

CITY CAFE

J. KOTAKI, Proprietor

PROMPT SERVICE
NEALS 25 CENTS
AND UP.

BEST MEALS
IN TOWN

Try us and be
convinced.

GLASGOW, MONT.

George E. Birmingham

CEMENT
Contractor

All kinds of cement work done. cellars, cement walks, copings, curb and foundation work done at lowest prices. Get my prices on any work in my line.

Phone 75

Glasgow, Montana

P. E. Kent

Contractor and
Builder

Let Me Figure on that
House You Intend
to Build.

A large crew of men on hand at all times. I can handle your work with dispatch.

Glasgow, Mont.

Good Cause for Alarm

Deaths from kidney diseases have increased 72% in twenty years. People overdo nowadays in so many ways that the constant filtering of poisoned blood weakens the kidneys. Beware of fatal Bright's disease. When backache or urinary ills suggest weak kidneys, use a tested kidney medicine.

Doan's Kidney Pills command confidence, for no other remedy is so widely used or so generally successful.

An Oregon Case "Every Picture Tells a Story"
Mrs. W. McGregor, 711 Lillith St., Pendleton, Ore., says: "I suffered from terrible pains in my back and my feet and ankles swelled. I often had to gasp for breath and sometimes had to be helped around. After everything else had failed and I had given up all hope, Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

COL. E. F. JACOBS
Auctioneer
Livestock and Farm Sales
Terms Reasonable. See me or inquire at Markle's Transfer for terms.
and Dates. Box 316

PATENTS
obtained through the old established "D. SWIFT & CO." are being quickly bought by Manufacturers.
Send a model or sketches and description of your invention for FREE SEARCH and report on patentability. We get patents or no fee. Write for our free book of 300 needed inventions.
D. SWIFT & CO.
Patent Attorneys, Estab. 1859.
307 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

OVERLAND RED

(Continued from page 5)

led," as Anne put it, which was merely another way of saying, "After we are married and have become enough used to each other to really enjoy a long trip west."

The Marshalls had arrived, with three years of happiness behind them and apparently with an aeon or so of happiness to look forward to, for they were quiet, unassuming young folks, with plenty of money and no desire whatever to make people aware of it.

In the shadows of the mountain evening they congregated on the veranda and chatted about the east, the west and incidentally about the proposed picnic they were to enjoy a few days later, when "boots and saddles" would be the order of the day. "And the trails are not bad, Anne," said Louise. "When you get used to them you'll forget all about them, but your pony won't. He'll be just as deliberate and anxious about your safety and his at the end of the week as he was at the beginning."

"Imagine! A week of riding about these mountains! How Billy would have enjoyed it, doctor!"

"Yes. But I believe he is having a pretty good time where he is."

"We wish he could be here, Anne," said Louise. "I've never met your brother. He's always been away when I have been east."

"Which has been his misfortune," said Dr. Marshall.

"He writes such beautiful letters about the desert and his mining claim—that's his latest fad—and says he's much stronger. But I believe they all say that when they have his trouble, you know."

"From Billy's last letter I should say he was in pretty fair shape," said the doctor. "He's living outdoors and at a good altitude, somewhere on the desert. He's making money. He posts his letters at a town called Daggett, in this state."

"Up above San Berdo," said Walter Stone. "And he straightway drifted into reverie."

"Hello!" exclaimed Dr. Marshall, leaning forward. "Sounds like the exhaust of a pretty heavy car. I didn't imagine any one would drive that canyon road after dark."

"Unusual," said Stone, getting to his feet. "Some one in a hurry. I'll turn on the porch light and defy the mosquitoes."

With a leonine roar and a succeeding clatter of empty cylinders an immense racing car stopped at the gate below. The powerful headlight shot a widening pathway through the night. Voices came distinctly from the vicinity of the machine. Before Walter Stone had reached the bottom step of the porch a huge figure appeared from out the shadows. In the radiance of the porch light stood a wonderfully attired stranger. Frock coat, silk hat, patent leathers, striped trousers and pearl garters, a white vest and a noticeable watch chain adorned the driver of the automobile. He stood for a minute blinking in the light; then he swept his hat from his head with muscular grace. "Excuse me for intruding," he said. "I seen this glim and headed for it. Is Mr. Walter Stone at lee-sure?"

"I'm Walter Stone," said the rancher, somewhat mystified. "My name's Summers, Jack Summers, proprietor of the Rose Girl mine." And Overland Red, erstwhile sheriff of Abilene, cowboy, tramp, prospector, gun man and many other interesting things, proffered a highly engraved calling card. Again he bowed profoundly. His hat in his hand, a white carnation in his buttonhole and rapture in his heart. He had seen Louise again—Louise, leaning forward, staring at him incredulously. Wouldn't the rose girl be surprised? She was.

"I can't say that I quite understand," began Stone.

"Why, it's the man who borrowed my pony!" exclaimed Louise.

"Correct, miss. I—I come to thank you for lendin' me the cayuse that time."

Walter Stone simply had to laugh. "Come up and rest after your trip up the canyon. Of course you want to see Colie. He told me about your findin' the claim. Says you have given him a quarter interest. I'm glad you're doing well."

"I took a little run in to Los to get some new tires. The desert eats 'em up pretty fast. The Guzzuh, she cast her off hind shoe the other day. I was scared she'd go lame. Bein' up this way, I thought I'd roll up and see Colie."

"The 'Guzzuh'?" queried Stone. "You rode up, then?"

"Nope. The Guzzuh is me little old racin' car. I christened her that right after I got so as I could climb on to her without her pitchin' me off. She's some bronc, she is."

(To Be Continued.)

DERRIG'S OVERCOAT

KEEPS THIEF WARM

It looked for a while as though Frank H. Derrig, Glendana banker, would have to wear a blanket instead of an overcoat this winter, and the prospect of facing the North Country one without his trusty sheep lined as not a cheerful one. Mr. Derrig drove into Baylor the first of the week and hung his coat on a nail in the Baylor hotel while he went to lunch. He was gone about fifteen minutes and upon his return found the coat missing.

During the time spent at lunch two autos, loaded with strangers, had passed through Baylor, stopping but a few minutes, and it was the general suspicion that one of the party

had taken up with Mr. Derrig's overcoat. It happened that Sheriff Powell's son was in Baylor at the time, headed south with one of Sam Grossman's cars, and a note was sent with him to his father.

Upon receipt of the note apprising him of the theft, Sheriff Powell immediately started out on the hunt for the missing coat. He located the two auto parties, south of Nashua and brought one of the members back to Glasgow—inside of Derrig's coat. The man is in jail, the coat is in the sheriff's office and the owner fervently exclaims, "Thank Gawd for Powell."—Glentana Reporter.

Money to loan on irrigated as well as non-irrigated lands. Will also give you the privilege of paying \$50.00 or more at any time and stop your interest on same. See me for terms and rates on same.
2813 Oscar T. Roop.

Ginger Snaps

Nothing is quite so trying as suspense, is there?

What would the hatters do without elections?

California would have made up its mercurial mind more quickly if either of the contestants had been a native son.

Tammany need expect no favors of the White House, having failed to "deliver the goods."

German soldiers now wear helmets without spikes, but this is not necessarily a sign of increasing pacifism.

America's stand has been for peace, complicated with an extensive manufacture of arms and ammunition.

Michigan did not vote for Wilson, but it did vote for prohibition, so Henry Ford may regard it as a drawn battle.

Critics have decided that there is really an American language. There is, but it is to be spoken, not written.

Electing a president is comparatively easy, but counting the ballots is an awful job.

No matter who plays, in most of the football games the ticket scalpers are winners.

One of the joys of a close election is the labor it affords experts in "analyzing the returns."

By giving d'Annunzio so many chances to be a hero, Italy may be trying to prove that it really loves his poetry.

William J. Bryan may claim to have come back in Nebraska if he counts the prohibition victory as a personal vindication.

Strictly modern elections begin to resemble continued stories, which leave the reader in suspense until the next installment.

Cotton itself is so high that the conscientious sheep resists the temptation to adulterate its product with the vegetable staple.

Yes, let the eagle scream! United States election news crowded the war news entirely off the front pages.

Chasing the elusive electoral vote through the mazes of belated returns is no kind of sport for a patriot with a weak heart.

After the war, the city of New York might secure the Kaiser's services as a rapid transit expert. His lightning changes from front to front should certainly qualify him.

Builders of our battleships may work only eight hours a day, but our enemies, when we have them may be counted on to work the full twenty-four.

If the Teutons have not succeeded in "punishing" Roumania appreciably, they at least scared the life out of Greece again.

Although free trade is no longer an issue the British blockade is doing its best work to make it one.

The most cheerful war prophet does not find it possible at any time to mention any date for peace less than a year in the future.

Women who were once jocosely referred to as "talkative" now find themselves classified to a large degree with the silent vote.

After the war Europe will be expected to settle down, work hard and save up its money and get out of debt.

Fears are now entertained that Villa will undertake to reverse the program and "get" Carranza.

The next we expect to hear from Greece is that the allies have sent King Constantine's crown to the junk yard.

There may be nothing in the peace talk being heard, but it is a pleasing subject all the same.

Paper is now so high that people are beginning to understand why the ancients inscribed their messages on clay or stone tablets.

Those new dimes are lovely, but it is a pity that they did not come along in the good old days, when a dime would buy ten cents worth of anything.

In permitting a ship-load of Turkish tobacco to come to this country, the entente allies have shown that

Heaters and Ranges

Now is the time to buy.

Our line of Heaters is complete.



The Range Eternal

Can't Be Beat

Come in and let us demonstrate to you our line.



Coleman Hardware Company

they admit the neutrality of the Turkish cigarette.

The German chancellor and Viscount Grey seem to think this war is to be decided by speeches.

Too old to be funny, a stage comedian killed himself at Chicago. Such a tragedy is no joking matter, but there is a whimsical thought suggested that even a comedian cannot afford to lose his sense of humor.

John D. Rockefeller is credited with having gained \$8,000,000 in a single day. With that chap's luck and his appetite we feel we'd take an extra glass of milk by way of celebrating.

The Deutschland, it is said, did not travel along the oar of the ocean on its latest trip, but was visible most of the time, so would it be all right to speak of it as having sailed on the roof of the ocean.

Utah and Vermont appear to have obtained a divorce.

From Virginia comes the story that a victim of consumption kept absolutely silent for one year and was cured. It probably is a question with many women if the cure is not worse than the disease.

Latest candidate for admission to the dictionary: Congresswomen.

Slip a few Prince Albert smokes into your system!

You've heard many an earful about the Prince Albert patented process that cuts out bite and parch and lets you smoke your fill without a comeback! Stake your bank roll that it proves out every hour of the day. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

There's sport smoking a pipe or rolling your own, but you know that you've got to have the right tobacco! We tell you Prince Albert will bang the doors wide open for you to come in on a good time firing up every little so often, without a regret! You'll feel like your smoke past has been wasted and will be sorry you cannot back up for a fresh start.

You swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happiness and contentment to you, to every man who knows what can be gotten out of a chummy jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette with Prince Albert for "packing"!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



THE Prince Albert tidy tin, and in fact, every Prince Albert package, has a real message-to-you on its reverse side. You'll read—"Process Patented July 30th, 1907." That means that the United States Government has granted a patent on the process by which Prince Albert is made. And by which tongue bite and throat parch are cut out! Every where tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting you in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that clever crystal-glass humidor, with sponge-moistener top, that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition—always!