

POLICE JUDGE WILLS.

Will Gladly Answer the Questions of any Inquirer.

It is a generous offer that Police Judge J. H. Wills, of Cloverport, Ky., makes to sufferers from backache, kidney and bladder ills.

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW DO THEY GET IT?

Physiological Problem That Nora Could Not Solve.

A Philadelphia physician tells of an amusing conversation between two Irish girls in domestic service who, while on the board walk at Atlantic City one day not long ago, were exchanging views as to their various physical ailments.

"It's a strange thing, ain't it, Nora," asked one of the girls, "how many new kinds of diseases people get these days. Only this mornin' I were readin' an advertisement of a new medicine. It said it were wonderful for a sluggish liver."

"Gwan!" exclaimed the other girl, scornfully. "Liver trouble ain't no new disease. Me own grandfather was havin' liver trouble when I were not more'n ten years old."

"Maybe," was the laconic response. "But," added Nora, "what I want to know is: how do them slugs get inside the liver, anyhow?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

ECZEMA FOR 55 YEARS.

Suffered Torments from Birth—In Frightful Condition—Got No Help Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I had an itching, tormenting eczema ever since I came into the world, and I am now a man 55 years old. I tried all kinds of medicines I heard of, but found no relief. I was truly in a frightful condition. At last I broke out all over with red and white boils, which kept growing until they were as big as walnuts, causing great pain and misery, but I kept from scratching as well as I could. I was so run down that I could hardly do my work. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Resolvent, and Pills for about eight months, and I can truthfully say I am cured. Hale Bordwell, Tipton, Ia., Aug. 17, 1907."

"I cheerfully endorse the above testimonial. It is the truth. I know Mr. Bordwell and know the condition he was in. Nelson R. Burnett, Tipton, Ia."

TOO MUCH.



Eddie—I don't mind so much that I quit smokin' 'cause you ast me ter, but ter be refused after I'd gone an' washed me handsome face for a week straight—well, honest, I didn't think it of yer.

Sees America a Heaven. Prof. W. B. Elkin of the University of Missouri believes that America will be a veritable heaven on earth within 100 years, and he goes on to tell why in an article which he has written for the American Journal of Sociology.

A Necessity of Life. The liquor men say that Americans every year spend less money for liquor than for chewing gum, proprietary medicines, candy, perfumes and hair oil. However, Americans simply must have hair oil.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

SERIAL STORY LANGFORD of the THREE BARS

By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

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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," 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. She accepts the invitation and makes her first trip into the wild Indian country. Arriving at Velpen across the river from Kemah, she is met by Jim Munson, a hot-headed cowboy of the "Three Bars" ranch. In waiting for the train Munson looks at some cattle in the stock pen. In the herd being shipped to Sioux City by Bill Brown he detects old "Mac," a well known "oney" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. They take lunch at the Bon Ami restaurant, conducted by Mrs. Higgins, a great admirer of Richard Gordon, the county attorney. Louise is told of a meat poisoning plot which resulted in the illness of Williston, Langford and other witnesses for the state in the cattle case against Jesse Black. A buckboard tries to block the way of Munson's team at the entrance to pontoon bridge across the river. Munson crosses past the buckboard team wrecking the buckboard. They arrive at Williston's.

CHAPTER VII. The Preliminary.

Very early in the morning of the day set for the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black the young owner of the Three Bars rode over to Velpen. He identified and claimed the animal held over from shipment by Jim's persuasion. Brown gave possession with a rueful countenance.

"First time Billy Brown ever was taken in," he said, with great disgust. Langford met with no interruption to his journey, either going or coming, although that good cow-puncher of his, Jim Munson, had warned him to look sharp to his pistols and mind the bridge. Jim being of a somewhat belligerent turn of mind, his boss had not taken the words with seriousness. As for the fracas at the pontoon, cowmen are touchy when it comes to a question of precedence, and it might well be that the inflammable Jim had brought the sudden storm down on his head. Paul Langford rode through the sweet early summer air without let or hindrance and looking for none. He was jubilant. Now was Williston's story verified. The county attorney, Richard Gordon, had considered Williston's story, coupled with his reputation for strict honesty, strong and sufficient enough to bind Jesse Black over to appear at the next regular term of the circuit court.

Under ordinary circumstances the state really had an excellent chance of binding over; but it had to deal with Jesse Black, and Jesse Black had flourished for many years west of the river with an unsavory character, but with an almost awesome reputation for the phenomenal facility with which he slipped out of the net in which the law—in the person of its unpopular exponent, Richard Gordon—was so indefinitely endeavoring to enmesh him. The state was prepared for a hard fight. But now—here was the very steer Williston saw on the island with its Three Bars brand under Black's surveillance. Williston would identify it as the same. He, Langford, would swear to his own animal. The defense would not know he had regained possession and would not have time to readjust its evidence. It would fall down and hurt itself for the higher court, and Dick Gordon would know how to use any inadvertencies against it—when the time came. No wonder Langford was light-hearted. In all his arrogant and unhampered career he had never before received such an affront to his pride and his sense of what was due to one of the biggest outfits that ranged cattle west of the river. Woe to him who had dared tamper with the concerns of Paul Langford of the Three Bars.

Williston drove in from the Lazy S in ample time for the mid-day dinner at the hotel—the hearing was set for 2 o'clock—but his little party contented itself with a luncheon prepared at home and packed neatly and appetizingly in a tin bucket. It was not likely there would be a repetition of bad meat. It would be poor policy. Still, one could not be sure, and it was most important that Williston ate no bad meat that day.

Gordon met them in the hot, stuffy little parlor of the hotel. "It was good of you to come," he said to Louise, with grave sincerity. "I didn't want to," confessed Louise, honestly. "I'm afraid it is too big and lonesome for me. I am sure I should have gone back to Velpen last night to catch the early train had it not been for Mary. She is so—good."

"The worst is over now that you have conquered your first impulse to fly," he said. "I cried, though. I hated myself for it, but I couldn't help it. You see I never was so far from home before."

He was an absorbed, hard-working lawyer. Years of contact with the plain, hard realities of rough living in a new country had dried up, somewhat, his stream of sentiment. Maybe the source was only blocked with debris, but certainly the stream was running dry. He could not help thinking that a girl who cries because she is far from home had much better stay at home and leave the grave things which are men's work to men. But he was a gentleman and a kindly one, so he answered quietly. "I trust you will like us better when you know us better," and, after a few more commonplace, went his way.

"There's a man," said Louise, thoughtfully, on the way to McAllister's office. "I like him, Mary."

"And yet there are men in this country who would kill him if they dared." "Mary! what do you mean? Are there then so many cut-throats in this awful country?"

"I think there are many desperate men among the rustlers who would not hesitate to kill either Paul Langford or Richard Gordon since these prosecutions have begun. There are also many good people who think Mr. Gordon is just stirring up trouble and putting the county to expense when he can have no hope of conviction. They say that his failures encourage the rustlers more than an inactive policy would."

"People who argue like that are either tainted with dishonesty themselves or they are foolish, one of the two," said Louise, with conviction. "Mr. Gordon has one staunch supporter, anyway," said Mary, smiling. "Maybe I had better tell him. Precious little encouragement or sympathy he gets, poor fellow."

"Please do not," replied Louise, quickly. "I wonder if my friend, Jim Munson, has managed to escape 'battle, murder and sudden death,' includ-



"One of 'em, I'm a Thinkin', Was Jake Sanderson."

ing death by poison, and is on hand with his testimony." As they approached the office the crowd of men around the doorway drew aside to let them pass. "Our chances of worming ourselves through that jam seem pretty slim to me," whispered Mary, glancing into the already overcrowded room.

"Let me make a way for you," said Paul Langford, as he separated himself from the group of men standing in front, and came up to them.

"I have watered my horse," he said, flashing a merry smile at Mary as he began shoving his big shoulders through the press, closely followed by the two young women. "It was a strange assembly through which they pressed; ranchmen and cowboys, most of them, just in from ranch and range, hot and dusty from long riding, perspiring freely, redolent of strong tobacco and the peculiar smell that betokens recent and intimate companionship with that part and parcel of the plains, the horse. The room was indeed hot and close and reeking with bad odors. There were also present a large delegation of cattle dealers and saloon men from Velpen, and some few Indians from Rosebud agency, whose curiosity was insatiable where the courts were concerned, far from picturesque in their ill-fitting, nondescript cowboy garments.

Yet they were kindly, most of the men gathered there. Though at first they refused, with stolid resentment, to be thus thrust aside by the breezy and aggressive owner of the Three Bars, planting their feet the more firmly on the rough, uneven floor, and serenely oblivious to any right of way so arrogantly demanded by the big shoulders, yet, when they perceived for whom they way was being made, most of them stepped hastily aside with muttered and abashed apologies. Here and there, however, though all made way, there would be no redaction or stammering apology. Sometimes the little party was followed by insolent eyes, sometimes by malignant ones. Had Mary Williston spoken truly when she said the will for

bloodshed was not lacking in the country?

But if there was aught of hatred or enmity in the heavy air of the improvised courtroom for others besides the high-minded counsel for law and order Mary Williston seemed serenely unconscious of it. She held her head proudly. Most of these men she knew. She had done a man's work among them for two years and more. In her man's work of riding the ranges she had had good fellowship with many of them. After to-day much of this must end. Much blame would accrue to her father for this day's work among friends as well as enemies, for the fear of the law-defiers was an omnipresent fear with the small owner, stalking abroad by day and by night. But Mary was glad and there was a new dignity about her that became her well, and that grew out of this great call to rally to the things that count.

At the far end of the room they found the justice of the peace enthroned behind a long table. His honor, Mr. James R. McAllister, more commonly known as Jimmie Mac, was a ranchman on a small scale. He was ignorant, but of an overweening conceit. He had been a justice of the peace for several years and labored under the mistaken impression that he knew law; but Gordon, on short acquaintance, had dubbed him "Old Necessity," in despairing irony, after a certain high light of early territorial days who "knew no law."

The prisoner was brought in. His was a familiar personality. He was known to most men west of the river—if not by personal acquaintance, certainly by hearsay.

Then came the first great surprise of this affair of many surprises. Jesse Black waived examination. It came like a thunderbolt to the prosecution. It was not Black's way of doing business, and it was generally believed that, as Munson had so forcibly though inelegantly expressed it to Billy Brown, "He would fight like hell" to keep out of the circuit courts. He would kill this incipient Nemesis in the bud. What, then, had changed him? The county attorney had rather looked for a hard-fought defence—a shifting of the burden of responsibility for the misbranding to another, who would, of course, be off somewhere on a business trip, to be absent an indefinite length of time; or it might be he would try to make good a trumped-up story that he had but lately purchased the animal from some Indiana cattle-owner from up country who claimed to have a bill-of-sale from Langford. He would not have been taken aback had Black calmly produced a bill-of-sale.

The absoluteness of the surprise flushed his clean-shaven face a little, although his grave immobility of expression underwent not a flicker. It was a surprise, but it was a good surprise. Jesse Black was bound over under good and sufficient bond to appear at the next regular term of the circuit court in December. That much accomplished, now he could buckle down for the big fight. How often had he been shipwrecked in the shifting sands of the really remarkable decisions of "Old Necessity" and his kind. This time, as by a miracle, he had escaped sands and shoals and sunken rocks and rode in deep water.

A wave of enlightenment swept over Jim Munson. "Boss," he whispered, "that gal reporter's a hummer."

"How so?" whispered Langford, amused. He proceeded to take an interested, if hasty, inventory of her charms. "What a petite little personage, to be sure! Almost too colorless, though. Why, Jim, she can't hold a tallow candle to Williston's girl."

"Who said she could?" demanded Jim, with a fine scorn and much relieved to find the boss so unappreciative. Eden might not be lost to them after all. Strict justice made him add: "But she's a wise one. Spotted them blamed meddlin' hoss thieves right from the word go. Yep. That's a fac."

"What 'blamed meddlin' hoss thieves,' Jim? You are on intimate terms with so many gentlemen of that stripe—at least your language so leads us to presume—that I can't keep up with the procession."

"At the bridge yistidy. I told you 'bout it. Saw 'em first at the Bon Amy—but they must a trailed me to the stockyards. She spotted 'em right away. She's a cute'n. Made me shet my mouth when I was a blabbin' too much, jest before the fun began. Oh, she's a cute'n!"

"Who were they, Jim?" "One of 'em, I'm a thinkin', was Jake Sanderson, a red-headed devil who came up here from hell, I reckon, or Wyoming, one of the two. Nobody knows his biz. But he'll look like a stepped-on potato bug 'gainst I git through with him. Didn't git on to 't' other feller. Will next, you bet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Keep Burglars Out.

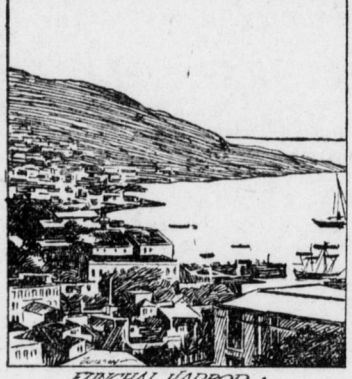
Buy at any hardware store a small, plain hinge, one and one-half inches long by one inch wide when closed, or smaller. Screw one side of hinge upright on to the lower right-hand corner of upper window sash, directly above the slight flange on all upper sashes. See that the hinge is toward and almost touching the window casing. This will leave one side of the hinge free to turn. When wishing to fasten window turn the free side of the hinge as far back as possible. This brings it over the lower sash. It will be invisible from the outside, but will prevent the lower sash being raised or the upper one lowered. When hinge is closed it will not interfere with raising window, and does not disfigure or weaken the window sash.

EYES ON MADEIRA

SYNDICATE WOULD MAKE IT A RIVAL OF MONTE CARLO.

Negotiations with Portuguese Government Under Way for Concession in the Island Off the West Coast of Africa.

Monte Carlo is an immensely profitable resort for her owners, and why should not another similar pleasure and gaming resort be equally profitable? Such is the question which has often arisen in the minds of men who have noted with envious eye the prosperity of the Monte Carlo establishment and who have had a desire to found a similar resort in some other favorable location. Various places have from time to time been suggested, and now it is said that a hotel



FUNCHAL HARBOR.

syndicate, of which M. Ritz is the head, is negotiating with the Portuguese government for a concession at Madeira. If this syndicate secures what it wants it will be enabled to establish luxuriously appointed casinos which will rival those of Monte Carlo, and provide hotel accommodations and other attractions and conveniences which will be superior to anything the world has yet seen.

The island of Madeira, the chief of the Madeira Islands, is situated in the Atlantic ocean off the west coast of Africa and belongs to Portugal. The island is a magnificent health resort, abounding in mountainous spots of great beauty and produces fine wines. You can almost choose your climate to suit yourself, for the higher you climb the main mountain the cooler it becomes, until you reach the cloud line or cloud bank usually overhanging the mountain.

The roads are very bad, paved with rough cobblestones, and the vehicles mainly are bullock carriages, slow but sure, and as nobody in Madeira ever is in a hurry, the slowness of the bullocks is most enjoyable and restful in the extreme.

The capital of the island of Madeira is Funchal, a town of some 25,000 inhabitants, situated at the foot of the great mountain, more than 6,000 feet high, on a gentle slope facing the bay, or anchorage, where nearly all the steamers and other craft anchor. Funchal forms a sort of amphitheater around the clear, blue waters of the bay, and from it runs a funicular railroad up the mountain to an old convent or church, where, when clouds are not in the way, a grand view is obtained.

In addition to the bullock carriage, or "carro," travelers can be slowly and lazily taken about from spot to spot in hammocks swung on poles and



AN OCEAN CARRO.

carried on the shoulders of two men who know their business.

The temperature of Funchal is very even, ranging from 63 to 75 degrees, and the hotel accommodations are improving yearly.

The island was discovered in 1418 by a Portuguese named Zarco, and has a small garrison of Portuguese soldiers. The military band plays in the public garden nightly and affords a most pleasant diversion from the quiet of the day.

Bananas flourish in Madeira as in a few other climates in the world, and every kind of tropical fruit, vegetable and flower is grown there. The principal product, however, is a grape from which fine wines are made.

There is a stone pier at Funchal, but the harbor is bad, vessels having to anchor several hundred feet from the shore. As you look at the town from a vessel in the bay you see a succession of terraced slopes, covered with sugar cane, bananas, oranges and flowers, extending for about 2,000 feet up the mountain from the sea.

An Open Field.

"It is easier to be good than great," remarked the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "one has less opposition."—Chicago Daily News.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

In such cases the one sure remedy which quickly removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says: "I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

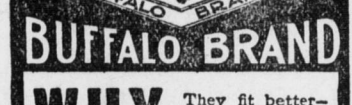
Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

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.

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They fit better—wear better—last longer. Made from new pure Para Rubber, the only kind of rubber that should ever be put in a rubber boot. They stretch and give without cracking, and are always comfortable to the wearer.

Some rubber boots are made of old junk rubber—dead and lifeless—that cracks and leaks after a few weeks' wear. Don't spend your money for that kind. Buy only the boots with the Buffalo Brand—the yellow label that's put on every boot we make. It guarantees service, comfort and satisfaction that can't be found in any other make.

Free booklet "K" explains how we make them. Write for it today.

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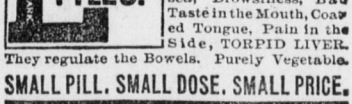
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Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the Revised Homestead Regulations by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader. 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, Toledo, Ohio, Law Building.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, 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.



Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. Refuse Substitutes.