

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER I.

The major commanding looked up from the morning report and surveyed the post adjutant with something of perturbation, if not annoyance, in his grim, gray eyes. For the fourth time that week had Lieutenant Field requested permission to be absent for several hours. The major knew just why the junior wished to go and where. The major knew just why he wished him not to go, but saw fit to name almost any other than the real reason, when, with a certain awkward hesitancy, he began:

"—all, is the post return ready?" "It will be, sir, in abundant time," was the prompt reply. "You know they sent it back for correction last month," hazarded the commander.

"And you know, sir, the error was not mine," was the instant rejoinder, so quick, sharp and positive as to carry it to a bound to the verge of disrespect, and the keen, blue eyes of the young soldier gazed, frank and fearless, into the heavily ambushed gray eyes of the veteran in the chair. It made the latter wince and stir uneasily.

"If there's anything I hate, Field, it is to have my papers sent back by some whippersnapper of a clerk, inviting attention to this or that error, and I expect my adjutant to see to it that they don't."

"Your adjutant does see to it, sir, I'm vouching to let a month's pay fewer errors have been found in the papers of Fort Frayne than any post in the Department of the Platte. Gen. Williams told you as much when you were in Omaha."

The major fairly wriggled in his cane-bottomed whiplike. What young Field said was true, and the major knew it. He knew, moreover, there wasn't a more painstaking post adjutant from the Missouri to the mountains. He knew their monthly reports—"returns" as the regulations called them—were referred to by a model adjutant general as model papers. He knew that it was due to young Field's care and attention, and he knew he thought all the world of that young gentleman. It was just because he thought so much of him he was beginning to feel that it was high time to put a stop to something that was going on. But, it was a delicate matter; a woman was the matter; and he hadn't the moral courage to go at it the straightforward way. He "whipped sawed" again. Thrumming on the desk with his lean, bony fingers, he began:

"I let my adjutant out so much, what's to prevent other youngsters asking similar indulgence?" The answer came like the crack of a whip:

"Nothing, sir; and far better would it be for everybody concerned if they spent more hours in the saddle and fewer at the store."

This was too much for one listener in the room. With something like the sound of a suppressed sneeze, a tall, long-legged captain of cavalry started up from his chair, an outspread newspaper still full-stretched between him and the desk of the commander, and, thus hidden as to his face, skilled sniggering off to the nearest window. Young Field had fearfully, if not almost impudently, hit the nail on the head, and he had not only rapped the drumming fingers of his superior officer. Some commanders would have raged and sent the daring youngster right about in arrest. Major Webb knew just what Field referred to—knew that the fascinations of pool, "pitch" and poker held just about half his commissioned force at all "off duty" hours of the day or night hanging about the officers' club room at the post trader's; knew, moreover, that while the adjutant never wasted a moment over cards or billiards, he, the post commander, had many a time taken a hand or a cue and wangled his dollars against those of his devoted associates. They all loved him. There wasn't a "mean streak in his whole system," said every soldier at Fort Frayne. He had a capital record as a volunteer—a colonel and, later, brigade commander in the great war. He had the brevet of brigadier general of volunteers, but repudiated any title beyond that of his actual rank in the regulars. He was that rara avis—a bachelor field officer, and a bird to be brought down if feminine wretchedness could do it. He was truthful, generous, high-minded, brave—a man who preferred to be of and with his subordinates rather than above them—to rule through affection and regard rather than the stern standard of command. He was gentle and courteous alike to officers and the rank and file, though he feared no man on the face of the globe. He was awkward, bungling and overwhelmingly, lavishly, kind and thoughtful in his dealings with the womenfolk of the garrison, for he stood in awe of the entire sisterhood. He could ride like a centaur; he couldn't dance worth a cent. He could snuff a candle with his Colt at 20 paces and couldn't hit a croquet ball to save his soul. His deep-set gray eyes, under their tangled thatch of brown, gazed straight into the face of every man on the Platte, soldier, cowboy, Indian or halfbreed, but fell abashed if a hand were laid on him. Billy Ray, captain of the sorrel troop and the best light rider in Wyoming, was the only man he ever allowed to straddle a beautiful thoroughbred mare he had bought in Kentucky, but, bad hands or good, there wasn't a riding woman at Frayne who hadn't backed Lorna time and again, because to a woman the major simply couldn't say no.

And though his favorite comrades at the post were captains like Blake and Billy Ray, married men both whose wives he worshipped, the major's rugged heart went out especial-

ly to Beverly Field, his boy adjutant, a lad who came to them from West Point only three years before the autumn this story opens, a young fellow full of high health, pluck and principle—a tip top soldier, said everybody from the start, until, as Gregg and other growlers began to declaim, the major completely spoiled him. Here, three years only out of military leadingstrings, he was a young cock of the walk, "too damn independent for a second lieutenant," said the officers' club element of the command, men like Gregg, Wilkins, Crane and a few of the following. "The keenest young trooper in the regiment," said Blake and Ray, who were among its keenest captains, and never a cloud had sailed across the serene sky of their friendship and esteem until this glorious September of 188—when Nanette Flower, a brilliant, beautiful brunette came a visitor to old Fort Frayne.

And it was on her account the major would, could he have seen the way, said no to the adjutant's request to be absent again. On her account and that of one other, for that request meant another long morning in saddle with Miss Flower, another long morning in which "the sweetest girl in the garrison," so said they all, would go about her daily duties with an aching heart. There was no woman at Fort Frayne who did not know that Esther Dade thought all the world of Beverly Field. There was one man who apparently had no inkling of it—Beverly Field himself.

She was the only daughter of a veteran officer, a captain of infantry, who at the age of 50, after having held a high command in the volunteers during the civil war, was still meekly doing duty as a company officer of regulars nearly two decades after. She had been carefully reared by a most loving and thoughtful mother, even in the crude old days of the army, when its fighting force was scattered in small detachments all over the wide frontier, and men, and women, too, lived on soldier rations, eked out with game, and dived in tents or ramshackle, one-story huts, "built by the labor of troops."

At 12 she had been placed at school in the far east, while her father enjoyed a two years' tour on recruiting service, and there, under the care of a noble woman who taught her girls to be women indeed—not rapid votaries of pleasure and fashion, Esther spent five useful years, coming back to her fond father's soldier roof a winsome picture of girlish health and grace and comeliness—a girl who could ride, walk and run like a deer, who could bake and cook, mend, sew, and make her own simple wardrobe; who knew algebra, geometry and "trig" quite as well as, and history, geography and grammar far better than, most of the young West Pointers; a girl who spoke her own tongue with accuracy and was not badly versed in French; a girl who performed fairly well on the piano and guitar, but who sang full-throated, rejoicing, exulting like the lark—the soulful music that brought delight to her aging father, half crippled by the wounds of the war days, and to the mother who so devotedly loved and carefully planned for her. Within a month from her graduation at Madame Piant's she had become the darling of Fort Frayne, the pet of many a household, the treasure of her own. With other young gallants of the garrison, Beverly Field had been prompt to call, prompt to be her escort when dance or drive, ride or picnic was planned in her honor, especially the ride, for Mr. Adjutant Field loved the saddle, the open prairie, the hot, undulating hills. But Field was the busiest man at the post. Other youngsters, troop or company subalterns, had more time at their disposal, and begged for rides and dances, strolls and sports which the post adjutant was generally far too busy to claim. It was Esther who brought lawn tennis to Frayne and found eager pupils of both sexes, but Field had been the first to meet and welcome her; had been for a brief time at the start her most constant cavalier. Then, others began to feel the charm of her frank, cordial, joyous manner, and learned to read the beauty that beamed in her clear, truthful eyes and winsome, yet not beautiful face, they became assiduous in turn—and of them almost distressingly so—and she could not wound them by refusals. Then came a fortnight in which her father sat as a member of a court-martial at old Fort Laramie, where were the band, headquarters and four troops of the —th, and Captain and Mrs. Freeman who were there stationed, begged that Mrs. Dade and Esther should come and visit them during the session of the court. There would be all manner of army gaieties and a crowd of outside officers, and, as luck would have it, Mr. Field was ordered thither as a witness in two important cases. The captain and his good wife went by stage; Esther and Beverly rode every inch of the way in saddle, camping over night with their joyous little party at LaBonte. Then came a lovely week at Laramie, during which Mr. Field had but little to do but devote himself to, and dance with, Esther, and when his final testimony was given and he returned to his station, and not until then, Esther Dade discovered that life had little interest or joy without him; but Field rode back unknowing, and met at Frayne, before Esther Dade's return, a girl who had come almost unheralded, making the journey over the Medicine Bow from Rock Springs on the Union Pacific in the comfortable carriage, glass, Maj. J. Webb watched the pair fording the Platte far up beyond Pyramid Butte. "Going over to that damned Sioux village again," he swore between his set teeth. "That makes the third time she's headed him there this week," and with strange annoyance at heart he turned away to seek comfort in council with his stanch benchman, Capt. Ray, when the orderly came bounding up the steps with a telegraphic dispatch which the major opened, read, turned a shade grayer and whistled low.

"My compliments to Capt. Blake and Ray," said he, to the silent young soldier, standing attention at the door step, "and say I should be glad to see them here at once."

[To Be Continued.]

ment. He had long been married, and Mrs. Hay, when at the post, was a social sphinx—kind-hearted, charitable, lavish to the soldiers' wives and children, and devoted itself to the families of the officers when sickness and trouble came, as come in the old days they often did. It was she who took poor Ned Robinson's young widow and infant all the way to Cheyenne when the Sioux butchered the luckless little hunting party down by Laramie Peak. It was she who nursed Capt. Forrest's wife and daughter through ten weeks of typhoid, and, with her own means, sent them to the seashore, while the husband and father was far up on the Yellowstone, cut off from all communication in the big campaign of '76. It was she who built the little chapel and decked and dressed it for Easter and Christmas, despite the fact that she herself had been baptized in the Roman Catholic faith. It was she who went at once to every woman in the garrison whose husband was ordered out on scout or campaign, proffering aid and comfort, despite the fact long whispered in the garrisons of the Platte country, that in the old, old days she had far more friends among the red men than the white. That could well be, because in those days white men were few and far between. Everyone had heard the story that it was through her the news of the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney was made known to the post commander, for she could speak the dialects of both the Arapahoe and the Sioux, and she had the sign language of the plains veritably at her fingers' ends. There were not lacking those who declared that Indian blood ran in her veins—that her mother was an Ojigalla squaw and her father a French Canadian fur trader, a story which her raven black hair and brows, her deep, dark eyes and somewhat swarthy complexion gave no little color. But, long years before, Bill Hay had taken her east, where he had relatives, and where she studied under excellent masters, returning to him summer after summer with more and more of refined manner, in dress and in style, and in fashion in dress that her annual advent had come to be looked upon as quite the event of the season, even by the women of the social position of Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Blake, the recognized leaders among the young matrons of the —th cavalry, and by gentle Mrs. Dade, to whom every one looked up in respect—almost in reverence. Despite the mystery about her antecedents there was every reason why Mrs. Hay should be held in esteem and affection. Bill Hay himself was a diamond in the rough—square, steady, uncompromising, generous and hospitable; his pride and glory was his wife; his one great sorrow that their only child had died almost in infancy. His soleisms in syntax and society were many. He was given at times to profanity, and at others, when madame was away, to draw poker; but officers and men alike proclaimed him a man of mettle and never hesitated to go to him when in financial straits, sure of unobtrusive aid. But even had this not been the case, the popularity of his better half would have carried him through, for there was hardly a woman at Frayne to speak of her except in terms of genuine respect. Mrs. Hay was truthful, sympathetic, a peacemaker, a resolute opponent of gossip and scandal of every kind, a woman who minded her own business and was only mildly insistent that others should do likewise. She declined all overtures leading to confidences of her past, and demanded recognition only upon the standard of the present, which was unimpeachable.

All the same it came something like a shock to society at Frayne that when she appeared at the post this beautiful autumn of 188—, nearly three months later than the usual time, she should be accompanied by this brilliant and beautiful girl of whom no one of their number had previously heard, and whom she smilingly, confidently presented as, "My niece, Miss Flower."

CHAPTER II.

The major sought to block that morning ride in vain. The impetuous will of the younger soldier prevailed, as he might have known it

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would, and from the rear gallery of his quarters, with his strong field-glass, Maj. J. Webb watched the pair fording the Platte far up beyond Pyramid Butte. "Going over to that damned Sioux village again," he swore between his set teeth. "That makes the third time she's headed him there this week," and with strange annoyance at heart he turned away to seek comfort in council with his stanch benchman, Capt. Ray, when the orderly came bounding up the steps with a telegraphic dispatch which the major opened, read, turned a shade grayer and whistled low.

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[To Be Continued.]

ADMIRAL SCHLEY ENDORSES PE-RU-NA.

Pe-ru-na Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio: Gentlemen:—"I can cheerfully say that Mrs. Schley has taken Pe-ru-na and I believe with good effect."—W. S. SCHLEY—Washington, D. C.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY, one of the foremost, notable heroes of the Nineteenth Century. A name that starts terror in the heart of every Spaniard. A man of steady nerve, clear head, undaunted courage and prompt decision.

Approached by a friend recently, his opinion was asked as to the efficacy of Peruna, the national catarrh remedy. Without the slightest hesitation he gave this remedy his endorsement. It appeared on later conversation that Peruna has been used in his family, where it is a favorite remedy.

Such endorsements serve to indicate the wonderful hold that Peruna has upon the minds of the American people. It is out of the question that so great and famous a man as Admiral Schley could have any other reason for giving his endorsement to Peruna than his positive conviction that the remedy is all that he says it is.

STORY OF EDWARD VII.

Ruler of British Kingdom "Gives Lift" to Old Peasant Woman Bearing Bundle of Wood.

A delightful story is going the rounds of Marston on an incident which is said to have happened when King Edward was out motoring on his recent visit.

While his majesty was driving in the direction of Edger, he overtook an old peasant woman, staggering along under the weight of a huge bundle of chopped wood. Perceiving the difficulty with which she plodded along, the king had his car stopped and asked her where she wanted to go. On being told, the king invited her to jump into his motor car.

She, however, seemed to regard the car with suspicion, and said she had never been in such a thing in her life.

"Never mind," said the king; "now's your chance."

But she still objected, and said she was too dirty to sit among fine gentlemen.

The king would have no refusal, and, having overcome her scruples, she climbed into the car and was whirled to her destination without the least idea who had befriended her. As the king set her down he pressed a gold piece into her hand.

"Plain Living and High Thinking." Parodies of great thoughts are not edifying and, unless they are very clever, are not justly themselves. Some variations of Wordsworth's great phrase, "Plain living and high thinking," which the pupils of a public school arrived at, are amusing as unconscious humor, and also because they show the wonderful working of the young mind.

The teacher had made Emerson's centenary an occasion to teach her children some elementary principles of the great man's thought.

One boy, who had been looking at Emerson's picture, wrote that the philosopher was "famous for his high brain-looking. Handsome is as handsome does."

Another child announced that Emerson believed in "high thinking and low living." A third gave the great phrase a turn which will please those who incline to regard philosophy with satiric irreverence. His version was, "plain living and fancy thinking."—Youth's Companion.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, Oct. 15.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	41 50-52
Native heifers	32 00-40 00
Western steers	2 00 00-3 00 00
HOGS—Common	6 50-7 00
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	72 1/2-73
No. 2 red	41 00-41 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	26 00-27 1/2
RYE	53 00-53 1/2
FLOUR—Hard winter pat.	3 50 00-3 75 00
Soft winter pat.	3 00 00-3 25 00
HAY—Timothy	5 00 00-6 00 00
Prairie	4 00 00-5 00 00
BRAN	17 00 00-18 00 00
EGGS	13 1/2-14 1/2
CHEESES—Full cream	9 00-10 1/2
POTATOES—Home grown	6 00-6 1/2
ST. LOUIS	
CATTLE—Beef steers	3 50 00-5 50 00
Texas steers	2 30 00-3 75 00
HOGS—Packers	5 20 00-5 50 00
Native	3 35 00-4 00 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	88 00-89 00
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2-41 1/2
OATS—No. 2	37 00-38 00
RYE—December	30 00-31 1/2
FLOUR—Best winter pat.	3 90 00-4 10 00
LARD—October	6 50-7 25
PORK—October	11 25
CHICAGO	
CATTLE—Steers	3 50 00-5 75 00
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5 45 00-6 10 00
SHEEP—Western	2 25 00-4 00 00
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	82 00-83 00
CORN—No. 2	45 1/2-46 00
OATS—No. 2	35 1/2-36 00
RYE—December	29 1/2-30 00
FLOUR—Best winter pat.	3 90 00-4 10 00
BUTTER—Creamery	17 00-21 1/2
CORN MEAL	2 40 00
BACON	9 12 1/2-9 40 00

HONORS WERE EVEN.

Although the Attorney Ran Some-what of a Risk in Having on the Judge.

John R. Eldridge, a well known western New York attorney, recently had occasion to argue a case before a justice of the peace in one of the small towns near Rochester. It happened that Mr. Eldridge and the justice belonged to different political parties, and he was opposed to each other in several contests and were far from being on the best personal terms. Each, to use a slang expression, "had it in for the other." The justice placed the first point, says the New York Herald.

In a field near the court room a donkey was feeding. Just as Mr. Eldridge was in the midst of his plea some one nudged the animal and it broke forth with a resonant bray.

"Just a minute, Mr. Eldridge, just a minute," said the justice blandly. "I cannot hear two at once."

The attorney was hard hit, but he said nothing and waited his turn. It came when the justice was explaining a point of law to the jury. Again the bray of the donkey resounded through the court room. Mr. Eldridge placed his hand on the table and said: "Would you mind repeating that, your honor?" he said in his mildest tones. "There was such an echo that I could not understand."

Perhaps the attorney was guilty of contempt of court, but the general opinion in the court room seemed to be that honors were about even.

International Live Stock Exposition. Chicago is beginning to consider means for making the International Live Stock Exposition to be held this fall, better than any ever held. Over \$3,000,000 of live stock was shown at the Union Stock yard last year. Almost three hundred thousand loads of live stock being received at the Chicago market during this period. This makes the city one of the greatest live stock centers in the world.

The International Live Stock Exposition has been an educational agency of the greatest value to those who have visited the show in recent years from the cattle ranges and feeding grounds of the west. These sources of supply are placed within easy reach of the city by the trunk lines of railway as the Chicago & North-Western, which brings to Chicago each year 70,000 carloads of live stock, raised and fed in the territory of the South-west generally, the first and third national region, tributary to Chicago, are evincing each year more interest in the betterment of their stock. The exhibit of the United Stock Yards during the International Exposition this fall will be one of the most notable ever seen, and its chief value will be along educational lines, looking to the improving of breeds and raising of standards, which means just so much more money in the pockets of the producer.

A Low Rate to Texas. October 20th only, the M. K. & T. R'y will have on sale tickets from St. Louis, Hannibal and Kansas City to Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory at rate of \$15.00 for the round trip, final limit, November 10th. Rate of \$18.00 will also apply from Cincinnati, \$20.00 from Chicago. No one can afford to miss this opportunity of seeing the great southern country in the fullness of its glory and prosperity. For further particulars write George Morton, G. P. & T. A., M. K. & T. R'y, St. Louis, Mo.

Every doctor knows the man and woman who cultivate the habit of accusing him and the street and in the guise of a medical opinion, to visit or extract free medical advice. One such inquirer greeted an eminent physician with the remark: "I have a high an excellent brain food. Do you think so?" "Excellent," was the reply, "but in your case it seems a pity to waste the fish."—London Outlook.

Cheap Excursion to the South. On Oct. 20th the Kansas City Southern Ry. (Port Arthur Route) will run a cheap excursion from Kansas City and all stations in Missouri and Kansas to Lake Charles, Shreveport, Beaumont and Port Arthur, limited to ten days from date of sale. This exceptionally low rate, together with liberal stopover privileges allowed, should insure a great crowd, especially in view of the fact that this is the most beautiful season of the year to visit the Southland. Similar low rates will probably be placed in effect from points north and east of Kansas City. Ask your ticket agent.

Promoters of Courage. Spartans—Women are a great incentive to manly courage.

Smarties—That's right. Since I've been married and had a few tilts with my wife the prospects of a scrap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me.—Baltimore American.

"Don't you think the public cars for Shakespeare?" "Yes," answered Mr. Sturtevant Barnes, "the public cars are a great deal for Shakespeare, and seriously resent the way some of us actors abuse him."—Washington Star.

Marked Down.—Stella—"But what makes you think the duke is a bargain?" Bella—"He is in reduced circumstances."—New York Sun.

LET THIS COUPON BE YOUR MESSENGER OF DELIVERANCE FROM KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND URINARY TROUBLES.

It's the people who doubt and become case after case who praise Doan's Kidney Pills the highest.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the bladder, dropsy, etc., vanishes.

The correct urine with bright sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, and wasting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Believes heart palpitations, sleeplessness, neuralgia, rheumatism, dizziness, and all other ailments.

Back and loin pain relieved. I used Doan's Pills.

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Send me free trial box, mail this coupon to: Doan's Kidney Pills, P. O. Box 2686, Buffalo, N. Y. If you prefer to purchase, send me \$1.00 in advance. No return of money if you do not like it.

WATERBURY, N.Y.—I tried everything for a week but got no relief until I used Doan's Pills.

J. N. Lewis.

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As far as food of the old fashioned Doves is electricity is a South Kingdom. Purina Feedlessies are clean, as they neither stain the hands nor soil the kettle. One 10¢ package colors either silk, wool or cotton equally well, and is guaranteed to give you a result which Feedlessies are for sale by all good druggists everywhere, or mailed direct at 10¢ a package. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Mo.

The meanest man in Illinois lives at Centerville. He put a large porcelain egg in the nest of an ambitious hen and found that the egg she had set was laid over increased in size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest; the foresaid hen laid an egg just as large. He was so pleased with the scheme that he put a whitewashed football in the nest and awaited results. When he went the next time to search for eggs he found one as high as a football, but no hen in sight. Scarcely the egg, he saw engraved on it by the hen photography these words: "I'm no ostrich, but I have done my best." Later he found the hen inside of the egg.—Lead River (Ill.) Mirror.

Cheaper Than Staying at Home. The man who wishes to locate in the Southwest this fall has little excuse for staying at home, so far as railroad rates are concerned. The Santa Fe announces very low one-way second-class rates to California—\$33 from Chicago, \$25 from Kansas City, \$30 from St. Louis, and proportionate reductions from the East generally. These tickets are on sale every day until November 30. They are being availed of by those wishing to settle in the San Joaquin and other great valleys of California, likewise Arizona passengers. The same line also offers a rate of about half fare, plus \$2, one-way or round-trip, for round-trip homeseekers' rate the first and third Tuesdays of each month; the last semi-monthly excursion filled every available car. On October 20 a special bargain-count rate for \$20 from Chicago, and \$15 from Kansas City to central and eastern Texas and to Oklahoma, also \$5 higher to Pecos Valley, of New Mexico.

The mere sightseer will be more interested in the excursions to Los Angeles and San Francisco that are booked on the Santa Fe the latter part of October, account American Bankers' Association. The rate then, out and back, will be \$62.50 from Chicago, \$50 from Kansas City, and similarly reduced from other points. Anyone who goes who has the price in his pocketbook. Special parties will take in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, en route, and will be personally escorted. Those wishing to try an ocean voyage can extend their trip by a perfect ocean steamer from San Francisco to Hawaii and enjoy a week's outing in the isles of peace.

Why She Rang Off. Telephone mistakes may have serious sides. A man who wanted to communicate with another named Jones looked in the directory and called a number. The receiver came through the receiver a soft feminine "Hello" and he asked, "who is that?" "This is Mrs. Jones."

"Have you any idea where your husband is?"

"He couldn't understand why she 'rang off' so sharply, but he looked the book again and discovered that he had called up the residence of a widow.—N. Y. Yorker.

A Doctor's Return. Every doctor knows the man and woman who cultivate the habit of accusing him and the street and in the guise of a medical opinion, to visit or extract free medical advice. One such inquirer greeted an eminent physician with the remark: "I have a high an excellent brain food. Do you think so?" "Excellent," was the reply, "but in your case it seems a pity to waste the fish."—London Outlook.

Same Old Bluff.—"This precipice," explained the guide, "is known as 'The Leap.'" "Same old bluff, eh?" remarked the blase tourist.—Philadelphia Record.

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SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE. We defy the world to produce a medicine for the cure of all forms of Kidney and Bladder troubles, and all diseases peculiar to women, that will equal Smith's Sure Kidney Cure. Ninety-eight per cent. of the cases treated with Smith's Sure Kidney Cure that have come under our observation have been cured. We sell our medicine on a positive guarantee, if directions are followed, and money will be refunded if cure is not effected. Manufactured by Smith Medical Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial Sample mailed free. For sale by all druggists.

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