

HOT ONIONS FOR PNEUMONIA.

Dread Disease Robbed of Its Terrors by Simple Remedy.

Owing to the prevalence of pneumonia and the great mortality which attends its ravages during the winter and spring, several boards of health in northern New Jersey have been taking measures to protect the citizens of their towns from the disease. The health board of Washington, N. J., has published a remedy which is said to be a sure cure for pneumonia, and other health boards are looking into the matter with a view of having the same thing published for the good of the general public. This is the publication as it has appeared in the papers of Washington:

"Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine, put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about ten minutes apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. This simple remedy has never failed to cure this too-often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until the perspiration starts freely from the chest. This remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, who never lost a patient by the disease, and won his renown by simple remedies."

MIGHT YET BE PERSUADED.

Sweet Girl Brought to Ask Time for Reconsideration.

"Since you can be no more than a sister to me," said the heartbroken young man, "will you not give me one kiss of farewell?"

She assented, albeit coldly. And Mannering drew the girl to his heart, he pressed his lips to hers with a passionate fervor born of his despair.

Afterward her head sank gently upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Mannering," she breathed, "this is all so new to me—so strangely different from my expectations—perhaps, if you would give me time—time to reconsider—"

But, dear reader, let us draw a veil over the sacred scene.—Exchange.

How It Works.

Once there was a struggling young author who was blest with many friends, all of whom told him that he was the coming great writer of the country.

So one day a bright thought struck him. He said:

"I will publish my book, and all my friends who admire it so much will buy my book, and I will be rich."

So he printed his book.

And all of his friends waited for him to send them autographed copies of his book.

And so his books were sold as junk.

And ever after he didn't have any friends.—Success.

A Family Matter.

Eph was before the high court of justice for the usual offense.

"Now, look here, Eph," said the judge in an admonitory way, "don't you know it is wrong to steal chickens?"

"Deed I does, judge. I's a plumped Baptis, I is."

"Then why did you steal those chickens?"

"Dey wuzn't chickens, judge; dey wuz ducks."

"That makes no difference."

"Deed it do, judge," Eph pleaded. "Ducks is kinder kinfolks to us Baptises, an' it's all in de fam'ly, sub."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDRON, KIRWAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Art in the Soup.

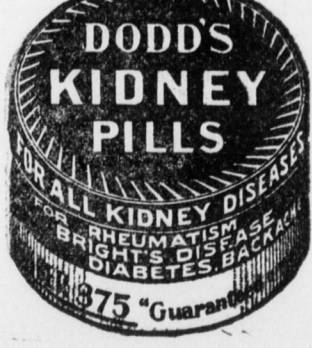
The artist's wife leaned over and looked at her husband's soup after she had handed it to him.

"Oh," she cried, "look at the scroll the fat has made in your soup. Isn't it artistic? Don't eat it. It is so beautiful."

The woman who hesitates usually has an impediment in her speech.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

More people are fooled by the truth than by lies.



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

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 outlaw. 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 court house 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. Black, seeing his case lost, makes break for liberty.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

It was a girl's voice, clear and firm. Mary had been the first to realize that Black's friends, not Langford's had joined in the struggle. She snatched her revolver from her cowboy belt—she had not been without either since the Lazy S was burned—and cried out her challenge. Glancing quickly from the gleaming barrel to the determined face of the young girl, the men let go their hold of Langford and fell back precipitately.

Instantly Langford sprang forward, but Black had made good use of his moment of grace. Swinging his arms to the right and left, he had beaten his way to the window, when Langford again seized him, but he had the advantage this time and he tore himself loose, throwing Langford violently against the window-casing. With his bare, clinched fist he shivered the glass and leaped out—into the arms of Jim Munson.

The officers made gallant plunges through the samped crowd in their efforts to get clear of the room to follow the fugitive. But certain men managed to keep themselves clumsily, but with marvelous adroitness, nevertheless, between the deputies and the doors and windows, so that several moments elapsed before the outside was finally gained.

Meanwhile Jim struggled heroically with the outlaw. Black was far superior to him in weight and strength of limb, but Jim was quick and tough and daring. Expelled from the courtroom, he had been watching through the window. He had seen Mary's quick action and his boss's splendid attack. He had also seen the little "gun play," and his eyes glowed in admiration of "Williston's little girl," though his generous heart ached for love of the woman who was not for him. He saw Black coming. He was ready for him. He grappled with him at once. If the boss or the officers would only come now!

When they did come they found Jim stretched at length on the frozen ground. He sat up slowly.

"You're too late, boys," he said; "the boss thief was too much for me. He's gone."

It was true. The little street stretched before them still—deserted. Early twilight was coming on. The biting cold struck them broadside. The deputies scattered in vain pursuit.

CHAPTER XX.

The Moving Shadow.

"I'd rather not talk about it to-night. I'm not equal to it. It's too—too—it's devilish, Paul. I don't seem to be able to grasp it. I can't think about it with any coherence. I was sure—so sure."

Gordon was staring moodily out of the window, one arm hanging idly over the back of his chair. He had taken up office room in an empty shop building across the street from the hotel.

"It's so devilish, it's weird," agreed the ranchman. "But your part was great. You vanquished Jesse Black. That is more than we hoped for a week ago. Is it your fault or mine that those fool deputies acted like flies in tangle-foot and went straddle-fingered when something was expected of them? We have nothing to do with a little thing like a broken window-pane."

There was an ugly cut on his forehead caused by his violent contact with the sharp edge of the window-casing. He was pale, but he had lost none of the old faith in himself or in his power to dominate affairs in the cattle country. Defeat was intolerable to him. He refused to bow his head to it. To-day's check only made him the more determined, if that were possible, to free the land of its shame.

"I'll pull myself together again, never fear," said Gordon. "Just give me time to-night. You see that's not all. I've something else to think about, too, now that I have time. It takes a fellow's nerve away to have everything that is worth while drop out at once. But I've rallied before. I know I'm beastly selfish not to talk to you to-night, but—"

"Dick," interrupted Langford, bluntly, "did she turn you down?"

"I never asked her. She is going back—home—next week."

"If you let her."

"You don't quite understand, Paul," said Gordon, a little wearily. "She said she could never live in this country—never. She would die here. Could I ask her after that? Could I ask anyway, and be a man? I know. She would just pine away."

"Girls don't pine—only in imagination. They are tougher than you give them credit for."

"But somehow, Mary seems different," said Gordon, thoughtfully. "He surprised a flush in his friend's cheek. 'You deserve her, old man, you'll be very happy. She is the right kind. I congratulate you with all my heart.'"

An odd lump came into Langford's throat. Despite Gordon's vigorous and healthful manhood, there seemed always a certain pathos of life surrounding him.

"I haven't asked her, either," confessed Paul. "But you have made it possible for me to do so—to-night—to-morrow—whenever I can find a chance. Take my advice, old man, don't let your girl go. You'll find she is the kind after all. You don't know her yet."

Paul left the room, and Gordon paced the narrow confines of his shabby office—back and forth—many times. Then he threw himself once more into his chair. The hours were long. He had all night to think about things. When morning came, all his weakness would be over. No one should ever again see him so unmanned as Paul had seen him to-night. And when Louise should go—his arms fell nervelessly to the table. He remained thus a moment, his eyes fixed and unseeing, and then his head dropped heavily upon his arms. Alone in the night Louise awoke.



The Man Lifted His Arm.

She found it impossible to fall asleep again. She was nervous. It must be something in the atmosphere. She tossed and tossed and fumbled and fumbled. She counted up to thousands. She made her mind a blank so often that she flew to thinking to escape the emptiness of it. Still her eyes were wide and her mind fairly a-quiver with activity. She slipped out of bed. She would tire herself into sleep. She even dressed. She would show herself. If she must be a midnight prowler, she would wear the garments people affect when they have their thoughts and energies on matters mundane. Drawing the oil stove close to the window fronting the street, she sank into a chair, drew a heavy shawl over her shoulders, put her feet on the tiny fender and prepared to fatigue herself into oblivion.

A light shone from the window across the way. He was still at work, then. He ought not to sit up so late. No wonder he was looking so worn out lately. He ought to have some one to look after him. He never thought of himself. He never had time. She would talk to him about keeping such late hours—if she were not going back to God's country next week. Only next week! It was too good to be true—and yet she sighed. But there was no other way. She ought never to have come. She was not big enough. He, too, had told her she was not the kind. Doubtless, he knew. And she didn't belong to anybody here. She was glad she was going back to where she belonged to somebody. She would never go away again.

Was that Gordon passing back and forth in front of the window? Something must be troubling him. Was it because Jesse Black had escaped? But what a glorious vindication of his belief in the man's guilt had that afternoon been! Nothing lacked there. Why should he be sorry? Sometimes, she thought he might care—that day crossing the river for instance; but he was reserved—he never said—and it was much, much better that he did not care, now that she was going away and would never come back. There was nothing in all the world that could make her come back to this big, bleak, lonesome land where she belonged to nobody. But she was sorry for him. He looked sad and lonely. He didn't belong to anybody here, either, yet he wasn't going to run away as she was. Well, but he was a man, and men were different.

And now she noticed that his head had sunk down onto his arms. How still he sat! The minutes passed away. Still he sat motionless, his face buried.

It was dark. The yellow gleam streaming out of the window only served to make the surrounding darkness denser. The lamp on the table cast a pale circle immediately in front of the office. There was no other flicker of light on the street. Into this circle there moved a shadow. It retreated—advanced again—glided back into obscurity. Was it something alive, or did the moving of the lamp cause the shadows to thus skip about? But the lamp had not been moved. It burned steadily in the same position. The relaxed form of the unconscious man was still bent over the table. Nothing had changed within. Probably some dog locked out for the night had trotted within the radius of light. Maybe a cotton-tail had hopped into the light for a second. Louise did not know whether rabbits ever came into the town, but it was likely they did. It might have been one of the strayed cattle wandering about in search of food. That was the most probable supposition of all. Of course it might have been only her imagination. The little pinch of fright engendered of the moving shadow and the eerie hour passed away. Her eyes grew pensive again. How still it was! Had Gordon fallen asleep? He lay so quietly. Had he grieved himself into slumber as a girl would do? No—men were not like that.

Ah! There was the moving shadow again! She caught her breath quickly. Then her eyes grew wide and fixed with terror. This time the shadow did not sink away again. It came near the window, crouching. Suddenly, it stood up straight. Merciful Father! Why is it that a human being, a creature of reason and judgment, prowling about at unnatural hours, inspires ten-fold more terror to his kind than does a brute in like circumstances of time and place? Louise tried to scream aloud. Her throat was parched. A sudden paralysis held her speechless. It was like a nightmare. She writhed and fought desperately to shake herself free of this dumb horror. The cold damp came out on her forehead. Afterward she remembered that she knew the man and that it was this knowledge that had caused her nightmare of horror to be so unspeakably dreadful. Now she was conscious only of the awfulness of not being able to cry out. If she could only awaken Mary! The man lifted his arm. He had something in his hand. Its terrible import broke the spell of her speechlessness.

"Mary! Mary!" She thought she shrieked. In reality she gasped out a broken whisper; but it thrilled so with terror and pleading that Mary was awakened on the instant. She sprang out of bed. As her bare feet touched the floor a pistol shot rang out close by. She had been trained to quick action, and superb health left no room for cobwebs to linger in the brain when she was suddenly aroused. She had no need for explanations. The shot was enough. If more was needed there was the lighted window across the way and here was Louise crouched before their own. Swiftly and silently she seized her revolver from the bureau, glided to the window and fired three times in rapid succession, the reports mingling with the sound of shattered glass.

"I think I hit him the second time, Louise," she said, with a dull calm. "I can't be sure."

She lighted a lamp and began to dress mechanically. Louise stayed not to answer. In the hall she encountered Paul Langford, just as another shot rang out.

"Go back, Miss Dale," he cried, hurriedly but peremptorily. "You mustn't come. I am afraid there has been foul play."

She looked at him. It hurt, that look.

"He is dead," she whispered, "I am going to him," and glided away from his detaining hand.

He hurried after her. Others had been aroused by the nearness of the pistol shots. Doors were thrown open. Voices demanded the meaning of the disturbance. Putting his arm around the trembling girl Langford hastened across the street with her. At the door of Gordon's office he paused.

"I will go in first, Louise. You stay here."

He spoke authoritatively; but she slipped in ahead of him. Her arms fell softly over the bowed shoulders. Her cheek dropped to the dark, gray-streaked hair. There was little change, seemingly. The form was only a little more relaxed, the attitude only a little more helpless. It seemed as if he might have been sleeping. There was a sound, a faint drip, drip, drip, in the room. It was steady, monotonous, like drops falling from rain pipes after the storm is over. Langford opened the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dissecting a Violin.

Not one person in a hundred has the slightest notion of how many parts or pieces there are in a violin. Here is a list of them: Back, 2 pieces; belly, 2; coins and blocks, 6; sides, 5; side-linings, 12; bar, 1; purflings, 24; neck, 1; finger-board, 1; nut, 1; bridge, 1; string for tail-board, 1; guard for string, 1; sound-post, 1; strings, 4; pegs, 4; total, 69 pieces. Three kinds of wood are used—maple, pine and ebony. Maple is used for the back, the neck, the side-pieces and the bridge. Pine is used for the belly, the bar, the coins and blocks, the side linings and the sound-post. Ebony is used for the finger-board, the tail-board, the nut, the guard for string of tail-board, the pegs and the button.



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.

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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- MONARCH RED ENGINE OIL—for engines or general lubrication. You never used a better grade. Barrels and half barrels only.
 - In barrels 15c per gal.
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- NON-CARBONIZING GAS ENGINE OIL—made expressly for gas and gasoline engine use. Shipped in barrels and half barrels only.
 - In barrels 21c per gal.
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- POLAR CUP GREASE or (HARD OIL)—soft, medium or hard.
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 - In 100 lb. kegs 5c per lb.
- DARK CRANK PIN GREASE, same price as CUP GREASE.
- DARK GEAR GREASE in 25 lb. pails, 3c per lb.

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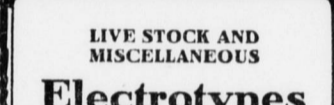
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