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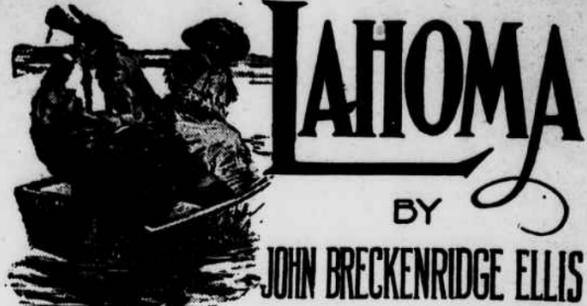
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GLASGOW, MONT.

Write to Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis, for descriptive booklets.



LAHOMA

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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SYNOPSIS.

Brick Willock, highwayman, saves one Gledware and a baby girl from being murdered by his fellow outlaws on the western plains.

Willock flees to the mountains and hides to escape the wrath of the outlaws he had outwitted. He learns that some one has discovered his hiding place.

Red Feather, an Indian chief, brings Willock a little white girl, named Lahoma, and instructs him to take care of her. He says her father is living with Indians.

Willock recognizes her as the daughter of a woman who had died and was buried near by. He begins to teach Lahoma correct English.

The girl is taken across country by Willock to visit Bill Atkins, and later she makes her first trip to a real town.

A young man, Wilfred Compton, visiting at a ranch, gets an accidental glimpse of Lahoma and becomes interested in her. The girl is now fifteen years old.

Compton afterward visits Willock and is finally allowed to meet and talk with Lahoma. They become vastly entertained by one another's company.

Compton leaves and goes to another section of the country as a pioneer, where he hopes to make his fortune. Willock and Atkins join forces. Compton later returns.

Lahoma is sent to a city to get education and training. Compton is heartbroken at not being able to see her. Red Feather appears on the scene once more.

Lahoma writes a long letter. One of the men she meets is Gledware, her stepfather, but she does not know of the relationship. He is a crook of the lowest type.

It makes my blood turn cold to think that all the time we were living quietly and happily in the cave that awful Red Kimball was hunting for you, meaning to have your life, and in a way that I'm ashamed to write, but must, so you'll know everything. He means to have you arrested and tried for his brother's murder—and he says he can hang you!

When No Man's Land was added to Oklahoma a pardon was offered to Red Kimball and all his gang if they would come in and lay down their arms and swear to keep the peace—you see, most of their crimes had been committed where no courts could touch them. Well, all the gang came in. But what do you think? That terrible Red Kimball swears that you were one of his gang, and that as you didn't come in and surrender yourself to the law, you were a traitor. It was all I could do to keep from stepping right out and telling him you were one of the most peaceable and harmless of men and that you just happened to be riding about when you saw Mr. Gledware's danger and just had to shoot Kansas Kimball to save me and my stepfather. You, a highwayman, indeed! I could laugh at that if it didn't make me too mad when I think about it.

Then Mr. Gledware talked. He said maybe it was a bluff against him, that standing him up against the moon to be shot at, but it wasn't one he was apt to forget, and he could never be on any kind of terms with Red; besides, he said, if Brick Willock hadn't saved his life he'd always thought so, so wouldn't witness against him, though he had no doubt he belonged to Red's gang. But that was nothing to him. And he couldn't understand how Red could have the face to come to him about anything, but was willing to pay a sum to keep all the past hushed up. He didn't want any "complications" from being claimed as a stepfather by Lahoma! The past was over, he said, and Lahoma had a home of her own, and he would pay Red something to keep the past buried.

Then Red spoke pretty ugly, saying it wasn't the past he was anxious to have buried, but Brick Willock. And he said that Mr. Gledware was a witness to the murder, whether he wanted to be or not, and Red was willing to confess to everything in order to have Brick hanged.

Then Mr. Gledware, in a cold, unmoved voice, said he must go back to the picnic, and "Mr. Kimball" could do as he pleased. But that wasn't the end. "Do you know," says "Mr. Kimball," "that Red Feather is in town laying for you?" he says. Mr. Gledware gave a dreadful kind of low scream, such as turned me sick to hear. The room was as still as death for a little while. I guess they were looking at each other.

At last Red says, pretty slow and calm, "Would you like to have that Indian out of the way?" Mr. Gledware didn't answer, at least not anything I could hear, but his eyes must have spoken for him, for Red went on after awhile: "It's a go, then, is it? Well, that'll take time. But in a few days—maybe in a few hours—I'll deal with the chief. And I want your word that after that's accomplished you'll go with me to Greer county and stay on the job till Brick Willock swings."

There was a longer silence than before. My nerves all clashed in the strangest way—like the shivering of morning ice on a pool—when Mr. Gledware's voice jarred on my ears. He said, "How will I know?" "Well," says Red Kimball roughly, "how would you know?"

There was another of those awful silences. Then Mr. Gledware said, "When you bring me a pin that he always carries about him I'll know that Red Feather will never trouble me again."

Kimball spoke rougher than before. "You mean it'll show you that he's a dead 'un, huh?"

"I mean what I said," Mr. Gledware snapped, as if just rousing himself from a kind of stupor. "Well, what kind of pin?" That was Kimball's question.

Then Mr. Gledware described the pin. He said it was a smooth faced, gold rimmed pin of onyx set with pearls. And Kimball said boastfully that he would

produce that pin, as he was a living man. And Mr. Gledware told him if he did he'd go to witness against Brick Willock. So both left the room and pretty soon, from the window, I saw them going away on horseback in opposite directions.

I mustn't hold back this letter to add any more—it must get off by the mail that's nearly due. The moment I learn anything new I'll write again.

In the meantime, better keep hid! Good-by. Think of me when the wild winds blow. Your little girl, LAHOMA.

P. S.—Tell Bill he can still claim his share.

P. P. S.—Got Bill's note of a few lines, read it with the greatest joy in the world and guessed at the news. He says Wilfred Compton is there. What for? L.

CHAPTER XIII.

Brick Makes a Stand.

AS soon as Wilfred had finished the letter, not without a wry smile over the query concerning himself, Bill Atkins exclaimed:

"Then! Ho! And so she's no more kin to you, Brick, than to me; and her name's no more Willock than Atkins—and, being but a stepdaughter to old Sneak, neither is it Gledware. Yet you have everlastingly had your own say about Lahoma, from claiming to be a cousin! I want you to know from this on that I claim as big a share in Lahoma as anybody else on this green and living earth. What about Red Kimball's charge? Did you belong to his gang? Are you a highwayman?"

Brick waved impatiently toward the letter that still gleamed in the young man's hand. "We go on documentary evidence," he said. "I take a bold and open stand on the general plea of 'Not guilty' to nothing. That's technical, and it's arbitrary. Should you be asked had I ever expressed an opinion as to being a highwayman, or a lowwayman, you can report me as saying 'Not guilty,' according."

"Brick," interposed Wilfred, returning him the letter, "you're making a mistake not to trust us with the whole truth. If you wait for Lahoma's letters and only admit what she discovers Bill and I can't form any plan of protecting you. While her information is coming, bit by bit, the man who wants you hanged is liable to show up—"

"Let 'em come!" growled Brick. "He can't get no closer to me than I'll be to him. I'm not going to air my past his way. What Lahoma finds out, I admits frank and open; otherwise I stands firm as not guilty, being on safe ground, technical and arbitrary."

"But if Red Kimball brings the sheriff—it's only a matter of time—your plea of not guilty won't save you from arrest. And he'll have any number of reasons to prove what he pleases, whether it's the truth or not. If Gledware comes as a witness his position will give him great influence against you, and the fact that he'd testify after you'd saved his life would make a pretty hard hit with the jury."

"Jury nothing!" retorted Brick. "This case ain't never going to a jury. Such things is settled man to man, in these parts."

"But as surely as the sheriff serves his writ, you'll be landed in jail. And

When Red Feather's daughter wanted Mr. Gledware's life saved it was so. And Red Feather gave them a great stretch of land, and Mr. Gledware got to be important in the tribe; he made himself one of them, and they thought him greater than their own chief. At the end of a few years there was the great agitation over the boomers coming to the Oklahoma country and much talk of the land being thrown open. The Indians didn't want it done, and they joined together to send some one to Washington to address congress on the subject. Mr. Gledware was such an orator that they thought him irresistible, so they selected him, and for his fee, they collected over \$50,000. Think of it!

Of course he didn't go near Washington. It was the time of Kansas City's great boom. He went there and bought up city lots and sold out at the right time, and that's why he's rich today. In the meantime, the Indians didn't know what had become of him, and Red Feather's daughter died from shame over her desertion—just pined away and hid herself from her people till she was starved to death. That's why Red Feather meant to kill Mr. Gledware."

When he had finished Red Feather bent over Mr. Gledware and said to him: "Me speak all true? Tell Lahoma—me speak all true?"

And the man whispered feebly: "It is all true. Don't kill me! For God's sake, don't kill me! Save me, Lahoma, my child!"

I begged him not to kill the man. Red Feather said to me: "You hear how he treat my daughter! You my friend, Lahoma. You know all that and yet you tell me not to kill him!"

"I say not kill him!"

"Then you hate my daughter?"

"My mother could marry him, Red Feather, and I can beg for his life."

He shook his head. "No, Lahoma, he die! He leave my daughter to die, and this hand do to him what he do to her!"

I never felt so helpless, so horribly weak and useless. There I was, only a stepfather, and his enemy was our friend. And not far away stood the man's big house filled with guests—among them strong men who could have overpowered

I swung high." Willock started up impatiently. "We're wasting words," he said, roughly. "There is but the two alternatives. I'm one of 'em, and Red Kimball is the other. It's simply a question of which gets which. I tries to make it plain, for there's no going back. Now are you with me or not? If not I'll fight it out along as I always done in times past and gone—and bedinged to 'em. I'm sorry my young days was as they was, and for Lahoma's sake I'd cut off this right arm"—he held it out, rigidly—"if that'd change the past. But the past—and bedinged to it!—can't be changed."

Lahoma's next letter came in a few days confirmatory of his worst fears. "Just read it aloud, Wilfred," said Brick, as all gathered about the lantern in the retreat at the mountain top:

Dear Brick and Bill—An exciting affair has happened. I was sitting at my window because I couldn't sleep, not that I expected to see anything unusual. There's a big summer house at the far end of the lawn, all covered with vines, and there's a walk between dense shrubbery, leading to it from the house. The first thing I saw was Red Kimball come out and slip through a little side gate and hurry along the country road. As soon as I saw him I guessed that he and Mr. Gledware had been conspiring in the summer house.

But it seemed no use to go down after Red Kimball had left. If Mr. Gledware was still in the summer house, I knew he was alone, and if he'd returned to the house all was over for the night. I was wondering what new plot they had formed and how I was to find out about it, when my eye was caught by a movement in the hedge that runs down to the side gate. The movement was as slight as possible, but as there wasn't any breeze it made me shiver a little, for I knew somebody was skulking there. Pretty soon something passed through the gate, quick and stealthily. In the flash of moonlight I saw it was our old friend—Red Feather.

Almost as soon as I recognized him he had disappeared behind a large lilac bush, but I had seen what he held in the hand behind his back—it was a long, unsheathed knife. The lilac bush stood close to the summer house. He fell flat to the ground and wriggled his way around the bush. You would have been ashamed of me for a minute or two, for I kept sitting beside the window as if I had been turned to a statue of ice.

But maybe I didn't stay there as long as it seemed. First thing I knew, I was running downstairs as lightly and swiftly as I could and out through the door at the end of the side hall that had been left wide open, and I was at the summer house door like a flash. There was a wide path of moonlight across the concrete floor and right in that glare was a sight never to be forgotten—Red Feather about to stab Mr. Gledware to the heart! He held Mr. Gledware by the throat with one hand, and his other hand held the knife up for the blow. Mr. Gledware lay on his back, and Red Feather had one knee pressed upon his breast.

When I reached the doorway I blotted out most of the moonlight, and I drew back so Red Feather could see who I was. He looked up and let go of Mr. Gledware's throat, but didn't move otherwise. "Red Feather," I said, "give me that knife!"

Mr. Gledware, recognizing my voice, tried to entreat me to save him, but he was half strangled, and only made sounds that turned me faint, to know that the man my mother had married was such a coward.

Red Feather told me that if I came any nearer, or if I cried for help, he would murder that man and escape, but that if I would step into the shadow and listen he'd give his reason for doing it before it was done. So I went across the room on my hands and knees, hoping I could persuade him to change his mind. I begged for Mr. Gledware's life.

Red Feather shook his head. No, he said, I could not save him, for he would be dead in two or three minutes. And then he bent over Mr. Gledware, who all this time was afraid to move or to make a sound. I hurried to remind him that he hadn't told me his reason for wanting to kill the man.

Then Red Feather said that when that man rode with me among the Indians Red Feather's daughter had taken a fancy to him, and Mr. Gledware had married her, and I had been kept away from him so he'd forget me and not turn his thoughts toward his own people; and they had taught me that my name was Willock, because they were going to take me to you, Brick. Isn't it wonderful? That day you found the deserted wagon and buried my mother Red Feather was watching you from the mountain, and he wouldn't kill you because you made the grave and knelt down to talk to the Great Spirit. Afterward, when he rode home and found that his daughter and Mr. Gledware were to be married, he made up his mind that if you succeeded in keeping hidden from Red Kimball and his band you would be the one to take care of me. And when two years had passed and you were still safe he brought me to you! What a glad day that was!

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dozens of Indians. But what could I do? Then I had a thought. "Let him live, Red Feather," I said, "but strip him of all his ill got property. Turn him loose in the world without a penny; it'll be punishment enough. You can't bring back your daughter by killing him, but you can make him give up all he has in return for stealing the money from your tribe."

I don't know why I thought of that and I don't know why it made instant appeal to Red Feather's mind. I saw at once that he was going to consent. All he said was, "Talk to him." But I knew what he meant.

So I crossed the room and looked down at the man. "Mr. Gledware," I said, "are you willing to give up all your possessions in order to save your life?"

"Oh, yes," he gasped. "A thousand times; yes! God bless you, Lahoma!"

"You will deed all your property away from you? And surrender all that you own—money, bonds, stocks, etc.?"

"My God; yes, yes! Save me!"

I looked at Red Feather. "Shall he make it all over to you?"

Red Feather shook his head. "Me not

LIBRARY REPORT.

The following is the report of the Carnegie Public library and reading rooms for the month of November, 1915:

Number of persons in to read or write	1,825
Average number of persons per day	60
Largest daily attendance	95
Smallest	25
New members enrolled	41
Number of books loaned	1,010
Number of magazines loaned	20
Number of books donated	13
Number of new books	130
Number of old books replaced with new	10
Fines collected	\$1.00

FRANCES McDONALD.

See "Neal of the Navy."

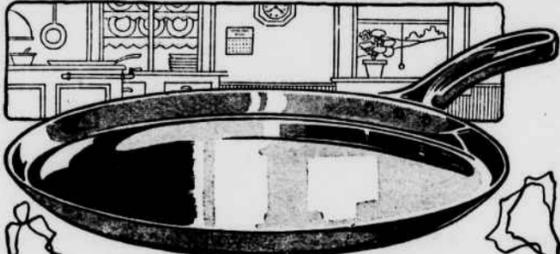
(Continued on Page Three)

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THE finest equipped laundry in the Northwest. All modern machinery and experienced employees. We are anxious to handle your work, no matter how much or how little. Visit our laundry and be convinced that we have the plant to turn out the work.

HAWLEY & WOODY, Props.

Glasgow, Montana



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LABELS from 50c worth of Karo (blue or red) and 85c brings you fine 10 1/2 inch aluminum griddle by parcels post prepaid. This Karo griddle, light and easy to handle, bright as a new dollar and needs no greasing, therefore no smoke. Heats uniformly all over, is very economical, will not rust, is easy to keep clean—and MAKES THE FINEST GRIDDLE CAKES YOUR MEN FOLKS EVER TASTED.

This griddle retails regularly at \$2.25. Send your order for the Karo Aluminum Griddle today. This offer will prove popular. Place your order promptly.

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Our Corn Products Cook Book and Preserving Book—illustrated in full colors—prepared by America's foremost culinary authorities will be sent free with each griddle, or without the griddle on request.

Corn Products Refining Company
New York, N. Y.
Dept. R. X. P. O. Box 181.



GREAT NORTHERN RY.

Arrival and departure of trains at Glasgow

No. 3	Arrives from St. Paul and points east	11:55 p. m.
	Leaves for Spokane and Seattle	12:05 a. m.
No. 4	Arrives from Spokane and points west	4:20 a. m.
	Leaves for St. Paul and Minneapolis	4:30 a. m.
No. 1	Arrives from Chicago, St. Paul and east	9:30 a. m.
	Leaves for Spokane, Seattle and west	9:35 a. m.
No. 2	Arrives from Spokane and western points	6:50 a. m.
	Leaves for Chicago, St. Paul and east	6:55 a. m.
No. 224	Arrives from Great Falls, Havre and west	7:00 p. m.
No. 223	Leaves for Havre, Benton and Great Falls	7:05 a. m.
No. 27	Fast Mail from east arrives	1:10 a. m.
	Leaves for west	1:15 a. m.
No. 28	Fast Mail and express from west arrives	1:05 p. m.
	Leaves for eastern points	1:10 p. m.

No. 223 and 224 are local passenger trains between Glasgow and Great Falls, and run daily except Sundays.