

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, 8. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Donn's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

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

UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT.



Lady—Your little brother seems to be bright for his age, doesn't he? Little Maggie—Well, I should say so. Why, he knows the name of almost every player in the big leagues.

TORTURED SIX MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hands and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

A Willing Tool. "Since young Jim De Poyster, who belongs to one of our best families, lost his money, he has gone into the social burglary business." "Social burglary?" "Yes; he chaperons rich parvenus." "How is that burglary?" "He helps them to break into society with a Jimmy."



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

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.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES Etc DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50 CENTS PLANTEN & SON 25 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

SERIAL STORY

LANGFORD of the THREE BARS

By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

(Copyright by A. C. McFarland & Co., 1907.)

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 evidence against Black is meager, and case seems to be going against the state. Gordon takes a night ride and finds Williston, who has escaped from captors. The courthouse at Kemah burns at night. Williston holds a tea party in his room following court house fire, and Mary Williston and Louise Dale attend. Court convenes in the church, and Williston's testimony is introduced by Gordon.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

It was a straight story, and apparently damaging for the prosecution. It corroborated the attestations of other witnesses—many others. It had a plausible ring to it. Two bills of sale radiated atmospheric legality. If there had been dirty work it must have originated with that renegade half-breed, Yellow Wolf. And Yellow Wolf was dead. He had died while serving a term in the penitentiary for cattle rustling. Uncle Sam himself had set the seal upon him—and now he was dead. This insinuated charge he could not answer. The finality of it seemed to set its stamp upon the people gathered there—upon the 12 good men and true, as well as upon others. Yellow Wolf was dead. George Williston was dead. Their secrets had died with them. An inscrutable fate had lowered the veil. Who could pierce it? One might believe, but who could know? And the law required knowledge.

"We will call Charlie Nightbird," said Small, complacently. There was a little waiting silence—a breathless, palpitating silence. "Is Charlie Nightbird present?" asked Small, casting rather anxious eyes over the packed, intent faces. Charlie Nightbird was not present. At least he made no sign of coming forward. The face of the young counsel for the state was immobile during the brief time they waited for Charlie Nightbird—whose dark, frozen face at that moment turned toward the cold, sparkling sky, and who would never come, not if they waited for him till the last dread trump of the last dread day.

There was some mistake. Counsel had been misinformed. Nightbird was an important witness. He had been reported present. Never mind. He was probably unavoidably detained by the storm. They would call Jesse Big Cloud and others to corroborate the defendant's statements—which they did, and the story was sustained in all its parts, major and minor. Then the defense rested.

Richard Gordon arose from his chair. His face was white. His lean jaws were set. His eyes were steel. He was anything but a lover now, this man Gordon. Yet the slim little court reporter with dark circles of homesickness under her eyes had never loved him half so well as at this moment. His voice was clear and deliberate. "Your honor, I ask permission of the court to call a witness in direct testimony. I assure your honor that the state had used all efforts in its power to obtain the presence of this witness before resting its case, but had failed and believed at the time that he could not be produced. The witness is now here and I consider his testimony of the utmost importance in this case."

Counsel for the defendant objected strenuously, but the court granted the petition. He wanted to hear everything that might throw some light on the dark places in the evidence. "I call Mr. George Williston," said Gordon.

Had the strain crazed him? Louise covered her eyes with her hands. Men sat as if dazed. And thus, the cynosure of all eyes—stupefied eyes—Williston of the ravaged Lazy S, thin and worn but calm, natural and scholarly-looking as of old—walked from the little ante-room at the side into the light and knowledge of men once more and raised his hand for the oath. Not until this was taken and he had sat quietly down in the witness chair did the tension snap. Even then men found it difficult to focus their attention on the enormous difference this new witness must make in the case that a few moments before seemed settled.

Mary sat with shining eyes in the front row of wooden chairs. It was no wonder she had laughed and been so gay all the dreary yesterday and all the worse to-day. Louise shot her a look of pure gladness.

Small's face was ludicrous in its drop-jawed astonishment. The little lawyer's face was a study. A look of defiance had crept into the defendant's countenance.

The preliminary questions were asked and answered. "Mr. Williston, you may state where you were and what you saw on the 14th day of July last."

Williston, the unfortunate gentleman and scholar, the vanquished combatant, for a brief while the most important man in the county, perhaps, was about to uncover to men's understanding the dark secret hitherto obscured by a cloud of supposition and hearsay. He told the story of his visit to the island, and he told it well. It was enough. Gordon asked no further questions regarding that event.

"And now, Mr. Williston, you may tell what happened to you on the night of the 20th of last August?"

Williston began to tell the story of the night attack upon the Lazy S, when the galvanic Small jumped to his feet. The little lawyer touched him with a light hand.

"Your honor," he said, smoothly, "I object to that as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and not binding on the defendant."

"Your honor," interrupted Gordon, with great calmness, "we intend to show you before we get through that this testimony is competent, and that it is binding upon the defendant."

"The defendant was there?" "Was the defendant there?" "The objection was overruled."

So Williston told briefly but to the point the story of the night attack upon his home, of the defence by himself and daughter, and of the burning of his house and sheds. Then he proceeded:

"Suddenly, some one caught me from behind, my arms were pinioned to my sides, something was clapped over my mouth. I was flung over a horse and strapped to the saddle all in less time than it takes to tell it, and was borne away in company with the man who had overpowered me."

He paused a moment in his recital. Faces strained with expectancy devoured him—his every look and word and action. Mary was very pale, carried thus back to the dread realities of that night in August, and shuddered, remembering that ghastly galloping. Langford could scarce re-



Williston of the Ravaged Lazy S.

strain himself. He wanted to rip out a blood-curdling Sioux war-whoop on the spot.

"Who was this man, Mr. Williston?" asked Gordon.

"Jesse Black."

Small was on his feet again, gesticulating wildly.

"I object! This is all a fabrication, put in here to prejudice the minds of the jury against this defendant. It is a pack of lies, and I move that it be stricken from the record."

The little lawyer bowed his head to the storm and shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps he wished that he, or his associates—one of the unholy alliance at least—was where the wicked cease from troubling, on the far-away islands of the deep seas, possibly, or home on the farm. But his expression told nothing.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" expostulated Judge Dale. "Gentlemen! I insist. This is all out of order." Only one gentleman was out of order, but that was the judge's way. Gordon had remained provokingly cool under the tirade.

Again the soft touch. Small fell into his chair. He poured himself a glass of water from the pitcher standing on the attorneys' table and drank a little of it nervously.

"I move," said the little lawyer, "that all this touching upon the personal matter of this witness and having to do with his private quarrels be stricken out of the evidence as not bearing on the case in question."

All in vain. The judge ruled that it did bear on the case, and Williston picked up the thread of his story. "We rode and rode hard—it must have been hours; daylight was coming before we stopped. Our horses were spent. I had no idea where we were. From the formation of the land, I judged we were not far from the river. We were surrounded by bluffs. I can hardly make you see how clearly this little retreat had been planned. It was in a valley—one of a hundred similar in all essential respects. The gulch at the bottom of the valley was heavily wooded with scrub-oak, cottonwood, woodbine and plum trees, and this tangle of foliage extended for

some distance up the sides of the hills. In the midst of this underbrush—a most excellent screen—was a tiny cabin. In this tiny cabin I have lived, a closely watched prisoner, from that day until I escaped."

The defendant stirred a little uneasily. Was he thinking of Nightbird with the dark, frozen face—who had not answered to his call?

"Black left me soon after. He did not unbind me, rather bound me the tighter. There was no one then to watch me. He deigned to inform me that he had found it rather inconvenient to kill me after the relief party rode up, as then there was no absolute surety of his making a clean getaway, and being caught in the act would be bound to be unpleasant, very unpleasant just then, so he had altered his plans a little—for the present. He gave me no hint either that time, nor either of the two times I saw him subsequently, as to what was to be his ultimate disposal of me. I could only suppose that after this trial was well over in his favor, and fear of indictment for arson and murder had blown over—if blow over it did—he would then quietly put an end to me. Dead men tell no tales. The shanty in the gulch did not seem to be much of a rendezvous for secret meetings. I led a lonely existence. My jailers were mostly half-breeds—usually Charlie Nightbird. Two or three times Jake Sanderson was my guard."

Then from the doorway came a loud, clear, resonant voice, a joyful voice, a voice whose tones fairly oozed rapture.

"Hellity damn! The Three Bars 's gettin' busy, Mouse-hair!"

Judge Dale started. He glared angrily in that direction.

"Remove that man!" he ordered, curtly. He liked Jim, but he could not brook this crying contempt of court. Jim was removed. He went quietly, but shaking his head reproachfully.

"I never would 'a' thought it o' the judge," he murmured, disconsolately. "I never would 'a' thought it."

There was a movement in the back of the room. A man was making his way out, slipping along, cat-like, trying to evade attention. Quietly Gordon motioned to the sheriff and slipped a paper into his hand.

"Look sharp," he whispered, his steady eyes on the shifty ones of the sheriff. "If you let him get away, just remember the handwriting on the wall. It's our turn now."

Presently there was a slight scuffle by the door and two men quietly left the improvised courtroom.

"Day before yesterday, in the afternoon," continued Williston, "I managed to knock Nightbird down at the threshold as he was about to enter. I had secretly worked a cross-beam from the low, unfinished ceiling. There was nothing else in the room I might use for a weapon. They were very careful. I think I killed him, your honor and gentlemen of the jury. I am not sorry. There was no other way. But I would rather it had been the maker, not the tool. By the time I had made my way back to the Lazy S I was too exhausted to go further; so I crawled over to my neighbors, the Whites, and Mother White made me a shake-down. I lay there, nearly dead, until this morning."

He leaned back wearily. Black stood up. He was not lank nor lazy now, nor shuffling. His body was drawn to its full height. In the instant before the spring, Mary, who was sitting close to the attorneys' table, met his glance squarely. She read there what he was about to do. Only a moment their eyes held each other's but it was time enough for a swift message of understanding, of utter dislike, and of a determined will to defeat the man's purpose, to pass from the accusing brown eyes to the cruel ones of the defendant.

Quick as a flash Black seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, sprang clear of the table and his lawyers, and landed close to Mary's side. With his chair as a weapon, he meant to force his way to the nearest window. Mary's dilated. Unhesitatingly she seized the half-emptied glass on the table and dashed the contents full into the prisoner's face. Blinded, he halted a moment in his mad rush. Mary's quick maneuver made Langford's opportunity. He grappled with Black. The crowd went mad with excitement.

The prisoner still retained his chair. When Langford grappled with him, he attempted to bring it down upon the fair head of his antagonist. Mary gasped with dread, but Langford grasped the chair with one muscular hand, wrested it from the desperado's hold and threw it to the floor. The two men locked in a close embrace, Langford's great strength was more than sufficient to hold the outlaw until the dazed officers could do their duty—had he been let alone; but two men, who had been standing near the door when the prisoner made his unexpected leap for liberty, had succeeded in worming their way through the excited crowd, and now suddenly threw themselves upon the ranchman, dragging him back.

"Stand aside or I'll shoot!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where the Shoe Pinched.

"If they don't quit making that child cry," sighed the flat dweller as his sobs echoed pitifully through the court, "I am going to apply to the board of health and have it stopped. There's a limit to everything." "Why the board of health?" asked her friend. "I should think you would apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." "I am not thinking so much of him," acknowledged the flat dweller contritely, "as I am of my own health. His constant sobbing is getting on my nerves so that I can't sleep."

LIKE SIR GEORGE

KNIGHT OF OLD WHO FOUGHT DRAGON FINDS COUNTERPART.

Duke of Westminster to Hunt Antediluvian Monster—Said to Have Been Seen Alive in the Arctic Circle.

The young duke of Westminster, of ample fortune and venturesome disposition, in the spirit of his fellow countryman of old, Sir George, is preparing to give battle to a monster creature which is reported on reliable authority to have been seen roaming in the inaccessible regions of the arctic circle. He is coming to America soon to prepare to trail this antediluvian creature to its lair, there to attack it and either capture it alive or kill it and bring back its carcass as proof of his prowess and courage. On his way to America the duke stopped in Paris, and there laid plans for the expedition up to the McQuesten river in the Yukon in search of this monster, which scientists have named the Keratosaurus, and which certain parties, including a Jesuit father located in the far north, are said to have seen and photographed, besides taking measurements of its foot-prints.

There seems to be much mystery and many rumors concerning the monster, but report has it that a miner of the Yukon, Tom Leomore, who with George Dupuy and James Butler and the Jesuit father, saw the Keratosaurus in its rage and photographed it in its rampage when it flicked an avalanche of great rocks down around their heads.

Who has seen the photographs of the Patridge creek monster? Not the Dawson authorities, who refused to lead 100 miles and 50 armed men to go hunt it. Not the editor of the Daily Nugget, who dubbed George Dupuy "a rival of Edgar Poe." The miner Leomore, who remained at Armstrong creek, pigheadedly confided them to Father Lavagnone alone, "to interest some rich and serious French or English sport," and now that George Dupuy is back in Paris with the duke of Westminster behind him, one of the most extraordinary photographs on earth is in the young duke's pocket, while Dupuy has in his pocket a lib-



The Monster, from the Alleged Photograph Taken of the Creature.

eral contract to indemnify all those concerned and fit an expedition that must include a 4,000-ton tramp steamer—to bring straight to London the live monster weighing 80 tons and more!

The duke of Westminster has also in his pocket a letter from the Jesuit missionary to George Dupuy, after his return to Paris, in which he says:

"And now would you believe that I and ten of my Indians again saw, on Christmas afternoon, Leomore's terrible monster?"

"It passed like a hurricane across the frozen river, smashing, dashing, crashing immense blocks of broken ice into the air behind it. All its long bristles were covered with hoar-frost and its red eyes flamed in the twilight."

"The monster held in its mouth a caribou that weighed at least 700 pounds, while it careered along at 20 miles per hour! At the corner of the cut-off it disappeared."

"In company with Chief Stineshane and two of his sons, I took prints of its tracks, exactly as you, Butler, Leomore and I did that last day in the moose leak."

The positive good faith of George Dupuy is beyond doubt in Paris, where he is so well known. His place as a writer and sporting explorer is quite fixed. When the New York-to-Paris automobile race was being organized his mere word convinced Parisians of the impossibility of crossing Bering strait upon the ice—which doesn't exist. Three times in the last eight years Dupuy has made long visits to the Klondike, always as a sport with money, and it was during this trip that he saw the Keratosaurus, and it is the result of these facts that is leading up to the duke of Westminster's "American Vacation."

Rural Civilization.

If we can solve the problem here of creating a rural civilization, which will retain and attract the rural inhabitant and keep him from the congested city life, we will not only have done a great thing for Ireland, but will have given something to the world for which it is groping. There are greater games than hunting the fox, and more excitement and delight to be found in their pursuit.—Irish Homestead.

QUEEN OF ACTRESSES PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

"I am glad to write my endorsement of the great remedy, Peruna. I do so most heartily."—Julia Marlowe.

Any remedy that benefits digestion strengthens the nerves. The nerve centers require nutrition. If the digestion is impaired, the nerve centers become anemic, and nervous debility is the result.

Peruna is not a nerve nor a stimulant. It benefits the nerves by benefiting digestion.

Peruna frees the stomach of catarrhal congestions and normal digestion is the result. In other words, Peruna goes to the bottom of the whole difficulty, when the disagreeable symptoms disappear. Mrs. J. C. Jamison, Wallace, Cal., writes:

"I was troubled with my stomach for six years. Was treated by three doctors. They said that I had nervous dyspepsia. I was put on a liquid diet for three months."

"I improved under the treatment, but as soon as I stopped taking the medicine, I got bad again."

"I saw a testimonial of a man whose case was similar to mine being cured by Peruna, so I thought I would give it a trial."

"I procured a bottle at once and commenced taking it. I have taken several bottles and am entirely cured."

EPILEPSY ITS

If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness or Spasms, or have Children that do so, my New Discovery and Treatment 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.

Complies with Food and Drugs Act of Congress June 30th 1906. Complete directions, also testimonials of CURE, etc., FREE by mail. Express Prepaid. Give AGE and full address W. H. MAY, M. D., 540 Pearl Street, New York.



FAMILIAR PHRASE. Getting a bear living.

Why He Married Again. An Ohio lawyer tells of a client of his—a German farmer, a hard-working, plain, blunt man who lost his wife not long ago. The lawyer had sought him out to express his sympathy; but to his consternation the Teuton laconically observed: "But I am again married."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the legal light. "Why it has been but a week or two since you buried your wife!"

"Dot's so, my fren; but she is as dead as effer she will be."—Lippincott's.

Using the Telephone.

It was the first time she had ever used a telephone and the drug clerk detected the fact by the nervous way in which she held the receiver.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, timidly, "why are all those sivelelike holes in the mouthpiece?"

"They are there for a purpose," replied the drug clerk, solemnly. "What purpose?"

"Why, so you can strain your voice." And she was so embarrassed she forgot the number she was to call up.

BUILT UP

Right Food Gives Strength and Brain Power.

The natural elements of wheat and barley, including the phosphate of potash, are found in Grape-Nuts, and that is why persons who are run down from improper food pick up rapidly on Grape-Nuts.

"My system was run down by excessive night work," writes a N. Y. man, "in spite of a liberal supply of ordinary food."

"After using Grape-Nuts I noticed improvement at once, in strength, and nerve and brain power. This food seemed to lift me up and stay with me for better exertion, with less fatigue. My weight increased 20 lbs. with vigor and comfort in proportion."

"When traveling I always carry the food with me to insure having it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.