

The Wrong Tense. Dorothea's father was sitting before a window in his country house with Dorothea on his knees. He was looking across the fields with unseeing eyes, when the lassie broke in on his reverie with, "What are you looking at, papa?"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Watson. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Those Peekaboos. She—Women's clothes are a mystery to men, aren't they? He—Oh, I don't know. I can often see through them.—Cornell Widow.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c relieves tired, overworked eyes, stops eye aches, congested, inflamed or sore eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The woman who marries for money usually gets what she went after, but it's different with a man.

Truth and Quality

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

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

Die in open air seeking water.



FREE Write us for package of "We lost our job" Souvenir Post Cards, in five colors. THE RAT BISCUIT COMPANY 40 N. Limestone, Springfield, O.

THE CUNNING OF RATS ROUGH ON RATS TRADE MARK DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR. THE OLD RELIABLE THAT NEVER FAILS. RATS are too cunning to be caught by stereotype ready-prepared-for-use doses. Rats are smart but ROUGH ON RATS beats them.

REASONS WHY 1. Because of the fact that ROUGH ON RATS is ALL (95%) poison and has to be mixed with the reason why it is the most effective, and so reliable, as an exterminator of Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs as well as Rats and Mice. 2. There is enough poison in one 15c. box of ROUGH ON RATS to kill 500 to 1,000 Rats and Mice. 3. Foods the Rats, Mice and Bugs, but never poisons the buyer. 4. WHY? Because RATS instinctively avoid the familiar forms of ready-prepared-for-use doses. ROUGH ON RATS, being un-mixed and all poison, can be disguised in many ways, thus completely outwitting them; and you are not paying 15c. an ounce for flour, paste and grease, that can be had for 6 cents a pound; that must necessarily form the bulk of ready-prepared-for-use catch-penny devices. 5. Being all poison, one 15c. box of ROUGH ON RATS, when mixed with something they will eat, will spread 50 to 100 little breads or cakes, that will kill five hundred or more Rats and Mice, and thousands of Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs.

HOW TO USE IT. 1. Always when using ROUGH ON RATS cover up or remove any other food they may be apt to feed upon as the doses you set. Because of the well-known cunning of Rats, never place the dose you set for a rat close up to the hole where he comes out. And for the same reason, every time you use ROUGH ON RATS for Rats or Mice, change the material you mix it with. If you mix it with butter or grease, and spread on bread, next time chop the powder well into bits of meat; next time mix it with minnows of oysters, oatmeal porridge, mush, uncooked apples, potatoes; then use cheese, etc., changing every time to anything you may have about that Rats or Mice will eat. Then you may repeat if ever necessary. 2. ROUGH ON RATS being a slow poison, Rats in their miser and thirst work their way out of your premises. Use equalled for extermination of Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs. For full directions see Circulars with boxes, 15c., 50c. and 75c. (1 lb.) boxes at Druggists. 3. Beware of imitations and substitutes; there is not and can not be an honest substitute for ROUGH ON RATS.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

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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 E." 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 change of the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "J. R." brand. Paul Langford, the rich owner of the "Three Bars," is informed of the operations of the gang of cattle thieves—a band of outlaws headed by Jesse Black, who long have defied the law and authorities of Kemah county, South Dakota. Langford is struck with the beauty of Mary, commonly known as "Williston's Will girl." Louise Dale, an expert court stenographer, who had followed her uncle, Judge Hammond Dale, from the east to the "Dakotah," and who is living with him at Wind City, is requested by the county attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black, Jim Munson, in waiting at the train for Louise, looks at a herd of cattle being shipped by Bill Brown and there detects a "Mag," a well known "oney" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. Crowds assemble in Justice James R. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing. Jesse Black springs the first of many great surprises, waiving his extradition. Through Jake Sanderson, a member of the outlaw gang, he had learned that the steer "Mag" had been recovered and thus saw the uselessness of fighting against being bound over. County Attorney Gordon accompanies Louise Dale on her return to Wind City. While on the way, the light in his door at night a shot is fired at him. The house is attacked and a battle ensues between Williston and his daughter, on one side, and the outlaws, on the other. The house is set on fire. As an outlaw raises his rifle to shoot Williston a shot from an unknown source pierces his arm and the outlaw falls to the ground. Aid has come to Williston, but he and his daughter are captured and borne away by the outlaws. Jim Munson late at night heard the shot, discovered the attack on Williston's house, hurried to the Three Bars ranch and summoned Langford and his brave men to the rescue. It was Langford who fired the shot which saved Williston's life. Langford takes Mary to the home of Mrs. White. His brain has been broken by a shot, and grows delirious and receives medical attention.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued. The long day wore along. Mother White was baking. The men would be ravenous when they came back. Many would stop there for something to eat before going on to their homes. It might be to-night, it might be tomorrow, it might not be until the day after, but whenever the time did come, knowing the men of the range country, she must have something "by her."

At last came the doctor and Gordon, driving up in the doctor's top-buggy, weather-stained, mud-bedaubed with the mud of last spring, of many springs. The doctor was a badly dressed, pleasant-eyed man, past middle age, with a fringe of gray whiskers. He was a sort of journeyman doctor, and he had drifted hither one day two summers ago from the Lake Andes country in this self-same travel-worn conveyance with its same bony sorrel. He had found good picking, he had often jovially remarked since, chewing serenely away on a brand of vile plug the while. He had elected to remain. He was part and parcel of the cattle country now. He was an established condition. People had learned to accept him as he was and be grateful. Haste was a mental and physical impossibility to him. He took his own time. All must perforce acquiesce.

"You have worked yourself into a high fever, Miss Williston, that's what you've done," he said, with professional mournfulness. "I know it," she smiled wanly. "I couldn't help it. I'm sorry." Gordon drew up a chair and sat down by her, saying with grave kindness, "You are fretting. We must not let you. I am going to stay with you all night and shoo the goblins away." "You are kind," said Mary, gratefully. "May I tell you when they come? If some one speaks to me they go away."

"Indeed you may, dear child," he exclaimed, heartily. He had been half joking when he spoke of keeping things away. He now perceived that these things were more serious than he knew. The doctor administered medicine to reduce the fever, dressed the wounded arm, with Gordon's ready assistance, and then called in Mother White to prepare the bed for his patient; but he paused unblinded before the weight of entreaty in Mary's eyes and voice. "Please don't," she cried out in actual terror. "Oh, Mr. Gordon, don't let him! I see such awful things when I lie down. Please! Please! And Mr. Langford said I might sit up till he came. Mr. Gordon, you will not let him put me to bed, will you?" "I think it would be better to let her have her way, Lockhart," said Gordon in a low voice. "Maybe it would, Dick," said the doctor, with surprising meekness. "I'll stay all night and I'll take good

care of her, Lockhart. There's Mother White beckoning to supper. You'll eat before you go? No, I won't take any supper now, thank you, mother, I will stay with Mary." And he did stay with her all through the long watches of that long night. He never closed his eyes in sleep. Sometimes Mary would drop off into uneasy slumber—always of short duration. When she awakened suddenly in wide-eyed fright, he soothed her with all tenderness. Sometimes when he thought she was sleeping, she would clutch his arm desperately and cry out that there was some one behind the big cottonwood. Again it would be to ask him in a terrified whisper if he did not hear hoof-beats, galloping, galloping, galloping, and begged him to listen. He could always quiet her, and she tried hard to keep from wandering; but after a short, broken rest, she would cry out again in endless repetition of the terrors of that awful night.

Mrs. White and several of her small progeny breathed loudly from an adjoining room. A lamp burned dimly on the table. It grew late—12 o'clock and after. At last she rested. She passed from light, broken slumber to deep sleep without crying out and thus awakening herself. Gordon was tired and sad. Now that the flush of fever was gone, he saw how white and miserable she really looked. The circles under her eyes were so dark they were like bruises. The mantle of his misfortune was spreading to bring others besides himself into its somber folds.

The men were coming back. But they were coming quietly, in grim silence. He dared not awaken Mary for the news he knew they must carry. He stepped noiselessly to the door to warn them to a yet greater stillness and met Langford on the threshold.

The two surveyed each other gravely with clasped hands. "You tell her, Dick. I—I can't," said Langford. His big shoulders drooped as under a heavy burden. "Must I?" asked Gordon. "Dick, I—I can't," said Langford, brokenly. "Don't you see?—if I had been just a minute sooner—and I promised."

"Yes, I see, Paul," said Gordon, quietly. "I will tell her."

"You need not," said a sweet clear voice from across the room. "I know. I heard. I think I knew all the time—"



The Sheriff and His Deputies Made a Diligent Search for Williston.

but you were all so good to make me hope. Don't worry about me any more, dear friends. I am all right now. It is much better to know. I hope they didn't hang him. You think they shot him, don't you?" "Little girl, little girl," cried Langford, on his knees beside her, "it is not that! It is only that we have not found him. But no news is good news. That we have found no trace proves that they have to guard him well because he is alive. We are going on a new track to-morrow. Believe me, little girl, and go to bed now, won't you, and rest?" "Yes," she said, wearily, as one in whom no hope was left, "I will go. I will mind—the boss."

As he laid her gently on the bed, while Mrs. White, aroused from sleep, fluttered aimlessly and drowsily about, he whispered, his breath carressing her cheek: "You will go to sleep right away, won't you?" "I will try. You are the boss."

CHAPTER XII. Waiting. The man found dead the night the Lazy S was burned out was not easily identified. He was a half-breed, but half-breeds were many west of the river, and the places where they laid their heads at night were as shifting as the sands of that rapid, ominous, changing stream of theirs, which ever cut them off from the world of their fathers and kept them bound, but restless, chafing, in that same land where their mothers had stared stolidly at a strange little boatload tugging up the river that was the forerunner of the ultimate destiny of this broad north-west country, but which brought incidentally—as do all big destinies in the great scheme bring sorrow to some one—wrong, misunderstanding, forgetfulness, to a once proud, free people now in subjection. At last the authorities found trace of him far away at Standing Rock, through the agent there, who knew him as of an ugly reputation—a dissipated, roving profligate, who had long since squandered his government patrimony. He had been mixed up in sundry bad affairs in the past, and had been an inveterate gambler. So much only were the Kemah county

authorities able to uncover of the wayward earthly career of the dead man. Of his haunts and cronies of the period immediately preceding his death, the agent could tell nothing. He had not been seen at the agency for nearly a year. The reprobate band had covered its tracks well. There was nothing to do but lay the dead body away and shovel oblivion over its secret.

In the early morning after the return of the men from their unsuccessful man hunt, Gordon, gray and haggard from loss of sleep and from hard thought, stepped out into the kitchen to stretch his cramped limbs. He stumbled over the figure of Langford prone upon the floor, dead asleep in utter exhaustion. He smiled understandingly and opened the outdoor quietly, hoping he had not aroused the worn-out boss. The air was fresh and cool, with a hint of autumn sharpness, and a premature Indian summer haze, that softened the gauntness of the landscape, and made the distances blue and rest-giving. He felt the need of invigoration after his night's vigil, and struck off down the road with long strides, in pleasant anticipation of a coming appetite for breakfast.

Thus it was that Langford, struggling to a sitting posture, rubbing his heavy eyes with a dim consciousness that he had been disturbed, and wondering drowsily why he was so stupid, felt something seeping through his senses that told him he did not do well to sleep. So he decided he would take a plunge into the cold artesian pond, and with such drastic measures banish once and for all the elusive yet all-pervading cobwebs which clung to him. Rising to his feet with unusual awkwardness, he looked with scorn upon the bare floor and accused it blindly and bitterly as the direct cause of his strange soreness that beset his whole anatomy. The lay of the floor had changed in a night. Where was he? He glanced helplessly about. Then he knew.

Thus it was, that when Mary languidly opened her eyes a little later it was the boss who sat beside her and smiled reassuringly. "You have not slept a wink," she cried, accusingly. "Indeed I have," he said. "Three whole hours, I feel tip-top."

"You are fibbing," she said. "Your eyes look so tired, and your face is all worn."

His heart leaped with the joy of her solicitude. "You are wrong," he laughed, teasingly. "I slept on the floor; and a good bed it was, too. No, Miss Williston, I am not 'all in' yet, by any means."

In his new consciousness, a new formality crept into his way of addressing her. She did not seem to notice it. "Forgive me for forgetting, last night," she said, earnestly. "I was very selfish. I forgot that you had not slept for nearly two days and were riding all the while in—our behalf. I forgot. I was tired, and I went to sleep. I want you to forgive me. I want you to believe that I do appreciate what you have done. My father—"

"Don't, don't, little girl," cried Langford, forgetting his new awe of her maidenhood in his pity for the stricken child. "My father," she went on steadily, "would thank you if he were here. I thank you, too, even if I did forget to think whether or no you and all the men had any sleep or anything to eat last night. Will you try to believe that I did not forget wittingly? I was so tired."

When Langford answered her, which was not immediately, his face was white and he spoke quietly with a touch of injured pride. "If you want to hurt us, Miss Williston, that is the way to talk. We women do not do things for thanks."

She looked at him wonderingly a moment, then said, simply, "Forgive me," but her lips were trembling and she turned to the wall to hide her tears that would come. After all, she was only a woman—with nerves—and the reaction had come.

The sheriff and his party of deputies made a diligent search for Williston that day and for many days to come. It was of no avail. He had disappeared, and all trace with him, as completely as if he had been split away in the night to another world—body and soul. That the soul of him had really gone to another world came to be generally believed—Mary held no hope after the return of the first expedition; but why could they find no trace of his body? Where was it? Where had it found a resting place? Was it possible for a man, quick or dead, even west of the river in an early day of its civilization when the law had a winking eye, to fall away from his wonted haunts in a night and leave no print, neither a bone nor a rag nor a memory, to give mute witness that this way he passed, that way he rested a bit, here he took horse, there he slept, with this man he had converse, that man saw his still body borne hence? Could such a thing be? It seemed so. (To Be Continued.)

Trend of Civilization. I had thought that civilization meant the attainment of peace and order and freedom, of good will between man and man, of the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice, and by consequence the attainment of the good life which these things breed, a life free from craven fear, but full of incident; that was what I thought it meant, not more stuffed chairs and more cushions, and more carpets and gas, and more dainty meat and sharper difference between class and class.—William Morris.

NO ONE CAN ALWAYS AVOID

Catching Cold on the Street Car



Pe-ru-na Prevents Catching Cold. One Dose in Time, Saves Nine.

Many people persist in riding on the street cars, insufficiently protected by clothing. They start out perhaps in the heat of the day and do not feel the need of wraps. The rapid moving of the car cools the body unduly. When they board the car perhaps they are slightly perspiring. When the body is in this condition it is easily chilled. This is especially true when a person is sitting. Beginning a street car ride in the middle of the day and ending it in the evening almost invariably requires extra wraps, but people do not observe these precautions, hence they catch cold. Colds are very frequent in the Spring on this account, and as the Summer advances, they do not decrease. During the Spring months, no one should think of riding on the car without being provided with a wrap. A cold caught in the Spring is liable to last through the entire Summer. Great caution should be observed at this season against exposure to cold. During the first few pleasant days of Spring, the liability of catching cold is great. No wonder so many people acquire muscular rheumatism and catarrhal diseases during this season. However, in spite of the greatest precautions, colds will be caught. At the appearance of the first symptom, Peruna should be taken according to directions on the bottle, and continued until every symptom disappears. Do not put it off. Do not waste time by taking other remedies. Begin at once to take Peruna and continue taking it until you are positive that the cold has entirely disappeared. This may save you a long and perhaps serious illness later on.

Bad Effects From Cold. Mr. M. J. Deutsch, Secretary Building Material Trades Council, 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have found your medicine to be unusually efficacious in getting rid of bad effects from cold, and more especially in driving away all symptoms of catarrh, with which I am frequently troubled. The relief Peruna gives in catarrhal troubles alone is well worth the price per bottle. I have used the remedy for several years now."

Spells of Coughing. Mrs. C. E. Long, writes from Atwood, Colorado, as follows: "When I wrote you for advice my little three-year-old girl had a cough that had been troubling her for four months. She took cold easily, and would wheeze and have spells of coughing that would sometimes last for a half hour. 'Now we can never thank you enough for the change you have made in our little one's health. Before she began taking your Peruna she suffered everything in the way of cough, colds and croup, but now she has taken not quite a bottle of Peruna, and is well and strong as she has ever been in her life.'"

Pe-ru-na for Colds. Mr. James Morrison, 68 East 16th St., Paterson, N. J., writes: "I have given your medicine a fair trial, and I find it to be just what you claim it to be. I cannot praise it too highly. I have used two bottles in my family for colds, and everything imaginable. I can safely say that your medicine is the best I have ever used."



THE MEAN MAN. "I believe," his wife angrily declared, "that if I were dead you would be married again inside of a year."

GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS. With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat, and Tingling Were Excruciating—Cuticura Acted Like Magic. "An eruption broke out on my daughter's chest. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but the disease spread to her back, and then the whole of her head was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. Occasionally she was delirious and she did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just as little relief as the first. Then I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

Recommended His Wife. Irvin Cobb, humorist of New York, was recommended to a lecture management. The latter sought an introduction through a friend, Mr. McVeigh. "Come here, Irvin, I want you to meet a friend of mine," said McVeigh. After a few minutes' conversation, the lecture man broached the subject of lecturing as follows: "I was just wondering, Mr. Cobb, what you would think of a proposition to do some lecture work next season?" Cobb looked at his questioner for just a moment in blank amazement. Evidently such a thought had never entered his head before. Then reaching out his hand confidentially, he said: "I've got it. My wife will do it. She is the best one I know."—Lyceum and Talent. There is no interest worth consideration that does not run in the direction of duty.—Grimshaw.



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