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CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED. A few inquiries informed him where Bowers had deposited his source of supplies, and he watched until the miner went for a fresh portion one evening. Rider was helplessly intoxicated, and Bowers had been indulging freely himself. He placed a little pouch containing about \$300 in dust in his pocket, and reeled out in the darkness without.

the faintest thought of danger. A heavy blow behind the ear suddenly sent him to his knees, and a pair of strong hands grasped his throat at the same moment, but the owner had no easy task to accomplish his object. The realization of his danger fully sobered Bowers, and with a stifled curse he tore the grip from his throat and gained his feet by main strength.

It was too dark to see his assailant, but Hank Bowers was no coward, and instead of attempting to flee or call for help, he grappled silently with the would-be robber.

It did not last long. Once his arms were about his enemy, Bowers was master of the situation. Inch by inch he bent the other back until human endurance could bear no more, and with a groan the man's muscles relaxed and he fell heavily with Bowers on top of him.

'Struck a snag that time, didn't yer?" he demanded, grimly, seating himself on the other's breast and holding his wrists so that he could not draw a

"Let me up, blast yer!" was the sullen reply as the man tried in vain to move. Want ter get up? All right, pard. Jest remember I've got a gun agin yer ribs, though, an' if yer don't go all'quiet

I'll let a hole through yer!" As he spoke he arose and allowed the man to do likewise, keeping a stout grip on his collar. Then he said, sternly: "Go on where I push yer. I want ter

A short walk brought them to the tent where Rider and Bowers slept, and into this the latter conducted his prisoner and lit a candle.

The light showed the face of a man about 30 years, with an expression of ferocity which was revolting, but Bowers surveyed it with satisfaction as he

"Well, Mr. Man, what made yer tackle me? Hard up?"

The fellow gazed at him unflinchingly as he spoke.

"I s'pose yer know I could come pretty near hevin' yer hung fer this job?"
"Do it, d—yer, an' don't talk about it." was the prompt reply.

Bowers released his grip, produced a bottle of liquor from his pocket and held it toward his companion, saying: "Take a drink. You're a man after my own heart, you be. You an' I kin do business, I guess. How would yer

like ter lay yer paws on a couple o' hundred thou, all in dust an' nuggets?" "What's that yer saying?" replied the man, wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve as he lowered the bottle. "Are yer makin' game of me or what the-" "Do I look like a chap that fooled?" snarled Bowers, angrily. "I ain't thet

kind. I know some chaps as has got a few hundred pounds o' the yaller stuff ter and lighted their pipes he outlined from?" demanded Tom, his anger meltall dug, an' if I had two or three good his plan as follows: men they'd whack up the swag with "I'm yer man!" exclaimed the other,

looking him full in the eye. "I ain't scared of a little blood. I'm desperate and I'll join yer!" "Know another good man we could

trust?" asked Bowers. "I've got a white-livered cuss with me as I'm goin' to cut loose from pretty quick. Three will be plenty ter do the job." "Plenty ter divide with, too.

can't we manage it between us?" "Course we kin," said Bowers, "an' the fewer in it the better. Two good men is better'n twenty fer such a job. Will yer stick ter me, no matter what

"I never went back on a chum yet," was the prompt reply.

"All right. Now, what's yer name,

"My name's Turner." "Wall, Turner, let's finish this licker

the fust thing."

It did not take long to accomplish this, and then Bowers said: "I'll furnish the outfit an' take yer

where the game is ter be played. You git one-third of ther swag an' I git twothirds. That's fair, ain't it?" "I can't kick on that."

"All right. Now we'll git some sleep an' to-morrer we'll see if thar's any hosses ter be got. If I hadn't been chump I'd held on ter what I brought in with me when I come.'

On the following day, however, he took a different view of the matter. It would be impossible to start off on the trip without arousing the suspicions of Obed Rider, and Bowers decided that he must be of the party.

"He's just the chap ter split on us if we happened ter have a scrimmage an' thar was any fuss here over it. dassent leave him behind. We'll take him an' then he'll hev ter keep his mouth shut when he's in the same boat.

But after two days' search he was unable to procure a single horse, so great was the demand. His gold was running low besides, and at last he dared not wait any longer. Each man took as much provisions as he could carry on his back, and, early one morning, they started over the trail, armed with rifles and revolvers.

When they had proceeded a few miles on their way, Bowers said:

"Now, pards, we're out fer big game an' we've got ter be mighty smart if we want ter come out all right. We're likely ter meet some o' the party we're by this time an' they'll like enuff send one o' the men ter Dyea after hosses fer the gang. See?"

"That's hoss sense," replied Turner. "Wall," continued Bowers, "we must triselves be seen by any sech man. It'll spile everything if we do."

It was well for his plans that he did keep a sharp lookout, for before night he saw a speck far ahead on the trail which he knew at once to be a man. He was standing on the edge of a piece of woods, and his companions were behind him at the time. Stepping in the shadow of the trees, he explaimed:

"Thar's a man comin', an' I'll bet it's one o' them we're after. He may hev seen me, an' it won't do fer us all ter hide. He won't know you, Turner. You keep on an' pass ther time o' day with him. Yer bound fer the fort, yer know. Keep right on, an' we'll hide till he's out o' sight, then we'll overtake yer."

Turner at once walked ahead, while his two companions secreted themselves stop and converse with the stranger a them, and Bowers whispered:

"It's the man they call Taylor! He's goin' after hosses sure!"

All unconscious of the proximity of on, and was soon out of hearing in the woods. Then the two left their ambush and hurried after Turner, who awaited them far out on the plain. "What did he say?" inquired Bowers,

"Asked me where I was bound an' whether there was any hosses ter be got

in Dyea," said Turner, who never seemed to waste a word. "I knew it!" declared Bowers. "Now all we've got ter do is find a snug place this side whar the trail splits an' take

it easy till the dust is under our eyes. He'll be back pretty quick if he gits any hosses an' then we won't hev much onger ter wait." Several days later saw them securely hidden in a piece of dense woods, but confidence, but Dick Taylor had not the each day was divided into watches, slightest suspicion of danger as he when they took turns standing on sen-

tinel duty. From a knoll a short distance from the hut they had built the trail was visible for fully a mile, and him?" from daylight to dark they watched it

Their patience was rewarded when, late one afternoon, they saw Dick Taylor riding along to the north, leading a string of horses behind him.

"Our time is most up now," said Bowers, grimly. "He'll fetch the mine by to-morrer. Them two chaps with him I've seen round Dyea. They're rich chaps, I've heard. He's picked 'em up an' is goin' ter sell out."

"How many will there be of them?" asked Turner, "an' how's the trick ter be done when they git here? D'yer reckon a regular holdup, or what?" "We might do it in thet way," said

Well, what made ver tackle me?

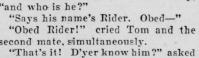
wiped out, but it won't do ter risk it

yet what it is."

of a decoy.

darned quick."

Bowers, "an' stan' the risk o' gittin' but he's dyin' sure's yer born."



he stranger, looking at them with welleigned surprise. "The scoundrel!" cried Tom, jumping

But Avery spoke up at this point and

"It's all right, boss," urged the newcomer. "You needn't be scared o' one This Rider begged me ter stay with him an' I hadn't ther heart ter leave him. I wouldn't leave a dog ter There'll be too many of 'em. I've got a die in the bush alone. If yer don't want scheme I'm goin' ter spring on 'em. ter come, all right, but I hoped yer was Let's git back under cover an' I'll tell men enuff fer that. I'm goin' back ter him. He may be dead by this time."

Upon sighting the party Rider was to dying miserably by himself in this wilconceal himself in the woods near the derness. hut. Bowers himself was to remain in "He says he's from Dyea. He had a

the hut on the boughs which served pardner named Butters or some such him for a bed, while Turner's part was name. He's out of his head sometimes to meet the travelers and play the role an' goes on 'bout a lot o' gold an' how some one's goin' ter git held up an' sech "They all know my phiz," said Bownonsense. Then he's got some papers ers, "an' some o' them knows Rider. an' all he thinks about when he sees 'em is some gold mine an' a chap named

Of course, Taylor will remember meetin' yer the other day when he was goin' in, an' yer can tell him you've met a on, Green, we'll go." chap as is shot himself by mistake, an' is almost dead. Ask one of 'em ter is sure ter come, an' when he gits in- Green followed him and the rest dis-

"But what about the rest of them?" asked Rider.

You are the only one they don't know.

"Why, yer chump, when this one don't come back it's ten ter one thet another feller'll come lookin' arter him, an' we'll fix him too. Then if the rest don't come we'll go out with our guns all of a sudden an' hold 'em up. We'll take all thar guns an' horses an light out lively fer Dawson City. They'll be sure we've gone ter Dyea an' lad of a few summers, to the aged genwe'll git off clean with the gold. It's tleman of 80 years, there is no one to nigher ter Dawson anyhow, then it is whom this truth does not apply. The ter Dyea. We kin git down by water an' then take ther steamer fer Seattle, The world will never be right with him, while they're lookin' fer us round Dyea he thinks, until he has a jack-in-the-box

or Skaguay. See?" "Great head," said Turner, senten- mother takes him to visit once in tiously, while even Rider began to be awhile, and then its glory fades, and he impressed with the clever scheme. It must needs have a set of blocks and was also a great relief to know that build houses with them. He builds there was to be no bloodshed, for, bad bouses for a brief space, then sees as he was, he had not the heart for such something else and wants that. Dresses

deeds when he was sober. After carefully discussing every he will never be satisfied. He is finally phase of their villainous plot and ar- put into short trousers and for a few ranging the details the trio stretched days he is quite the proudest creature themselves on their rude beds and were in the household. But the pleasure he soon sleeping as soundly as though no gets in thinking what a man he is soon guilt rested on their minds.

> CHAPTER XVI. ROBBED.

All unconscious of the snare ahead of ful friendships, cannot keep away the them, the successful gold hunters rode restlessness to get out into active life cheerfully along over the trail, their and to become a man of the world, takgold secured on their animals and their ing part in its struggles and its bear's filled with natural thanksgiving progress. And then ambitions of one at their success. They were rich-rich kind or another come to him and he beyond their wildest hopes, and it had all been done in a few short weeks.

They had registered their claims in But the attainment thereof does not Dyea, but there was considerable doubt | bring with it the happiness he had anwhether they were located in American | ticipated. He must become rich, or he after any time. They can't tote all their or British territory, as the boundary must make an artist, or a physician, or dust in on their backs an' then thar's | line was not exactly known. This, how- a literary man out of himself. But that girl. They must hev 'bout enuff ever, had been fairly explained to the when he has done so there seems to be own she will at once fall into her purchasers, who declared their willing- just as great a distance as before beness to take the risk. This they could | tween him and his long-pursued happiwell afford to do, for they had bought ness. And thus it goes the whole life the claims for about one-quarter their through, one thing following another, actual value, and were well aware of and each one seeming to be the great keep our eyes peeled that we don't let | the fact. They had only to register object of living, that upon which he them in Dawson also to make them- must center all his energies. This is "divine unrest."-Detroit Free Press. selves safe.

Their progress was necessarily slow for each horse carried not only a rider, but a large amount of gold as well. Where the trail was very rough the men were forced to dismount at times, so that it was nearly night on the second day when the party drew near the piece of woods where Hank Bowers and his

rascally confederates were hidden Taylor was leading the way as they reached the first trees, where already the lengthening shadows were stretching across the trail. The others were straggling along behind him, while Tom and Clara Avery rode side by side in

In fact this had already become his usual place, and his devotion was so in the underbrush. They saw Turner apparent that the others had come to regard it as a foregone conclusion that few moments, when the latter drew near | the young couple had met their fate in each other.

Taylor was some ten yards ahead of his party when suddenly a man hurried out of the woods at his left and the two men, Taylor tramped sturdily came directly toward him, shouting: "Stranger! Hold on!" Checking in his horse, Taylor allowed

the man to reach his horse's side and "Who are you and what do you want?"

By this time the rest of the party had reached the spot and halted. "There's a man back in the woods a

little way here that is hurt bad," replied the newcomer. "Won't one o' yer come an' see if sumthin' can't be did fer him? He's in a bad way."

Taylor looked hard at the stranger.

He was apparently about 40 years old, rather tall, a scar across his thin nose, which made his eyes seem close together. It was not a face to inspire asked:

"Who is the man and where did he come from? What's the matter with

"He's a sailor sort of a chap an' his horse throwed him, he says. Then his pardner skipped off an' left him ter kick her bucket alone." As the man spoke Taylor suddenly re-

membered his face. "Didn't I meet you not long ago on

this trail?" he demanded. With a well-assumed air of surprise the man drew nearer and stared at him moment, then exclaimed:

"Right yer are, stranger! Yer was boun' fer Dyea afoot an' I was comin' this way. Didn't know yer at first. Yes. I got 'long here an' found this feller most dead. I knocked up a sort of a shanty in the bush an' got him into it.

"What's his name?" asked Avery,

from his horse. "Come, Green, let's go and see if it is really him!"

"Hold on, boys! Don't go rushing off like that! I don't take much stock in this story. Suppose it is some sort of a trap? Remember what we are taking

ing away as he thought of his enemy

Scott."

"That settles it!" cried Tom. "Come

Without waiting to hear another word the man turned on his heel and led the come an' see if there's any chance fer way among the stunted pines from him, or sumthin' like that. One of 'em whence he had emerged. Tom and

side the shanty we kin hold him up | mounted to await their return.

MAN NEVER SATISFIED.

The Perversity of Human Nature Crops Out Even Under the Most Advantageous Circumstances.

How true it is that what man cannot get he desires most. From the little boy sees a toy and he wants one like it. like that of his playmate whom his must soon give way to short trousers or gives way to his desire to go to school; that is followed by his anxiety to get out of school and to college. But a few years of college life, notwithstanding its freedom from care, and its delightthat until he has attained his desire. HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Various Articles of Furniture That Are in Order for the Summer Season.

All sorts of pretty things are to be found now for summer homes. The wicker and bamboo furniture has never been as attractive as it is this year. It comes in all colors and the strands of the material can be seen at the shops in a sufficient quantity to give an idea of the shade, and the furniture can then be ordered as desired. Green, as always, is popular, the prettiest pieces being not in the solid green, but woven in geometrical designs. The broad swinging seats which are so delightful for the piazza come in both wicker and bamboo. Comfortable cushions for them are made thin and rather hard, of straw, and, covered with some of the inexpensive Chinese or eastern cottons, they are most attractive, says the New York Times.

Everything shows the growing tendency of the American people to spend much of their time in the open air. Round tables of wood come with large umbrellas raised from the center to keep off stray rays of sun in taking tea on the lawn or to prevent the invasion of insect intruders. These tables are painted in pretty shades, and the umbrellas are made to match, or of white with bands of the color, and are finished around the edge with a deep fringe.

Screens of wicker have shelves and pockets for work or books, and big chairs of the same material have shelves on the outside, where the lounger can collect his or her belongings, to be reached without moving.

A pretty two-sided wicker settle, similar in shape to those which are so attractive around the fireplace in winter, has a round table of wicker rising from the corner where the two sides join. These are all of green. Broad wooden seats are divided in half by a long, broad arm or table. These wooden seats are painted in any cool-looking color to suit the taste, and when upholstered with cushions for the back and seat are

as pretty as they are comfortable.

The hammock which is the most popular this year, and which people are already beginning to buy, is the pulley hammock, though that may not be the actual name for it. This hammock has many advantages Across the center are several strips of wood, which make it possible, by dropping one end and raising the other, to have a comfortable lounging chair. The hammock is very sim ply constructed, and is regulated with pulleys by the person occupying it. One convenience which many women will appreciate is the ease of getting in and out. To get in and out of an ordinary hammock with anything like grace is almost an impossibility. The hammock is strong, and is guaranteed

NOVELTY IN SHIRT WAISTS. The Old Monotony Has Entirely Disappeared and New Ideas

to carry 600 pounds.

Are in Order. Never before have there been so many and such attractive styles in shirt waists as are evolved this season to please and clothe the feminine world. The old monotony in shirt waists has entirely disappeared, and there is simply no limit to the variations in design and decoration. There is every conceivable kind and condition, from a simple cotton shirt to the altar he whispered softly to her. "You are all the world to me!" he said. "Oh, I'm are all the world to me!" he said. "Oh, I'm most elegant model in real lace. The list includes tailor-made styles for golf, yachting, beach or mountain wear en suite, with simply made skirts of shepherd's check, squadron serge cheviot, Scotch tweed, etc., says

the Washington Star. Smarter models for afternoon uses are of dimity, India silk, peau de soie, tucked India, mull with wide revers and sailor collar formed by finer lingerie tucks and insertions of Swiss embroidery. Demidress waists to wear with skirts of white costume cloth, veiling, gray and beige mohair, eolienne or drap de chine are made variously of plaited taffeta, peau de soie, liberty satin and foulard silk.

Lastly are the lovely creations for dress uses which are called shirt waists, but which are the most charming things that appear among the imported accessories of summer. Some of them cost as much as complete costumes. Lustrous satins and silks are used in their composition, with lace bolero fronts, silk embroideries, lace and ribbon insertions, crepe de chine or India silk scarfs and draperies, to say nothing of expensive buckles and buttons which complete some of the smartest French models.

INDIVIDUALITY IN TASTE.

It May Be Cultivated by Allowing the Boys and Girls Their Own Rights and Corners.

Every girl ought to have a nook which is her own, and in which she can give full scope to her individual This is a boon tastes and views. which is bestowed too seldom on the young girl growing up at home When she becomes a full-fledged young lady, of course, she has more liberty to arrange her surroundings to suit herself, but even where the daughters are grown women it is fre quently found their mother regards them as having no more right to an opinion than when they were tots in bibs and pinafores, says the Pitts burgh Press. Where a girl grows up under a rule like this it is almost invariably the case that her views are narrow, her originality crushed out of existence, and any will she may have twisted into crooked ways. Nothing in the world helps a child so much boy or girl, as to have their own little corners, where they can feel the blessed sense of ownership without fear of reproof. If a gift is given to a little girl, she should be allowed to place it instead of having it added to the general possessions of the house. Then as she grows older she will develop and improve, and when she takes possession of a home of her proper position as mistress without feeling lost in a wilderness, as too many young brides do.

Helps Himself There. The man who is driven to desperation usually assists in the driving .-Chicago Daily News.

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At the Summer Hotel.

Miss Gabby (speaking of the mountain)— It was terribly high, and papa like to never ot over it.

Papa (who thinks she is speaking of something else)—Yes, and I told the landlord he had better just get a sandbag and work like any other footpad if he expected to make charges like that.—Baltimore American.

Good Hair.

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Mrs. Henpeck—Goodness! I can't possibly manage to get away to go with you then.

"Um-m! I guess the doctor must have known that."—Philadelphia Press.

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"Eh! Who is conferring?" "My wife, my mother-in-law and the cook!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer Plain Dealer.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb 17, 1900.

If a woman wants to work the tremu stops on her husband, she should put on he prettiest dress when she does it. Nothin spoils the effect of tears quicker than a soile wrapper.—Atchison Globe.

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Some lawyers receive a larger fee for keeping quiet than others do for talking.—Chicago Daily News.

The Mexicans allay their thirst by chewing Chicle, which is the main ingredient of White's "Yucatan" Gum. Customer—"What would be the price of a ring like this?" Jeweler—"The buying or selling price?"—Town Topics.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

"De Ruyter sent his daughter abroad to be olished." "Well, I can see her finish."polished." "Y Town Topics.

A fool at 20 may be wise at 40.—Chicago Daily News. There's nothing much in a shirt waist when a man wears it, but when a girl wears it—well, there's the girl.—N. Y. Press.

"It's never too late to mend," quoted the school teacher to the hard man from the foundry. "How about a biler when she's busted?" remarked the latter.—Star of Hope.

Patience—"What shocking language that parrot uses!" Patrice—"Isn't it dreadfu!" "Did it belong to a sailor before you got it?" "No; to a golf player."—Yonkers Statesman.

An All-Around Success.—"That man says his merry-go-round is one of the finest in this country." "Yes; I heard him bragging that his patrons move in the best circles."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Morrow—Now at last they were man

The Morrow .- Now at last they were man the whole cheese to everybody, to-day!' answered. "But to-morrow?" There y

Beaker—"Tippins has a peculiar memory. It is so capricious, you know." Hollis—"Capricious? In what way?" Beaker—"Well, you see, he never forgets that I am one of the fellows he borrows from, but he inevitably fails to remember to include me among those whom he pays."-Boston Tran-

Produced Weariness.—"I don't see any sense in these collecting fads," said Mr. Wooph. "Nor I," agreed Mr. Gooph. "Why, some of these fellows seem to make a regular passion of it. They make me tired!" And he gazed out of the window, and glared at the rent collector, who had just left.—Baltimore American.

Their Only Turnout.—McCann—"He says his people was of the carriage folk in th' ould country. I wander was they?" McGraw—"Phwat makes ye t'ink they was?" McCann—"Shure, he says their family turn-out always atthracted attintion." McGraw—"Av coorse. There does be always a crowf at an eviction."—Philadelphia Press.

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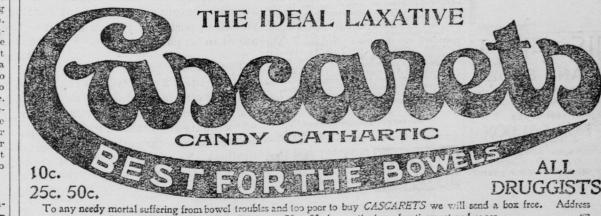
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