WCONOMY CARRIED TOO FAR.

Old Man's Thrift That Led Him Into

President J. G. Schurman of Cornell discussing elective college courses, of which in the freshman and sophomore years, he disapproves.

'A freshman of 16 or 17," said Presfdent Schurman, "is too young to choose for himself the courses for him. His mind is not mature It will make mistakes.

"In its immaturity, its proneness to error, it is like the mind of an old man in my native Freetown. He, though old, was mentally undeveloped, and saw nothing wrong or ridiculous a piece of economy that he put in practice in the cemetery.

The old man had lost four wives, and desired to erect for each a headstone, with an inscription commemorative of her wifely virtues.

"But inscriptions, he found, were very expensive. He economized in

"He had the Christian name of each wife cut on a small stone above her grave—"Emma," "Mary," "Hester," "Edith." Under each name a hand pointed to a large stone in the cender of the lot, and under each hand were the words:

"For epitaph see large stone."

OLD GENTLEMAN NOT PLEASED.

Letter's Inscription Certainly the Reverse of Flattering.

In the English club at Hongkong a white-haired old gentleman, who had come down from some northern port, was seated at dinner when he sudden-ly became very excited. He had been brought a letter by a solemn-faced Chinese butler, and he saw something on the outside of this letter which sent him downstairs two steps at a time to interview the hall porter. When he came back he told us what was the matter. The hall porter had inscribed in the envelope, in Chinese, for the information of the butler:

This is for the old baboon with white fur."

Unfortunately for the hall porter, the old gentleman was a first-class scholar in the Chinese language.

THREE CURES OF ECZEMA

Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured
—Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three dif-Terent summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in In-diana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuti-cura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907.

Such a Clever Waiter.

Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill-of-fare the item, "green bluefish.

"Waiter," one asked, "what sort of fish are green bluefish?" "Fresh-right out of the water,"

said the waiter, offhand.

"Nonsense," said the man. "You know well enough that they do not take bluefish at this season. The waiter came up and looked at

the disputed item. "Oh, that, sir," he said, with an

air of enlightenment, "that's a hot-house bluefish, sir."—Youth's Com-

REDUCED COLONIST RATES.

One-way tickets at special low rates on sale daily throughout March and April, from all points on The North Western Line to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Puget Sound points.

and Personally conducted tours in tourist sleeping cars via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line. Double berth only \$7.00 through from Chicago. For full par-ticulars write S. A. Hutchison, Manager, Tourist Dept., 212 Clark St., Chicago. Ill., or address nearest ticket

Wouldn't Burn.

The coal man came down like a wolf on the fold; He jingled with silver, he tinkled with

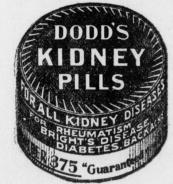
gold; sold us his specialty—"walnut" by name— we slated our roof in the spring with

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE

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

Actors who are egged off the stage

ought to make a fresh start



SERIAL 2 STORY C

LANGFORD of the THREE **BARS**

KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES (Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1907.)

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 mear 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 impurity, but who, heretofore, had not dared to molest any of the property of the great Three Bars" ranch. Williston a pand so power property of the great Three Bars" ranch. Williston band so power will the community. Inford pledges Williston his friendship if he will assist in bringing "Jesse Black" and dreaded by all the community. Inford pledges 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 "Mag" a well known "onery" 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 filness of Williston, Langford and other wineses

CHAPTER VIII .- Continued.

"Mrs. Higgins, at the Bon Ami," she continued, smiling. "I was so hungry when we got to Velpen, though I had eaten a tremendous breakfast at the Lazy S. But 5 o'clock is an unholy hour at which to eat one's breakfast it, and I just couldn't help get ting hungry all over again. So I persuaded Mary to stop for another cup of coffee. It is ridiculous the way I eat in your country."

"It is a good country," he said, sob

"It must be-if you can say so."

"Because I have failed, shall I cry out that law cannot be enforced in Kemah county? Sometimes—may it be soon-there will come a man big enough to make the law triumphant. He will not be I."

He was still smarting from his many set-backs. He had worked hard and had accomplished nothing. At the last term of court, though many cases were tried, he had not secured

"We shall see," said Louise, softly. Her look, straight into his eyes, was a glint of sunshine in dark places. Then she laughed.

"Mrs. Higgins said to me: 'Jimmie Mac hain't got the sense he was born with. His little, dried-up brain 'd rattle 'round in a mustard seed and he's get tin' shet o' that little so fast it makes my head swim.' She was telling about times when he hadn't acted just fair to you. I am glad-from all I hear-

that this was taken out of his hands." "I can count my friends, the real ones, on one hand, I'm afraid," said Gordon, with a good-humored smile: Mrs. Higgins surely is the

thumb.' "I am glad you smiled," said Louise. "That would have sounded so bitter

if you had not." "I couldn't help smiling. You-you

have such a way, Miss Dale.' It was blunt but it rang true.

"It is true, though, about my friends could convict-Jesse Black, for instance-a million friends would call me blessed. But I can't do it alone They will not do it: they will not help do it; they despise me because can't do it, and swear at me because ! try to do it-and there you have the whole situation in a nutshell, Miss Dale."

The sun struck across her face. He reached over and lowered the blind. "Thank you. But it is "vantage in now, is it not? You will get justice You will get justice

before Uncle Hammond." Unconsciously his shoulder straightened

"Yes, Miss Dale, it is "vantage in One of two things will come to pass I shall send Jesse Black over or-

he paused. His eyes, unseeing, were fixed on the gliding landscape as it appeared in rectangular spots through

'Yes. Or-" prompted Louise.

"Never mind It is of no conse

quence," he said, abruptly. "No fear of Judge Dale. Juries are my Water-

"Is it, then, such a nest of cowards?" cried Louise, intense scorn in her clear voice.

"Yes." deliberately. "Men are afraid of retaliation—those who are not actually blood-guilty, as might say. And who can say who is and who is not? But he will be sent over this time. Paul Langford is on his trail. Give me two men like Langford and that anachronism—an honest man west of the river—Williston, and you can have the rest, sheriff and all.

"Mr. Williston-he has been unfortunate, has he not? He is such a gentleman, and a scholar, surely."

"Surely. He is one of the finest fellows I know. A man of the most sensitive honor. If such a thing can be, I should say he is too honest, for his own good. A man can be, you know. There is nothing in the world that cannot be overdone."
She looked at him earnestly. His

eyes did not shift. She was satisfied. 'Your work belies your words," she said quietly.

Dust and cinders drifted in between the slats of the closed blind. Putting her handkerchief to her lips, Louise looked at the dark streaks on it with reproach.

Your South Dakota dirt is so black," she said, whimsically.

"Better black than yellow," he re torted. "It looks cleaner, now, doesn't

"Maybe you think my home a fit dwelling place for John Chinaman," pouted Louise.

"Yes-if that will persuade you that South Dakota is infinitely better. Are you open to conviction?

"Never! I should die if I had to stay here.' "You will be going back-soon?

"Some day, sure! Soon? Maybe. Oh, I wish I could. That part of me which is like Uncle Hammond says, 'Stay.' But that other part of me which is like the rest of us, says, 'What's the use? Go back to your kind. You're happier there. Why



"I Sha! I Send Jessie Black Over-

should you want to be different? What does it all amount to?' I am afraid I shall be weak enough and foolish enough to go back and-stay."

There was a stir in the forward part of the car. A man, hitherto sitting quietly by the side of an alert wiry little fellow who sat next the aisle, had attempted to bolt the car by springing over the empty seat in front of him and making a dash for the door. It was daring, but in vain. His companion, as agile as he, had seized him and forced him again into his place before the rest of the passengers fully understood that the attempt had really been made.

"Is he crazy? Are they taking him to Yankton?" asked Louise, the pretty color all gone from her face. "Did he think to jump off the train?"

"That's John Yellow Wolf, a young half-breed. He's wanted up in the Hills for cattle-rustling—United States court case. That's Johnson with him, deputy United States marshal."

"Poor fellow," said Louise, pityingly. 'Don't waste your sympathy on such They are degenerates-many of these half-breeds. They will swear to anything. They inherit all the evils of the two races. Good never mixes. Yellow Wolf would swear himself into everlasting torment for a pint of whiskey. You see my cause of complaint? But never think, Miss Dale, that these poor chaps of half-breeds, who are hardly responsible, are the only ones who are willing to swear to damnable lies." There was a tang of bitterness in his voice. jury, Miss Dale, perjury through fear of bribery or self-interest, God knows what, it is there I must break, I suppose, until the day of judgment, un--I run away.'

Louise, through all the working of his smart and sting, felt the quiet reserve strength of this man beside he and, with a quick rush of longing to do her part, her woman's part of con forting and healing, she put her hand, small, ungloved, on his rough coat

"Is that what you meant a while ago? But you don't mean it, do you? It is bitter and you do not mean it Tell me that you do not mean it, Mr. Gordon, please," she said, impulsively. Smothering a wild impulse to keep mained silent. God only knows what human longing he crushed down, what intense discouragement, what sick desire to lay down his thankless task and flee to the uttermost parts of the world to be away from the crying need he vet could not still. Then Le answered simply, "I did not mean it, Miss Dale."

And then there did not seem to be anything to say between them for a long while. The half-breed had settled down with stolid indifference. People had resumed their newspapers and magazines and day dreams after the fleeting excitement. It was very warm. Louise tried to create a little breeze by flicking her somewhat begrimed handkerchief in front of her face. Gordon took a newspaper from his pocket, folded it and fanned her gently. He was not used to the little graces of life, perhaps, but he did this An honest man and a kindly never goes far wrong in any direction.

"You must not think, Miss Dale," he said, seriously, "that it is all bad up I am only selfish. harping on my own little corner of wickedness all the while. It is a good land. It will be better before long.' "When?" asked Louise.

"When we convict Jesse Black and when our Indian neighbors get over their mania for divorce," he answered. laughing softly.

Louise laughed merrily, and so the

ourney ended as it had begun, with a laugh and a jest. In the judge's runabout, Louise held

out her hand. "I'm almost homesick," she cried, smiling.

CHAPTER IX.

The Attack on the Lazy S. It was late. The August night was

cool and sweet after a weary day of intense heat. The door was thrown wide open. It was good to feel the night air creeping into the stifling room. There was no light within; and without, nothing but the brilliant stars in the quiet, brooding sky. Williston was sitting just within the doorway Mary, her hands clasped idly around her knees, sat on the doorstep thoughtfully staring out into the still darkness. There was a stir.
"Bedtime, little girl," said Willis

ton

"Just a minute more, daddy. Must we have a light? Think how the mosquitoes will swarm. Let's go to bed in the dark."

"We will shut the door, and next summer, little girl, you shall have your screens. I promise that, always providing, of course, Jesse Black leaves us alone."

Had it not been so dark, Mary could have seen the wistful smile on the thin scholarly face. But though she could not see it, she knew it was there. There had been fairer hopes and more generous promises in the past few years. They had all gone the dreary way of impotent striving, of bitter disappointment. There was little need of light for Mary to read

her father's thoughts.
"Sure, daddy," she answered, cheerily. "And I'll see that you don't forget. As for Jesse Black, he wouldn't dare with the Three Bars on his trail. Well, if you must have a light, you must," rising and stretching her firmfleshed young arms far over her head. "You can't forget you were born in civilization, can you, daddy? I am sure I could be your man in the dark, if you'd let me, and I always turn your night-shirt right side out before hanging it on your bedpost, and your sheet and spread are turned down, and water right at hand. You funny, funny little father, who can't go to bed in the dark." She was rummaging around a shelf in search of matches. "Now, I have forgotten long since that I wasn't born on the plains. It

wouldn't hurt me if I had misplaced my nightdress. I've done it," with a gay little laugh. He must be cheered up at all costs, this buffeted and disappointed but fine-minded, high-strung and lovable father of hers. "And I haven't taken my hair down nights since—oh, since months ago, till—oh, well--so you see it's easy enough for

(To Be Continued.)

VARIETIES IN HUMAN SPECIES. Source of Everything That Is Beautiful and Interesting.

Each human being has something distinguishing, in form, proportions, countenance, gesture, voice-in feelings, thought, and temper, in mental as well as corporeal physiognomy. This variety is the source of everything beautiful and interesting in the external world-the foundation of the whole moral fabric of the universe. Certain external circumstances, food, climate, mode of life, have the power of modifying the animal organization, so as to make it deviate from that of the parent. But this effect terminates in the individual. Thus, a fair Englishman, if exposed to the sun, becomes dark and swarthy in Bengal; but his offspring, if from an English woman, are born just as fair as he himself was originally; and the chil-dren, after any number of generations that we have yet observed, are still born equally fair, provided there has been no intermixture of dark blood.

Blow to Medicine Cranks.

"There is one good thing about the passing of the boarding house," said the sad-eyed man, "and that is, it has done away with the man who ostentatiously takes his medicine at the table It is impossible for a man to do a thing like that at a cafe. He would be ignominiously ousted, if not by the outraged guests, by the waiter in attendance or by the watchful propriethe hand where it had lain such a tor, who usually habrief, palpitating while, Gordon re- his guests at heart." tor, who usually has the feelings of



RAKE TOOTH GATE HANGER. New and Novel Use to Put Worn-Out

Rake Teeth. A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer writes saying that he has been using old broken



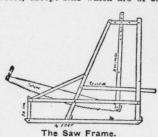
other in the form of a large staple. In case he is using six-inch board in his gate, he makes the loop in the staple seven inches so as to allow plenty of sliding space for the gate board. The legs of the staple left about six or eight inches long so that when two holes are bored into the posts, quartering as shown in the cut, the staples will be reasonably The reason for boring the holes quartering is obvious, inasmuch as it is necessary to secure sufficient space to open and swing the gate to one

the

ONE MAN SWING SAW.

Device by Which the Farmer Can Manage Big Saw Himself.

This saw frame is of 1x2 inch pieces, except sills which are of 2x4.



Frame is made 14 inches wide with guide in center. Make any height to suit, suggests the Agricultural Epitomist, using a common crosscut saw.

STUDYING THE SOIL.

The Successful Farmer Must Know

To be successful in its cultivation, the farmer must study his soil. If he expects to hold and increase the soil's fertility, rendering it fit for cultivation, it is necessary that he should know of what it is made. Knowing that he can intelligently add to or subtract from the ingredients in which it is deficient, or with which it superabounds.

A fertile soil is one of apparently good texture, or peats, containing sul-phate of iron, or any acid matter; and yet such a soil can be remedied by a top dressing with lime, which converts the sulphate into manure. By the application of sand or clay, says the Epitomist, a soil in which there is an excess of limey matter can be improved. A dressing of clay, marl or vegetable matter will likewise benefit a soil that is too abundant in sand Peat will improve light soils and peat will be improved by a dressing of sand, though the former in the course of nature is but a temporary improvement.

Soils which are loose in their texture, neither so light as to become readily dry, nor so heavy that they will get too wet in rainy weather, are the most fertile. The amount of nitrogen in the soil largely determines its fertility. This nitrogen is stored up only by previous generations of plants. The most fertile field can sooner or later be brought to a state of exhaustion by severe cropping, in which more nitrogen is removed from the soil in the crop than is formed and stored up in the soil during the same

FARM FACTS.

Don't be a dead one. Get out of the

The proper handling of a farm calls for thought as well as work. It pays to study every field and crop.

The waste of the farm will pay the interest on the mortgage if handled right. Weeds may be turned into even-cent lambs and mutton. Half the money spent each year for wagons could be saved if better care was taken of the old ones. Make it a

rule not to leave the old wagon out of doors over night. The farmer who raises some grain and keeps a few cows will find that a flock of 100 to 300 fowls made very valuable. The skim milk and the grain will be well paid for fed

Give a Little Feed.

Look for the roosting places of par-tridges and quail and throw them some feed during February and March if the snow is deep or the ground covered with a crust of ice. ered with a crust of ice. They are both valuable birds around the farm, particularly the quail, which eat many injurious insects. Post your farms and do not allow anyone to shoot your

Syrup & Figs ond Elixir & Senna

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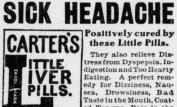


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