



CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

Reno was some 90 miles away, and not until late the next evening did the grays reach the lonely post. Not a sign of hostile Indian had been seen or heard, said the officer in command. Small bands of hunters were out toward Pumpkin Butte two days before. Yes, Ogallallas—and a scouting party, working down the valley of the Powder, had met no band at all, though trails were numerous. They were now patrolling toward the Big Horn. Perhaps there'd be a courier to-morrow. Better get a good night's rest meantime, he said. But all the same he doubled his guards and ordered extra vigilance, for all men knew John Folsom, and when Folsom was anxious on the Indian question it was time to look alive. Daybreak came without a sign, but Folsom could not rest. The grays had no authority to go beyond Reno, but such was his anxiety that it was decided to hold the troop at the cantonment for a day or two. Meantime, despite his fears, Folsom decided to push on for the Gap. All efforts to dissuade him were in vain. With him rode Baptiste, a half-breed Frenchman, whose mother was an Ogallalla squaw, and "Bat" had served him many a year. Their canteens were filled, their saddles-pouches packed. They led along an extra mule, with camp equipment, and shook hands gravely with the officers as they rode away. "All depends," said Folsom, "on whether Red Cloud is hereabouts in person. If he is and I can get his ear I can probably save off trouble long enough to get those people at the Gap back to Kearney, or over here. They're goners if they attempt to stay there and build that post. If you don't have word from us in two days, send for all the troops the government can raise. It will take every mother's son they've got to whip the Sioux when once they're leagued together."

"But our men have the new breech-loaders now, Mr. Folsom," said the officers. "The Indians have only old percussion-cap rifles, and not too many of them."

"But there are 20 warriors to every soldier," was the answer, "and all are fighting men."

They watched the pair until they disappeared far to the west. All day long the lookouts searched the horizon. All that night the sentries listened for hoofbeats on the Bozeman road, but only the weird chorus of the coyotes woke the echoes of the dark prairie. Dawn of the second day came, and, unable to bear suspense, the major sent a little party, mounted on their fleetest horses, to scour the prairie at least halfway to the foothills of the Big Horn, and just at nightfall they came back—three at least—galloping like mad, their mounts a mass of foam. Folsom's dread was well founded. Red Cloud, with heaven only knows how many warriors, had camped on Crazy Woman's Fork within the past three days, and gone on up stream. He might have met and fought the troops sent out three days before. He must have met the troops dispatched to Warrior Gap.

And this last, at least, he had done. For a few seconds after the fall of the buffalo bull, the watchers on the distant ridge lay still, except that Dean, turning slightly, called to the orderly trumpeter, who had come trotting out after the troop commander, and was now halted and afoot some 20 yards down the slope. "Go back, Bryan," he ordered. "Halt the ambulances. Notify Capt. Brooks that there are lots of Indians ahead, and have the sergeant deploy the men at once." Then he turned back and with his field glass studied the party along the ravine.

"They can't have seen us, can they, lieutenant?" muttered the trooper nearest him.

But Dean's young face was grave and clouded. Certainly the Indians acted as though they were totally unaware of the presence of troops, but the more he thought the more he knew that no big body of Sioux would be traveling across country at so critical a time (country, too, that was conquered as this was from their enemies, the Crows), without vigilant scouts afar out on front and flank. The more he thought the more he knew that even as early as three o'clock those keen-eyed fellows must have sighted his little column, conspicuous as it was because of its wagons. Beyond question, he told himself, the chief of the band or village so steadily approaching from the northeast had full information of their presence, and was coming confidently ahead. What had he to fear? Even though the blood of settlers and soldiers might still be red upon the hands of his braves, even though fresh scalps might be dangling at this moment from their shields, what mattered it? Did he not know that the safeguard of the Indian bureau spread like the wing of a protecting angel over him and his people, forbidding troops to molest or open fire unless they themselves were attacked? Did he not laugh in his ragged shirt sleeve at the policy of the white fool who would permit the red enemy to ride boldly up to his soldiers, count their numbers, inspect their array, satisfy himself as to their armament and readiness, then calculate the chances, and, if he thought the force too strong, ride on his way with only a significant gesture in parting insult? If, on the contrary, he found it weak, then he could turn loose his braves, surround, massacre and scalp, and swear before the commissioners sent out to investigate next month that he and his people knew nothing about the matter—nothing, at least, that they could be induced to tell.

One moment more Dean watched and waited. Two of the Indians in the ravine were busily reloading their rifles. Two others were aiming over the bank, for, with the strange stupidity of their kind, the other buffalo, even when startled by the shot, had never sought safety in flight, but were

now sniffing the odor of blood on the tainted air and slowly, wonderingly drawing near the stricken leader as though to ask what ailed him. Obedient and docile the Indian ponies stood with drooping heads, hidden under the shelter of the steep banks. Nearer and nearer came the big black animals, bulky, stupid, fatuous; the foremost lowered a huge head to sniff at the blood oozing from the shoulder of the dying bull, then two more shots puffed out from the ravine, the huge head tossed suddenly in air, and the ungainly brute started and staggered, whirled about and darted a few yards away, then plunged on its knees, and the next moment started at some sight the soldier watchers could not see, the black band was seized with sudden panic and darted like mad into the depths of the watercourse, disappeared a moment from sight, then, suddenly reappearing, came laboring up the higher side, straight for the crest on which they lay, a dozen black, bounding, panting beasts thundering over the ground, followed by half a dozen darting Indian ponies, each with his little rider scurrying in pursuit. "Out of the way, men! Don't fire!" shouted Dean. And, scrambling back toward their horses, the lieutenant and his men drew away from the front of the charging herd, invisible as yet to the halted troop and to the occupants of the ambulance, whose eager heads could be seen poked out at the side doors of the leading vehicle, as though watching for the cause of the sudden halt.

And then a thing happened that at least one man saw and fortunately remembered later. Bryan, the trumpeter, with jabbing heels and flapping arms, was tearing back toward the troop at the moment the top speed of his gray charger, already so near that he was shouting to the sergeant in the lead. By this time, too, that veteran trooper, with the quick sense of duty that seemed to inspire the wartime sergeant, had jumped his little column "front into line" to meet the unseen danger; so that now, with carbines advanced, some thirty blue jackets were aligned in the loose fighting order of the prairies in front of the foremost wagon. The sight of the distant officer and men tumbling hurriedly to one side, out of the way of the sum of some swiftly-coming peril, acted like magic on the line. Carbines were quickly brought to ready, the gun locks crackling in chorus as the they're leagued together."



Disdainfully turned their backs.

horses pranced and snorted. But it had a varying effect on the occupants of the leading wagon. The shout of "Indians" from Bryan's lips, the sight of scurry on the ridge ahead brought the engineer and aid-de-camp springing out, rifle in hand, to take their manly part in the coming fray. It should have brought Maj. Burleigh too, but that appropriately named non-combatant never showed outside. An instant more and to the sound of rising thunder, before the astonished eyes of the cavalry line there burst into view, full rear for safety, the uncouth, yet marvelously swift-running leaders of the little herd. The whole dozen came flying across the sky line and down the gentle slope, heading well around to the left of the line of troopers, while sticking to their flanks like red nettles half a dozen warriors rode like the wind on their nimble ponies, crackling with the rattle of their rifles in savage joy in the glorious fray. Too much for Burleigh's nerve was the combination of sounds, thunder of hoofs and sputter of shots, for when a cheer of sympathetic delight went up from the soldier line at the sight of the chase, and the young engineer sprang to the door of the ambulance to see the major out, he found him a limp and ghastly heap, quivering with terror in the bottom of the wagon, looking for all the world as if he were trying to crawl under the seat.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Away to the left of the little command tore the quarry and the chase. Out on the rolling prairie, barely four hundred yards from where the ambulance and mules were backed into a tangle of traces and whiffletrees and fear-stricken creatures, another buffalo had dropped in a heap; a swartly rider had tumbled off his pony, cut a slash or two with ever-ready knife, and then, throwing a bead-bedizened left leg over his eager little mount, had gone lashing away after his fellows, not without a jeering slap at the halted soldiery. Then, in almost less time than it takes to tell it, the pursued and pursuers had vanished from sight over a low ridge a mile to the north. "Only a hunting party!" said one of the nervous recruits, with a gulp of relief. "Only a hunting party," gasped Burleigh, as presently he heard himself being called from the floor, "and I thought I'd never find that damned gun!" he continued, his lips still blue and quivering. "That green youngster up there in front hasn't learned the first principles of plainscraft yet. Here, Brooks," he added, loudly, "it's high time you were looking after this sub of yours," and Brooks, despite his illness, was indeed working out of the back door of his yellow trundle bed at the moment, and looking anxiously about. But the engineer stood pale and quiet, coolly studying the fast-fading growler, and when Burleigh's shifting eyes sought that young scientist's face, what he read there—and Burleigh was no fool—told him he would be wise to change the tune. The aid had pushed him in front of the troop and was signaling to Dean, once more in saddle and scanning through his glass the big band afar down the valley.

"Take my horse, sir," said the sergeant, dismounting, and the officer thanked him and rode swiftly out to join the young commander at the front. Together they gazed and consulted and still no signal came to resume the advance. Then the troopers saw the staff officer make a broad sweep with his right arm to the south, and in a moment Dean's hat was up-lifted and waved well out in that direction. "Drop carbine," growled the sergeant. "By two again. Incline to the right. Damn the Sioux, I say! Have we got to circle five miles around their hunting ground for fear of hurting their feelings? Come on, Jimmy," he added to the driver of the leading wagon. Jimmy responded with vigorous language at the expense of his leading mules. The quartermaster and engineer silently scrambled in; the ambulance started with a jerk and away went the party off to the right of the trail, the wagons jolting a bit now over the uneven clumps of bunch grass.

But once well up at the summit of the low divide the command reined in for a look at the great Indian cavalry camp swarming in the northeastern valley, and covering its grassy surface still a good mile away. Out from among the dingy mass came galloping half a dozen young braves, followed by as many squaws. The former soon spread out over the billowy surface, some following the direction of the chase, some bounding on southwestward as though confident of finding what they sought the moment they reached the nearest ridge; some riding straight to the point where lay the carcasses of the slain, and all this while, here in full view of the soldiery, but voicing nothing, two young warriors reined in their lively ponies and disdainfully turned their backs upon the spectators on the divide, while the squaws, with shrill laugh and chatter, rolled from their saddles and began the drudgery of their lot—skinning and cutting up the buffaloes slaughtered by their lords.

"Don't you see," sneered Burleigh, "it's nothing but a village out for a hunt—nothing in God's world to get stamped about. We've had all this show of warlike preparations for nothing." But he turned away again as he caught the steady look in the engineer's blue eyes, and shouted to his more appreciative friend, the aid-de-camp: "Well, partner, haven't we fooled away enough time here, or have we got to await the pleasure of people that never saw Indians before?"

Dean flushed crimson at the taunt. He well knew for whom it was meant. He was indignant enough by this time to speak for himself, but the aid-de-camp saved him the trouble.

"I requested Mr. Dean to lead a few moments, Burleigh. It is necessary I should know what band this is, and how many are out."

"Well, he's quick about it," snapped the quartermaster. "I want to get to Reno before midnight, and at this rate we won't make it in a week."

A sergeant who could speak a little Sioux came riding back to the camp, a grin on his sun-blasted face. "Well, sergeant, what'd he say?" asked the staff officer.

"He said would I please go to hell, sir," was the prompt response.

"Won't he tell you they're here?" "He won't, sir. He says we know without asking which thrice, sor!" They're Ogallallas to a man, barrin' the squaws and papposes, wid ould Red Cloud himself."

"How'd you find out if they wouldn't talk?" asked the staff officer, impatiently.

"'Twas the bucks wouldn't talk—except in swear wurruds. I wasted no time on them, sir. I gave the first squaw the last hardback in me saddle-bags and told her was it Machpelotia, and she said it was, and he was wid Box Karesha—that's our Folsom—not six hour ago, an' Folsom's gone back to the cantonment."

"Then the quicker we skip the better," were the aid-de-camp's words. "Get us to Reno fast as y'r can, Dean. Strike for the road again as soon as we're well beyond their buffalo. Now for it! There's something behind all this bogus hunt business, and Folsom knows what it is."

And every mile of the way, until thick darkness settled down over the prairie, there was something behind the trooper cavalcade—several somethings—wary red men, young and wiry, who never let themselves be seen, yet followed on over wave after wave of prairie to look to it that no man went back from that column to carry the news of their presence to the little battalion left in charge of the new post at Warrior Gap.

It was the dark of the moon, or, as the Indians say, "the nights the moon is sleeping in his lodge," and by ten p. m. the skies were overcast. Only here and there a twinkling star was visible, and only where some trooper struck a light for his pipe could a beam be seen in front of the face. The ambulance mules that had kept their steady jog during the late afternoon and the long legging that followed still seemed able to maintain the gait, and even the big, lumbering wagon at the rear came briskly on under the tug of its triple span, but in the intense darkness the guides at the head of the column kept losing the road, and the bumping of the wagons would reveal the fact, and a halt would be ordered, men would dismount and go bending and crouching and feeling their way over the almost barren surface, hunting among the sage brush for the double furrow of the trail. Matches innumerable were constantly used, and minutes of valuable time, and the quartermaster waxed fretful and impatient, and swore that his mules could find their way where the troopers couldn't, and finally, after the trail had been lost and found half a dozen times, old Brooks was badgered into telling Dean to let the ambulance take the lead. The driver shirked at once.

"There's no tellin' where we'll fetch up," said he. "Those mules can't see the trail if a man can't. Take their harness off and turn 'em loose, an' I suppose they can find their way to the post, but sure as you turn them loose when they've got something 'on 'em, or behind 'em, and the doggone cunningness of the creatures will prompt them to smash things."

[To Be Continued.]

They have a right to cure, that have a heart to beat. The rest is cruelty, not injustice.

#### GRAVEYARD GUARDIANS.

How the Cemeteries of a Great City Are Protected from Nocturnal Depredations.

Every cemetery in Chicago and in its suburbs has a watchman, whose work it is through the dark hours of the night to make the round of the vaults and the graves. Under the belief that it must be a hard task to find men willing to stand guard by dusty tombs and new-made graves when the moon is in the dark of the officials of several Chicago cemeteries were asked if they did not ever find difficulty in getting men to make the nightly rounds, says the Tribune of that city.

"Difficult? Bless you, no," was the answer. "The place of night watchman in a cemetery is one that is sought after. It may strike some people as being an uncanny sort of a job, but its 'uncanniness' makes it attractive. There is no more trouble about getting a man to make the round of the tombstones than there is to get one to sit on a stool and figure up how much the lot-owners owe."

An easy way to commit suicide and to save friends the trouble of carrying the body far for a resting place after death is to scale the wall of Graceland or the fence of Calvary some time between midnight and dawn and go meddling around some newly-made grave or go fooling with the lock of some granite vault. So ghouls confine their operations to unguarded cemetery corners. Every graveyard guardian in Chicago and vicinity is armed and is said to be a crack shot. The Calvary watchman cannot well miss his game, for he carries over his shoulder a heavily charged double-barrel shotgun, and shot scatter pretty well at a distance of 25 or 30 yards. This guardian of Chicago's Roman Catholic dead can follow up this shotgun fusillade with revolver bullets if necessary.

It fell to the lot of a man recently to make an extremely early call at Graceland cemetery. The sun was just coming up as the visitor entered the burial ground. The fact that it was daylight saved him. As he stood on one of the walks near the center of the cemetery, for he had gone thus far undiscovered, a man on a bicycle whirled down on him. It was a case of stand and deliver your intentions.

As a matter of fact the visitor had gone there in the interest of a certain newspaper whose city editor had heard that the newly erected monument of a prominent man had been overthrown. He wished to get the story into an early edition. If the editor could have entered Graceland just as the tips of the willows near the pond were being gilded by the rising sun he would have seen his emissary walking briskly toward the gate just a few yards in advance of a cross-looking man on a wheel. It was eight o'clock before the actual fact touching the condition of the injured monument could be learned.

There are signs posted about a Jewish cemetery northwest of Chicago which say succinctly:

KEEP OUT!  
Any Person Seen in This Cemetery Between Sundown and Sunrise Will Be Shot. No Questions Asked.

It might seem at first thought that the robbery of a grave well filled with earth would be the question of too much time to allow its successful accomplishment. As a matter of fact, in those parts of the cemeteries which are set aside for the sale of single graves the bodies are placed so close together that in digging one burial place the side of the coffin in the next grave is often uncovered. The graves are frequently dug the day before the interment takes place, and in cases like this the taking of a body from the adjoining place of sepulcher by way of the newly dug grave would be the matter of but a minute.

It is not, however, any great danger from grave robbers that leads to the extraordinary vigilance exercised over cemeteries. There are ghouls of lesser degree, those whose booty is the flowers left by friends on the resting places of their dead. The rare blossoms which are so purchased on the street at such extraordinarily cheap prices are at times those which the day before had been part of the trappings of a funeral. There is a sale for the wire forms in which elaborate flower designs are placed, and these are not infrequently stolen.

**Russia's Pioneers.**  
The Cossacks are the arms and legs of Russia, while the moujik is the backbone. The Cossacks won Siberia for Russia when they were the daring fringe of her population, grown adventurous and warlike by their frequent conflicts with the Tartars who crowded Russia to the borders. In them is concentrated the enterprise and aggressiveness which the moujik lacks. They cut the path and the moujiks followed, and the descendants of these hardy pioneers live throughout Siberia today, forming a hereditary military caste. So strict are the laws of heredity among the Cossacks that it is almost impossible for an officer who was not born one to obtain a commission in a Cossack regiment.—N. Y. Sun.

**Cuba to Be Rejuvenated.**  
In response to the frequent appeals from navigators and captains of ports and a special request of Gen. Wood, the United States navy department will soon commence a complete geodetical survey of the Cuban coast and of the waters for a radius of several meters. As an example of the utter unreliability of the Spanish chart, the Isle of Pines is seven miles out of the course represented by it. There are other errors equally surprising and navigation near the coast is foolhardy without a competent pilot. It is thought that it will require three years to thoroughly resurvey the Cuban coast and waters.—Chicago Chronicle.

**A Deposed Ruler.**  
Spuds—How do you like your new cook?  
Henpeck—Oh, fine; my wife isn't boss of the establishment any longer.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Hot Day in London.**  
The hottest day experienced in London in recent years was August 18, 1893, when the thermometer reached 94 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.—N. Y. Journal.

**Siberian Prisons Abolished.**  
Siberia is no longer to be a penal colony. The imperial decree abolishing the former status is the result of the building of the Trans-Siberian railroad. Nothing can compare to the rapid settlement of the vast Siberian plains by the rushing farmers, unless it be the rapid growth achieved by that famous dyspepsia cure, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Try it for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness or flatulency, if you would be well.

**Sandy as an Art Critic.**  
One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally he asked in a broad Scotch dialect: "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle (great deal) quicker," said the man. "Yes, suppose so." Another pause; then the Scotchman asked thoughtfully: "An' it's mair like the place!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.  
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

**Worked Both Ways.**  
"I can't have lost all my good looks," said Miss Northside to her best friend, Miss Shadyside, "for I can still obtain a seat in a crowded street car."  
"Oh, well," replied Miss Shadyside, "you know the men will give seats to old age as well as to youthful beauty."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Your Poor Back.**  
Aches and aches and aches. Every movement hurts. Standing, lying, sitting, walking, always aches. You may have relief if you will. Science knows your back aches. Science has given the world Dadd's Kidney Pills. They never fail. Thousands who have doubted just as you do now have tried and proven them. Their evidence you have. They say they have been cured. Many had tried everything else and given up hope. Many had been given up by the doctors. They say they are cured. They are completely cured by the use of Dadd's Kidney Pills. You, too, may be cured. Do not suffer a moment longer. Be sure you get the genuine Dadd's Kidney Pills.

**Handicapped.**  
"Tibbs, I never hear you make any fun of your wife's cooking."  
"Well, no; you see, she belongs to so many cooking clubs that I do a good deal of the home cooking myself."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Try Grain-O.**  
Ask your druggist to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. Children may drink it without injury, as well as adults. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachic receipt without distress. The price of coffee, 15c and 25c per package. All grocers.

**No Doubt of It.**—So there was a real fashionable audience at the musical: "Oh, you're right, right on talking through all the music."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Best for the Bowels.**  
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural motions, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every label has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

**Old Party.**—"Do you enjoy going to school, my dear?" Up-to-date Kid—"Pretty well; but I enjoy coming home from school a good deal better."—Somerville Journal.

**\$24.00 Per Week.**  
To men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Compound among farmers. Address, with stamp, Acme Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Some men are so stingy they refuse to smile except at the expense of others.—Chicago Daily News.

**Carter's Ink.**  
is used by millions, which is a sure proof of its quality. Send for free booklet, "Inkings." Address Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

You will never profit by your mistakes as long as you blame others for them.—Athenian Globe.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanuren, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Abuse is doubly painful when wit is used as a conveyance.—Chicago Daily News.

Check Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A smile is the reflection of a light heart.—Chicago Daily News.

Have you ever experienced the joyful sensation of a good appetite? You will if you chew Adams' Peppin Tutti Frutti.

Even the timid engineer whistles at danger.—N. Y. Press.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

No one is ever too busy to tell his troubles.—Athenian Globe.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

**COME AND GO**  
In many forms  
**Rheumatism**  
**Lumbago**  
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make up a large part of human suffering. They come suddenly, but they go promptly by the use of

**St. Jacobs Oil**  
which is a certain sure cure.

A. N. K.-G. 1841

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Orders for Future Delivery Executed in All Markets.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

#### A GRATEFUL WOMAN.



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Mrs. F. J. Lynch, 334 South Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:  
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Gentlemen:—"I earnestly recommend Peruna to any suffering woman as it cures quickly. I had a most persistent cough which nothing seemed to cure. Two bottles of Peruna did more for me than all the doctors seemed to do. In a couple of weeks I found myself in excellent health, and have been enjoying it ever since. Hence I look on Peruna as a true friend to women."

**Chronic Coughs and Colds Are Catarrhal Diseases.**  
Catarrh is the Continual Scourge of Christendom.

Catarrh hovers ominously over every city, and resiles treacherously in every hamlet. It flies with vampire wings from country to country, and casts a black shadow of despair over all lands. Its scaly ap, its pious and its lingering stay make it a dread to the physician and a pest to the patient. It changes the merry laugh of childhood to the wheezy breathing of grown, and the song of the blushing maiden to the hollow grasp of consumption. In its withering grasp the rounded form of the fond wife and mother becomes gaunt and spectral. A complete guide for the prevention and cure of catarrh and all diseases of winter, sent free by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

#### PAIN OPENED HER SKULL

Mrs. Lasher's Remarkable Story—Dr. Greene's Nervura Cured Her.



MRS. FRED C. LASHER, JR.  
The case of Mrs. Fred C. Lasher, Jr., a well-known woman of Westport, N. Y., is one of the most interesting on record. It is an actual fact that headaches caused her head to split.

"For thirteen years," she says, "I suffered from terrible headaches night and day, until the bones of my skull opened so that the doctor could lay his thumb right into the opening on to my brain. Two doctors attended me and claimed that I was on the verge of insanity. I was under their care for nine years, but got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and inside of a year the bones of my head had taken their natural shape again."

That Mrs. Lasher's statements are true is vouched for by reliable men of Westport, and by a Justice of the Peace there. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy cured Mrs. Lasher when all other remedies failed, and it cures thousands of suffering women every year. If your head aches, if you cannot sleep and are weak and nervous, remember that this great curative agent, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, will make you well and strong.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is a physician's prescription, formulated from a discovery after years of investigation and experiment. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, is the discoverer. He can be consulted free personally or by letter.

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