

Midshipmen and Marriage. Midshipmen and marriage are interesting to the navy department at present considerably. In the last three years more than one midshipman has been dismissed from the service for marrying before he has been graduated from Annapolis. Also there have been increasingly numerous requests to the navy department from passed midshipmen asking permission to marry. The department has been thus far lenient with Cupid and has granted most of these requests.

MIX FOR RHEUMATISM.

A prominent specialist gives the following as a never failing remedy for rheumatism, and says that if followed up it will effect a complete cure of the very worst cases. "Mix one-half pint of good whiskey with one ounce of Toris Root Compound and add one ounce Syrup of Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bed time." The ingredients can be procured at any drug store and easily mixed at home.

Laugh and Grow Fat; No.

There is nothing in the maxim "laugh and grow fat" or else the joke-smiths fail to grow mirthful over their own merry-making.

Great humorists seldom are fat. F. P. Dunne is the heaviest, weighing about 160 pounds. The weight of others living is: Mark Twain, 150 pounds; George Ade, 147; Jerome K. Jerome, 143, and W. W. Jacobs, 132. O. Henry is really a great humorist, but he is in the 180-pound class.—Home Magazine.

IT SEEMED INCURABLE

Body Raw with Eczema—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless—Cuticura Remedies Cured Him.

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured. Mrs. Lily Hedge, Camblewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."

An industrious man can easily earn his own living, but the trouble is he usually has to earn a living for a lot of others.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have a world-wide reputation for curing coughs, sore throats and relieving bronchitis and asthma.

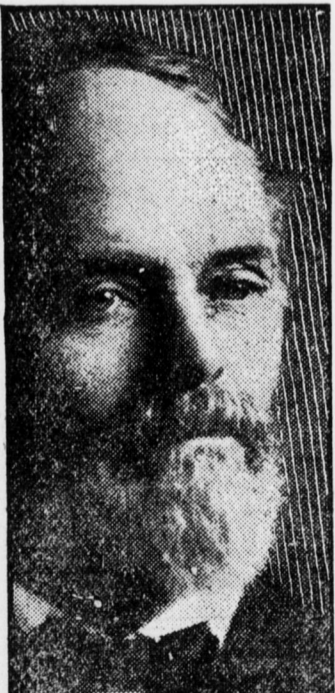
Most people who talk too much get it where Tessie got the beads, sooner or later.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Experience begotten of matrimony is a great teacher.

THOS. CALE, OF ALASKA, MEMBER OF U.S. CONGRESS

Well Known on the Pacific Slope. His Washington Address is 1312 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



CONGRESSMAN THOS. CALE.

Hon. Thos. Cale, who was elected to Congress from Alaska, is well known on the Pacific slope, where he has resided. His Washington address is 1312 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C. Peruna Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio. Gentlemen: I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as a very efficient remedy for coughs and colds.

Thomas Cale.

Hon. C. Slemp, Congressman from Virginia, writes: "I have used your valuable remedy, Peruna, with beneficial results, and can unhesitatingly recommend your remedy as an invigorating tonic and an effective and permanent cure for catarrh."

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.

SERIAL STORY 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 spot in the river's bed 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" ranch, is sent for by Williston and 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, with impunity, but who, heretofore, had not dared to molest any of the property of the great "Three Bars" ranch. Williston shows his reluctance in opposing a band so powerful in politics and so dreaded by all the community. Langford pledges Williston his friendship if he will assist in bringing "Jesse Black" and his gang to justice. Langford is struck with the beauty of Mary, commonly known as "Williston's little girl."

CHAPTER III. Louise.

It was raining when she left Wind City, but the rain had soon been distanced. Perhaps the judge was right when he said it never rained north or west of Wind City. But the judge had not wanted her to go. Neither had the Judge's wife.

Full 20 minutes, only day before yesterday, the judge had delayed his day's outing at the mill where the Jim river doubles right around on its tracks, in order to make it perfectly clear to her that it was absolutely outside the bounds of her duty, that it was altogether an affair on the side, that she could not be expected to go, and that the prosecuting attorney up there had merely asked her out of courtesy, in deference to her position. Of course he would be glad enough to get her, but let him get some one nearer home, or do without. It was not at all necessary for the court reporter to hold herself in readiness to answer the call of anything outside her prescribed circuit duties. To be sure she would earn a trifle, but it was a hard trip, a hard country, and she had much better postpone her initial journey into the unknown until the regular term of court, when he could be with her. He had then thrown his minnow seine over his shoulders, taken his minnow pail in one hand and his reel case and lunch box in the other, and walked out to the road wagon awaiting him at the gate, and so off to his frolic, leaving her to fight it out for herself.

The judge's wife had not been so diplomatic, not by any means. She had dwelt long and earnestly, and no doubt to a large extent truly, on the unenviable condition of their neighbors up the line; the roughness of accommodations, the boldness and license of the cowboys, the daring and insolence of cattle thieves, and cunning and dishonesty of the Indians, and the uncouthness and viciousness of the half-breeds. She had ended by declaring eloquently that Louise would die of loneliness if, by God's good providence, she escaped a worse fate at the hands of one or all of the many evils she had enumerated. Yes, it was very evident Aunt Helen had not wanted her to go. But Aunt Helen's real reason had been that she held it so dizzily unconventional for her niece to go to that wild and unholy land alone. She did not actually fear for her niece's personal safety, and Louise more than half suspected the truth.

She had heard all the arguments before. They had little or no terrors for her now. They were the arguments used by the people back in her eastern home, those dear, dear people, her people—how far away she was!—when they had schemed and plotted so pathetically to keep her with them, the second one to break away from the slow, safe, and calm traditions of her kin in the place where generation after generation of her people had lived and died, and now lay waiting the great judgment in the peaceful country burying ground.

She had listened to them dutifully, half believing, swallowed hard and followed her uncle, her father's youngest brother, to the "Land of the Dakotahs."

Now, that same dear uncle was a man of power and position in the new land. Only last November he had been reelected to his third term on the bench of his circuit with a big, heart-stirring majority. In the day of his prosperity he had not forgotten the little, tangle-haired girl who had cried so inconsolably when he went away, and the unaccountable horror in whose eyes he had tried to laugh away on that never-to-be-forgotten day when he had wrenched his heartstrings from their safe abiding-place and gone forth in quest of the pot of gold at the rainbow's end—

the first of many generations. Tradition knew no other since his ancestors had felled forests and built homes of hewn logs. Now he had sent for Louise. His court reporter had recently left him for other fields of labor.

There was commotion among her people on receipt of the astounding proposition. She lived over again the dark days of the first fitting. It might well be her uncle had exaggerated the dangers of life in the new land. It was great fun to shock his credulous relatives. He had surely written them some enormous tales during those 15 years and more. He used to chuckle heartily to himself at reading some of the sympathizing replies. But these tales were held in evidence against him now that he dared to want Louise. Every letter was brought out by Louise's dear old grandmother and read to her over again. Louise did not half believe them, but they were gospel truth to her grandmother and almost so to her father and mother as well. She remembered the old spirit of fun rampant in her favorite uncle, and while his vivid pictures took all the color from her sensitive face, deep down in her heart she recognized them for what they were worth. The letters were a strange medley of grasshoppers, blizzards and Indians. But a ten-dollar per diem was a great temptation over a five-dollar per diem, and times were pretty hard on the old farm. More than all, the inexplicable something that had led her uncle to throw tradition to the four winds of heaven was calling her persistently and would not be denied.

The dear hero of her childhood was much changed to be sure; his big joints had taken on more flesh and he had gained in dignity of deportment what he had lost in ease of movement. His once merry eye had grown keen with the years of just judging. The lips that had laughed so much in the old days were set in lines of sternness. Judge Hammond Dale was a man who would live up to



Louise.



the tenets of his high calling without fear or favor, through good and evil report. Yet through all his gravity of demeanor and the pride of his integrity, Louise instinctively felt his kindness and loved him for it. The loneliness fell away from her and a measure of content had come in its place, until the letter had come from the state's attorney up in Kemah county.

My Dear Miss Dale: The eighteenth of August is the date set for the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black. Will you come and take the testimony? I am very anxious that the testimony be taken by a competent reporter and shall be grateful to you if you decide to come. The judge will tell you about our poor accommodations. Let me recommend to your consideration some good friends of mine, the Willistons, father and daughter. They live three miles northwest of Kemah. The judge will remember Williston, George Williston of the Lazy S. They are cultured people, though their way of living is necessarily primitive. I am sure you will like it better there than at our shabby little hotel, which is a rendezvous for a pretty rough class of men, especially at court time. If you decide to come, Mary Williston will meet you at Velpen. Please let me know your decision. Very sincerely, RICHARD GORDON.

So here she was, going into the Indian country at last. A big state, South Dakota, and the phases of its civilization manifold. Having come so far, to refuse to go on seemed like turning back with her hand already on the plow, so with a stout heart she had wired Richard Gordon that she would go. But it was pretty hard now, to be sure, and pretty dreary, coming into Velpen knowing that she would see no one she knew in all the wide, wide world. The thought choked her and the impish demon, loneliness, he of the smirk and horns and devil's eyes, loomed leeringly before her again. Blindly, she picked up her umbrella, suit case and rain coat.

"Homesick?" asked the kindly brakeman, with a consolatory grin as he came to assist her with her baggage.

She bit her lip in mortification to think she had carried her feelings so palpably on her sleeve. But she nodded honestly.

"Maybe it won't be so bad," sympathized the brakeman. His rough heart had gone out to the slim, fair-haired creature with the vague trouble in her eyes. "Thank you," said Louise, gratefully. There was a moment's bewilderment on the station platform. There was no one anywhere who seemed to be Mary—no one who might be looking for her. It was evening, too, the lone-some evening to those away from home, when thoughts stab and memories sap the courage. Some one pushed her rudely aside. She was in the way of the trucks.

"Chuck it! None of your sass, my lad! There's my fist. Hef, if you don't put no stock in its looks. Git out of 'is, I say!"

The voice was big and convincing. The man wasn't so big, but some way he looked convincing, too. The truckman stepped aside, but with plucky temerity answered back:

"Get out yourself! Think you own the whole cattle country, jest 'cause you herd a few ornery, pink-eyed, slab-sided critters for your salt? Well, the railroad ain't the range, le' me tell you that. Jest you run your own affairs, will you?"

"Thanky. Glad to. And as my affairs is at present a lady, I'll thank you to just trundle this here railroad offspring to the back of 'is here lady—the back, I say—back ain't front, is it? Wasn't where I was educated. That's better. And of you ain't satisfied, why, I belong to the Three Bars. Ever hear of the Three Bars? Ef I'm out, jest leave word with the boss, will you? He'll see I git the word. Yes, sir, you of 'oss thief, I belong to the Three Bars."

The encounter was not without interesting spectators. Louise's brakeman was grinning broadly at the discomfiture of his fellow employe. Louise herself had forgotten her predicament in the sudden whirlwind of which she was the innocent storm center.

The cowboy with the temper, having completely routed the enemy to the immense satisfaction of the onlookers, though why, no one knew exactly, nor what the merits of the case, turned abruptly to Louise.

"Are you her?" he asked, with a perceptible cooling of his assertive bravado.

"I don't know," said Louise smiling fearfully at her champion, though inwardly quaking at the intuition that had flashed upon her that this strange, uncouth man had come to take the place of Mary. "The boldness and license of the cowboys," her aunt had argued. There could be no doubt of the boldness. Would the rest of the statement hold good?

"I think maybe I am, though I am Louise Dale, the new court reporter. I expected Miss Mary Williston to meet me."

"Then you are her," said the man with renewed cheerfulness, seizing her suit case and striding off. "Come along. We'll git some supper afore we start. You're dead tired, more'n likely. It'll be moonlight so't won't matter of we are late a-gittin' home."

"Court reporter! I'll be doggoned!" muttered the brakeman. "The new girl from down east. A pore little white lamb among a pack of wolves and coyotes, and homesick a'ready. No wonder! I'll be takin' you back to-morrow, I'm thinkin', young lady." He didn't know the "little white lamb" who had come to help Paul Langford and Dick Gordon in their big fight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROBABLY NOT ON PAY ROLL.

Father's Occupation Would Likely Be News to Lord Clare.

"The late Frederick McNally had occasion," said a Chicago lawyer, "to consult me about an infringed copyright. Mr. McNally said he thought there would be no trouble about correcting this infringement. The thing, he believed, had been innocently done. The man who had done it was an amateur in publishing—unsophisticated—like a girl his father used to tell about in Ireland. This girl was the daughter of a poor man, and every week or so she used to come to the village rectory with a pheasant or a hare to sell. The price she asked was low, and for a time the pastor bought of her. Then somehow, his suspicions were aroused. The next time the girl called, he said to her sternly: 'It is good, fresh game you bring, my dear, and your price is always reasonable; but do you come by all these pheasants and hares honestly?' 'Oh, shure, yes, yer reverence,' said the young girl. 'My father is poacher to Lord Clare.'"

As Might Be Expected.

A man who, with his family, had spent several weeks at a fashionable summer resort, discovered one morning that he had lost his pocketbook. Thinking it possible that it might have been found by some employe of the hotel at which he was staying, he reported his loss to the landlord.

"That's too bad, Mr. Johnson," said that functionary. "I'll make inquiries about it. What kind of pocketbook was it?"

"Russian leather," answered the lodger.

"What color?"

"Dark red."

"Any distinguishing marks about it?"

"It had a clasp."

"What was the shape of it?"

"Flat, of course," said Mr. Johnson.

"Haven't I been here more than a month?"—Youth's Companion.

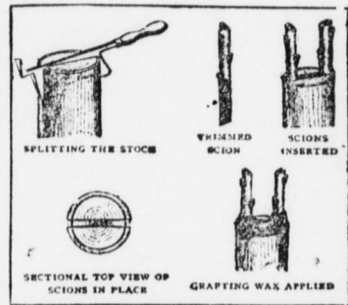
Trying for Faker Prize.

He didn't set himself up to be a nature faker, but he confessed he knew a story which, if not exactly accurate, was at all events somewhat brilliant. "This happened in the cottage of a peasant who had his quiver full of children. When the baby was put to sleep at night every one in the family was enjoined to be quiet. They were, including the dog. One night, however, the dog fancied the room wasn't as quiet as it should be. There was an old-fashioned clock in the corner of the room, which ticked somewhat loudly with its ponderous pendulum. The dog, thinking that this ticking might disturb the baby, went on tip toe, and, putting his paw against the pendulum, stopped it. And that's a fact—" But even the oysters on the counter gaped with astonishment.—New York Press.

HORTICULTURE HOW TO GRAFT TREES.

Simple Directions Plainly Told Which You Will Need Next Season.

A scion is a portion cut from a plant, to be inserted upon another (or the same) plant, with the intention that it shall grow. The wood for scions should be taken while in a dormant or resting condition. The time usually considered best is after the leaves have fallen, but before severe freezing begins. The scions should be cut in about six-inch lengths from matured new wood from bearing trees of known variety; then tied in bunches



Cleft Grafting from Start to Finish.

es and placed in moist sand, where they will not freeze and yet will be kept cold enough to prevent growth. Good results may be followed by cutting scions in the spring just before or at the time the grafting is to be done, but it is a much better plan to cut the scions in the fall.

The stock is the tree or part of a tree upon which or into which the bud or scion is inserted. For best results in grafting it is essential that the stock be in active, growing condition.

When in the spring the sap begins to move in the stock, be ready; this occurs early in the plum and cherry, and later in the pear and apple. Do the grafting if possible on a mild day during showery weather. The necessary tools are a chisel or a thick-bladed knife or a grafting iron (with which to split open the stock after it is sawed off smoothly with a fine-tooth saw,) a hammer or mallet to aid the splitting process, a very sharp knife to trim the scions, and a supply of good grafting wax. Saw off a branch at the desired point, split the stock a little way down, insert a scion at each outer edge—taking care that the inner bark of the scion fits snugly and exactly against the inner bark of the stock. This—together with the exclusion of air and moisture until a union results—constitutes the secret of success. Trim the scions wedge-shaped, as shown in the picture; insert them accurately; the wedge should be a trifle thicker on the side which comes in contact with the bark. Then apply the grafting wax and the job is done.

VALUE OF WOOD ASHES.

They Will Give Rich Returns If Applied to Fruit Trees.

Where wood is burned save the ashes. They are too valuable to be thrown aside with those from the coal fires. Ashes left from burning brush, etc.; even when in small quantity, should also be utilized, as the potash in them is a splendid fertilizer for fruit trees. I distribute wood ashes under peach trees during the winter as fast as they accumulate, sometimes spreading them on top of snow. The result on the trees and fruit is marked.

Wood ashes will have a tendency to overcome, with apple trees, the off year in bearing. When spreading ashes remember that the roots of a tree extend for some distance; therefore do not put them too near the trunk, but scatter them about at some little distance, depending upon the size and shape of the tree.

American Apples.

America is the greatest apple grower of the world. Europe produces many apples, and so do the other continents. Even Australia and New Zealand are producing and exporting apples; but in no part of the world have the people paid so much attention to apples as they have in the United States. The first settlers brought apples with them from Europe and they seem to have had a mania for sticking down the seeds everywhere. There is probably no state in the union in which apples are not raised. They do best in the colder parts of the country, where they are found in greater abundance.

Fine Apple Orchard.

What is said to be the greatest showing by a young apple orchard was made last season by J. O. Marks of the Hood river district of Oregon. For the first grade fruit from a two-acre orchard of Spitzenburgs he received \$570.75. He had 150 five-year-old trees on this tract that produced 183 boxes No. 1 apples. The second-grade fruit paid the entire expenses, leaving the amount stated as net profit.

Making Bone Meal.

The bones we put in a barrel with an equal amount of wood ashes and keep them moist. In a short time the bones will be as fine as the ashes and make an excellent fertilizer.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations.

Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Spurling, of 154 Cleybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

160 Acre FARMS Western Canada FREE Typical Farm Scene, Showing Stock Raising in WESTERN CANADA

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market. Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Alabastine THE ONLY Sanitary Durable WALL COATING

Suitable for any room, never molds, mildews or drops off the wall. Comes in dry powder. Add cold water. Brush on wall with 7 inch sash brush.

Alabastine is in packages, correctly labeled ALABASTINE. Each package covers from 300 to 450 square feet of wall.

SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL SOFT, VELVETY SHADES THAT NEVER FADE, AS WELL AS A CLEAR BRILLIANT WHITE. Alabastine is absolutely sanitary and thoroughly beautiful. Try it this fall. Your dealer has it, if not, write to

ALABASTINE CO. New York City - Grand Rapids, Mich.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

HICKS' CAPUDINE IMMEDIATELY CURES Headaches and Indigestion. Trial bottle 10c. At drug stores.

DEFIANCE STARCH—15 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY. (If filled with) Thompson's Eye Water