

**COMPLETELY RESTORED.**

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes Doan's Kidney Pills and very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

**THE RULING PASSION.**

"That story about Ed. Butcher, the noted old Iowa racehorse man, reminds me of a tale the boys used to tell of Butcher," said Morris Lynch the other day. "Butcher was a good fellow, as the men who follow the races go. His family were religious. One time Butcher got sick, very sick, in fact. His wife, fearing the end, sent for a minister. Butcher talked to the minister, who urged him that he should not stay away from his God. The road to salvation was not very plain to Butcher. He questioned the minister closely about what he thought would happen if he should reform just prior to his death."

"Will I have wings just like they picture angels?" asked Butcher. "You most certainly will," replied the minister. "Well, then, I'll bet you \$5 I can beat you flying when I meet you in heaven," retorted Butcher, his eye lighting up with the accustomed flash. "The minister left in despair, and Butcher recovered and followed the races for many years afterwards.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

**QUEER PAIR OF CHUMS.**

Razor Back Hog and Pointer Dog on Best of Terms.

Ireland is full of pigs and pig stories, but America can beat her at both. There is a plantation on the Eastern shore of Maryland where old methods prevail. The horn blows for dinner at high noon, and among those who until recently never failed to respond was a strangely assorted couple—a pig and a pointer. The pig was brought for the larder, a long-legged, gray pinkiey razorback with an enormous snout. His head was so heavy that it overbalanced his hinder parts, rendering it necessary to tie a weight to his tail so that he could root. Dan, the pointer, and Lot, the pig, took to each other so chummily that the owner decided to leave them to work out their own destiny.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Tess—Yes, I saw her in that gown she made for herself, and she really behaved as if she were happy.

Jess—Well?

Tess—Well, it's remarkable how happy some people can be, no matter how they look.—Philadelphia Press.

**HER WEAKNESS GONE**

**HOT FLASHES AND SINKING SPELLS CONQUERED AT LAST.**

Mrs. Murphy Tells Her Fellow-Sufferers How She Got Rid of Serious Troubles by Simple Home Treatment.

"I had been bothered for several years," said Mrs. Murphy, "by stomach disorder, and finally I became very weak and nervous. Flashes of heat would pass over me, and I would feel as if I was sinking down. At such times I could not do any household work, but would have to lie down, and afterwards I would have very trying nervous spells."

"Didn't you have a doctor?" she was asked. "Yes, I consulted several doctors but my health did not improve. One day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She assured me that they had proved of the greatest benefit in the case of her daughter. In fact, she praised them so enthusiastically that my husband got me a box."

"And what was the result?" "Before I had taken half of the first box my condition was greatly improved. The quickness with which they reached and relieved all my troubles was really surprising. After I had used only three boxes I had no more heat-flashes or weak spells. Thanks to them, I have become a well woman."

Mrs. Mary D. Murphy lives at No. 1903 Force street, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the remedy which she found so satisfactory, furnish directly to the blood the elements that give vigor to every tissue of the body. They can be depended on to revive failing strength, and to banish nervousness. Their tonic properties are absolutely unsurpassed.

As soon as there is drag, or dizziness, or pallor, or poor circulation, or disordered digestion, or restlessness, or pains, or irregularities of any kind these famous pills should be used. They have cured the most obstinate cases of anemia, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous prostration and even partial paralysis.

If you desire information specially suited to your own case write directly to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Every woman should have a copy of Dr. Williams' "Plain Talks to Women," which will be mailed free to any address on request. Any druggist can supply the pills.

**The Klondyke Gold Mystery.**

By JOHN R. MUSICK, Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Park Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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**CHAPTER XII.**

"D'ye know him?" Kate asked. "Yes, I have seen him." "Ye know no good o' him, I be bound, and I'm one as is not slow in expressin' my mind about such cattle."

"Don't, Kate, I beseech you." All the while the marble white face of Theodore was unmoved. "Is this your hand-bag, Laura?" he asked, picking up the pretty, white bag where the porter had left it.

"Yes." "Let me carry it to the hotel for you. This good woman will assist you. Come, there is but one hotel in the place, and there is no missing it. It is a long way from the landing, with no cable line."

In a maze the unfortunate Laura was led from the landing back toward the hotel. She had left home, hoping to be rid of her persecutor, and found him waiting at the landing for her. She longed to know, and yet dreaded to ask him why he had come to Alaska. Her heart told her he was on his way to the Klondyke, and she felt a strange dread of him.

On reaching the hotel, which was a miserable affair made of boards and but roughly finished, she ordered a room and was taken to it. Kate was assigned a miserable little apartment near the kitchen, where she could smell the beef roasting and hear the cooks quarreling.

Laura had not been long in her apartment when there came a tap at her door, and a boy with tangled, red hair entered and said:

"Ef yer please, mum, thar's a feller downstairs who gin me this heard fer ye, an' says he'd like ter chin yer a bit."

Laura took the small, neat card from the dirty hand of the boy and, glancing at it, read the name of Theodore Lackland. Should she see him? She knew the interview must come. In fact she wished for it on her own account, so why not have it at once, understand each other and have it over with?

She told the boy that she would see the stranger at once, and he bowed his red head and retired from the apartment. She nerved herself for the coming interview.

There came a light rap at the door. "Come in," she said. The door opened and Theodore Lackland entered the apartment. There was an insidious smile on his face, as he said:

"You did not expect to meet me, did you?" "I certainly did not," she answered, her eyes growing round with astonishment.

"I hope my appearance did not cause any unpleasant shock to your nerves, and now that it is over I trust you will be glad to have a friend in this strange, wild land."

There was a short pause, after which he went on:

"I will be frank with you, Miss Kean. I came that I might be near you."

"I am capable of taking care of myself," she answered. "But while I concede all that, I reasoned that you were coming to a land beset by many dangers, and could not feel comfortable in the thought that you were alone. I had leisure and means, and consequently why not devote them to your service?"

"Oh, Laura," and he drew his chair a little nearer to her. "I know you spurn me. I know you believe me to be a deceitful hypocrite, but I am not so bad as you think. I am your friend—your best friend if you will only permit me—"

"I cannot."

"You have mistaken me all along." "Perhaps at times I have, but I know you now."

"Laura, will you listen to me a moment—just one moment?"

"Yes, I will have to do so, as I have no other choice."

His voice regained its calmness, but his manner was still agitated. "I may serve you even yet," he said. "I have done you much wrong—I know that—and him, too. I did you and him a wrong, knowing I would repent it to the last hour of my life, but I was driven to it; I had no power to resist it—I mastered me then; it masters me now."

Theodore had risen and took a step nearer. "Laura," he said, and his voice fell to a broken whisper. "I love you so I can see you the wife of another if I can make you more happy than I. Do you believe there can be an unselfish love? I know it, and I swear that if you can be more happy as the wife of Paul Miller, then I will go with you all over the world to find, Paul Miller, and if he be living will find him and give him to you."

His words had produced a profound effect on Laura, and she could only gaze on him in wonder. Overwhelmed by the ardent manner of the man, she was speechless and dumbfounded. When she could regain her voice she said:

"Heaven forgive me, Mr. Lackland, if I have done you injustice."

"I freely forgive you. It is so difficult for us to understand each other that we are continually blundering and making mistakes. But now that my motives are plain, now that you see how unselfish I am, I hope you

will trust me implicitly. You may think you have money sufficient to push this search and may be mistaken; all I ask of you is that you allow me to furnish the funds you need. You shall not lack means to find Paul."

The man watched with anxious eyes the face of the girl to read the impression his great generosity would make.

It was favorable, and his delight at the discovery was almost diabolical. "Thank you, Laura. You have made me supremely happy by accepting my favor. I will endeavor to find Paul for you. We will go together, and do all that can be done to find him."

He bowed and went out. She bowed her face in her hands and wept. "My heart misgives me," she sobbed. "He talks fair and seems honest, but something within keeps saying: 'Trust him not!'"

Ben Holton, who had remained behind to look after her heavier luggage, arrived at the hotel, and went to consult with his mistress about some missing packages. On his way to her room he met Lackland, and was much astounded to see a man whom he thought in Fresno that he was half inclined to think himself mistaken.

"I say, Miss Laura, was a feller in here a minit ago?" he asked. "Yes."

"He looked just like Lackland." "It was Lackland."

"Well, Miss Laura, I jist be dodgasted if he's here for any good. He's after grub stakes, ye kin depend on et. Look out for him."

She then told her faithful employe the proposition he had made, and old Ben listened carefully to her, and at the conclusion said:

"I'll bet my head for a football that it's a salted mine he's a-plantin'. Don't ye bite at his bait, Miss Laura; don't ye bite."

Laura was more distressed after the departure of Ben Holton than before. She began to realize how utterly helpless she was.

There was quite a change in the expression on Lackland's face after he left Laura's room. All the benevolence and unselfish concern for the girl's welfare gave way to a look of selfishness, and he chuckled in triumph.

"I will have her yet. She will be wholly in my power. A few weeks more, another turn of the cards and the game is mine."

At a low grocery in the town he found his two employes, Ben Allen and Horsa Cummins.

"Well, how are you faring?" asked Lackland.

"Dry!" growled Cummins. "Come, Cummins, you remember the obligation imposed on you when you were employed—you were not to drink."

"Yes, but that makes me dry," said Cummins, with a wink. "Now, you have both been here before, have you not?"

"Yes." "Do you know where to procure good outfits?"

"Right here is the best place in Alaska," declared Cummins. "How much will a first-class outfit cost?"

Cummins reflected a moment and said: "Well, I think it will take about two thousand dollars."

Without returning a word his employer counted out the money and told him to go and procure it at once.

Cummins and Davis set out, and next morning reported that all had been secured.

"It is well," declared the shrewd Mr. Lackland. "Be prepared to go whenever I give the word."

"We'll be ready."

When his hirelings had gone Lackland went to the hotel and sent up his card to Miss Laura Kean. She admitted him, and he asked:

"Miss Kean, when are you going to cross the pass and start for the Klondyke?"

"As soon as I can. I want to go with the first train."

"There are some gentlemen ready to start in the morning."

"Then I can get ready. I will go with them," she declared.

"Would you like my services in securing you an outfit?"

"Yes, yes; if you can, secure me an outfit at once."

"I'll do so. I would as soon start myself to-morrow as any other time. You will want Indian porters for your luggage and a sled and dogs for yourself. Have Ben Holton pack up all your effects and be ready," and he left.

Ben Holton was only a stupid fellow, but he declared he did not like the arrangements at all, and smelled a great big mouse somewhere. Nevertheless, Ben went to work packing up the goods and preparing for the journey.

Laura took her place on the sled, and the Esquimaux with big snow shoes came to strap her in and draw the robes and furs over her.

"Are you strapped in securely?" Lackland asked Laura. "Yes."

"Do you think you will be comfortable?" "I know I shall."

They were soon in the midst of a driving snowstorm, and Kate Willis declared that she "just knew that child would freeze."

They halted before reaching the summit and camped. Tents had been brought and every precaution was taken to provide for the comfort of Laura Kean. She and Kate were housed in a tent warmed by a gasoline stove, which made it quite comfortable.

Next day they resumed their march, crossed the summit and began the descent.

Lackland was often seen talking with one of the Indians, who spoke English fairly well, and was a big, burly, villainous-looking fellow. One day two men came to their camp. They held long and earnest conferences, and when they went away that night the man named Ben Allen went to inform the reader that the two men were Morris and Ned Padgett, who brought the information that Paul and the old hermit were prisoners in the cavern.

"It is lucky I learned of his capture," thought Lackland. "Curse him, why isn't he dead? For over a year he has been lost in the forest and thought to be dead; now, why isn't he dead?"

Lackland little dreamed that the very tools he was using were willing to betray him if they could make more out of it, and that they were trying by bribes and threats to extort from the prisoners in the cavern the secret of the cached treasure.

After Ben left the party to fulfil his orders they camped three weeks in a valley.

Laura inquired why they delayed so long, but Lackland had abundant excuses, and assured her they would go on before winter set in. Already lowering clouds had hung over the valley and covered it with snow.

At last they broke camp and were moving slowly toward the Yukon, when a dog was discovered coming toward them. Beyond a doubt it was the property of some of the Klondykers. Horsa Cummins discovered a strip of tanned skin about its neck and called the attention of Lackland to it.

He quickly removed it and read: "We are in the forest out of food and starving. Follow on the trail at once and find us. Paul Miller and Companion."

The bit of tanned skin dropped from the trembling hand of Theodore Lackland. He pressed his hand to his forehead and groaned.

"What is it, boss?" asked Cummins. "Go into camp. We must start at once to find some men who are starving."

When they went into camp, after taking care to see that Laura was made comfortable, he took one man and three Indians and started on the back trail made by the dog. All the while he was thinking:

"Paul Miller and one companion. Who can that companion be?"

**CHAPTER XIII.**

Clarence Berry and the Metlakahylans.

Clarence Berry and his brave little wife Ethel continued to heap up their golden treasure day by day, but they had not forgotten their unfortunate friend, Paul Miller. One evening, as they sat in their shanty, before the great, blazing fire, they received the usual visitors, Long Dick and Gid Myers.

"Say, ef ye want t' see d' worst old geezers ye ever clapped yer lamps upon, ye want t' go down d' camp," began Dick.

"Dun know, but it looks mighty t' me like it was some starved-out Egyptian mummies as had been resurrected from de pyramids."

"Where are they from?" "Metlakahla."

"Where is that?" "An island far away across the mountains."

Clarence opened his book again, and, casting a casual glance over the pages, remarked that he did not see what they had to do with the peace of the miners of the Klondyke. Gid was about to speak when his friend began:

"That's where yer off yer trolley, Clarence. They come without recommendation, but they spin mighty strange yarns, and old Glum he put this thing and that thing together and say they got some information."

**OUR SOIL RICH IN GEMS.**

Where American Precious Stones Have Been Found by Miners.

The report of the geological survey, just compiled for 1901, shows that during that year there were mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000. When talking about rare and beautiful gems one's thoughts naturally revert to South Africa or the orient or the mountains of Asia or Europe, or perhaps to South America, but one is not likely to think of our own land yielding them; but the fact is, that no insignificant value in gems is taken from the soil right here at home.

The report of the geological survey shows that during that year we mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000. Diamonds represent only \$100 of this amount, but the fact that they are found at all gives encouragement to the hope that paying fields of them may some time be found. Last year one diamond was found in Lee county, Georgia, where diamonds were not before known to exist. New Mexico furnished \$118,000 in turquoises, and these have been placed on the market. Montana gave us \$90,000 in sapphires, which come next. They come from Ferguson county. Granite county is now being explored for fancy colored sapphires, that give evidence of being there in paying quantities. Fine and extensive rhodolite garnet deposits are found in Macon county, North Carolina. Many dark green, blue and yellow beryls, as well as amethysts and emeralds, were found in that state. There is hardly a state of the Union in which there is not some trace of precious stones and it appears not at all unlikely that before many years we may be competing with the old world in furnishing gems.

**CHICAGO A WONDER CITY.**

Only Four Cities in the World Ahead of It.

Chicago in 1905 is the fourth city in the world in point of population and wealth, says Leslie's Weekly. The only towns which lead it are London, New York and Paris. Canton is sometimes assigned a larger population, but this is estimated, for there has never been any census taken of its population. Berlin has just crossed the 2,000,000 mark in inhabitants, but it is safe to assume that Chicago is ahead of the German metropolis. It is likely to keep ahead, notwithstanding the wonderful growth of that capital, unexampled in Europe's annals.

Nearly all the world's great cities—Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid and others—are far inland. Even London, the nearest to deep water of all Europe's great capitals, is over sixty miles distant from the sea. New York is the only city of commanding importance in any civilized country which is in sight of the ocean. Chicago feels that it will some time have the same prominence in the United States that Berlin has in Germany or St. Petersburg in Russia. It is growing faster than New York, has several suburbs which it expects to absorb within the next five or ten years and figures that it will pass New York by 1950. Ten or fifteen years prior to that date New York will have passed London, so that if Chicago ever beats the metropolis on the Hudson she will be the greatest of the world's cities, as she is already the most marvelous of them in her sudden rise and swift expansion.

**Neighborly.**

Rev. R. H. Nelson, the new bishop coadjutor of Albany, wished to indicate in a recent address the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness that should exist between neighbors. "Too many neighbors," he said, "are like a physician and a lawyer who used to live next door to each other in historic Germantown. The physician, one day, asked if he might borrow from the lawyer his edition of Florio's 'Montaigne.'"

"You are welcome to read the work in my library," the lawyer answered, "but you can't take it away with you. I am sorry to say, for I have lost so many books through lending them that I have sworn never to let another volume leave the house."

"The physician thanked the lawyer, but of course he did not attempt to get through so ponderous a work as 'Montaigne' in the other's library. A week passed, and the lawyer came and asked the physician to lend him his lawn mower."

"I am only too glad to lend you my lawn mower," said the physician, "though it is my rule never to let it leave my lawn. There, however, you may use it all you please."

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**Health**

Calumet makes light, digestible wholesome food.

**Economy**

Only one heaping teaspoonful is needed for one quart of flour.

**PATENTS.**

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Reported by Lothrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 911-912 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, Minn.: Louis Cabalka, Lesterville, S. D., buckle; John Etiman, Mapleton, N. D., cultivator attachment; Sumner Johnston, Canton, S. D., curycumb; Gustav Koch, Fairmont, Minn., shelf bracket; Robert Mealey, Howard Lake, Minn., milk weighing apparatus; Kistel Osel, St. Paul, Minn., grain door for railway cars; Henry Willberg, Nome, N. D., soil pulverizing attachment for plows.

**Art at Albany.**

Inquisitive—What is that picture supposed to represent? Amateur Artist—State street during the street railway strike. Inquisitive—Here, let me throw a few bricks through it and lend it local color.—Albany Journal.

**How's This?**