

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

All the long summer of the year after his graduation, from mid-April until November, he never once slept beneath a wooden roof, and more often than not the sky was his only canopy. That summer, too, Jessie spent at home, Pappoose with her most of the time, and one year more would finish them at the reliable old Ohio school. By that time Folsom's handsome new home would be in readiness to receive his daughter at Gate City. By that time, too, Marshall might hope to have a leave and come in to Illinois to welcome his sister and gladden his mother's eyes. But until then, the boy had said to himself, he'd stick to the field, and the troop that had the roughest work to do was the one that suited him, and so it had happened that by the second spring of his service in the regiment no subaltern was held in higher esteem by senior officers or regarded with more envy by the junior ones among the juniors than the young graduate, for those, too, were days in which graduates were few and far between, except in higher grades. Twice had he ridden in the dead of winter the devious trail through the Medicine Bow range to Frayne. Once already had he been sent the long march to and from the Big Horn, and when certain officers were ordered to the mountains early in the spring to locate the site of the new post at Warrior Gap, Brooks' troop, as has been said, went along as escort and Brooks caught mountain fever in the hills, or some such ailment, and made the home trip in the ambulance, leaving the active command of "C" troop to his subaltern.

With the selection of the site Dean had nothing to do. Silently he looked on as the quartermaster, the engineer and a staff officer from Omaha paced off certain lines, took shots with their instruments at neighboring waters of the fork. Two companies of infantry, sent down from further posts along the northern slopes of the range, had stacked their arms and pitched their "dog tents," and vigilant vedettes and sentries peered over every commanding height and ridge to secure the invaders against surprise. Invaders they certainly were from the Indian point of view, for this was Indian Story Land, the most prized, the most beautiful, the most prolific in fish and game in all the continent. Never had the red man clung with such tenacity to any section of his hunting grounds as did the northern Sioux to this, the north and northeast watershed of the Big Horn range. Old Indian fighters among the men shook their heads and scented peril over every commanding level bench as the site on which to begin the stockade that was to inclose the officers' quarters and the barracks, storehouse and magazine, and ominously they glanced at one another and then at the pine-skirted ridge that rose, sharp and sudden, against the sky, not 400 yards away, dominating the site entirely.

"I shouldn't like the job of clearing away the gang of Indians that might seize that ridge," said Dean, when later asked by the engineer what he thought of it, and Dean had twice by that time been called upon to help "hostile" Indians out of threatening positions, and knew whereof he spoke.

"I shouldn't worry over things you're never likely to have to do," said the quartermaster, with sarcastic emphasis, and he was a man who never yet had had to face a foe in the field, and Dean said nothing more, but felt right well he had no friend in Maj. Burleigh.

They left the infantry there to guard the site and protect the gang of woodchoppers set to work at once, then turned their faces homeward. They had spent four days and nights at the Gap, and the moon, the youngster's sake of the rotund quartermaster, the less he cared to cultivate him. A portly, heavily built man he was, some 40 years of age, a widower, whose children were at their mother's old home in the far east, a business man with a keen eye for opportunities and investments, a fellow who was reputed to have stock in a dozen mines and kindred enterprises, a knowing hand who drove fast horses and owned quite a stable, a sharp hand who played a thriving game of poker and had no compunctions as to winning. Officers at Emory were fighting shy of him. He played too big a game for their small pay and pockets, and the men with whom he took his pleasure were big contractors or well-known "sports" and gamblers, who in those days thronged the frontier towns and most men did them homage. But on this trip Burleigh had no big gamblers along and missed his evening game, and, once arrived at camp along the Fork, he had "roped in" some of the infantry officers, but Brooks and the engineer declined to play, and so had Dean from the very start, and this was "All true cavalrymen ought to be able to take a hand at poker," sneered Burleigh, at the first night's camp, for here was a pigeon really worth the plucking, thought he. Dean's life in the field had been so simple and inexpensive that he had saved much of his slender pay; but, what Burleigh did not know, he had sent much of it home to mother and Jess.

"I know several men who would have been the better for leaving it alone," responded Dean, very quietly. They rubbed each other the wrong way from the very start, and this was bad for the boy, for in those days, when army morals were less looked after than they are now, men of Burleigh's stamp, with the means to entertain and the station to enable them to do it, had often the ear of officers from headquarters, and more things were told at such times to generals and colonels about their young men than the victims ever suspected. Burleigh was a man of position and influence, and knew it. Dean was a younger without either, and did not realize it. He had made an enemy of the quarter-

master on the trip and could not but know it. Yet, conscious that he had said nothing that was wrong, he felt no disquiet.

And now, homeward bound, he was jogging contentedly along at the head of the troop. Scouts and flankers signalled "all clear." Not a hostile Indian had they seen since leaving the Gap. The ambulances with a little squad of troopers had hung on a few moments at the noon camp, hitching slowly and leisurely to their passengers might longer enjoy their post prandial siesta in the last shade they should see until they reached Cantonment Reno, a long day's ride. Presently the lively mule teams would come along the winding trail at a spanking trot. Then the troop would open out to right and left and let them take the lead, giving the dust in exchange, and once more the rapid march would begin. It was four p. m. when the shadows of the mules' ears and heads came jerking into view beside them, and, guiding his horse to the right, Dean loosened rein and prepared to trot by the open doorway of the stout, black-covered wagon. The young engineer officer, sitting on the front seat, nodded cordially to the cavalryman. He had known and liked him at the Point. He had sympathized with him in the vague difference with the quartermaster. He had listened to sneering things. Burleigh was telling the aid-de-camp about young lineamen in general and Dean in particular, stocking the staff officer with opinions which he hoped and intended should reach the department commander's ears. The engineer disbelieved, but was in no position to disprove. His station was at Omaha, far from the scene of cavalry exploits in fort or field. Burleigh's office and depot were in this new, crowded, bustling frontier town, filled with temptation to men so far removed from the influences of home and civilization, and Burleigh doubtless saw and knew much to warrant his generalities. But he knew no wrong of Dean, for that young soldier, as has been said, had spent all but a few mid-winter months at hard, vigorous work in the field, had been to Gate City and Fort Emory only twice, and then under orders that called for prompt return to Fetterman. Any man with an eye for human nature could see at a glance, as Dean saw that both the aid and his big friend, the quartermaster, had been exchanging comments at the boy's expense. He had shouted a cheery salutation to the engineer in answer to his friendly nod, then turned in saddle and looked squarely at the two on the back seat, and the constraint in their manner, the almost-sure look in their faces, told the story without words.

It nettled Dean—frank, outspoken, straightforward as he had always been. He hated any species of backbiting, and he had heard of Burleigh as an adept in the art, and a man to be feared. Signaling to his sergeant to keep the column opened out, on the prairie was almost level now on every side, he rode swiftly on, revolving in his mind how to meet and checkmate Burleigh's insidious moves, for instinctively he felt he was already at work. The general in command in those days was not a field soldier by any means. His office was far away at the banks of the Missouri, and all he knew of what was actually going on in his department he derived from official written reports, much of that was neither official nor reliable he learned from officers of Burleigh's stamp, and Dean had never yet set eyes on him. In the engineer he felt he had a friend on whom he could rely, and he determined to seek his counsel at the campfire that very night, meantime to hold his peace.

They were trotting through a shallow depression at the moment, the two spring wagons guarded and escorted by some 30 dusty, hardy-looking troopers. In the second, the yellow ambulance, Brooks was stretched at length, taking it easy, an attendant jogging alongside. Behind them came a third, a big quartermaster's wagon, drawn by six mules and loaded with tentage and rations. Out some 300 yards to the right and left rode little squads as flankers. Out beyond them, further still, often out of view from low waves of prairie, were individual troopers, riding as lookouts, while far to the front, full 600 yards, three or four others, spreading over the front on each side of the twisting trail, moved rapidly from crest to crest, always carefully scanning the country ahead before riding up to the summit. And now, as Dean's eyes turned from his charges to look along the sky line to the east, he saw sudden signs of excitement and commotion at the front. A sergeant, riding with two troopers, midway between him and those foremost scouts, was eagerly signaling to him with his broad-brimmed hat. Three of the black dots along the gently rising slope far ahead had leaped from their mounts and were slowly crawling forward, while one of them, his horse turned adrift and contentedly nibbling at the buffalo grass, was surely signaling that there was mischief ahead.

In an instant the lieutenant was galloping out to the front, cautioning the driver to come on slowly. Presently he overhauled the sergeant and bade him follow, and together the four men darted up on the gradual incline until within ten yards of where the leaders' horses were placidly grazing. There they threw themselves from saddle; one of the men took the reins of the four horses, while Dean and the other two, unslinging carbine and crouching low, went hurriedly on up the slope until they came within a few yards of the nearest scout.

"Indians!" he called to them, as soon as they were within earshot. "But they don't seem to be on lookout for us at all. They're fooling with some buffalo over here."

Crawling to the crest, leaving his hat behind, Dean peered over into the swale beyond, and this was what he saw:

Half a mile away to the east the low, concave sweep of the prairie was cut by the jagged banks and curves of a watercourse which drained the melting snows in earlier spring. Along the further bank a dozen buffalo were placidly grazing, unconscious of the fact that in the shallow, dry ravine itself half a dozen young Indians—Sioux, apparently—were lurking, awaiting the nearer coming of the herd, whose leaders, at least, were gradually approaching the edge. A way down to the northeast, toward the Indian Agency, the snow stream bed trended, and following the pointing finger of the scout who crawled to his side, Dean grazed and saw a confused mass of slowly moving objects, betrayed for miles by the light cloud of dust that hovered over them, covering many an acre of the prairie, stretching away down the vale. Even before he could unslung his field glass and gaze, his plaincraft told him what was slowly, steadily approaching, as though to cross his path in the Indian Agency, by one, on the move to the mountains, bound perhaps for the famous race course of the Sioux, a grand amphitheater in the southern hills.

And even as they gazed, two tiny jets of flame and smoke shot from the ravine edge there below them, and before the dull reports could reach their ears the foremost bison dropped on his knees and then rolled over on the sod; and then came the order, at sound of which, back among the halted troopers, every carbine leaped from its socket.

CHAPTER III.

Down along the building railway in the valley of the Platte there had been two years of frequent encounter with small bands of Indians. Down along the Smoky Hill, in Kansas, the Cheyennes were ever giving trouble. Even around Laramie and Frayne, on the North Platte, settlers and soldiers had been murdered, as well as one or two officers, caught alone out hunting, and the Indians were, of course, the perpetrators. Nevertheless, it had been the policy of the leaders of the Northern Sioux to avoid any meeting in force and to deny the complexity of their people in the crimes committed. Supply trains to Reno, Kearney and C. F. Smith, the Big Horn posts of the Bozeman trail, went to and fro with guards of only moderate size. Officers had taken their wives and children to these far-away stations. The stockades were filled with soldiers' families. Big bands of Indians roamed the lovely valleys of the Piney, the Tongue and Rosebud, near at hand, and rode into full view of the wary sentries at the stockades, yet made no hostile demonstration. Officers and men went far up the rocky canyons of the hills in search of fish or game, and came back unmolested. Excorts reported that they sometimes marched all day long by side with hunting bands of Sioux, a mile away; and often little parties, squaws and boys and young men, would ride confidently over and beg for sugar, coffee, hardtack—anything, and ride off with their plunder in the best of spirits and with all apparent good feeling. And yet the great war chief of the Brules—Sintogaliska—Spotted Tail, the white man's friend, gave solemn warning not to trust the Ogallallas. "Red Cloud's heart is bad," he said. "He and his people are moving from the reservations to the mountains. They mean trouble." Old traders like Folsom heard and heeded, and Folsom himself hastened to Fort Frayne the very week that Burleigh and his escort left for Warrior Gap. Visiting at the ranch of his son in a beautiful nook behind the Medicine Bow mountains, the veteran trader heard tidings from an Indian brave that filled him with apprehension, and he hurried to the fort.

"It is true," he asked, "that the government means to establish a post at Warrior Gap? Is it true that Maj. Burleigh has come thither?" "It is true, that it was, and that only Capt. Brooks' troop had gone as an escort, Folsom's agitation was extreme. "Colonel," said he to the post commander, "solemnly I have tried to warn the general of the danger of that move. I have told him that all the northern tribes are leaguering now, that they have determined to keep to themselves the Big Horn country and the valleys to the north. It will take 5,000 men to hold those three posts against the Sioux, and you've barely got 500. I warn you that any attempt to start another post up there will bring Red Cloud and all his people to the spot. Their scouts are watching like hawks even now. Iron Spear came to me at my son's ranch last night and told me not ten warriors were left at the reservation. They are all gone, and the war dances are on in every valley from the Black Hills to the Powder. For heaven's sake, send half your garrison up to Reno after Brooks. You are safe here. They won't molest you south of the Platte, at least not now. All they ask is that you build no more forts in the Big Horn."

But the colonel could not act without authority. Telegraph wires were none there. What Folsom said was of sufficient importance to warrant his hurrying off a courier to Laramie, fully 100 miles southeast, and ordering a troop to scout across the white wastes to the north, while Folsom himself, unable to master his anxiety, decided to accompany the command sent out toward Cantonment Reno. He long had had influence with the Ogallallas. Even now Red Cloud might listen if he could but find him. The matter was of such urgency he could not refrain. And so with the gray troop of the cavalry, setting forth within an hour of his coming, rode the old trader whom the Indians had so long sworn by, and he started none too soon.

[To Be Continued.]



AN INSECT BREEDER.

A Useful Contrivance Where Chickens Have to Be Kept Constantly in Small Quarters.



Here is a grub and worm-breeder for chickens in small quarters. Build a rack four feet square, as in illustration, the sides being made of narrow slats nailed to the frame, six or eight inches apart. In this frame place a layer of two or three inches manure, then a layer of earth or rich loam, and next a layer of mill sweepings, shorts or bran, each layer the same thickness. Repeat until the rack is filled. Grubs and worms will breed in abundance, and, seeking the edge of the rack, will become the prey of the fowls.—Orange Judd Farmer.

IS EASILY CURED.

Feather-Eating Hens Are Not Victorious But Victims of a Disease That Yields to Simple Treatment.

The New York Experiment station recently published a bulletin on "feather eating" among fowls. The report makes a number of observations on this habit, suggesting that it is the result of a lack of nitrogenous matter in the feed and citing experiments where fresh cut bone, lean meat, etc., were fed. "The vice," the report says, "is very uncommon among fowls that have exercise and a variety of food, and it is most economical to prevent its appearance by careful feeding, but as the spread is rapid even under a ration which does not ordinarily seem to encourage its development, the vice should be stamped out by the death or removal of the first offender."

The editor of the Farm and Dairy, New South Wales, calls attention to the fact of the failure to mention the true cause of "feather eating." "It is now a well-known fact," says the editor, "that feather eating is due to a minute parasite (sarcoptes laevis) which feeds at the roots of the feathers, thus irritating the bird and causing them to pluck out their own feathers. Where feathers are pulled out by other birds, it is due to the presence of lice, for which they are searching."

The prevention and remedy, says the editor, are simple, as the mite disease is contagious. Isolation of the affected bird is the first step, especially if it be a cock. The mites yield readily to treatment of one part of creosote to 20 parts of lard or vaseline, well rubbed into the affected parts.

HOW A HEN FEEDS.

In Her Natural State She Delights in Consuming Hours in Obtaining a Full Meal.

Observe how the hen feeds when out on the range. It is first a blade of grass or leaf of clover, then a short case for a grasshopper or cricket, says Wallaces' Farmer. She now discovers a soft spot in the soil which she believes worth investigating, and sets to work with the mining tools which nature has given her with a view of finding out if it is "pay dirt." A fuzzy weed head is in her path and she stops to shatter down a few of the ripened seeds. She is drawn away from this repast by another grasshopper, which springs down in front of her and jumps away again just in time to save himself from the dash which she makes at him. In place of the grasshopper which she didn't get, she snips another clover leaf or blade of grass. Thus the hen feeds a little at a time and consuming hours in obtaining a full meal. It seems that people who see this every day might know that throwing down a measure of shelled corn on a bare spot is not the proper way to feed the hens. And those who do this will receive conclusive proof that there is something wrong with their feeding during the time of year when the hen has no choice of food, but must live on what is given her by the owner.

BUZZINGS FROM BEEDOM.

Good results in queen-rearing are to be expected only when the colony is strong enough to swarm, and when honey comes in freely from the fields every day, or when the keeper feeds his bees freely. Bees do not use older larvae if younger be present. Bees prefer to build a long deep comb. They build downward in preference to sidewise. Experts estimate that an acre of buckwheat in bloom will yield 25 pounds of honey a day. French apiarists use "glossometers," or tongue measures of several patterns for measuring the length of the tongues of their bees, in order to decide what flowers they can work on most successfully. Bees crossed once with the Caucasians are reported to work red clover perfectly. If this be true, it is important, for it will add a new source of fine honey to the list. Robber bees may be fought with carbolic acid. This acid has an odor repulsive to bees. A mixture of it in water sprinkled at the entrance of the hive, will prevent the robbers from entering, while the occupants of the hive will pass it on their way in and out.—N. Y. Farmer.

SENSIBLE BEE TALK.

When Properly Managed the Apiary Pays as Fair a Profit as Any Other Farm Industry.

It costs some 40 to 50 cents a hive to use full sheets of foundation in all the frames, and about the same for each super in the section boxes. What is the gain? There will be little or no drone comb. The useless drones in a hive will consume more than 50 cents' worth of sugar in a season. The more drones reared, the less worker bees there will be to store honey, says the American Cultivator. The workers which would occupy the space that the drone comb fills might store 50 cents' or a dollar's worth of honey in a season. Much honey would have been used up in making the comb for which the foundation is a substitute. We think we speak within bounds when we say that every half dollar's worth of foundation used in a good colony will add from one to three dollars to the value of honey gathered in a season, and when one is working for extracted honey so that he can put the empty combs back, the gain may be more.

In this connection we would repeat the advice given before—allow drone comb only in the best colonies, those that are gentle and good honey gatherers, that these qualities may be transmitted through the male parent of the workers as well as through the queen. There has been little attention paid to this by even the best beekeepers, but we think it is important, and if it has not been proved so, it is time some one did prove it. Do not allow the bees to be crowded for room to work in and store their honey. When a super is from one-half to two-thirds full, raise it up and put another under it that they may work in both. By the time the top one is capped over, it will be time to put a third one underneath it. With plenty of room there will be less tendency to late swarming.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

It Must Be Elevated So That Its Name Shall Cease to Be a Synonym for Drudgery.

A great deal has been said about the hardships endured by farmers' wives, but how much harder do they have to work than mechanics' wives? The poultry and the dairy comprise all the extra work, and these may be as much or as little as desired. The farmer's house does not require half the care, his apparel needs less attention, his fashions are simpler, his table is easier supplied and with far better material at little cost; the children are not kept indoors, but go free as the birds, and, as they grow older, how many less temptations! The husband is not away all day, but his home is his place of business, and many are the holidays a farmer can take without his business suffering. The time for very hard work on the farm has gone by. It is not as it was fifty or a hundred years ago, when little machinery lightened the housekeeper's daily work. Then the farmer's wife wore all the cloth worn by the family, besides doing the cooking over an open fireplace. Now the housework is less arduous, the sewing is quickly done, and much time can be given to gardening, visiting and mental improvement. If we would have our young men and young women realize that farming is the noblest occupation on earth we must give the calling more dignity, elevating it so that its name shall cease to be a mere synonym of drudgery. Home life can be made very pleasant, even on the farm.—N. Y. Weekly.

SIMPLE WAGON JACK.

It Is Easily Made at Home and Facilitates the Oiling and Cleaning of Vehicles.

The pieces, a, a, are of 2 by 4-inch stuff 22 inches long and sawed so that piece g, which is 2 by 4-inch, has room enough to go between them and is inserted in the end of c. The two pieces, b, b, are also of 2 by 4-inch size, 17 inches long and sawed in the



DEVICE FOR OILING WAGONS.

shape illustrated. The pieces, a, a, b and b are joined together with one-half-inch bolts, as shown by the dotted lines. The piece, c, is 4 by 4-inch and 5 1/2 feet, on which the wagon axle rests when the jack is in use. The spikes, c, c, prevent the axle from slipping. Chain is hooked to piece a and fastened to lever g to hold lever when in use. A one-half-inch bolt is used through a, a and g. Another bolt is placed through the joining ends of g and c.—Eugene Pelang, in Farm and Home.

Big Success with Sheep.

Every little while we come across accounts of men, who, in a small way, have made splendid money out of sheep. One of the latest is that of an Iowa man bought some Cotswold ewes two years ago at \$3 per head. He kept them until they raised two crops of lambs for him and sold them for \$4.25 apiece. The first year their fleece averaged 1 1/2 pounds, the second year 12. One crop of lambs brought \$6.50 per 100 pounds, the other \$5.50. All the owner did to fatten them was to give them corn husks and timothy hay and let them run in the yard where he was fattening cattle. They picked up corn enough for themselves around the troughs.

The Chinese Situation. The cause for the present Chinese entanglements is not religious differences, but the abuse of the Chinese immigrants by the foreign powers. Another great revolution comes from the abuse of the stomach. Overrated digestion produces constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and flatulency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best medicine to take. It will restore a healthy tone to the entire system, and thus prevent nervousness, sleeplessness or despondency. Don't fail to give it a trial.

Free to His Promise. Mrs. Synnex—When Tom asked me to have him he promised me that my lightest wish would always be law with him. Mrs. Sauer—And, of course, that was all the promise amounted to—more empty words. "No! I won't say that. Tom always respects my lightest wishes. It is in matters of importance where he is bound to have his own way."—Boston Transcript.

The Seminary Kind. Johnson—Does your wife speak French? Thompson—She thinks she does. "You don't speak it, do you?" "No." "Then how do you know she doesn't?" "I watched a French waiter's face the other day when she was talking to him, and 'll be blamed if he didn't look as if he had the toothache."—Detroit Free Press.

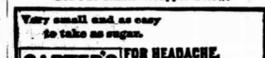
Tackleton—"I'm glad your yacht beat Bragman's. He was blowing so much for the race. It's your turn now." "He says best who laughs last." "Maine!" "Yes, but say, rather: 'He laughs best who laughs last.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Qualified Praise.—Brown—"Do you believe in sea bathing?" Robinson—"Oh, yes, I think so. Many people have been known to survive it."—Town Topics.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR RHEUMATISM, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

HOW WEAK CHILDREN ARE MADE STRONG, VIGOROUS AND WELL.



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hallows, of Peckham St., Globe Village, Fall River, Mass., have cause to thank Dr. Greene's Nervura for restoring to health, and probably preserving the life of their little son. Almost from infancy Everett Hallows was troubled with indigestion and nervous troubles, and nothing seemed to help him. Finally Dr. Greene's Nervura was recommended and tried with success. A few bottles were sufficient to effect a cure, and to-day the little one is enjoying the best of health. By the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura the sickly child was transformed into a happy, hearty, robust boy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura for the Blood and Nerves.

Thousands of other children can thank Dr. Greene and his wonderful remedy for the strength and health they enjoy. Children to whom it is given have less sickness, better health, better growth, and longer and more vigorous lives. Parents should realize that it is their duty to give it to every child who is not in perfect health. There are no diseases more dreaded by parents than fits, epilepsy, and St. Vitus' dance. Yet no child would be troubled by them if Dr. Greene's Nervura were given when the first symptoms appear.

Charles L. MoBay, a highly esteemed police officer, who resides at 14 Myrtle St., New Bedford, Mass., says:

"About two years ago my little daughter became run down in health and suffered from St. Vitus' dance. Soon after she was prostrated by rheumatism, which severely affected her low limbs.

"After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, she began taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and experienced immediate benefit. She continued its use, and after taking five bottles her rheumatism was practically cured. Her appetite returned, her pains disappeared, she was again able to walk without lameness, her general health was restored, and she was able to attend school and to play like other children.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is the prescription and discovery of the well-known Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th Street, New York City, who is the most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic complaints, and he can be consulted in any case, free of charge, personally or by letter.

WALTHAM WATCHES

Ralph Waldo Emerson in an essay on Eloquence said, in speaking of a man whom he described as a Godsend to his town, "He is put together like a Waltham Watch."

"The Perfected American Watch", an illustrated book of interesting information about watches, will be sent free upon request. American Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

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