

By D. M. AMBERRY

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

LANGFORD of the THREE BARS By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

SYNOPSIS.

George Williston, a poor ranchman, high-minded and cultured, searches for cattle missing from his ranch—the "Lazy S." On a wooded island in the river he finds that would have been an island had the Missouri been at high water, he discovers a band of horse thieves engaged in working over brands on cattle. He creeps near enough to note the changing of the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "J. R." brand, Paul Langford, the rich owner of the "Three Bars," is informed of the operations of the gang of cattle thieves—a band of outlaws headed by Jesse Black, who long have defied the law and authorities of Kemah county, South Dakota. Langford is struck with the beauty of Mary, commonly known as "Williston's little girl." Louise Dale, an expert court stenographer, who had followed her uncle, Judge Hammond Dale, from the east to the "Dakotahs," and who is living with him at Wind City, is requested by the county attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black, Jim Munson, in waiting at the train for Louise, look at a herd of cattle being shipped by Bill Brown and there detects old "Mag" a well-known "ornery" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. Crowds assemble in Justice James R. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing. Jesse Black springs the first of many great surprises, waiving examination. Through Jake Sanderson, a member of the outlaw gang, he had learned that the steer "Mag" had been recovered and thus saw the uselessness of fighting against being bound over. Richard Gordon, the county attorney, who is unpopular because of his many failures to secure convictions in court, wins the admiration of Louise, which is mutual. County Attorney Gordon accompanies Louise to Wind City, where she tells her of the disappointments of his office, of witnesses that can be bribed and of the system of tampering with justice which prevents him from securing a conviction. He has the girl's sympathy.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Her hand touched the match box at last. A light flared out. "Shut the door quick, dad," she said, lighting the lamp on the table. "The skeeters'll eat us alive." Williston stepped to the door. Just a moment he stood there in the doorway, the light streaming out into the night, tall, thoughtful, no winking in spite of many failures and many mistakes. A fair mark he made, outlined against the brightly lighted room. It was quiet. Not even a coyote shrilled. And while he stood there looking up at the calm stars, a sudden sharp report rang out and the sacred peace of God, written in the serenity of still summer nights, was desecrated. Hissing and ominous, the bullet sang past Williston's head, perilously near, and lodged in the opposite wall. At that moment the light was blown out. A great presence of mind had come to Mary in the time of imminent danger. "Good, my dear!" cried Williston, in low tones. Quick as a flash the door was slammed shut and bolted just as a second shot fell foul of it. "Oh, my father!" cried Mary, groping her way to his side. "Hush, my dear! They missed me clean. Don't lose your nerve, Mary. They won't find it so easy after all." There had been no third shot. A profound silence followed the second report. There was no sound of horse or man. Whence, then, the shots? One man, maybe, creeping up like some foul beast of prey to strike in the dark. Was he still lurking near, abiding another opportunity? It took but a moment for Williston to have the rifles cocked and ready. Mary took her own from him with a hand that trembled ever so slightly. "What will you do, father?" she asked, holding her rifle lovingly and thanking God in a swift, unformed thought for every rattlesnake or other noxious creature whose life she had put out while doing her man's work of riding the range—work which had given her not only a man's courage, but a man's skill as well. "Take the back window, girl," he answered briefly. "I'll take the front. Stand to the side. Get used to the starlight and shoot every shadow you see, especially if it moves. Keep track of your shots, don't waste an effort and don't let anything creep up on you. They mustn't get near enough to fire the house." His voice was sharp and incisive. The drifting habit had fallen from him and he was his own master again. Several heavy minutes dragged away without movement, without sound from without. The ticking of the clock pressed on strained ears like ghostly bell-tolling. Their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and by the dim starlight they were able to distinguish the outlines of the cattle sheds, still, empty, black. Nothing moved out there. "I think they're frightened off," said Mary at last, breathing more freely. "They were probably just one, or they'd not have left. He knew he missed you, or he would not have fired again. Do you think it was Jesse?"

"Jesse would not have missed," he said, grimly. At that moment a new sound broke the stillness, the whinny of a horse. Reinforcements had approached within the shadow of the cattle-sheds. Something moved out there at last. "Daddy!" called Mary, in a choked whisper. "Come here—they are down at the sheds." Williston stepped to the back window quickly. "Change places," he said briefly. "Daddy!" "Yes?" "Keep up your nerve," she breathed between great heart-pumps. "Surely! Do you the same, little comrade, and shoot to kill!" There was a savage note in his last words. For himself, it did not matter so much, but Mary—he pinned no false faith in any thought of possible chivalrous intent on the part of the raiders to exempt his daughter from the grim fate that awaited him. He had to deal with a desperate man; there would be no clemency in this desperate man's retaliation.

To his quickened hearing came the sound of stealthy creeping. Something moved directly in front of him, but some distance away. "Shoot every shadow you see, especially if it moves," were the fighting orders, and his was the third shot of that night. "Hell! I've got it in the leg!" cried a rough voice full of intense anger and pain, and there were sounds of a precipitate retreat. Out under protection of the long row of low-bull sheds other orders were being tersely given and silently received. "Now, men, I'll shoot the first man of you who blunders when he's hit. D'ye hear? There have been breaks enough in this affair already. I don't intend for that petticoat man and his pullin' petticoat kid in there to get any satisfaction out of this at all. Hear me?" There was no response. None was needed. Some shots would harmlessly lodge in the outer walls of the shanty. They were the result of an unavailing attempt to pick the window whence Williston's shot had come. Mary could not keep back a little womanish gasp of nervous dread. "Grip your nerve, Mary," said her father. "That's nothing—shooting from down there. Just lie low and they can do nothing. Only watch, child, watch! They must not creep up on us. Oh, for a moon!" She did grip her nerve, and her hand ceased its trembling. In the darkness her eyes were big and solemn. Sometime, to-morrow, the reaction would come, but to-night— "Yes, father, keep up your own nerve," she said in a brave little voice that made the man catch his breath.

Again the heavy minutes dragged away. At each of the two windows crouched a tense figure, brain alert, eyes in iron control. It was a frightful strain, this waiting game. Could one be sure nothing had escaped one's vigilance? Starlight was deceptive, and one's eyes must needs shift to keep the mastery over their little horizon. It might well be that some one of those ghostly and hidden sentinels patrolling the lonely homestead had wormed himself past staring eyeballs, crawling, crawling; it might well be that at any moment a sudden light flaring up from some corner would tell the tale of the end.

Now and then could be heard the soft thud of a hoof as some one rode to execute an order. Occasionally, something moved out by the sheds. Such movement, if discernible from the house, was sure to be followed on the instant by a quick, sharp remonstrance from Williston's rifle. How long could it last? Would his nerve wear away with the night? Could he keep his will dominant? If so, he must drag his mind resolutely away from that nerve-racking, still, and unseen creeping, creeping, creeping, nearer and nearer. How the stillness weighed upon him, and still his mind dwelt upon that sinuous, flat-bellied creeping, crawling, worming! God, it was awful! He fought it desperately. He knew he was lost if he could not stop thinking about it. The sweat came out in big beads on his forehead, on his body; he prickled with the heat of the effort. Then it left him—the awful horror—left him curiously cold, but steady of nerve and with a will of iron and eyes, cat's eyes, for their seeing in the dark. Now that he was calm once more, he let himself weigh the chances of success. They were pitifully remote. The Lazy S was situated in a lonely stretch of prairie

land far from any direct trail. True, it lay between Kemah, the county seat, and the Three Bars ranch, but it was a good half mile from the straight route. Even so, it was a late hour for any one to be passing by. It was not a traveled trail except for the boys of the Three Bars, and they were known to be great home-stayers and little given to speeding. As for the rustlers, if rustlers they were, they had no fear of interruption by the officers of the law, who held their places by virtue of the insolent and arbitrary will of Jesse Black and his brotherhood, and were now carousing in Kemah by virtue of the hush-money put up by this same secret tribunal. "Watch, child, watch!" he said again, without in the least shifting his tense position. "Surely!" responded Mary, quite steadily.

Now was her time come. Dark, sinister figures flitted from tree to tree. At first she could not be sure, it was so heartlessly dark, but there was movement—it was different from that terrible blank quiet which she had hitherto been gazing upon till her eyes burned and prickled as with needle points, and visionary things swam before them. She winked rapidly to dispel the unreal and floating things, opened wide her long-lashed lids, fixed them, and—fired. Then Williston knew that his "little girl," his one ewe lamb, all that was left to him of a full and gracious past, must go through what he had gone through, all that nameless horror and expectant dread, and his heart cried out at the unholiness of it all. He dared not go to her, dared not desert his post for an instant. If one got within the shadow of the walls all was lost.

Mary's challenge was met with a rather hot return fire. It was probably due to respect for the attackers' numbers. Bullets pattered around the outside walls like hailstones, one even whizzed through the window perilously near the girl's intent young face. Silence came back to the night. There was no more movement. Yet down there at the spring something, maybe one of those dark, gaunt cottonwoods, held death—death for her and death for her father. A stream of icy coldness struck across her heart. She found herself calculating in deliberation which tree it was that held this thing—death. The biggest one, shadowing the spring, helping to keep the pool sweet and cool where Paul Langford had galloped his horse that day when—ah! If Paul Langford would only come now!

A wild, girlish hope flashed up in her heart. Langford would come—had he not sworn it to her father? Had he not given his hand as a pledge? It means something to shake hands in the cattle country. He was big and brave and true. When he came these awful, creeping terrors would disperse—grim shadows that must steal away when morning comes. When he came she could put her rifle in his big, confident hands, lie down on the floor and—cry. She wanted to cry—oh, how she did want to cry. Cold reason came back to her and dissipated the weak and womanish longing to give way to tears. There was a pathetic droop to her mouth, a long, quivering, sobbing sigh, and she buried her woman's weakness right deeply and stamped upon it. How utterly wild and foolish her brief hope had been! Langford and all his men were sound in sleep long ago. How could he know? were the ruffians out there men to tell? Ah, no! There was no one to know. It would all happen in the dark—in awful loneliness, and there would be no one to know until it was all over—to-morrow, maybe, or next week, who could tell? They were off the main trail, few people ever sought them out. There would be no one to know.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Cause of Seaman's Bad Language.** At Southampton (Eng.) a seaman named Johnson had to appear before the borough magistrate on a charge of making use of bad language in St. Mary's street. In explanation he said he was married in St. Mary's church, Southampton, many years ago. He left Southampton after the ceremony and was away several years. Coming back the other day he went to look at the church, and finding there was still no steeple to it he did in his righteous anger use some very strong words. In fining the defendant ten shillings and costs the chairman of the bench said many people had said strong things about such a beautiful church as St. Mary's having no steeple, but they did not use such bad expressions as the defendant had.

**A Breaches Stratagem.** After the battle of Ramillies had been won by the great duke of Marlborough, Lord John Hay, who commanded a regiment of Scotch dragoons, when the regiment of foot, called the King's, consisting of 1,200 men, submitted to him and surrendered their arms and colors, ordered to prevent their running away, and the necessity of setting a strong guard over them, that every man should cut a piece out of the waistband of his breeches, which obliged them to hold them up with one hand, and in that posture they marched with a guard of only 25 dragoons and a sergeant, Charles XII. did something like this by the Muscovites after the battle of Narva.

**Gossip Set to Music.** "I went to the opera last night." "What did you hear?" "That Mrs. Browning is going to get a divorce. Mrs. Biggs has the dearest dog and a new baby, and the Huttons are going to live in India."—Harper's Weekly.

Dark Sinister Figures Flitted from Tree to Tree.

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NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

A Bryan club has been organized at Nebraska City.

While helping to put up ice, Charles Steltenberg lost two of his fingers.

Doctors of Grand Island have gone on record as desiring milk inspection. Commissioners of Douglas county will submit a bond proposition for a new court house.

Elizabeth Hamilton and Mrs. S. L. Dodder, sisters, were burned to death at Omaha by gasoline explosion.

About \$20,000 will be spent by the Independent Telephone company of Fairbury in improvements this year.

Twelve farm mortgages, amounting to \$27,210 were filed, and eighteen, amounting to \$33,650, were released in Cass county during January.

Lincoln won out in the high school debate with Beatrice. Governor Sheldon presided. The question for debate was, "Increase of Our Navy."

The fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wincamp, of Snyder, Neb., was celebrated at the Catholic church at that place February 22.

Byron McNally, of Cass county, fell into a dry well eighty feet deep and was in there two nights and almost three days before being rescued. He was badly bruised, but will recover.

During a show given at Ong the film of a moving picture machine caught fire. In the stampede that ensued as the people rushed for the only exit, no one was seriously injured.

Dr. Boyd, a local practitioner at Central City, reports a remarkable incident in his practice, having attended at the birth of a child which was born with two well developed teeth.

John Lange, living six miles southeast of Cortland, was found dead in bed. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that death was due to heart trouble. Deceased was 70 years of age.

Work on the Burlington's new depot at Alliance will be resumed again on March 1. This will be one of the best structures of its kind in the state and will have cost, when complete, about \$80,000.

On the eve of his departure from Norfolk William Boeche, a prominent farmer who had lived two miles southeast of Norfolk for years, fell through the ice of the Elkhorn river and was drowned.

The recent snow storm covered up and smothered many coveys of quail in Otoe county and a number of farmers reported finding the dead birds. Rabbits were found in snow drifts and were caught by hand.

Superintendent J. T. Morey of the Institute for the Blind at Nebraska City, has discovered the young boys of the institute well supplied with tobacco, and they claim to have purchased it from the dealers in that city.

Fulton Jock and R. W. Sabin, attorneys for Shumway, the Gage county convicted murderer, are preparing to present the case to the supreme court. The bill of exceptions of the defense has been prepared and covers 1,000 pages.

News has reached Central City of the death of George Raser, a former Central City boy, in the mines of South Africa, on the twenty-first of last December. No details are given except that he was killed in a mine explosion.

The last condition of the settlement of the divorce suit of Calvin Chapman of Nebraska City against his wife, Harriett Chapman, has been complied with and deeds have been filed whereby he gives her property to the value of \$23,000.

Buy your life insurance this year from the Midwest Life of Lincoln. This is an old line company, writing up-to-date policies at lowest safe rates possible. No estimates but clean protection for Nebraska homes. This company is backed by Nebraska capital and business men and the premiums paid to it remain in this state. Write the company for information.

A peddler stopped at the home of Ellert Cramer in Gage county over night and asked lodgings. He was given quarters, but soon after his departure the next morning Mr. Cramer missed his pocketbook and \$10 which he had placed on a clock shelf. Cramer gave chase and catching up with the peddler, gave him a sound drubbing and secured the money.

The number of shipments from Broken Bow during the past year makes a fine showing. Of cattle there were 214 cars; hogs, 217 cars; horses and mules, forty-two cars; wheat, ninety-one cars; corn, oats, hay, flour and feed, ninety-seven cars; 687 cases of eggs; nearly 30,000 pounds of butter and 50,715 pounds of hides.

Retrenchment in freight service on its branch lines was inaugurated by the Union Pacific, when three trains were laid off on the Columbus division. The Grand Island local freight will be handled by the through freight.

Dan V. Stephens of Dodge county is highly pleased with the experiment of inoculating his cholera-afflicted hogs with a new serum it is said will prevent the disease much after the fashion that vaccination prevents the smallpox. There has been no further spread of the disease and no more of the animals have died.

ROADS BACK PASSHOLDERS.

Union Pacific Tells Them to Stand Pat Against Nebraska Law.

Lincoln—Pass holders, receiving their transportation through the Union Pacific, will have the railroad behind them if they resist the state in its prosecutions under the anti-pass law. This is the information that has come to the railroad commission from Platte county, where the county attorney is now determined to begin criminal action under the new law at once. County Attorney Hensley delayed for a time, having received intimations that the passes would be returned. During the negotiations that took place the attitude of the railroad was made known. Where passes have been held prosecutions will at once be begun.

Attorney Edson Rich of Omaha, representing the Union Pacific, sent a letter to the railroad, commissioners in which he made further explanation of the pass situation. In this he says the transportation given surgeons in Nebraska by the Union Pacific is in accordance with continuing contracts entered with them in 1906 and under which the passes are renewed each year. The contracts were made before the enactment of the anti-pass law, hence the claim the transportation is unaffected. Each contract is perpetual, depending on the pleasure of the road for termination for cause. The road, therefore, claims the right to issue its surgeons their pasteboards.

Admission to Home Denied.

The State Board of Public Lands and Buildings has rejected several applications for admission to the Soldiers' home for the reason the applicants were drawing pensions of \$20 a month or over \$12. The board has other applications on file where the old soldier receives only \$12 a month pension, and inasmuch as the district court of Hall county has enjoined the board from taking any part of the pension money of the soldiers, the board concluded to take care of the poor ones first, or those in actual need.

Hastings Puts on the Brakes.

By a vote of six to one the city council went on record demanding the closing of all of the saloons of the city at 10 o'clock in the evening. The new ordinance will become effective April 13. Several of the councilmen have already gone on record or made public statements to the effect that if it came to a show down they would vote against the granting of saloon license in the spring.

Object to Net Weight Clause.

Lincoln—The suit of the state against Swift & Co. will be appealed to the supreme court of the United States if necessary. This idea was suggested by the arguments of the attorneys in the district court. The packing concern is charged with not branding net weight on ham and bacon packages. The suit was started by Food Commissioner Johnson.

Must Pay Policy.

Lincoln—The supreme court ordered the Supreme Court of Honor, a fraternal order, to pay the heirs of John Ebesta the amount of his policy. The Court of Honor resisted payment, claiming Ebesta had forfeited his rights when he ate heads of matches, resulting in his death.

Guard Company Inspected.

Broken Bow—Company M of the First regiment of Nebraska underwent a hot inspection by Major Davidson, United States inspector. The major pronounced about \$2,000 worth of stuff as unserviceable and severely scored the state for not furnishing proper equipment.

Passes to Be Returned.

Columbus—The gentlemen about here—lawyers, editors and doctors—have agreed to turn in their pasteboards and mileage to the railroads, and so for the present there will be no prosecutions of them, if they continue faithful to the end of the race.

OPINION ON SURETIES.

Verdict of the Supreme Court on the Question.

Lincoln—"Sureties on the official bond of a county judge are not liable for money which did not come into the possession of their principal by virtue of his office."

This is the verdict of the supreme court in the appeal of William W. Stephens, administrator of the estate of one Smith of Friend, from the decision of the district court freeing the bondsmen of Hosmer H. Hendee, former county judge, from obligation to pay \$3,300 to the administrator of the estate. Hendee is said to have secured possession of a certificate of deposit for \$3,300 under color of his office and to have obtained the unwitting indorsement of Stephens, Commissioner Good in his opinion cites a former Nebraska decision as follows: "Where an officer goes outside of the limits of his official duties and without the scope of his official authority, this action, though done under color of office, is not a breach of the bond for the faithful performance of his duty."

Penitentiary Must Cut Expenses.

In his report of his investigation of the state penitentiary, which is supposed to be about self-sustaining, Mr. Fairfield said the average monthly expenditures for the next fourteen months must be reduced \$1,082.25, or there will be a deficiency of \$15,151.46. The monthly expenditures for maintenance for the last six months amounted to \$5,912.57. The balance of the appropriation for maintenance at the time the investigation was made, January 29, amounted to \$55,024.52.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Similar Result.

There are certain delicate shades of expression of which a Frenchman is, as a rule, past master. One member of that fluent nation, stranded in New York, was setting forth his troubles to a lawyer.

"I understand from what you say that you are convinced your friend Leconte has stolen your purse," said the lawyer.

"No, no, monsieur, not so fast!" cried his client. "I only say that if Leconte had not assisted me to hunt for it I should have found it again."—Youth's Companion.



Champ (savagely)—Your dog has bitten a piece clean out of my dog. Sharpe (ditto)—Confound it! I wanted to bring him up as a vegetarian.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

As a Substitute.

Mrs. Parkway—It must be lonesome when your husband has to make one of his long canvassing trips and be away from home for a week or more.

Mrs. Nexblok—Yes; but Harry is real thoughtful. He has taught the parrot to use just the kind of language he uses when he's about the house himself.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

We are told that a good name is more to be desired than great riches, but great riches will be more successful in keeping a man out of jail.

Chocolate Pie is Healthful.

Chocolate is healthful and nutritious and chocolate pies are becoming very popular. They are easy to make if you use "OUR-PIE," Chocolate flavor. Directions on package. Contains all ingredients ready for instant use. At grocers, 10c. Order to-day.

Whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be.—Toybee.

Sudden Changes of the Weather

often cause Bronchial and Lung troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" allay throat irritation and coughs.

An average yield of ginger in Jamaica is about 2,000 pounds an acre.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 25c

It is possible to smile and smile and be a hypocrite still.

We Pay High Prices for Furs

and hides, or tan them for robes, rugs or coats. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis.

If wishes were coal heaps we'd none of us freeze.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Goethe: There is nothing more fruitful than ignorance in action.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES OR RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE 375 "Guaranteed"