

THIN HAIR ON TOP

If Parisian Sage, the hair grower that Haynes & Taylor guarantees, will not cause hair to grow where the hair is thinning out, nothing on this earth will.

And we say to everybody, man, woman young or old, you can have your money back if Parisian Sage isn't the best hair grower, hair saver, hair beautifier and dandruff cure on the market today.

It stops itching scalp and falling hair, and makes hair grow thick and abundantly, or money back. Fifty cents for a large bottle.

"Parisian Sage" make the hair soft and brilliant and promotes growth. I gladly recommend it to everyone."—G. M. Emmons, Albion House, Potsdam, N. Y., June 7th, 1910.

A. O. M.

A Story On A Kentuckian.

In Kentucky is a quaint character named Ezekiel Hopkins, who once gained local fame by discovering a piece of broken railway line and warning an excursion train in time to save disaster. So it was decided to present Ezekiel with a gold watch, says the Argonaut. The head of the presentation committee, approaching Ezekiel with a grave bow, said:

"Mr. Hopkins, it is the desire of the good people of Kentucky that you shall, in recognition of your valor and merit, be presented with this watch, which they trust will ever remind you of their undying friendship." Without the least emotion Ezekiel ejected from his mouth a long stream of tobacco juice, took the watch from its handsome case, turned over and over in his wrinkled hand, and finally asked, "Whar's the chain?"

MEN:

For tender face and neck after shaving, for pimples, black heads, dandruff or any skin or scalp disease use ZEMO and ZEMO SOAP.

ZEMO is guaranteed to relieve all soreness and itching. The soap is part of the treatment.—Best for all toilet purposes.

Sold by druggists everywhere and in Marion by Haynes & Taylor.

No. 4 A20

The Bible Tells How

To Make Cake.

Four and a half cups of 1 Kings iv, 22.

One-half pound of Judges v, 25.

Two cups of Jeremiah vi, 20.

Two cups of Nahum iii, 12.

Two teaspoonfuls of 1 Samuel xiv, 25.

To taste, II Chronicles ix, 9.

Six teaspoonfuls Jeremiah xvi, 11.

One half cup Judges iv, 19.

Two teaspoonfuls Amos iv, 5.

One pinch Leviticus ii, 13.

Directions, Proverbs xxiii, 14.

Bake one and a half to two hours. Baking powder may be used instead of leaven.

Free Child's Remedy

What mother is not looking for something that will help her children in the little ills of life, something for the stomach trouble and the bowel trouble? Long ago she probably has become convinced that a child cannot readily swallow a pill or a tablet, and that to "break them in half and crush them" is an annoyance; that usually they work too drastically, and are nauseating and too powerful for the little one's stomach.

Any mother who will take the trouble of sending her name and address can obtain a free sample bottle of a remedy that thousands of other mothers are using and now paying for. This remedy is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and the offer of a free trial bottle is open to any mother who has not yet used it. Having used it and convinced yourself that it is what you want, you can obtain it in the future of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, just as many others are doing, the free sample being simply to convince you of its merits. It is the best way to begin on it. Mrs. L. Davis of 187 W. Harrison street, Chicago, and Mrs. Mary Beiford, 1719 Coke street, Louisville, Ky., both started with a free sample and now they write that they have never been without a bottle in the house since.

It is undoubtedly a great family remedy, as it is adapted to all ages, being mild and pleasant to take and yet thoroughly effective. It is especially the ideal remedy for children and women and old folks, who need something pure, mild and natural. It has the advantage of being a thorough laxative and yet contains no toxic properties. Use it for the most stubborn constipation, indigestion, liver trouble, sick headache, sour stomach and such complaints, with a guarantee that it will cure them.

Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. I explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R. 500 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

Cavanagh,

The Great Conservation Novel

CHAPTER XI.

LIZE PLAYS A MAN'S PART—ALSO LEE. THE mob besieging Cavanagh in Halsey's saloon had not found its leader. It hesitated and blustered, but did not strike and eventually edged out of the door and disappeared. But the silence which followed its retreat was more alarming to the ranger than its presence. Some slier mischief was in these minds. He feared that they were about to cut the electric light wires and so plunge him into darkness, and to prepare for that emergency he called upon the bartender (Halsey having vanished) for a lamp or a lantern.

The fellow sullenly set about this task, and Ross, turning to Gregg, said, "If you've any influence with this mob you'd better use it to keep them out of mischief, for I'm on this job to the bitter end, and somebody's going to be hurt."

Gregg, who seemed quite detached from the action and rather delighted with it, replied: "I have no influence. They don't care a hang about me. They have it in for you, that's all."

Edwards remained silent, with his hat drawn low over his eyes. It was evident that he was anxious to avoid being seen and quite willing to keep out of the conflict; but, with no handcuffs and the back door of the saloon unguarded, Ross was aware that his guard must be incessant and alertly vigilant.

"Such a thing could not happen under the English flag," he said to himself, and at the moment his adopted country seemed a miserable makeshift. Only the thought of Redfield and the chief nerved him for the long vigil. "The chief will understand if it comes up to him," he said.

Lize Wetherford came hurrying in, looking as though she had just risen from her bed. She was clothed in a long red robe, her grizzled hair was loose, her feet were bare, and she carried a huge old fashioned revolver in her hand. Her mouth was stern.

Stopping abruptly as she caught sight of Ross standing in the middle of the floor unhurt, she exclaimed: "There you are! Are you all right?" "As a trivet," he replied.

She let her gun hand relax. "What was the shooting?"

"A little blip on my part."

"Anybody hurt?"

"No."

She was much relieved. "I was afraid they'd got you. I came as quick as I could. I was abed. That fool doctor threw a chill into me, and I've been going to roost early according to orders. I didn't hear your gun, but Lee did, and she came to tell me. Don't let 'em get behind you. If I was any good I'd stay and help. What you go to do—hold your men here all night?"

"I don't see any other way. Halsey turned the place over to me, but—" He looked about him suspiciously.

"Bring 'em into my place. Lee has had new locks put on our doors; they'll help some."

"I don't like to do that, Mrs. Wetherford," he replied, with greater respect

than he had ever shown her before.

"They may attack me there."

"All the better; I'll be on hand to help. But they're less likely to boil in on you through a locked door."

"But your daughter? It will alarm her."

"She'll be in the other house, and, besides, she'd feel easier if you are in my place. She's all wrought up by the attack on you."

Ross turned to his prisoners. "Follow Mrs. Wetherford and—eyes front!"

"You needn't worry about me," said Joe. "I won't run."

"I don't intend to give you a chance," replied Ross.

Edwards seemed to have lost in both courage and physical stature. He slouched along with shuffling step, his head bent and his face pale. Ross was now profoundly sorry for him, so utterly craven and broken was his look.

As Ross brought his two prisoners to the Wetherford House Lee was waiting on the porch of the hotel, tense with excitement, straining her ears and eyes to see what was taking place.

The night had started with a small sickle of moon, but this had dropped below the range, leaving the street

Forest

By HAMLIN GARLAND



dark save where the lights from the windows of the all night eating houses and saloons lay out upon the walk, and while she stood peering out the sound of rancorous howling and shrill whooping came to her ears with such suggestion of ferocity that she shivered.

A few of the hotel guests had gone to bed, but the women were up, excited and nervous, starting at every fresh outburst of whooping, knowing that their sons or husbands were out in the street "to see the fun" and that they might meet trouble.

At last Lee discerned her mother returning from Halsey's, followed by three men. Withdrawing from the little porch where she had been standing, she re-entered the house to meet her mother in the hall. "Where is Mr. Cavanagh?" she asked.

"Out in the dining room. You see, Mike Halsey is no kind of use. He vamooseed and left Ross down there alone with his two prisoners and the lights likely to be turned out on him, so I offered the caddy as a calaboose. They are sure in for a long and tedious night."

Lee was alarmed at her mother's appearance. "You must go to bed. You look ghastly."

"I reckon I'd better lay down for a little while, but I can't sleep. Ross may need me. There isn't a man to help him but me, and that loafer Ballard is full of gall. He's got it in for Ross and will make trouble if he can."

"What can we do?"

"Shoot!" replied Lize, with dry brevity. "I wouldn't mind a chance to plug some of the sweet citizens of this town. I owe them one or two."

With this sentence in her ears Lee Virginia went to her bed, but not to slumber. Her utter inability either to control her mother's action or to influence that of the mob added to her uneasiness.

The singing, shouting, tramping of the crowd went on, and once a group of men halted just outside her window, and she heard Neil Ballard noisily, drunkenly arguing as to the most effective method of taking the prisoners.

"Come on, boys!" said Ballard, his voice filled with reckless determination. "Let's run him."

As they passed the girl sprang up and went to her mother's room to warn her of the threatened attack.

Lize was already awake and calmly leading a second revolver by the light of the electric bulb. A jarring blow was heard. "Fear that? They're breaking in!" said Lize. She started to leave the room.

Lee stopped her. "Where are you going?"

"To help Ross. Here!" She thrust the handle of a smaller weapon into Lee's hand. "Ed Wetherford's girl ought to be able to take care of herself. Come on!"

With a most unheroic horror numbing her limbs, Lee followed her mother through the hall. The sound of shouts and the tramping of feet could be heard, and she came out into the restaurant just in time to photograph upon her brain a scene whose significance was at once apparent. On a chair between his two prisoners and confronting Ballard at the head of a crowd of frenzied villains stood the ranger, a gleaming weapon in his hand, a look of resolution on his face.

What he had said or what he intended to do she did not learn, for her mother rushed at the invaders with the mad bravery of a she bear. "Get out of here!" she snarled, thrusting her revolver into the very mouth of the leader.

They all fell back in astonishment and fear.

Ross leaped to her side. "Leave them to me!" he said. "I'll clear the room."

"Not on your life! This is my house. I have the right to smash the fools." And she beat them over the heads with her pistol barrel.

Recognizing that she was minded to kill, they retreated over the threshold, and Ross, drawing the door close behind them, turned to find Lee Virginia confronting Edwards, who had attempted to escape into the kitchen. The girl's face was white, but the eye of her revolver stared straight and true into her prisoner's face.

With a bound Ross seized him and flung him against the wall. "Get back there!" he shouted. "You must take your medicine with your boss."

The old fellow hurriedly replaced his ragged hat and, folding his arms, sank back into his chair with bowed head, while Lize turned upon Joe Gregg.

"What did you go into this kind of deal for? You knew what the game

Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND

laws was, didn't you? Your old dad is all for state regulation, and here you are breaking a state law. Why don't you stand up for the code like a sport?"

Joe, who had been boasting of the smiles he had drawn from Lee, did not relish this tongue lashing from her mother; but, assuming a careless air, he said: "I'm all out of smokes; get me a box, that's a good old soul."

Lize regarded him with the expression of one nonplused. "You impudent little cub!" she exclaimed. "What you need is a booting!"

The ranger addressed himself to Lee. "I want to thank you for a very opportune intervention. I didn't know you could handle a gun so neatly."

She flushed with pleasure. "Oh, yes, I can shoot. My father taught me when I was only six years old."

As she spoke Ross caught the man Edwards studying them with furtive glance, but upon being observed he resumed his crouching attitude, which concealed his face beneath the rim of his weather worn hat. It was evident that he was afraid of being recognized. He had the slinking air of the convict, and his form, so despairing in its lax lines, appealed to Lee with even greater poignancy than his face. "I'm sorry," she said to him, "but it was my duty to help Mr. Cavanagh."

He glanced up with a quick sidewise slant. "That's all right, miss. I should

have had sense enough to keep out of this business." He spoke with difficulty, and his voice was hoarse with emotion.

Lize turned to Lee. "The doc said 'no liquor,' but I guess here's where I draw one. I feel faint."

Ross hurried to her side, while young Gregg tendered a handsome flask. "Here's something."

Lize put it away. "Not from you. Just reach under my desk, Ross; you'll find some brandy there. That's it," she called as he produced a bottle. Clutching it eagerly, she added, "They say it's poison, but it's my meat to-night." Little remained of the woman in Lize, and the old sheep herder eyed her with furtive curiosity.

"I was afraid you'd shoot," Lize explained to Ross, "and I didn't want you to mussy up your hands on the dirty loafers. I had the right to kill. They were trespassers, and I'd 'a' done it too."

"I don't think they intended to actually assault me," he said, "but it's a bit discouraging to find the town so indifferent over both the breaking of the laws and the doings of a drunken mob. I'm afraid the most of them are a long way from law abiding people yet."

Joe, who did not like the position in which he stood as respecting Lee, here made an offer of aid. "I don't suppose my word is any good now, but if you'll let me do it I'll go out and round up Judge Higley. I think I know where he is."

To this Lize objected. "You can't do that, Ross; you better hold the fort here till morning."

Lee was rather sorry, too, for young Gregg, who bore his buffeting with the imperturbable face of the heroes of his class. He had gone into this enterprise with much the same spirit in which he had stolen gates and misplaced signs during his brief college career, and he was now disposed (in the presence of a pretty girl) to carry it out with undiminished impudence.

"It only means a fine, anyway," he assured himself.

Cavanagh did not trust Gregg, either, and as this was the first time he had been called upon to arrest men for killing game out of season he could not afford to fall of any precaution. Tired and sleepy as he was he must remain on guard. "But you and your daughter must go to bed at once," he urged.

Lize, under the spur of her dram, talked on with bitter boldness, berating the town and its people. Gregg listened to her with expressionless visage, his eyes dreamily fixed on Lee's face, but his companion, the old herder, seemed to palpitate with shame and fear. And Ross had the feeling at the moment that in this ragged, unkempt old hobo was the skeleton of one of the old time heroes. He was wasted with drink and worn by wind

and rain, but he was very far from being commonplace.

THE EYE OF HER REVOLVER STARED STRAIGHT INTO HER PRISONER'S FACE.

MEYER

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Lightning Strikes Young Woman

Glasgow, Ky., April 12.—Miss Katherine Smith of Coral Hill, in this county, and daughter of Mr. Charles Smith, was sitting near the telephone, when a bolt of lightning shattered the box and, striking her on the shoulder, ran off down her stay and jumped from her feet to the fire, scattering burning embers all over the carpet. She was rendered unconscious and her clothing set on fire. Her father put out the fire and summoned physicians and with difficulty restored her to consciousness. She is still confined to her bed, but is recovering.

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Man Who Doesn't Take Home Paper Not Wanted.

The Frankfort News-Journal says: A traveling solicitor of the Courier-Journal was in Frankfort the other day, and stated that he had instructed the men under him to book no subscriptions with a man who does not take the paper published in his home town. He says a man who does not subscribe for his county or home paper is not the kind of a man wanted on the books of a city paper, for there must be something wrong with him. There is wisdom in this.

COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Marion Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed; to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words to hundreds of Marion readers.

G. B. Johnson, 413 Gum St., Marion, Ky., says: For five years I suffered from kidney complaint, brought on by hard work. Whenever I caught cold, it settled on my kidneys and at such times my suffering was aggravated. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage and I was often obliged to arise during the night. There was a dull pain in the small of my back and when I arose in the morning, I felt lame and stiff. I tired easily, was nervous and also had dizzy spells.

When Doan's Kidney Pills came to my attention, I procured at Haynes & Taylor's drug store and after I finished the contents, I was cured. It gives me pleasure to state, that time has proven the cure to be a permanent one. You are at liberty to publish this statement for the benefit of other kidney sufferers."

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KANSAS AND OKLAHOMA Worst Sufferers From Storms

Chicago, April 12.—A heavy wind storm, attaining the velocity of a tornado in some sections, and accompanied by rain, hail and lightning, swept over Western Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma today, killing 23 persons, practically destroying two towns injuring almost a hundred persons, wrecking scores of buildings and putting almost every telephone and telegraph wire in the territory out of commission.

The tornado levied its greatest toll at Big Heart, Okla., where eight persons were killed, ten injured and almost every building in the town wrecked. Whiting, Kansas, was practically wiped off the map. Sixty buildings were blown down, thirty persons hurt and Mrs. David Stone killed.

At Powhattan, Kansas, a woman and child were killed. A high school building was wrecked at Eskridge, Kansas, a number of houses damaged and from 15 to 20 persons injured.

At Hiawatha, Kan., a school-house was blown down, an eight year-old boy named Pelton was killed and several buildings were struck by lightning. Several persons are known to have been hurt at Netawaka, Kan. A boy was killed at Manville, Kan.

The Kansas end of the tornado started near Whiting, and swept in a southeasterly direction for a distance of more than fifty miles,

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