# THE QUARTERBREED

The Story of an Army Officer on an Indian Reservation By ROBERT AMES BENNET

vine that the man was the chief of the

Hardy walked around the fire with

the ground between them. He then

folded his arms and waited, his eyes

fixed on the fire in a calm, unwavering

gaze. There followed a silence of a

At last, when the suspense had be

OMING to take the agency at Lakotah Indian reservation following the murder of Agent Nogen, Capt. Floyd Hardy, U. S. A., rescues a quarterbreed girl and two men from attacking Indians. They are Jacques Dupont, post trader, his daughter Marie, and Reginald Vandervyn, agency clerk and nephew of Senator Clemmer, Hardy learns that Vandervyn had been promised the agency by his politician uncle, discovers that the Indians are disaffected because they have been cheated in a tribal mine which Dupont and Vandervyn are working illegally, is puzzled when his friendly speech to tribesmen, interpreted by Vandervyn's tool, angers the Indians, and he determines to find out what's wrong all around and right it. He becomes smitten with Marie, whom Vandervyn is courting, and proposes to her. She holds him off but nurses him tenderly when he is shot and wounded from ambush. Recovered, Captain Hardy, accompanied by the Duponts, Vandervyn, an interpreter and a few Indian policemen, starts to the mines in the mountains. What occurs on that trip makes mighty good rending in this installment.

### CHAPTER X-Continued.

When Hardy saw the couple ride his hat above the top. The ancient come almost unendurable, the chief "You were not so certain of the

friendliness of the Indians toward her the other day," remarked Hardy.

Dupont scratched his head. "Well,

no, I wasn't, Cap; that's no lie. That there, though, was diffrent. I'm going ling around on the flank of the assasnow by what Mr. Van says about the feeling in the camps. Wisht I felt as render close shooting difficult. Yet sure about you.'

"Never mind about me. If your no sign of the police. daughter is safe, that is quite sufficient. You say this mine is centrally there was a faint gliat of metal in the camps. We will go to it first and en- ment's hesitation Hardy aimed and denvor to get the tribe to meet us there | fired. The mountainside rang with a

"At the mine?" mumbled Dupont. 'We-e-ll, you're the boss,"

The party now entered Sloux Creek behind shelter where it was available, canyon and followed the narrow path but in places boldly rushing up over alongside the torrent until they came to the first small Indian camp. The Indians met Marie and Vandervyn with friendly greetings, but looked at blood. The wounded man had crept Hardy with a stolid concealment of away up the cleft. For several yards ill feeling that, according to Dupont, Hardy followed the trail by the splashboded ill for the new agent's reception in the larger camps. Hardy set Then the traces ceased. But over in his jaw, and ordered the party to start on into the mountains.

Noon found the party over twenty miles from the agency by trail, though less than half that distance in on air



Though He Saw No Smoke, He Did Not Look in Vain.

fine. They had come upon no more Indian camps and had seen no more Indians. Late afternoon found them far in among the mountains, with snowy penks on every side. Yet they were still a long ten miles by trail from Dupont that there was no desirable camp-site nearer than the mine, Hardy asked his companion to ride forward and urge all to a faster pace.

The rest of the party had rounded a guined castle at the ridge summit, and flicker of the fire for which he was agency. Here he is alone in my camp Vandervyn was about to follow them out of sight, when the thoroughbred came to a full stop, thirty yards down the trail, at the foot of the steepest part of the climb. Considerate of the fact that his tall mount was at a disadvantage in such a situation as compared with the lower-set ponies, Hardy did not urge the mare to carry him up snarling mongrel dogs rushed out at the ascent.

He paused a moment, waiting to see their attack by swinging his rifle barif she would make the attempt voluntarily. She stood motionless. He patted her neck and dropped down out of the saddle. The suddenness of the had not stopped his advance. Nor did movement alone saved him from the bullet that pinged down the mountainside and passed above the saddle precisely where, an instant before, had scurry to the tepees and the bucks been his midbody.

The report of the rifle had yet to reach Hardy's ear when he peered over the mare's withers in search of the smoke of the shot. But though he saw no smoke, he did not look in vain. Above a bowlder, high up in a cleft, he perceived a devilish painted face, Indians started to aim their weapons surmounted by a war bonnet. He at him. He held up his right hand, glanced sideways up the ridge slope palm forward. A deep voice called out at Vandervyn. The young man had a guttural order. The threatening halted his pony on the ridge crest and bucks drew apart to right and left and was staring back down at Hardy.

blazing stick to drive off the dogs. Hardy waved to him imperatively. "Go on!" he shouted. "Guard Miss Dupout. May be more of them, Send between the grim and stolid bucks. the police around to finnk-"

Vandervyn's pinto leaped out of was not itching to drive a bullet or and fired at the down-peering devilish and quietly as if they were his own face. It vanished as he pressed the party.

the mare's head and dashed up the strike down the audacious intruder, slightly relaxed their menacing attislope, keeping a large bowlder in line | Hardy followed their glances and per- tude. Hardy took off his hat to show between himself and his enemy. A bul- ceived a blanket-wrapped Indian who the red scar above his temple, and let came pinging down over the bowl- sat in the midst of the volcanic hush spoke again: der and passed under his upraised seemingly as placid and immobile as

full minute's duration. He knew that it might end at any moment in an ettack. His hand gripped the hilt of his pistol on his breast under the edge of his cont. The bucks stenithily shifted their positions until they had completely surrounded the unwelcome visiter. Hardy sat motionless and gave arm. A few seconds more and, safe no sign that he observed them,

behind the huge stone, he slowly edged

sin. A little more and the dusk would

the precious moments slipped by, and

Over on the far side of the cleft

shrill yell. The bullet had found its

dashed up the mountain-side, keeping

There, on the spot where he had

es of crimson on the leaves and rocks.

out his eyes still cold and hard.

now deepening into night. He came

Night had fallen when at last he

reached the top of the cleft and clam-

bered up on a ridge crest. But the sky

him to see the outlines of the moun-

stars and started down the mountain-

Once clear of the rocks of the shat-

unexpectedly easy. Almost from the

pearance of the dark forms around the

fire told him that he had not found the

He had no more than made this dis-

covery when a number of yelping.

him like a pack of wolves. He met

rel around in a circle. The cowardly

curs closed about him, but were afraid

to leap in within reach of the club. He

he pause or hesitate when over the

heads of the leaping, yelling pack he

saw the Indian women and children

spring up with their bows and guns.

CHAPTER XI.

Light in the Darkness.

Soon Hardy had approached into the

circle of the firelight. Some of the

a naked boy ran forward with a

Hardy calmly advanced to the fire

The bucks looked toward the far

camp of his party.

side directly toward the fire.

the main stream in the valley.

cape out of the maze,

open spaces.

ahead, he would have ordered them ruse drew a shot. Instantly he scram- muttered a word to the nearest buck back had not Dupont again assured bled obliquely upward towards another The man glided back toward the larghim that the girl would not be in the bowlder. It was a desperate move. A est tepee. The chief pushed the blan slightest danger at any time during bullet grazed his thigh as he flung ket from his head. Hardy slowly looked aside at him and perceived the dimself behind the bushes beside the powerful profile of Ti-owa-konza, the second bowlder. Hardy walted. The twillight was fast fading. Still Thunderbolt. He was to deal with the Hardy waited, his gaze scanning the head chief of the tribe. sloft and the rocks on either side. It There followed another silence. It ons time for the police to come creep-

vas broken by the tread of light feet, and a girl appeared beside the chief. Hardy caught a glimpse of a gingham skirt, and glanced quickly up at the face of the girl. He was met by the frightened gaze of Olana Redbear.

'Oh!" she murmured. "It is bad. You oughtn't to've come here, sir, located with relation to the various deepening shadow. Without a mo- They don't like you, Mr. Van said he was going to tell you-"

A grunt of disapproval from Ti-owaconza cut short the hurried statement, mark. Hardy leaped to his feet and After a dignified silence the chief spoke to the girl. She clasped her hands and interpreted in an anxious murmur: "He says I must be only the tongue

seen the glint, he found a trace of did you lie? Why have you not gone away, as you said you would?" Hardy turned and looked direct into the haughty face of the chief. "Tell other query:

him I did not lie. I did not say I would go away. I wished to stay and one of the many clefts on the far side prove myself the friend of the tribe. of the gap he thought he saw some-Your brother told the lie to keep the thing move among the bowlders. He chiefs from destroying the tribe by sprinted down the slope and across the attacking me." gap, his face flushed with exertion, Olnna's Interpretation brought gut-

Among the heaps of broken rocks in ing bucks. Hardy was equally unthe bottom of the gap Hardy lost sight moved by their ferocious glances and of the cleft for which he was heading. the contemptuous rejoinder of Ti-owa-When he started to return along what he supposed to be the passage by "Does the chief of the Longknives which he had entered, he soon found think to destroy a tribe single-hand-

himself in a cul-de-sac. Dusk was ed?" "No, nor do I wish others to destroy out and into a steep ascent between the tribe," answered Hardy. "I do not overhanging ledges. This certainly wish the Longknives to come and make war on the tribe. Yet that Is what was not the way by which he had entered, but he kept to it, eager to esthey will do if I am harmed."

> Again Olnna Interpreted in her flute like tones. This time the chief considered before speaking. Olnna's goldtinted skin turned a sallow gray, "He-he says he will fight if you do

was clear, and the starlight enabled not promise to go away!" she gasped. Hardy smiled, "Have no fear, Ointains that cut the skyline. A star lower nn. He is too great a chief to kill a down than any of the others caught his eye. He peered at it fixedly. The guest in his camp. Tell him I came to the reservation to be a friend to the little twinkling point of light was not a star-it was a fire, two or three tribe. Though I am a chief of the miles away across the intervening val- Longknives, my heart is good toward ley. Hardy took his bearings by the his people. It would be foolish of him to kill or drive away the friend of his people."

This time Ti-owa-konza gave the intered mountain top, he found the going truder an open stare of contempt. The surrounding bucks glared more ferofirst he had lost sight of the fire and clously than ever.

"He says you are fork-tongued," at no time did he see any trace of the trail to the mine. Off to the left he Olnna translated the reply, "He says, if you are a friend, why did you say heard the diminutive roar of a mountheir destination. Upon learning from their rill dashing down a ravine to join at the council that you would punish all the tribe for the killing of Nogen?" At last he came up over the edge of "That is a mistake. I did not say I

would punish the tribe." the ridgetop, or terrace, on which the rill headed. The moment his eyes Oinna interpreted the answer and cleared the low underbrush below the the grim old chief's rejoinder: "The heap of rock that towered up like a few scattered pines he perceived the Longknife's mouth was big at the looking. He could make out the ap- and his mouth is small."

"I talk as I talked at the agency. fire, but their number and the half- What Tl-own-konza claims I said about dozen white tepees grouped around the punishing the tribe is not the truth.



He Faced Them as Coolly and Quietly as if They Were His Own Party.

There must have been a mistake in There was not one among them who not hear aright. I had only peace and that Hardy considerately feigned sight. A shot grazed the mare's with- an arrow through his body, and he friendship in my heart. I said that I drowsiness. ers. In a flash he flung up his rifle knew it. Yet he faced them as coolly did not blame the killing of Mr. Nogen

on the tribe," This statement failed to break Thunderbolt's mask of stolldity, Swift as a puma, he sprang around side of the fire, as if for the signal to though some of the other Indians

"I do not blame the killing of Mr.

Buddha. His face was down-bent, | Nogen on the tribe; nor do I blame, she served her grandfather and the and so muffled in the blanket that the tribe for the wrongdoing of the guest, Hardy suggested that she go Hardy could not make out the fea- bad-hearted indian who shot me in with him to the mine, where they probthe head five days ago. The same ably would find Marie and the rest of tures. It was, however, easy to diman, or another man with a bad heart, the party. Reluctant cs was Ti-owaday, as I came up the trail over on the granddaughter, he ordered her pony his most dignified bearing, sat down other side of the broken-topped mounbeside the chief and laid his rifle on tain."

Olnna's interpretation was met by a the chief. He asked shrewdly: "If the mount, took ceremonious leave of the Lengknife does not lie, is he not afraid old chief and set out up the mountainto be in my camp? It is the nearest side with the girl and a young Indian to the trail."

Hardy smiled and held out his open palm to the chief. "I trust Ti-owaone bad Indian, and even he may come to feel good in his heart toward me when he learns that I am the friend of

Still the old chief's face remained inscrutably immobile. He pondered, and at last made another sharp query: The Longknife claims that he is a friend. Why, then, did he say at the council that he will do the way Nogen did and make my people dig stones giving them any trade goods for their

Hardy's clear eyes dimmed for a noment, and then sparkled with comprehension. He answered with an carnest sincerity of tone that compelled belief:

"I now see that at the council Redbear mistook much of what I told him to say, or else, in their anger, Ti-owakonza and his subchlefs falled to understand aright the interpretation. The place where stones are dug is on Indian ground. It belongs to the tribe. No white man has any right to make your people dig stones. If they are willing to dig, they must be given trade goods for their work."

The response to this statement was unmistakable. The moment that Oinna between you and him. He says, why had interpreted it the last trace of menace disappeared from the bearing of the Indians, and even the chief began to relax. Yet he had still an-

> "Did the Longkulfe say he would stop the issue to the tribe of all government goods and that he would take away from the tribe all their lands and give them to the white men?" At last the real cause of the failure

of the council was disclosed. Either intentionally or through stupid bluntural exclamations from the surrounddering, Redbear had made the chiefs furious by a twisted interpretation that had given the exact reverse of sent the whole bunch back to trail what had been intended. With the you," key to the situation in his hands, Hardy at once began to make clear what he had tried to tell at the coun- compelled belief. Hardy nodded. cil. He explained why the issues of goods would cease the following spring, and what was meant by an al-

lotting of tribal land in severalty. He added that if there was gold on any of the reservation land it would be well for the tribe to sell that part of turned a dublous glance on Olnna, what they owned; otherwise bad and remarked: "I see you stumbled white men would, sooner on later, come in and steal it.

More than half convinced of Hardy's sincerity, though with still a lingering suspicion, Ti-owa-konza explained in turn that the tribe was not ter. I have reason to believe that he only willing to allot the farming land wilfully misstated what I said to the of the reservation and sell the min-chiefs." eral land, but a treaty to that effect had been agreed upon by the tribe, the previous year. All that remained to be done was for the white chiefs at by laying it all on Charlie." Washington to agree on the price to be paid for the mineral land and for a delegation of tribal chiefs to go to lie was scared stiff. He may have be-Washington and put their marks on come muddled." the treaty paper.

A question or two from Hardy brought out the angry complaint that when Nogen began to dig stones he treaty, and that the tribe must dig the stones for him, or they would receive no more Issue goods. Chief Van and Big-mouth (Dupont) had tried to get Nogen to give trade goods to the through the arm. He will be all right young men and women who had dug holes. But Nogen would not allow it. Then a bad Indian had shot Nogen. and Van had shot the killer. The tribe did not blame Chief Van. But they had felt bad toward Nogen and they had felt bad toward the new agent because they thought he would do as Nogen had done. Now they would like the new agent. No Indian would wish to kill him when it became known

what he intended to do for the tribe. After the old chief finished this explanation, Hardy found himself a welcome and honored guest in the camp. At his suggestion Ti-own-konza readily agreed to send out runners in the morning to call a council at the mine the day after. Hardy, in turn, promised to draw up papers to make smooth the way of the delegation of chiefs in

Washington. At a sign from her grandfather, Oinna now brought food to the guest, While he ate he talked with her about her experience in the camp. She told him joyously that her mother's father and all his family and band had been very kind to her and had been hospitable, though not so kind, to her broth-

But when Hardy casually inquired whether Redbear had left the camp at the same time as Vandervyn, the girl's flow of conversation came to an abrupt stop. She blushed and stammered and the interpretation, or the chiefs did became so painfully shy and confused

### CHAPTER XII.

His Duty.

At dawn Hardy was roused by Tiown-konza with a greeting as friendly as it was dignified, though Hardy had I'm afraid he'll order me to give up to surmise its meaning from the chief's smoking." "Don't let that worry you. expression. Oinna was already out- I know a doctor who owns stock in side, helping with breakfast. While the tebacco trust."

tried to shoot me, after sundown to- konza to part with his half-white brought in and saddled. When she explained to Hardy that the mine was only a mile away across the mountain, guttural "Ugh!" of surprise even from he declined the offer of a saddleless

> Hardy noted the bearings and distances of all prominent points around konza and his people. There is only him with the eye of one well trained in hour brought the little party to the er?" top of the low mountain. Before them the far side of the mountain pitched down a steep and rocky incline into a narrow valley. The silent Indian guide pointed to a terrace midway down the descent. From amidst the pines was rising a cloud of blue-black smoke.

Soon Oinna pointed out a cabin among the pines. They were within and dirt from the big holes, without fifty yards of it when Vandervyr and Dupont came out of a hole in the cliffend of a spur-ridge near the cabin, and stood staring at the newcomers in undisguised astonishment. swerved and hastened toward them. his eyes bright and cold. The two men glanced at one another and advanced to meet him halfway. Dupont was the first to speak: "By

Gar, Cap, we sure are mighty glad to see you ag'in all safe and sound! Thought you'd gone and lost yourself on that cussed mountain. The p'leece are back there now, looking for you. "And you two are here, I see." dry ly rejoined Hardy.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Hardy," replied Vandervyn, his eyes flashing with quick anger. "You told me to go ahead and guard Marie."

"I added for you to send the police around to flank the assassin." Vandervyn drew himself up stiffty.

You have my word, sir, that I heard othing of that." "In common decency, you might

have returned to see what had become of me," returned Hardy. Dupont hastened to interpose: "Mr

Van got the idea you meant us to rush Marie through here to the mine, where she'd be safe. So we lit out fast as we could. The p'leece found your mare, but lost your trail up in the rocks. First thing this morning we The honest bluffness of Dupont's

Very well. I could not expect that either of you would trouble to go back "Just the same, we would've, Cap, you can bet your life on it-only on ac-

tone and his straightforward statement

count of Marie and-" The trader onto old Thunderbolt's camp." "I did," said Hardy, and he smiled,

"Thanks to Miss Oinna, I was able to make myself better understood than when her brother acted as interpre-"By Gar!" swore Dupont. "That old

Thunderbolt is a deep one. Just like him to try to throw you off the track "I'm not so sure of that, Jake," broke

in Vandervyn. "You remember, Char-

"We-ell, mebbe that had part to do with it. Just the same, you can't tell me the whole tribe ain't sore. Look at the way they've twice tried to git told the chiefs there would be no Cap-and potting Charlie last night." "Charlie?" gasped Oinna. "You say -Oh, Mr. Dupont, he's not-not-"

"No-buck up," brusquely replied Vandervyn. "He was only nipped in a few days."

RILEY EASY TO UNDERSTAND

### For That Reason There is a Class

That Refuses to Recognize Him as a Great Poet.

poetry of James Whitcomb Riley will his acquaintance found that in five probably always in our lifetime encounter a species of objections in the that had cost him \$4 gives some idea sings. Its force is emotional. Its income, sincere charm is absolute, and depends not at all on being something like something else-on the audience's recollection of Greek verse, or familiarity with Japanese art, or imof render for whom a recognizable, of poetry, to the kind of reader who thinks of poetry as a species of mere tight-mouthed and cryptic prose, to poets who will not give him, so to comb Riley's poetry must always seem all wrong and misguided. Anyone can understand his songs. People have always been cutting them out of the newspapers and reciting them at ice-cream sociables and

"I ought to go and see a doctor, but

"All right? O-o-oh, thank you sighed the girl.

In the stress of the moment she for got that they were not alone. She held out her arms to him and looked up inco his face, her soft eyes beaming with love and adoration.

He frowned, and his voice grateo with harshuess; "Don't be a fool! He's in the cabla. Miss Dupont is taking care of him. Go and thank her, not

Tears gushed into the girl's eyes. She drooped her head and slunk away as if Vandervyn had struck ber lardy's face became like tron.

"Mr. Vandervyn," he admonished do not let me again hear you speak to any woman in that tone."

Vandervyn shrugged. "The chivalrous chevaller! Have it your own way. Now I suppose you'll go in and worry her and rag Charlle into a fever about balling up his interpretation at

"As for that-" began Hardy. H stopped short and raised his hat.

Marie had come out of the cabin and was hastening forward to greet him, her beautiful face radiant. "Captain!" she called. "You're here -really here, safe and unhurt!"

"But how could Olnna-surely she did not help you escape the murder-

"Thanks to Miss Redbear," replied

"No. It was easy enough to dislodge the fellow. The difficulty was to track



In Common Decency You Might Have Returned to See What Had Become

him among those rocks. Soon lost him and myself also."

"And he escaped to shoot Charliehe wolf! The poor boy was tracking a deer over on the ridge half a mile

or so this way." "All's well that ends well," Hardy assured her. "I'm here, unhurt, as you see; Redbear, I understand, has only a slight wound; and the old chief now knows that I am a friend of the tribe. He will call a council to mee us here tomorrow."

"A council-here?" queried Vander-

"Why not?" demanded Hardy, fixing him with his keen glance. "Could there be a more suitable place for a tribal council than at the mine which has been the source of all the recen trouble on this reservation?"

"Nom d'un chien!" muttered Dupont. "What's that breed girl gone

and blabbed?" "Nothing," rejoined Hardy, "She has done no more than interpret be tween the head chief and myself. have learned all about Nogen's dishonesty and his harshness to the tribe It is well that you and Mr. Vandervyn tried to induce him to be more just else I should order you both off the reservation for lying to me."

"Lying? What d'you mean by that?" estered Dupont.

"The word is explicit," said Hardy "Mr. Vandervyn, take your hand from your holster. Miss Dupont, I regret the necessity of making this reprimand in your presence." The girl's eyes were ablaze with in-

dignant anger, "Regret is a mild excuse for insulting my father, sir!"

Do you believe that Vander vyn had anything to do with the attempt to ambush Captain Hardy on the way to the mineand what about the story of Rendbear's wound?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Widely enjoyed and beloved, the minds of many Americans. His poetry pressionistic landscape. To the kind musical idea limits, instead of greatly liberating the communicative faculty the kind of reader who is worried by speak, any reliable library references for their inspiration-to such American renders as these James Whitchurch benefits. They are a part of profits from the sale of drinks and the national consciousness,-New Re-

Tips Cost More Than the Hat. It is probable that few men in New York of the great number who constantly patronize hotels, restaurants and theaters have any idea of the sum of money they spend annually in tips. The statement of the manager of a large New York hotel that a man of months he paid \$8 in tips for a hat of this drain upon the average man's So lucrative is the checking privi-

lege in popular restaurants and similar places that the work is frequently let out by competitive bidding, without expense to the proprietor. But the public pays, as in everything else, No man objects to tipping a waiter

for good service while at table, but that a boy or a girl should get a quarter-and in many places a less sum stamps one a "piker"-for the mere service of hanging up a hat and then handing it back when the check is presented seems a bit too much. Maybe some day a wise manager will abolish this abuse and see that the persons who come to his place get proper service without the additional tariff.-New York Telegram.

Chinese Theaters. Many Chinese theaters charge no

admission, but depend entirely on the food products. These playhouses are on the order of cafes, tables being provided and tea and native delicacies

Takes the Place of Sugar. A wild herb growing in Paraguay is much sweeter than sugar and is used by the natives for that propose,

## **MOTHERHOOD** WOMAN'S JOI

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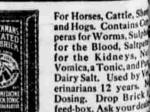
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