



"Something hard to beat."

Saved From Being a Cripple for Life. "Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louisa McKay, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal.

"About 12 years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain.

"My friends were very much surprised at my rapid recovery and I was only too glad to tell them that Sloan's Liniment was the only medicine I used."

Preparation for Knowledge. No man can learn what he has not prepared for learning, however near to his eyes is the subject. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are hidden that we can not see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.—Emerson.

Successful Demonstration. Romulus was founding Rome. "What I'm trying to do," he explained, "is to show that it is possible to start a big town without building it around an oil well or a copper mine."

At this inopportune moment Remus broke in with a remark that the new city was a Butte, all right; and he got it in the neck, as you find fully set forth in your Latin reader.

Not Embarrassed. "Have your clothes with the courts embarrassed you?"

"Not at all," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Every time I am fined and do not pay I feel that I have added just that much to my earnings."



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."

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.



WIDOWS under NEW LAW obtained PENSIONS by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

SERIAL STORY

LANGFORD of the THREE BARS By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

(Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1907.) SYNOPSIS.

Cattle thieves despoiling ranches of South Dakota. George Williston, small ranchman, runs into rendezvous of thieves on island in Missouri river. They have stolen cattle from Three Bar ranch. Langford visits Williston and his daughter and Williston reports what he has seen to Langford, who determines to rid country of thieves. Jesse Black heads outlaws. Langford falls in love with Williston's daughter, but does not tell her so. Louise Dale, court stenographer, and niece of Judge Dale, visits Kemah at request of county attorney, Gordon, to take testimony in preliminary hearing. Gordon falls in love with her. After preliminary examination Williston's home is attacked and defended by his daughter and himself. Outlaws fire building just as Langford and his cowboys arrive. Outlaws carry off Williston but Langford rescues the daughter. Without Williston's aid, Gordon takes a night ride and finds Williston, who has escaped from captors. The courthouse at Kemah burns at night.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued. "Louise! What are you going to do?" cried Mary, in consternation. There were few people on this side. Louise put her hand deliberately to the door-knob. It gave to her pressure—the door swung open. Some one stumbled out blindly and leaned against the wall for a moment, his hands over his eyes.

"I can't do it," he said, aloud. "I can't reach the vaults." Louise slipped past him and was within the doorway, closely followed by the frantic Mary.

The man cried out sharply, and stretched out a detaining hand. "Are you crazy? Come back!"

"Mr. Gordon!" cried Louise, with a little sob of relief, "is it really you? Let me go—quick—my note books!"

A thick cloud of smoke at that moment came rolling down the back stairs. It enveloped them. It went down their throats and made them cough. The man, throwing an arm over the shoulders of the slender girl who had started up after the first shock of the smoke had passed away, pushed her gently but firmly outside.

"Don't let her come, Mary," he called back, clearly. "I'll get the note books—if I can." Then he was gone—up the smoke-wreathed stairway.

said Gordon with a humorous smile, "and, I am afraid, tumbled one little girl rather unceremoniously down the stairs. Did I hurt you?" There was a caressing cadence in the question that he could not for the life of him keep out of his voice.

"I did not even know I tumbled. How did you get back?" said Louise, tremulously.

"Who opened the door?" counter-queried Gordon, remembering. "The wind must have blown it shut. I was blinded—I couldn't find it—I couldn't breathe. I didn't have sense enough to know it was shut, but I couldn't have helped myself anyway. I groped for it as long as I could without breathing. Then I guess I must have gone off a little, for I was sprawling on the floor of the lower hall when I felt a breath of air playing over me. Somebody must have opened the door—because I am pretty sure I had fainted or done some foolish thing."

Louise was silent. She was thankful—thankful. God had been very good to her. It had been given to her to do this thing. She had not meant to do it—she had not known what she did; enough that was done.

"It was Louise," spoke up Mary, "and I—tried to hold her back!" So she accused herself.

"But I didn't do it on purpose," said Louise, with shining eyes. "I—I—" "Yes, you—" prompted Gordon, looking at her with tender intentness.

"I guess I was trying to come after you," she confessed. "It was very—foolish."

The rear grounds were rapidly filling up. Like children following a band-wagon, the crowd surged toward the new excitement of the discovered extension of the fire. Gordon drew a long breath.

"I thank God for your—foolishness," he said, simply, smiling the smile his friends loved him for.

CHAPTER XVIII. An Unconventional Tea Party.

As the flames broke through the roof, Langford came rushing up where the group stood a little apart from the press.

"Dick! I have been looking for you everywhere," he cried, hoarsely.

"What's the trouble, old man?" asked Gordon, quietly.

"I have something to tell you," said Langford, in a low voice. "Come quick—let's go back to your rooms. Why, girls—"

"We will go, too," said Mary, with quiet decision. She had caught a glimpse of Red Sanderson's face through the crowd, and she thought he

had leered at her. She had been haunted by the vague feeling that she must have known the man who had attempted to carry her off—that dreadful night; but she had never been able to concentrate the abstract, fleeting impressions into comprehensive substance—never until she had seen that scar, and glancing away in terror saw that Langford, too, had seen; but she was not brave enough to lose herself and Louise in the crowd where that man was. She could not. He had leered at Louise, too, last night at supper. They could not ask the protection of Gordon and Langford back to the hotel then, when Langford's handsome, tanned face was white with the weight of what he had to tell.

ford. He stepped to the windows and drew the blinds closely.

"Now that I have you safe," he said, lightly, "I'll confess I had an old woman's scare. It came to me that as long as you are not, strictly speaking, on kind and loving terms with—every one west of the river—and this being such an all-round nasty night anyway, why, I'd just spirit you home and give the charged atmosphere a chance of clearing a little."

Gordon looked at him steadily a moment. His face did not pale. Yet he knew that Langford had heard—or suspected—more than he intended to tell—then. It was good to see him shrug his shoulders in unconcern for the sake of the two white-faced girls who sat there in his stiff office chairs.

"You are an old dufer, Paul," he said, in pretended annoyance. "You treat me like a child. I won't stand it always. You'll see. Some day I'll rebel—and—then—"

"Meanwhile, I'll just trot these ladies back to the hotel," said Langford. "But you must promise to keep your head inside. We're fixtures until we have that promise."

"What, lock me up and run off with—all the ladies! I guess not! Why didn't we round up that way, I'd like to know? This isn't Utah, Paul. You can't have both."

Paul meant for him to lie low, then. He was also in a hurry to get the girls away. Evidently the danger lay here. There was a tightening of the firm mouth and an ominous contraction of the pupils of the eyes. He stirred the fire, then jammed a huge, knotted stick into the sheet-iron stove. It seemed as if everybody had sheet-iron stoves in this country. The log caught with a pleasant roar as the draught sent flames leaping up the chimney.

But Paul made no movement to go. Then he, Gordon, had not understood his friend. Maybe the menace was not here, but outside. If so, he must contrive to keep his guests interested here. He would leave the lead to Paul. Paul knew. He went back to his living-room and returned, bringing two heavy buggy robes.

"You will find my bachelor way of living very primitive," he said, with his engaging smile. He arranged the robes over two of the chairs and pushed them close up to the stove. "I haven't an easy chair in the house—prove it by Paul, here. Haven't time to rock, and can't afford to run the risk of cultivating slothful habits. Take these, do," he urged, "and remove your coats."

"Thank you—you are very kind," said Louise. "No, I won't take off my jacket," a spot of color staining her cheek when she thought of her gay kimono. Involuntarily, she felt her throat to make sure the muffler had not blown away. "We shall be going soon, shan't we, Mr. Langford? If Mr. Gordon is in any danger, you must stay with him and let us go alone. It is not far."

"Surely," said Mary, with a big sinking of the heart, but meaning what she said.

"Not at all," said Gordon, decidedly. "It's just his womanish way of bossing me. I'll rebel some day. Just wait! But before you go, I'll make tea. You must have gotten chilled through."

He would keep them here a while and then let them go—with Langford. The thought made him feel cheap and cowardly and sneaking. Far rather would he step out boldly and take his chances. But if there was to be any shooting, it must be where Louise—and Mary, too—was not. He believed Paul, in his zeal, had exaggerated evil omens, but there was Louise in his bachelor room—where he had never thought to see her; there with her cheeks flushed with the proximity to the stove—his stove—her fair hair wind-blown. No breath of evil thing must assail her that night—that night, when she had glorified his lonely habitation—even though he himself must sink into a corner like a cowardly (To Be Continued.)

A Hard Task.

A Chicago man tells of a resident of that city who had been unsuccessful in one venture after another. At last, however, he made a large sum of money by means of an invention in car wheels; and very soon thereafter his family, consisting of his wife and two young daughters, were to be seen taking their daily outing in a motor car. One day the three were being driven rapidly through the park, while a look of painful self-consciousness overspread the features of the inventor's wife, as she sat bolt upright, looking straight before her. "Now, ma," came in clear tones from one of the daughters, whose keen face was alive with enjoyment, "now, ma, can't you loll back and not look as if the water was boiling over?"—Youth's Companion.

Dissipated Men of Genius.

There is an unpleasant side light thrown on the days of W. E. Henley and his youthful followers, by Mr. Edgar Jepson, the novelist. He defends in the London Academy the memory of the late Ernest Dowson, who, sinking under consumption, found liquor both anodyne and stimulant. "Unfortunately, too," adds Mr. Jepson, "whisky was a literary fashion, set by Henley. It was an appalling fashion, which some of the younger men of letters followed with a kind of foolish schoolboy bravado. I have seen three of the finest minds I have known drown in whisky."

A Strenuous Task.

"I don't see why you should be excused," the judge said to the witness. "You look well enough." "But just think of it, yer honor," said the witness. "I've done stood on this here stand an' told the truth fer two hours on a stretch."

BOY OF TWELVE BEST PICKPOCKET

LITTLE LAD HAS HEAD OF FULL-GROWN MAN AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GENIUS.

HE ROBS HIS BENEFACTRESS

While She Pleads for Him in Court He Plunders—Bertillon Man His Prey—Was Pupil of Notorious "Yegg."

Pittsburg.—Twelve years old, with the head of a man of 25, George Cupps, graduate of John Anderson's school of criminals in Allegheny, is the most remarkable person that has ever been encountered by the Pittsburg police. A criminal through and through, this boy, with the head of a man, would have made one of the brain giants of the world had his training and surroundings been what they should.

George does not know much about his parents. He was an outcast—a boy of the street, and, of course, he became a newsboy. He lived for a long time at the Newsboys' home, and then fell in with John Anderson, the notorious "yegg," and became a pupil in his school for criminals, which Anderson conducted in Allegheny. It wasn't long before the lad could teach Anderson about criminology.

For months past the police have been unable to locate a mysterious pickpocket, who has been working in crowds on the streets and in department stores. Woman after woman reported that her chatelaine bag had been opened and its contents taken. All were positive that no man had been near them. But several remembered that a bright-faced newsboy had been in the vicinity. The police began to look for this newsboy, and they got him. He was George Cupps, the boy with the head of a man.

George did not attempt to deny his guilt. He was bound over to juvenile court by Magistrate Kirby. One of the prominent workers among wayward boys, Mrs. Seeden Strickler of



A Bright-Faced Newsboy Had Been in the Vicinity.

Allegheny, was so impressed with the appearance of the lad that she told Magistrate Kirby that she would adopt him if he would not hold him for court. She stood beside the lad before the bar.

"Please let him go, judge," she pleaded. "I'll take him home and adopt him and make a man of him."

Judge Kirby consented and Mrs. Strickler reached into her bag to pay the boy's fine. She discovered that all her money was gone, and when George was searched it was found in his pockets. He had robbed her as she pleaded for him. Mrs. Strickler was then convinced that he was a bad boy, and allowed him to go to his fate.

George was turned over to Joseph Linden, the Bertillon operator, who makes the assertion that never before has he seen such a remarkable head on such young shoulders.

"His head is fully developed in every way," said Linden, after he had completed his measurements and photographed the boy. "With proper training he would have been an infant prodigy—a great musician, a wonderful orator or a painter, whose pictures would have startled the world. To-day he is a great pickpocket—probably the cleverest in the country, despite the fact that he is only a little boy. It is a question whether he will ever be anything else, now that he has started on this career."

While Linden was taking George's measurements, the young thief inserted his slender hand in Linden's pocket and extracted therefrom a silver half-dollar, all the money that Linden had about him. He missed it a short time afterward, searched George again and found it.

Linden has dealt with many crooks, but was never robbed by one of them before while taking measurements.

Violence on the Increase. Census statistics show that as a people we are increasing in violence. From 1902 to 1906 there was an increase in the percentage of persons who came to their end by violence. In 1902 only 6.1 per cent. were thus taken off out of every 100. In 1906 it was 7.5 per cent., while the average for 1901 to 1905, was 6.6 per cent.



MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN. HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarh Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Illinois, U. S. A., writes: "I have been troubled with catarh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help."

"Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. "My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. "Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarh is gone and my health is very much improved."

"I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was."

PERUNA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.

Manufactured by Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Millionaire Whiners. Senator La Follette at a recent dinner in Washington said of the millionaires who complain about the harm that they and their affairs have suffered from attacks: "These whiners, with only themselves to blame, remind me of a bad little Primrose boy. "He ran howling to his mother: "Oh, ma, Johnny has hurt me!" "And how did bad Johnny hurt mother's little darling?" "Why, I was a-go'in' to punch him in the face, and he ducked his head and I hit my knuckles against the wall."



Sensible Chap. First Girl—What did he do when you told him he mustn't see you any more? Second Girl—Turned the lights out!

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Belgium Buying Autos. Belgium is now importing yearly about \$1,500,000 worth of automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles. These imports have quadrupled in four years.

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.

EPILEPSY CURE. If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sick, or Spasms, or have Children that do so, try... TRIAL will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle of Dr. May's... EPILEPTIC CURE. Compiles with Food and Drugs Act of Congress... FREE W. H. MAY, M. D., 548 Pearl Street, New York.