The Quarterbreed

A Modern Indian Reservation Story by Robert Ames Bennet

Capt. Floyd Hardy, U. S. A., coming to take charge of the agency at Lakotah Indian reservation, following the murder of Agent Nogen, rescues a quarterbreed girl and two men from an Indian attack. They are Reginald Vandervyn, agency clerk and nephew of Senator Clemmer; Jacques Dupont, post trader, and his daughter Marie. Hardy learns that Vandervyn had been promised the agency position, discovers that the Indians are disaffected because they have been cheated in a tribal mine which Vandervyn and Dupont have been working, is puzzled when his friendly speech to tribesmen, interpreted by Vandervyn's tool, angers the Indians, and determines to make further investigation. New influences arising at this point make his position difficult. How his life and honor are endangered through dark plotting is graphically described in this installment.

bleeding.

mother!

rifle out of its sheath and leveled it

across the saddle. But she could see

no sign of the assassin, and no sec-

ond bullet came whirring across the

coulee. Without a second look up the

coulce, she bent over to rip the hem

from her underskirt. This gave her a

bandage. Her own and Hardy's hand-

kerchiefs served for a compress. Swift-

ly she bound them on the long wound

above his temple and stopped the

When at last he opened his eyes, his

head was in her lap. He gazed up into

her down-bent face, his mind still in

daze. A frown of pain creased his

forchead. He murmured, in the queru-

Instinctively her soft hand began to

caressing touch. His eyes closed in

restful contentment. The girl con-

tinued to stroke his forehead. Sud-

denly his eyelids lifted, and he looked

consciousness. He saw the womanty

compassion in her benutiful face. Her

"Marie!" he murmured, "It is you!

"Hush!" she said. "You have been

shot in the head. I do not know how

"Shot? In the head?" He lay still,

considering this. Her look had not

lack of self-consciousness he divined

not fatally wounded. After a pause, he

began to speak with the calmness that

sometimes masks the most profound

"You searcely know me-but, in the

circumstances, I trust you will pardon

the first I thought you the most beauti-

you to be the most levely-your soul as

your head. It is the truth."

what he is!"

beautiful as your face. Do not shake

She averted her shame-flushed face.

"You are too good and kind to refuse

Now I shall always have the thought

way from him. "I cannot endure-

You shall not think of me that way!"

apologized. "It is most inconsiderate

and ungenerous of me to He here claim-

ing your sympathy on false pretenses.

be that the bullet merely grazed my

Before she could prevent him, he

He forced a laugh between his

"No, it's what I thought-only a

little dizziness. I have been imposing

The girl grasped his rifle and sprang

"You shall not go," she declared.

remonstrated.

elbow.

hould not move."

up away from him.

clenched teeth.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dupont," he

eyes were tender and lustrous with

sympathy for his suffering.

-I thought my mother-"

serious it is."

lous tone of a sick child: "Mother-

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

Vandervyn had arranged to be gone a week. There was no cause to discuss the time of his return, and as Marie seldom mentioned him, Hardy was not often annoyed by the vision of the handsome young fellow interposing between himself and the girl.

From day to day it could plainly be seen how the rides in the pure mountain air and the delight of the girl's companionship were bringing back strength and vigor to the officer's tropic-weakened body. Soon a healthy red appeared under the tan of his cheeks. The lines of severity and repressed grief began to smooth away.

On the morning of the seventh day, when he rode over to join Marie for a ride out to the butte on Wolf river, ten years seemed to have dropped from him. Even when he lifted his hat to the girl and exposed the silvered hair at his temples, he looked nearer twenty-five than thirty. He had chaved off his bristly mustache!

"Positively, captain," she bantered, "you startle me. You are growing so young! First thing I know, I shall be feeling myself a grandmother in contrast."

"Impossible," he gallantly replied. "You are the Spirit of Youth. Being with you is what makes me seem so much younger than I am. Yet I shall never see thirty-two again."

"You're barely of age this morning!" she said, smiling at his shapely cleanshaven lip.

"In that case you must humor my callowness by pretending you need my aid to mount.'

She put one small booted foot in his hand, rose with the lightness of a feather and perched herself sideways on her man's saddle. Unused to such strange behavior, the pony began to buck. Hardy sprang to seize the beast by the head. Marie waved him aside, and proceeded to give an impromptu exhibition of her skill as a horsewoman. With one knee crooked around the born of her saddle, she kept her difficult seat like a circus rider, until the pony subsided.

"You've ridden to hounds," stated Hardy as the girl swung astride and they started off down the valley.

She smiled with gratification. "Reggie never notices such things; but you- The first time I saw a sidesaddle I thought It ridiculous."

On their way down the valley they met no one, for the families of the police had moved back to their old camp site opposite the agency. Marie suggested that they climb the butte. With subtle coquetry, she gave Hardy the privilege of assisting her up the ledges, though, had she chosen, she could have outclimbed him. They mounted to the top of the highest crag. where they sat down on the bare rock to view the plains and mountains through Hardy's glasses. The utter stillness and solitude, the immensity of the cloudless blue dome above them, the great sweep of the landscape-all tended to quiet the excitement of their of your goodness in addition to the dear lively ascent. A hush fell upon them. Marie let the hand that held the glasses sink into her lap. She gazed off up the river, dreamy-eyed.

After a prolonged silence Hardy murmured in a half-whisper: "How alone we are! The world is young-it is the beginning of time. And in all the new, young world, you and I are

It was the first time that he had ever used her given name in speaking to her. She started from her daydream, the color deepening in her cheeks. In the same moment she became aware that she had been looking at a moving object.

"Look !" she said, lifting the glasses to her eyes. "That must be the head and shoulders of a man. He is riding along on the far side of the ridgean Indian; his head is muffled to a blanket."

"Marie!" softly repeated Hardy.

The girl sprang to her feet. "He has disappeared-but we are no longer alone in the world, Captain Hardy. Let us go down."

With Instant repression of his disappointment, Hardy took the glasses and offered his hand to assist her down the first ledge. She ignored the offer. Nor did she permit him to help her at all during the descent.

Her pony leaped away with the usual jumping start of a bronco. The mare stepped clear of the low scrub near the rill edge, out upon the sandy level head." of the coulee bottom. She was in the act of breaking into a trot when her rider's hat whirled from his head and he pitched sideways out of the saddle

as if struck by lightning. A moment later the report of the shot reached Marie. She glanced over her shoulder and saw Hardy outstretched on the ground, flaccid and inert. With a suddenness that almost threw her pony off his nimble feet, she on your sympathy- Did you see where wrenched him around. The mare had the shot came from? I must go and stopped within two strides, and twist- rout out the rascal." ed her head about to look at her fallen master. The manner in which he had fallen showed that the shot had come from up the coulee. Flinging herself "I'm sure he ran away the moment you from her pony, she plucked Hardy's fell."

rose unsteadily to his feet. His voice all! was as firm as his pose was tottery: "Be so kind as to help me to mount."

Hardy turned his mare down the coulee. Marie, despite his protests, rode between him and the ridge behind which she had seen the blanketed

CHAPTER IX.

The Coquette. Unable to endure the jar of a trot or gallop, Hardy urged the mare to her fastest walk. They had gone less than

a mile when a horseman came loping up the slope from Sloux creek. "It is Mr. Vandervyn," said Hardy in an even tone,"

"Yes." she replied. She handed back the glasses, but did not look at him until Vandervyn rode up.

The young man's face was flushed as if he had been drinking. When he pulled up before them, he was seemingly so struck with Hardy's appearance that he scarcely heeded Marie's joyful

What's the matter, captain?" he exclaimed. "You're as white as a ghost and your head tied up! You must have come a pasty cropper."

"Bit of an accident. Not serious," replied Hardy.

"It could not well have been closer," said Marie. "Captain Hardy has been smooth away the frown with a gentle, shot.

"Shot?" cried Vandervyn. "The bullet grazed the bone above

the temple. Had it been half an inch lower or farther back, it must have up with the clear, bright gaze of full killed him." "Half an Inch," repeated Vandervyn.

His face crimsoned, and the veins of his forehead began to swell. "Where s the fellow? Did he get away? How long ago was it? Loan me the mare, Hardy. I'll run him down."

"Very good of you to offer," said "But the rascal might ambush Hardy. We'll order out a squad of police. Besides, I wish your report on your trip. I presume Redbear is at altered under his gaze. From her utter the agency."

"No." Vandervyn turned a scowling that she thought him dangerously if face towards the butte, as if angrily enger to be off in pursuit of the wouldbe assassin. "Charlie went back to Thunderbolt's camp to see if his sister was getting along all right with the old chief. I told him that if he was welcomed, he had better stay a few me for-not waiting. I love you, From days. If he and the girl make themselves agreeable, we shall have a betful girl I had ever seen. Now I know ter chance to quiet the tribe."

"You found conditions still unfavor-

"Yes. All the chiefs took a violent dislike to you; and they had stirred up "I-I cannot permit you to speak to me the whole tribe. Charlie and I talked and talked. You know a white man can talk Indians into anything, if he keeps at it."

to hear me," he replied in the same calm voice. "I know about him, I "What result?" snapped Hardy. Vandereyn shrugged, "I know we know I have no chance, dear. He is young and handsome; while I-" The pale lips curved in a quizzical smile. old Thunderbolt. The chiefs no doubt would be willing to let you visit the heart!" The girl's bosom heaved. The tears overran her brimming eyes. "You are camps on safe conduct, so to speak; -are generous! I did not think any but I doubt if they could keep the wildman could be so generous!" shooting proves it. I tell you, captain, Again his lips curved whimsically. "Perhaps I am generous because there

is no other course open. I would ask less of you if you cut the whole busiyou-would urge you-to marry me, if ness." I thought I had even a fighting chance "I shall start for the mountains toof winning you." morrow." "Marry you! You would ask me? Yet

"Tomorrow?" remonstrated Marie. you know what my father is like; and Your wound-you must wait at least you army people are so proud. I, an until it has begun to heal. And in the meantime Redbear and Olnna will be Indian quarterbreed, and my father "My mother-passed away-only a n milder mood." few months ago. She was all I had.

"That last is a most excellent argument," said Hardy, and his firmly compressed lips curved in a smile at the girl. "I shall take your advice, Miss Dupont."

The girl turned her face still farther Vandervyn had frowned over the concern in Marie's voice. Hardy's response started the veins of his forehend swelling. He looked off away from the two, and remarked in a casual voice: "I'll ride in ahead and orpret, if I'm upable to make them understand.'

"Good!" said Hardy.

Vandervyn shot at Marie a glance of ealous anger, and put spurs to his pinto. But when they reached the valley and saw through the glasses the squad of police only just leaving the agency, Marle conjectured that the jaded pinto had slowed to a walk while going up the valley.

At last Marie and Hardy reached the agency. With the assistance of Van- He is free. I am, as you know, tied dervyn, who came out of the Dupont house to meet them, he was helped down from his mare to a cot in the shady porch. Here in the open air Marie washed the wound and took several stitches to draw the edges together.

During the operation, which Hardy endured without a groan, Vandervyn stood by, watching Marie's face with sullen jealousy. The moment she had rebandaged the wound, he suggested I feel my strength coming back. It must her sitting beside the cot, fan in hand. | you are." twisted about and raised himself on his Hardy had fallen asleep. She rose and went into the house, and Vander-"You vyn followed her.

The young man made no attempt to conceal his anger. He closed the parlor door and turned upon her accusingly. "So that's what you've been up scratch. All right now, except for a to all the time I've been away?"

"Up to what, pray?" "Coquetting with that old fossil of a tin soldier."

"Am I not a dutiful daughter?" the girl parried. "Mon pere said I must most as soon as it drooped. "It is make myself agreeable to the agent." "He did?"

"Why not go and ask him, if you doubt what I say?"

Hardy straightened on his knees and l

The girl's eyes flashed with resentnent, but her voice was sweetly mocking: "Oh, Mr. Vandervyn, how can you? Captain Hardy never swore once during all our delightful rides." "You've been riding with him every

"All except one. I've been sorry ever since that I missed that one. He was invariably courteous. He is a gentleman."

"You infer that I am not!" exdaimed Vandervyn. "So he's courteous and smooth and slick, is he? One might know that you've been raised in the backwoods."

"You forget I spent four years at he capital of Canada." "In a convent! No wonder you've

let him play you." The girl met the jeer with a tantalizing smile. "It has been a most amusing game,

He treats me with as much respect as if I were a young lady of his own set." "There's no one else here for him to flirt with." "That is an advantage, is it not?"

The girl dropped into her English manner. "I daresay he will forget me as soon as he gets back to civilizationunless I decide to accept his proposal." Vandervyn stared at her cynically.

You needn't try to rag me, Marie." She smiled. "So you do doubt what sny. Yet it is true. Captain Hardy did me the honor of declaring that he

wished to marry me." "Hardy asked you?-he, a captain in the regular army!"

"And I a quarterbreed, the daughter of my father. Amazing, is it not?" Vandervyn caught himself up as he saw the proud humility of her expression. It was a new look to him. He had often seen her proud, but never humble. His jealousy flared: "How did you answer him? You didn't accept-you refused the old boardback !

"Yes and no, that is, not yet," the girl teased.

Vandervyn stepped close grasped her arm. "Be so kind as to release me, Mr. Vandervyn."

"You coquette! You're trying to play me against him." "So that is what you think of me?"

The girl wrenched herself free and turned from him haughtily. He stepped forward, and again

grasped her arm. His voice shook with Jealous anger: "You shall have nothing to do with him! He shall not have you!

"Indeed! May I ask what right you have to dictate?"

"You love me, that is why," he flung You can't deny it." His voice sank to quivered from the passionate ardor in deep, ardent, golden note that sent a tremor through her. "You are mine -mine! You know it. Your arm made some impression, especially on quivers-that look in your eyes! You cannot hide your love, Marle-sweet-

He sought to embrace her. But again she wrenched herself free from est of the young bucks in hand. This him. She could no longer feign hauteur. Her face was rosy with blushes; none of us here would think any the her bosom heaved; her eyes, behind their veiling lashes, glowed with tender passion. Yet she kept her head despite the intoxicating ardor of his look. Unlike Oinna, she was not so unsophisticated as he persisted in thinking her.

"You take a good deal for granted, Mr. Vandervyn," she attempted a talking Ti-owa-konza and his camp into mocking tone. "I am not yet your sweetheart, nor am I so sure I shall

He came nearer to her, his eyes the color of violets and sparkling with tiny golden gleams. He held out his arms. His voice was low and enticing: "Sweetheart-sweetheart!"

She swayed toward him, checked herself in the act of yielding, and

eluded his grasp. "No!" she cried. "You're a bit too

sure. I've no mother, halfbreed or der out a squad of policemen to track otherwise, to advise me, my dear Regdown the scoundrel. Jake can inter- gie. I must be my own chaperon. You charge Captain Hardy with trying to play me. Yet when he spoke to me of his love he also spoke of marriage." Vandervyn's eyes narrowed and as quickly widened in their most child-

> like stare. "How can you, Marie?" he reproached. "You say that as if you think I have been trifling with you all these months, when you know as well as I- But of course, if you do not trust me, I have no show against him.

"That is quite sad, is it not?" she mocked. "I am rather more fortunate. Whether or not there is any uncertainty about my position, I am not bound to anyone, nor am I bound to bind myself to anyone."

down by the uncertainty of my posi-

"Why are you so hard to me?" he pleaded. "You know that if my uncle got even a hint that I am interested in a girl out here it would be all off with that it would be well to leave Hardy me. He doesn't know what you are quiet. In reply she asked him to go like, and it would be impossible in for ice. When he returned, he found writing to convince him how charming

"What a misfortune! Only, as It happens, I have no wish to marry Senator Clemmer. He already has a

"That's just it-a wife and half a dozen daughters. It's all cut and dried that I am to marry Ella, the oldest unmarried one." "Ah-so that is why-" faltered

Marie, the rich color ebbing from her cheeks. But she was only momentarily overcome. Her spirit rallied alme to congratulate you."

His brows peaked in a doleful frown.

"I don't. That's just it-damn it | "You are cruel to take it that way. I | Dupont paused with a knifeful of food don't love the girl. You ought to know that-you do know it! Can't you see the hole I'm in? Even if it wasn't for Ella, they'd all think of you as a-an agency girl. I wouldn't stand a ghost of a show of being appointed agent when Hardy quits."

"Does he intend to quit?"

"If you turn him down, he'll leave just as soon as he finds the tribe still against him. Then-don't you see, sweetheart?-I shall get the appointment as agent. Your father and I can rip into the little old mine as fast as we please. It's a real mine, sweetheart. In a few months we'll have enough ore shipped to the smelter for me to cut loose from my uncle and do as I please. You know what that means. Again he came toward her, his eyes

softly glowing, his arms open to embrace her. And again she eluded him,



Day?"

this time with no hesitancy or wavering. Her smile showed she was once more in control of her emotions. "Aren't you rather previous, Reg-

gle?" she asked, from the other side

of the tea table. "We are not yet engaged." "You coquette!" he cried. "You know I can't formally propose to you

until I have got rid of Ella." "How honorable you are!" praised him, and he could detect no

irony in her voice or look. Vandervyn stifled an oath. "By-I'll have you yet! You shan't get away from me!"

"Indeed?" she mocked, though she his voice. To cover her emotion she shrugged as only a woman of French blood can shrug. "That is to be seen, Mr. Vandervyn. And now, if you'll kindly excuse me, I must give a fair share of my time to my other devoted suitor."

She slipped out onto the porch before Vandervyn could interfere. He muttered a curse and went into the dining room to get one of Dupont's whisky bottles out of the dainty little sideboard.

CHAPTER X.

At the Broken Mountain.

When, at dusk, Dupont rode up to his house, Hardy was still on the cot on the porch. Vandervyn stood at the far end, puffing hard at a cigar as he watched Dupont approach.

The sound of the trader's bluff voice wakened Hardy from his doze and brought Marie to the door.

"No, not a track; not one single sign nowhere," Dupont was saying to Vandervyn. "Thought I'd ride in and send out more of the p'leece with food,"

"Very good," said Hardy. "We must rack down the man, else others may follow his example." The next day the search for the

would-be assassin was continued, with no better results than the first. It was the same on the two succeeding days. At last Dupont declared that there was no hope of finding the mysterious lost trail, and Hardy called in the track-The period of the search had been

as agreeable to Hardy as it had been annoying to Vandervyn. To check Vandervyn's woolng-or it may have been to redouble his ardor through jealousy-she spent as much time as possible in Hardy's company. She was so gracious that Hardy began to show openly that he thought he might have a fighting chance to win her. This made Vandervyn furious. Yet he had to restrain himself from any outburst. Noon of the fourth day Hardy stated

again and would start on the trip into the mountains the next morning. Redbear had not yet returned to the agency, and Dupont, in his friendliest manner, offered his services as interpreter until the halfbreed should join the party. When Hardy accepted this offer.

Vandervyn looked at him in his guile less way and remarked in a casual tone: "With the tribe so uneasy, I suppose you will want me to stay here and look after Marie." Marie objected: "I am a member of

mountains, I am going with him." "No!" cried Vandervyn.

"I cannot permit that," declared

Hardy. "Oh, yes, you can and will," confimost kind of you, Mr. Vandervyn, to dently replied the girl. "I shall be in to spend moneytell me the delightful secret. Permit no danger. If anyone is attacked, it | Parent (interrupting)-Why doesn't will be you only."

Unobservant of Vandervyn's look.

halfway to his mouth to agree with his daughter: "Ain't none of 'em what wants to lift her scalp. She'd be safer 'n me and you, Mr. Van-which is good as saying dead safe."

"Yet if I should be attacked?" said, Hardy.

outbreak, Cap. It will be a few young bloods a laying for you, or mebbe just one, like the buck done down at the coulee." "You see," argued Marie. "You are the only one in danger of attack. If

Reggie and I go, as well as Pere, there

"If you are, it won't be no general

will be that much less chance of a small party firing at you." "Very well," acquiesced Hardy, "1 rely on your father's judgment. there is the slightest chance of danger to you, he should know it. But as you are to be with the party, I shall take

agency, if you prefer." "No, thanks," snapped Vandervyn. "If you intend to let Marie run the risk of getting into a massacre, I most certainly shall go nlong."

along a squad of police. Mr. Vander-

vyn, you may remain in charge of the

The girl was unusually gracious to Hardy at supper. At breakfast she divided her smiles between the two with strict impartiality. But when, shortly before sunrise, the party started off up the valley, Hardy began talking about tribal customs with Dupont and became so engrossed in the discussion that he failed to give his usual courteous attention to Marie. Vandervyn was quick to make the most of the girl's pique. The half-dozen Indian police of the escort were strung out infront with the pack horses. He suggested that it would be well to avoid the dust by getting in the lead.

Do you believe that Marie is deliberately aiding the plotters against Hardy, and do you fear an ambuscade for the new agent on this visit to the Indians?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAUGHT MAMMA TELLING FIB

Small and Well-Meant "White Lie" Gave Little Girl Opportunity for Sarcasm.

In a certain western city there lives little girl who is a good deal of a romancer. The truth in her hands becomes sadly twisted, and is frequently lost sight of altogether. This propens-Ity for yarning has bothered her mother a great deal. She has talked to the little girl in a serious way, and not long ago she told her that even if pape and mamma didn't find out about her naughty stories, God knew, because he was always present. This seemed to make quite an impression on the little maid, and her mamma hoped it would be lasting.

The family washerwoman, who has long been a retainer of the household, gave the little girl a fancy matchbox for a Christmas present. Of course, the small damsel immediately wanted to fill it with matches, and as matches were the cause of a bad burning she had received not long before, her mamma didn't want her to play with the new gift. Well, it disappeared after a day or two-lost, perhaps, or stolen, or possibly given away. It was certainly gone.

A day or two later the washerwoman was hanging the clothes in the back yard, and the mistress came out of the house and spoke to her.

"And has Gracie got her matchbox yet?" inquired the domestic.

Not wishing to hurt the good woman's feelings the mistress indulged in n small white lie. "Oh yes," she said, "it's put away

As she turned to enter the door she saw Gracle standing in the doorway with a decidedly sarcastic grin on her

carefully upstairs."

"Well, mamma," she said, as her parent stepped in, "I guess you must have thought that God wasn't in the back yard this morning." And mamma didn't say a word.

The Indian Languages. The bureau of American ethnology

of the Smithsonian institution, which conducts studies and investigations among the Indians, is constantly bombarded with requests for "the Indian word" for this and that. It may be worth while to explain to the public, therefore, that there is no one American Indian language. On the contrary there are about 1,000 languages in the two Americas, and practically 500 distinct Indian languages north of Mexico. It becomes, then, impossible to give "the" Indian word for any English at dinner that he was quite himself equivalent, and consequently it is usually chosen from the language of the tribe which inhabits, or once inhabited, the particular section of the country from which the request comes; for example, the word may be chosen from the Sioux, Delaware, Cherokee, Seneca, Zuni or other language,

> Ragweed. The North American species of rag-

weed is sometimes called the bitter weed. It is a much branching plant, grows from one to three feet high, and grows everywhere. Its pollen is regarded as the cause of hay fever. Its the tribe. If Pere is going into the stem is stout and hairy and the flowers are green and inconspicuous.

Wasted Effort.

Daughter-Father, our domestic science professor is teaching us how

he teach fish how to swim?—Pitt Pan-

No sick headache, bilious bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowel and stomach clean, pure angrery

with Cascarets, or merely to ch passageway every few dan" the Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Purgative Waters? Stop having a bowel wash-dis et Cascarets thoroughly cleanse a grisulate the stomach, remove the and fermenting food and for the take the excess bile from the

and carry out of the system poo constipated waste matter and stive A Cascaret to-night will make feel great by morning. The and while you sleep—never gripe in the convenience, wold, in the bowels. or cause any inconvenience, role, only 10 cents a box from you rho Millions of men and womes . Cascaret now and then and ays have Headache, Biliousness, iiilio Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stor 90

Dr. Mary Morey, age sevet b Smiley, Tex., will enter a 4." school again.

Constipation. Adv.

CLIMBED STAIL

Too III to Walk Upright. Op Advised. Saved by Lyd The Pinkham's Vegetable Comp Well

This woman now raises chicker a does manual labor. Read hern Pe Richmond, Ind.—"For two was so sick and weak with



daughter as to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Ver Compound as she had taken it will results. I did so, my weaks appeared, I gained in strength into our new home, did all taken and compound the strength of the stren

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