

# A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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## CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

That night the sentries had just called off half past one when there was some commotion at the guard-house. A courier had ridden in post haste from the outlying station of Fort Beecher, far up under the lee of the Big Horn range. The corporal of the guard took charge of his reeking horse, while the sergeant led the messenger to the commander's quarters. The major was already awake and half dressed. "Call the adjutant," was all he said, on reading the dispatch, and the sergeant sped away. In less than five minutes he was back.

"I could get no answer to my knock or ring, sir, so I searched the house. The adjutant isn't there!"

For a moment the major stood in silence, then, briefly saying, "Call Capt. Ray," turned again to the dimly-lighted hallway of his commodious quarters, (the women thought it such a shame there should be no "lady of the house" for the largest and finest of the long line known as "Officers' Row.") while the sergeant of the guard scurried away to the soldier's home of the senior cavalry captain on duty at the post. When the major again came forth his field glasses were in his hand and he hurried down the steps and out into the broad sheen of the moonlight when he caught sight of the courier seated on the horseblock at the gate, wearily leaning his head upon his gauntleted hand. Webb stopped short.

"Come right in here, my lad," he cried, "I want to speak with you," and followed slowly by the soldier, he entered his room and whirled in an easy chair in front of the open fireplace. "Sit right down there now, and I'll be with you in a minute," he added; bustled into the rear room and presently reappeared with a de-canter and glass; poured out a stiff tot of Monongahela; "A little water?" he asked, as the trooper's eye brightened gratefully. "A little water was added and off came the right hand gauntlet. "I drink the major's health and long life to him," said the soldier, gulping down the fluid without so much as a wink. Then, true to his training, set down the glass and stood strictly at attention.

"You've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, I'll be bound," said Webb. "Now, I've got to see some of my officers at once. You'll find cold beef, bread, cheese, pickles, milk, if you care for it, and pie right there in the pantry. Take the lamp in with you and help yourself. If you want another nip, there's the decanter. You've made splendid time. Did you meet no Indians?"

"Not one, sir, but I saw smokes at sunset out toward Eagle Butte."

"Your name—I see you belong to Capt. Truscott's troop."

"Kennedy, sir; and I think the major."

"Then I will leave you in charge until you've had your fill," said the commander. "Then go over to 'F' Troop's quarters and get a bed. Tell anybody who comes I've gone to the flag staff." With that the major stalked from the room, followed by the Irishman's adoring eyes. A moment later he stood by the tall white staff at the edge of the northward bluff, at whose feet the river swept by in musical murmurings. There he quickly focussed his glass, and gazed away westward up the Platte to where but the evening before a score of Indian lodges dotted the other bank, perhaps two miles away. The September moon was at its full and, in that rare, cloudless atmosphere, flooding the valley with its soft, silvery light so that close at hand, within the limits of the garrison, every object could be almost as distinctly seen as in broad daylight, but, farther away, over the lowlands and the river bottom and the rolling prairie stretching to the northern horizon, the cottonwoods along the stream or in the distant swales made only black blotches against the vague, colorless surface, and the bold bluffs beyond the reservation limits south of the flashing waters, the sharp, sawlike edge of the distant mountain range that barred the way to the west, even the clearest outlines of Eagle Butte, the landmark of the northward prairie, visible for 50 miles by day, were now all veiled in some intangible filament that screened them from the soldier's searching gaze. Later in the season, on such a night, their crests would gleam with radiance almost intolerable, the glistening snow of their spotless crests of snow. All over this broad expanse of upland prairie and wooded river bed and boldly undulating bluff line not so much as a spark of fire peeped through the wing of night to tell the presence of human wayfarer, white, halfbreed or Indian, even where the Sioux had swarmed, perhaps 200 strong, at sunset of the day gone by.

It was to Ray he promptly opened his heart, as that veteran of a dozen Indian campaigns, then drawing his fourth "foggy," came hastening out to join the commander.

"Here's confirmation of the telegram. Read that, Ray," said Webb, handing him the dispatch from Fort Beecher. "Then come with me to Field's. He's missing."

"Missing!" cried Ray, in consternation, as he hurriedly opened the page. "In God's name what do you mean?"

"I mean he isn't in quarters and hasn't been in bed to-night. Now I need him—and it's two o'clock."

"Name Wolf out? That's bad in itself! He's old Red Cloud's nephew and a brute at best. Stabber's people there yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on his heel and gazing westward.

"Can't make it out even with my glasses. All dark as pitch among the cottonwoods, but Kennedy, who made

the ride, says he saw smokes back of Eagle Butte just before sunset."

"Then you can bet they won't be there at dawn—the warriors at least. Of course the women, the kids, and old men will stay if only for a blind. He had 40 fighting men, and Wolf's got at least 200. What started the row?"

"The arrest of those two young bucks on charge of killing Finn, the sheep herder, on the Piney last week. I don't believe the Sioux began it. There's a bad lot among those damned rustlers," said Webb, snapping the glass into its well-worn case. "But no matter who starts, we have to finish it. Old Plodder is worried and wants help. Reckon I'll have to send you, Ray."

"Ready whenever you say, sir," was the prompt and soldierly reply. Even marriage had not taken the edge from Ray's keen zest for campaigning. "Shall I have on my sergeant and cooks at once? We'll need to take rations."

"Yes, but wait with me till I wire the chief at Laramie. Come to the office." So saying the post commander turned and strode away. The captain glanced at the upper window where the light now dimly burned, but blind and window were open, and a woman's form appeared.

"It's all right, Maide," called the captain, softly. "May have to start out on scout at daybreak. That's all. Home soon," and with a reassuring wave of the hand, turned again to his stanch friend and commander.

"I hate to send you—again," said Webb. "You were out in June, and the others have had only short scouts since."

"Don't bother. What's a cavalryman for? Shall we?—I can't believe it—some how," and Ray stopped, glanced inquiringly at the major, and then nodded toward the doorway of the third house on the row. The ground floor was occupied by Field as his quarters, the up-stair rooms by Putney and Ross.

"Come in," said the major, briefly, and, pushing through the gate, they softly entered the dark hallway and struck a light in the front room. A wood fire was smouldering in the andirons in the wide brick chimney-place. An open book, face downward, was on the center table. Two embroidered slippers lay as though hurriedly kicked off, one under the sofa beyond the mantelpiece, the other half-way across the worn carpet. Striking another match at the doorway, Ray passed on to the little inner room—the bed chamber. On the bed, carelessly thrown, were the young officer's best and newest forage cap, undress uniform coat and trousers. He had used them during the evening when calling at the Hays'. On the floor were the enamelled leather boots he wore on such occasions. The bed was otherwise untouched. Other boots and shoes in orderly row stood against the wall beside the plain, unpainted wardrobe. The spurred riding boots and the knee-tight breeches were gone. Turning back to the front room, Ray found the major, his face gray and disturbed, holding forth to him an open envelope. Ray took it and glanced at the superscription, "Lieut. Beverly Field, Fort Frayne," and returned it without a word.

Both knew the strange, angular, slashing handwriting at a glance, for both had seen and remarked it before. It was Nanette Flower's.

Dropping the envelope on the table—he had found it on the floor—Webb led the way to the open air. There was no time to compare views. There stood the sergeant.

"Sir," said he, with a snap of the gloved left hand at the brown tube nestling in the hollow of the shoulder. "Number Five reports that he has heard galloping hoofbeats up the bench twice in the last half hour, and thought he saw distant horsemen—three—couldn't say whether they were Indians or cowboys."

"Very good, sergeant," was the major's brief answer. "Send for the telegraph operator and my orderly." The sergeant turned.

"One moment," called Ray—"your pardon, major—my first sergeant, too, and—sergeant, have any sentries reported horses taken out from the stables to-night?"

"Not one, sir," and stanch and sturdy, the commander of the guard stood ready to vouch for him.

"That's all!"

A quick salute, a face to the right about and the sergeant was gone. Webb turned and looked inquiringly at Ray.

"I asked, sir," was that officer's brief explanation, "because wherever Field has gone he wore riding dress."

## CHAPTER III.

Comforted by abundant food, refreshed and stimulated by more than two or three enthusiastic toasts to the health of the major, the men so loved, Trooper Kennedy, like a born dragoon and son of the old sod, had thought him of the gallant bay that had borne him bravely and with hardly a halt all the long way from Beecher to Frayne. The field telegraph had indeed been stretched, but it afforded more fun for the Sioux than aid to the outlying posts on the Powder and Little Horn, for it was down to days out of 12. Plodder, lieutenant colonel of infantry commanding at Beecher, had been badly worried by the ugly demonstrations of the Indians for ten days past. He was forever seeing in mind's eye the hideous details of the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney, a few miles further on around the shoulder of the mountains, planned and carried out by Red Cloud with such dreadful success in '67. Plodder had strong men at his back, whom even hordes of the outlying Sioux could never stampede, but they were few in number, and there were those ever present helplessness, dependent women and children. His call for aid was natural enough, and his choice of Kennedy, daring, slashing lad who had learned to ride in Galway, was the best that could be made. No peril could daunt the light-hearted fellow, already proud wearer of the medal of honor; but, duty done, it was Kennedy's creed that the soldier merited reward and relaxation if he went to bed at "F" troop's barracks, there would be no more good cakes and ale, no more of the major's good grub and rye. If he went down to look after the gallant steed he

loved—saw to it that Kilmaine was rubbed down, bedded, given abundant hay, and later water—sure, then, with clear conscience, he could accept the major's "bid," and call again on his bedward way and toast the major to his Irish heart's and stomach's content. Full of pluck and fight and enthusiasm, and only quarter full, he would insist, of rye, was Kennedy as he strode whistling down the well-remembered road to the flats, for he, with Capt. Truscott's famous troop, had served some months at Frayne before launching forth to Indiana story land in the shadows of the Big Horn range. Kennedy, in fact, essayed to sing when once out of earshot of the guard-house, and singing, he strolled on past the fork of the winding road where he found he should have turned to his right, and in the fullness of his heart went striding southward down the slope, past the once familiar haunt, the store, now dark and deserted, past the big house of the post trader, past the trader's roomy stables and corral, and so wended his moonlit way along the Rawlins trail, never noting until he had chanted over half a mile and most of the songs he knew, that Frayne was well behind him and the rise to the Medicine Bow in front. Then Kennedy began to laugh and call himself names, and then he turned about to retrace his steps by a short cut over the bottom, he was presently surprised, but in no wise disconcerted, to find himself face to face with a painted Sioux. There by the path side, cropping the dewy grass, was the trained pony. Here, lounging by the trail, the thick black braids of hair interlaced with beads, the quill gorget heaving at his massive throat; the heavy blanket slung negligently, gracefully about his stal-

wart form; his nether limbs and feet in embroidered buckskin, his long-lashed quill in hand; here stood, almost confronting him, as fine a specimen of the warrior of the plains as it had been Trooper Kennedy's lot to see, and see them he had—many a time and oft.

"How, John," said he, with an Irishman's easy insolence, "looking for a chance to steal something—is it?" And then Kennedy was both amazed and enraptured at the prompt reply in the fervent English of the far frontier.

"Go to hell, you pock-marked son-of-a-bitch! Where'd you steal your whiskey?"

For five seconds Kennedy thought he was dreaming. Then, convinced that he was awake, an Irishman scorned and insulted, he dashed into the attack. Both fists shot out from the brawny shoulders; both missed the agile dodger; then off went the blanket, and with two lean, red, sinewy arms the Sioux had "locked his fooman round," and the two were straining and swaying in a magnificent grapple. At arms' length Pat could easily have had the best of it, for the Indian never boxes; but, in a bear hug and a wrestle, all chances favored the Sioux. Cursing and straining, honors even on both for a while, Comaught and wild Wyoming strove for the mastery. Whiskey is a wonderful starter but a mighty noxious stayer of a fight. Kennedy loosed his grip from time to time to batter wildly with his clenched fists at such sections of Sioux anatomy as he could reach; but, at range so close, his blows lacked both swing and steam, and fell harmless on sinewy back and lean, muscular flanks. Then he tried a Galway hitch and trip, but his lithe antagonist knew a trick worth ten of that. Kennedy tried many a time next day to satisfactorily account for it, but never with success. He found himself speedily on the broad of his back, gasping for breath with which to keep up his vocal defiance, staring up into the glaring, vengeful black eyes of his furious and triumphant foe. And then in one sudden, awful moment, he realized that the Indian was reaching for his knife. Another instant it gleamed aloft in the moonlight, and the poor lad shut his eyes against the swift and deadly blow. Curses changed to one wordless prayer to heaven for pity and help. He never saw the glittering blade go spinning through the air. Vaguely, faintly, he heard a stern, young voice ordering "Hold, there!" then another, a silvery voice, crying something in a strange tongue, and was conscious that an unseen power had loosed the fearful grip on his throat; next, that, obedient to that same power—one he dare not question—the Indian was struggling slowly to his feet, and then, for a few seconds, Kennedy soared away into cloudland, knowing naught of what was going on about him. When he came to again, he heard a confused murmur of talk about him and grew dimly aware that his late antagonist was standing over him, panting still and slightly swaying, and that an officer, a young athlete, was saying rebukeful words. Well he knew him, as what trooper of the—did not?

—Lieut. Beverly Field; but, seeing the reopened eyes it was the Indian again who sought to speak. With uplifted hand he turned from the rescuer to the rescuer.

[To Be Continued.]



ANOTHER INSTANT IT GLEAMED ALOFT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Salmon Microbe.

Since the researches of the late Prof. Huxley the well-known salmon disease has always been regarded as caused by the attack of fungus. Mr. Hume Patterson has recently conducted a research for the Fishery Board of Scotland and has come to the conclusion that the disease is due to invasion of the tissues of the fish by a special bacillus, which gains access through abrasion or ulceration of the skin. When the skin of the fish is in a healthy state the bacilli remain alive in the dead fish, which therefore prove a source of infection. They should be removed and burned as soon as they are observed.—N. Y. Herald.

Streets of Big Cities.

Philadelphia has 1,540 miles of streets and 480 of street railways. St. Louis has 875 miles of streets and 221 of street railways, and Boston has 495 miles of streets and 215 miles of street railways. Baltimore, with 430 miles of streets, has 353 miles of street railways; Cleveland, with 500 miles of streets, has 218 miles. The figures for other cities are: Buffalo, streets, 550 miles, railroads, 293; San Francisco, streets, 750, railroads, 258; Cincinnati, streets, 630, railroads, 208; Pittsburgh, streets, 390, railroads, 172, and New Orleans, streets, 700, railroads, 175.

Smuggling on Motor Cars.

Motor cars have sprung into great popularity among the gentry who smuggle contraband goods over the frontier between France and Belgium. The cars come along loaded down with tobacco and liquors. When the frontier is approached full speed is put on and the smugglers get across before the customs officers quite know what has happened.

Most daring feats of automobile are recorded. Sometimes barricades are built in the roads and the cars take to the open fields at full speed, risking the life and limbs of the drivers.—London News.

## ELECTRICAL GAMBLING.

Wires Used in Operating the Game of Keno in the Metropolis of Texas.

"Gambling by electricity is the latest fad in the west," said a tourist who recently returned from a western trip, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "In this progressive age I am not easily surprised, but when I came upon this latest application of that silent and invisible force to a game of chance I had to pinch myself to see if I was awake. But, coming down to rock bottom facts, it is not at all surprising that electricity should be used in conducting a game of chance. I found, after reflection, that my surprise was that it had not become a common thing instead of presenting the aspect of something extraordinary."

"In this day, indeed, electricity is used for everything, from curing dyspepsia to propelling an airship of a submarine boat, and the time is not far distant, perhaps, when electric bank cashiers or baseball umpires will be sold at moderate cost or found at a bargain in second-hand stores. A few days ago I visited San Antonio, the metropolis of the people are parasites to law and the ordinary restrictions rest but lightly on the citizen. The people of that town enjoy more liberty than any people I have ever encountered. A catholicity of sentiment prevails every where, and what would be an unusual thing in other cities does not even excite comment except from strangers."

"I walked into a big gambling house, and was almost speechless for a moment on seeing a number of women seated at a keno table. But I was soon told that it was a very common thing. It was in this place that the game of keno is played with electricity. Two and 300 people can play at the same time by means of the apparatus. The players are seated at two long tables on either side. At the end of the hall is a large rack which is connected by electric wires with a buttonboard or keyboard. As the dealer turns the cards, the operator touches this or that button or key, and a number falls in the rack corresponding to each key or button pressed and to the cards, as they are turned from the deck. The numbers are clearly visible to each player at the two long tables. The advantage afforded is that any number of people can play at the game at the same time. I am told that the system has proved highly satisfactory. When the Anna Held company was in San Antonio the girls almost broke the bank playing keno. It is a question in my mind now as to how far a reach it is to playing poker or shooting craps by electricity."

Wantlano—"I wonder if Gabsky will refer to me at my little party this evening?" Duze—"He will unless you know some yet undiscovered way to prevent him."—Baltimore American.

## REMINISCENCES OF CHICAGO'S EARLY DAYS.

### How the First Freight Was Shipped to the City by Rail.

"As a live stock market, Chicago stands second to none," said a well-known dealer. "The figures for 1902 show that almost eight million head of sheep, over four million hogs, a number of thousands of horses, a quarter million calves and three million cattle were brought to the Chicago market last year by the high railroads that reach out like Chicago's Northwestern, into the cattle ranges and feeding grounds all over the west. The reports show 278,100 carloads of live stock received here in 1902—quite a growth for the 59 years since the first shipment."

"The stockman ruminated a moment. "That first shipment was queer, now, wasn't it?" he continued. "Did you see that little account of it in the papers the other day? Young Millican Hunt, now over 80 years old, had started across the prairie to market with a sled load of hogs and when he got across the Des Plaines River he found there was no snow on which to draw his pigs the rest of the journey."

"That was in '48, the year the Galena road, now The Chicago & Northwestern, built its first ten miles; and young Hunt made a deal with the crew of a construction train, loaded his porkers on the train, and rode into Chicago triumphant, behind the little old 'Pioneer' engine from Chicago's point of view."

"Brought in the first load of live stock, and the day the road was opened and the hay and the big grain of the town were trying the novelty of a ride on the first regular train, she pulled the first rail shipment of grain into town."

"That year that load of hogs had grown to over 65,000 carloads of live stock brought into Chicago over the Northwestern Line alone, and instead of one wagon load of wheat the Northwestern brought over 30,000,000 bushels of grain to the city."

However, in talking wages, money can't help but make more or less of a stir.—Detroit Free Press.

## Here Is the Evidence

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Old Gentleman—"Waiter, this meat is like leather." Yes, sir. Saddle of mutton, sir!—Punch.

## Stops the Cough

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

The wind blows nothing off but withered leaves.—Ram's Horn.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Some sins show a soft head rather than a hard heart.—Ram's Horn.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are fast to light and washing.

A man is apt to feel put out when he is taken in.—Chicago Daily News.

## THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, Oct. 22.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	3.10 @ 5.10
Native heifers	3.00 @ 4.60
Western steers	2.00 @ 4.60
HOGS—Packer's	4.75 @ 5.20
Sheep	2.25 @ 3.20
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	75 1/2 @ 74
CORN—No. 2 red	33 @ 32
CORN—No. 2 mixed	33 @ 32 1/2
OATS—No. 2	20 1/2 @ 20
RYE	32 @ 32 1/2
FLOUR—Hard winter	3.20 @ 4.30
Soft winter	3.70 @ 4.30
HAY—Timothy	5.50 @ 9.50
Prairie	4.00 @ 5.20
BRAN	1.00 @ 1.20
BUTTER—Fancy	17 @ 19 1/2
EGGS	13 @ 13 1/2
CHEESE—Swiss	24 @ 25
POTATOES—Home grown	60 @ 75

ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Beef steers	3.00 @ 5.25
Native heifers	2.20 @ 4.50
HOGS—Packer's	5.00 @ 5.50
Sheep—Natives	3.25 @ 3.70
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85 @ 87 1/2
CORN—No. 2	43 1/2 @ 44
RYE	32 1/2 @ 33
DYE	35 @ 35
FLOUR—Red winter	3.20 @ 4.10
BUTTER—Creamery	18 @ 22
CHEESE—Swiss	24 @ 25
BACON	8 1/2 @ 9 1/2

CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Steers	5.00 @ 5.70
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5.00 @ 5.50
CHEESE—Western	22 @ 24.00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	85 @ 87 1/2
CORN—No. 2	43 @ 44 1/2
OATS—No. 2	20 @ 21 1/2
RYE—December	31 1/2 @ 32
FLOUR—Winter	3.20 @ 4.10
LARD—October	4 @ 4 1/2
PORK—October	11 @ 12

NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Steers	5.75 @ 6.50
HOGS	6.00 @ 6.15
SHEEP	2.25 @ 3.70
WHEAT—No. 2	52 1/2 @ 53 1/2
CORN—No. 2	31 1/2 @ 31 1/2
OATS—No. 2	21 @ 22

## YOUTH AND AGE.

There is a Material Difference That is Not Always Apparent.

Maitre Labori, the noted French advocate who defended the Humberts, is not remarkable in Paris so much for the eloquence as for the neatness and the polish of his speeches.

An American journalist heard Labori in court one day. He says the advocate's address was full of grace, wit, tenderness. He quotes a passage relating to old age wherein Labori, with a smile, said: "Old age—we shall none of us quite understand that until we have attained to it—for no one of us, here, is old. But the other day I visited my uncle, a very aged man."

"What is it like, uncle," I said, "to be old?"

And my uncle answered: "It is like this: When one is young, one's polite attentions to women are taken for declarations of love; but when one is old, one's declarations of love are taken for polite attentions."

For a Bad Back.

Sabra, Montana, Oct. 19th.—A great many men in this neighborhood used to complain of pains in the back, but now scarcely one can be found who has any such trouble.

At Northfield Mill is largely responsible for the improvement, for it was he who first of all found the remedy for this Backache. He has recommended it to all his friends and neighbors, and in every case it has had wonderful success.

Mr. Mill says:—

"For many years I had been troubled with my kidneys and pains in the small of my back. I tried many medicines but did not derive any benefit until last fall, when I bought a dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using them a few days I began to improve, my back quit aching and I felt better and stronger all around."

"I will keep them in the house right along, for in my opinion they are the best medicine in the market to-day, and if my back should bother me again, I will use nothing else."

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## Hard To Bear.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Kentucky, living on East Main Street in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murray Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Walls will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable."

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. Anderson, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigest