prefer to do it at my leisure. I have to work ten hours in the day and the rest of the time I spend reading or writing, taking only as many hours off as are needful for sleeping. I feel that if persistence can do it, I shall succeed."

Largest Hog in World.

Montgomery, Mo.—J. R. Robinson, living in Pike county, brought to town a hog weighing 1,100 pounds. The hog is 5½ years old, measures nine feet from tip to tip and seven feet four inches around the girth. It is said to be the largest in the world. The hog was valued at $1,000.

MORE CURIOUS THAN WOMEN

Observations Tend to Prove Assertion That Inquisitiveness is Really Masculine Trait.

London.—Once more man is being convicted of what is supposed to be almost exclusively a feminine failing.

Men, it is now suggested, are much more inquisitive and anxious to poke their fingers into other people's pies than are women.

A well-known lady novelist, whose experience of social conditions is exceptionally large, made this interesting statement:

"One has only to go to the theater or a garden party to notice the insatiable curosity of the modern man," she said.

"In theaters it is the men who discuss the appearance of other people, asking innumerable questions and standing up, glasses in hand, between the acts to glean more information.

"It seems to me that a man's curiosity grows with his age. The elderly gossip, who is always fishing for scandals, is to be found everywhere nowadays.

"Women, on the other hand, especially elderly women, are not really curious concerning their surroundings. Girls, of course, are prying and inquisitive; but they do not count.

"It is high time that the fallacy about women being more curious than men were exploded."

Recently a newspaper man visited the west end and made several "observation tests."

Crowds of men and women passing Charing Cross on their way to the theaters were first observed. The number of people who "looked around"—who turned their heads to watch passersby—within a space of five minutes was roughly, as follows:

Out of 100 people 20 men looked around and ten women looked around.

A visit to a teashop on the Strand revealed groups of young men gossiping together and discussing other customers.

A station official on the Southeast & Chatham railway said that a test of the curiosity of the sexes could be obtained by watching those people who read the labels of other people's luggage.

There were piles of luggage destined for the continent in Victoria station, and the numbers of men who sauntered by, turning their heads at all angles to catch a glimpse of the hotel labels and the names of the owners, was remarkable.

"Bell Hop" for 52 Years.

San Diego, Cal.—Lester Ladd, 52 years a bellboy, celebrated his 68th birthday anniversary here. His last job in a hotel was at the U. S. Grant, which he left but a few weeks ago. He is now running the elevator in the Union building. He was born in Hudson street, New York, when that thoroughfare was one of the fashionable residence streets of the metropolis.

He became a bellboy at 16 and since then has worked at the Buckingham, St. Louis; the Palmer house, Chicago; the Morton house, New York; the Piedmont, Atlanta; the De Soto, Savannah, and the Tampa Bay hotel at Tampa.

HOBO WITH DESIRE TO WORK

Chicago Judge Sees $700 Cash, Cashier's Check for $350 and Book Showing $500 Deposit.

Chicago.—Chicago police the other day rounded up a curiosity—a hobo with a bank roll and an alleged desire for work.

Judge Maxwell in the Desplaines street court saw the roll, but had to take the bo's word for it that he was fond of work.

Joseph N. Norman, who declares his original home was at Piedmont, W. Va., and says his moniker while he is traveling is "West Virginia Slim," was arrested while seated in his "side door Pullman" enjoying a smoke and studying the terminal facilities of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad as his train pulled in from the south.

The first thing discovered on his person when taken to the Des Plaines street station was a roll of bills amounting to $700, a cashier's check for $350 and a passbook showing a deposit of $500 in a West Virginia bank. In addition "Slim" was well supplied with small change.

"Great Scott! Is this Rockefeller or Morgan you've brought in?" asked Judge Maxwell, as he watched "Slim" nonchalently hand over his funds.

"Quit yer kiddin', jedge," replied "Slim." "I ain't no millionaire. I'm just a ordinary bo. But you see there's one difference; I like to work and—"

"What's that?" gasped the judge.

"Sure. I go to work every winter and chop wood and save my money by 'hittin' a rattler' instead of paying fare. I'm on my way to Wisconsin. I kin pay my fine, all right."

"No, I won't fine you," declared the judge approvingly. "You're too thrifty. Be on your way, but don't steal any more rides."

"That's some jedge," declared "Slim" as he pocketed his wealth and strolled out of court.

If you wish me to weep, you yourself must feel grief.

LAUGHS AT FAT "COP;" FINED

German's Mirth Soon Changed in Court on "Scandal" Charge—Sentenced to Prison for Week.

Berlin.—Berlin law certainly seems far-reaching. Because he laughed, an iron worked the other day was sent to prison for a week. Going along the street, he saw a merrymaker being chased by a particularly stout policeman and the sight tickled him. He was promptly haled before the court for scandal. Another man attempted to get into a moving train and fractured his leg. After six months in the hospital he was discharged cured, when the state railway department at once prosecuted him for breaking their regulations. The law and leg breaker was fined 5s. Stepping into an omnibus, a man trod on the foot of a lady, who was so annoyed that she said he walked like a hen. She was fined $5 for using this term of speech.

How to Be Rich.

Put all your eggs in one basket, and then place the basket in cold storage.—Life.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you herewith the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. Corkran, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

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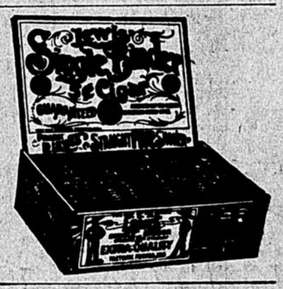
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good



The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a Free Homestead or buy land at reasonable prices.

Now's the Time

A year from now, when land will be higher, the profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, at present prices, will be greatly increased. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 50 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.

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For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rates, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

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