

MISSOURI FOLKS TESTIFY

Tina, Mo.—"I think that there are no medicines on the market to equal Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After our baby girl came my wife was in a weak condition and could not regain her strength. She took seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and got well and strong. She says that she just could not get along without it."

"I have used the Pleasant Pellets for constipation for years—am never without them."

"I always recommend Dr. Pierce's remedies."—WM. E. REYNOLDS, Rioro, La.

St. Joseph, Mo.—"I have taken two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and will say that they are wonderful. I have taken other kinds of pills but must say that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the finest medicine I have ever taken for constipation. I feel like a different woman since I have taken them and shall recommend them to all that suffer from constipation. Also my husband says that he never saw a medicine like them; they have done him lots of good."—MRS. GRACE KENNALD, 1411 N. 12th St.

Help for Married Women Hannibal, Mo.—"In my early married life when in need of a tonic I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to be just the medicine for my case. I am glad to add my testimony to the thousands of others who have been helped by this best of women's medicines."—MRS. MATTIE THOMPSON, 123 S. Eighth St.

Oh! Such Pain With dull headache, backache—racking with pain here or there—poor woman, she's one of many. Usually she who feels those dragging-down or dizzy symptoms, and other pains caused by womanly disease, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the cause of these pains. Faded, pained, tired, overworked, weak, nervous, delicate women are helped to strength and health by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. In liquid or tablets.

The St. Angiest Man. It happened in our office the other day. It was around the end of the month and I was preparing the bill. A client of ours came in, asked to see my employer, who was busy and he had to wait. Seeing the bill, he asked me if his was ready. I told him it was and went through them and found his. I gave it to him and remarked that it would save me the trouble of mailing it. Then he said, "I'll take the two cents."—Exchange.

Eases Colds At once! Relief with "Pape's Cold Compound"

The first dose eases your cold! Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all gripe misery.

Relief awaits you! Open your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of your head; stop nose running; relieve the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's—Adv.

SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your advertisement and box of Peterson's Ointment and bought some. Many thanks for the good it has done. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson for the cure is great."—Miss Mary Hill, 32 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ABSORBINE

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 R Free.

Children's Coughs

may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat often will be avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of PISO'S

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead Author of "Kitchen and Other Poems" Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Back to Conward's office, while the agreement was being drawn, Irene was possessed of a consuming desire to consult with Dave Eiden. She was uneasy about this transaction in which her mother proposed so precipitately to invest the greater part of their little fortune. "I think I would hesitate, mother," she cried. "If you buy this house we will have only a few thousand dollars left. Your health may demand other expenditures—"

"My health was never better," Mrs. Hardy interrupted. "And I'm not going to miss a chance like this, health or no health. You have heard Mr. Conward tell how many people have grown wealthy buying property and selling it again. And I will sell it again—when I get my price."



"There Must Be an End Somewhere," Irene Murmured, Rather Weakly.

He surprised if you should be offered an advance of ten thousand dollars on this place before fall." "There must be an end somewhere," Irene murmured, rather weakly. "But her mother was writing a check. 'I shall give you five thousand dollars now,' she said, 'and the balance when you give me the deed, or whatever it is. That is the proper way, isn't it?'"

"Well, it's done," said Irene with an uneasy laugh which her excitement pitched a little higher than she had intended. In an adjoining room Dave Eiden heard that laugh, and it stirred some remembrance in him. Instantly he connected it with Irene Hardy. The truth was Irene Hardy had been in the background of his mind during every waking hour since Bert Morrison had dropped her bombshell upon him. And now that voice—

Dave had no plan. He simply walked into Conward's office. His eye took in the little group and the mind behind caught something of its port. Irene's beauty! What a quickening of the pulses was his as he saw in this splendid woman the girl who had stirred and returned his youthful passion! But Dave had poise. He walked straight to Irene.

"I heard your voice," he said, in quiet tones that gave no hint of the emotion beneath. "I am very glad to see you again." He took the hand which she extended, in a firm, warm grasp; there was nothing in it, as Irene protested to herself, that was more than firm and warm, but it set her finger tips a-trembling.

"My mother, Mr. Eiden," she managed to say, and she lowered her voice as well as she could as his had been. Mrs. Hardy looked on the clean-built young man with the dark eyes and the brown, smooth face, but the name suggested nothing. "You remember," Irene went on, "I told you of Mr. Eiden. It was at his ranch we stayed when father was hurt."

"But I thought he was a cow puncher!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy. "Times change quickly in the West, madam," said Dave. "Most of our business men—at least, those bred in the country—have thrown a lasso in their day. You should hear them brag of their steer-roping yet in the Ranchmen's club."

Irene's eyes danced. Dave had already turned the tables; where her mother had implied contempt he had set up a note of pride. "Oh, I suppose," said her mother, for lack of a better answer. "Everything is so absurd in the West. But you were good to my daughter, and to poor, dear Andrew. If only he had been spared. Women are so unused to these business responsibilities, Mr. Conward. It is fortunate there are a few reliable firms upon which we can lean in our inexperience."

"Mother has bought a house," Irene explained to Dave. "We thought this was a safe place to come"—A look on Eiden's face caused her to pause. "Why, what is wrong?" she said. Dave looked at Conward, at Mrs. Hardy, and at Irene. He was instantly aware that Conward had "stung" them. It was common knowledge in inside circles that the bottom was going out. The firm of Conward &

Eiden had been scurrying for cover, as quietly and secretly as possible, to avoid alarming the public, but scurrying for cover, nevertheless. And Dave had acquiesced in that policy. His position was extremely difficult. "I don't think I would be in a hurry to buy," he said, slowly turning his eyes on his partner. "You would perhaps be wiser to rent a home for a while. Rents are becoming easier."

"But I have bought," said Mrs. Hardy, and there was triumph rather than regret in her voice. "I have paid my deposit." "It is the policy of this firm," Eiden continued, "not to force or take advantage of hurried decisions. The fact that you have already made a deposit does not alter that policy. I think I may speak for my partner and the firm when I say that your deposit will be held to your credit for thirty days, during which time it will constitute an option on the property which you have selected. If, at the end of that time, you are still of your present mind, the transaction can go through as now planned; and if you have changed your mind your deposit will be returned."

Conward shifted under Dave's direct eye. He preferred to look at Mrs. Hardy. "What Mr. Eiden has told you about the policy of the firm is quite true," he managed to say. "But, as it happens, this transaction is not with Conward & Eiden, but with me personally. I find it necessary to dispose of the property which I have just sold to you at such an exceptional price—he was looking at Mrs. Hardy—and naturally I cannot run a chance of having my plans overturned by any possible change of mind on your part."

"I am entirely satisfied," said Mrs. Hardy. "The fact that Mr. Eiden wants to get the property back makes me more satisfied," she added, with the peculiarly irritating laugh of a woman who thinks she is extraordinarily shrewd and is only very silly.

"The agreement is signed," said Dave. He walked to the desk and picked up the documents, and the check that lay upon them. His eye ran down the familiar contract. "This agreement is in the name of Conward & Eiden," he said. "This check is payable to Conward & Eiden."

Conward's livid face had become white, and it was with difficulty he controlled his anger. "They are all printed that way," he explained. "I am going to have them indorsed over to me."

"You are not," said Dave. "You are charging this woman twenty-five thousand dollars for a house that won't bring ten thousand. The firm of Conward & Eiden will have nothing to do with that transaction. It won't even indorse it over."

A fire was burning in the grate. Dave walked to it and very slowly and deliberately thrust the agreement into the flame. "Well, if that doesn't heat all!" Mrs. Hardy ejaculated. "Are all cow punchers so discourteous?"

"I mean no discourtesy," said Dave. "If my behavior has seemed abrupt, I assure you I have only sought to serve Doctor Hardy's widow—and his daughter."

"It is a peculiar service," Mrs. Hardy answered, curtly. "I can only apologize for my partner's behavior," said Conward. "It need not, however, affect the transaction in the slightest degree. A new agreement will be drawn at once—an agreement in which the firm of Conward & Eiden will not be concerned."

"Let us get at the facts. When we have agreed as to facts, then we may agree as to procedure."

"Shoot," said Dave. He stood with his shoulder toward Conward, watching the dusk settling about the foothill city.

"I think," said Conward, "we can agree that the boom is over. We have done well, on paper. The thing now is to convert our paper into cash."

Dave turned about. "You know I don't claim to be any great moralist, Conward," he said, "and I have no pity for a gambler who deliberately sits in and gets stung. Consequently I am not troubled with any self-pity, nor any pity for you, and if you can get rid of our holdings to other gamblers I have nothing to say. But if it is to be loaded onto women who are investing the little savings of their lives—women like Bert Morrison and Mrs. Hardy—then I am going to have a good deal to say."

Dave went on with rising heat: "If business has to be done that way, then I say to h— with business!"

"I asked you not to quarrel," Conward returned, with remarkable composure. "I suggested that we get at the facts. Now, granting that the boom is over, where do we stand? We are rated as millionaires, but we haven't a thousand dollars in the bank at this moment. This"—he lifted Mrs. Hardy's check—"would have seen us over next payday, but you say the firm must have nothing to do with it. And which is the more immoral—since you have spoken of morality—to accept labor from clerks whom you can't pay or to sell property to women who say they want it and are satisfied with the price? We have literally thousands of unsettled contracts. We must keep our staff together. We have debts to pay, and we owe it to our creditors to make collections so that we can pay those debts, and we can't make collections without a staff. Why, on the property we are now holding the taxes alone will amount to twenty thousand dollars a year. And I put it up to you, if we are going to stand on sentiment, who's going to pay the taxes?"

"I know; I know," said Dave, whose anger over the treatment of the Hardys was already subsiding. "We are in the grip of the system. Still—in war they don't usually kill women and noncombatants. That is the point I'm trying to make. I've no sentiment about others who are in the game as we are. If you limit your operations to them—"

"The trouble is, you can't. They're wise. Most of them have already moved on. A few firms, like ourselves, will stay and try to fight it out; try, at least, to close up with a clean sheet; if we must close up. But we can't wind up a business without selling the stock on hand, and to whom are we to sell if not to people who want it? That is what you seem to object to."

"You place me in rather an unfair light," Dave protested. "What I object to is taking the life savings of people—people of moderate circum-



"Are All Cow Punchers So Discourteous?"

stances, mainly—in exchange for property which we know to be worth next to nothing."

"Yet you admit that we must clean up, don't you?" "Yes, I suppose so."

"And there's no other way. Dave," said Conward, rising and placing his arm on his partner's shoulder, "I sympathize with your point of view, but, my boy, it's pure sentiment, and sentiment has no place in business."

My-But You'll Like This Corn Syrup! No matter what kind of table syrup you've been using, a pleasant surprise awaits you if you haven't yet tried JUST RIGHT Corn Syrup. It has a flavor that simply can't be duplicated. Pure and healthful, too. Order a can from your grocer today. THE AMOS-JAMES GROCER CO., ST. LOUIS

Just Right BRAND FOOD PRODUCTS YOU NEED NOT SUFFER FROM CATARRH But You Must Drive It Out of Your Blood. Catarrh is annoying enough when it chokes up your nostrils and air passages, causing difficult breathing and other discomforts. Splendid results have been reported from the use of S. S. S., which acts on the catarrh germs in the blood.

HAD SUBLET THE CONTRACT And Doughboy Was Satisfied His "Hole" Would Be Finished Without Too Much Delay. The restless individuality of the American soldier, who was always seeking a shorter way to do things, made him appear to the French and British as hopelessly undisciplined. Even in battle the doughboy hated to follow precedent.

Guessing at Him. "Pass!" hissed Heineke of the rapid-fire restaurant. "Lamp that horse-faced guy over there on the end stool. I betcha he's one of them sidewalk yomerists in yod'foot."

Cruel Comment. "I tell you, sir, this question of bread in the household is a weighty one."

A Sign. "Is this business a paying one?" "People must think so the way they are sending their bills in."

Why pay high prices for coffee when POSTUM CEREAL costs less and is better for you! There's been no raise in price. Usually sold at 15¢ and 25¢ Made by Postum Cereal Co Battle Creek, Mich.