

**The Cure that Cures**  
Coughs,  
Colds,  
Grippe,  
Whooping Cough, Asthma,  
Bronchitis and Incipient  
Consumption, is

**OTTO'S  
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The GERMAN REMEDY  
Cures throat and lung diseases.  
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ing harness is the  
worst kind of a combina-  
tion.

**Eureka  
Harness Oil**

not only makes the harness and the  
horns look better but makes the  
leather soft and pliable, putting in  
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as it ordinarily would.  
Suits everybody in harness—  
all sizes. Made by  
STANDARD  
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**Give  
Your  
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**Experts Baffled**  
Real Diamonds are no better  
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**Genuine Barrios  
Diamonds**

**\$1.00  
each**

We are the sole agents in the United  
States for these marvelous semi-precious  
stones, which are the nearest approach to  
Genuine Diamonds ever discovered. For  
the purpose of introducing them quickly to the  
public we will forward them

The little woman could see that  
something unusual had happened at  
the parsonage, but her own trouble  
practically absorbed her feelings. She  
looked at Dorothy, however, with the  
admiration which her beauty of face  
often evoked in what we call ordinary  
people.

"Oh, ma'am," she cried, "I've come  
to see if Mr. Kirk won't help me to  
get my boy home again. He's been  
drinking. I live in a lonesome place  
at The Forks, and I don't very often  
come to town, but I have heard of  
your husband, and they say people all  
around have gone to him for help, and  
I know he will do what he can for me.  
My boy will be 21 next week. I told  
your husband that some day your baby  
would grow up into a good Christian  
man to comfort and bless you. That's  
what I hoped and prayed my boy  
would do. And he might if the saloon  
had not tempted him."

**RING, PIN, STUD, EARRINGS**  
(Screws or Drops), at

**\$1.00  
each**

**Earrings Are \$2 Per Pair.**

**SPECIAL CAUTION:**  
Do not confound Genuine Barrios Dia-  
monds with so-called Rhinestones, White  
Topaz, or other imitation stones, regardless  
of what the name may be. Genuine Barrios  
Diamonds have no artificial backing, are  
equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear,  
and will cut glass. This offer will last only a  
short time longer, and is subject to with-  
drawal without notice.

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Diamond, mounted in a heavy ring, pin or  
stud, will be sent to any address on receipt  
of One Dollar. In ordering, give full direc-  
tions and state whether small, medium or  
large stone is desired.

**CAMILLE SEYGARD, the Prima Donna**  
of the Walter D'Amore Opera Co., writes:  
"Barrios Diamonds are lustrous and full of  
fire. They are magnificent substitutes for  
genuine diamonds for stage purposes."  
CAMILLE SEYGARD

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not as represented.

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INFLAMMATIONS  
Old Sores, Wounds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,  
"Colds," A SURE CURE Grippe.

For any PAIN inside or out.  
By dealers. Wholesale by mail only, 100¢ per bottle, N.Y.

**MALCOM KIRK.**

A Tale of Moral Heroism in Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,  
Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert  
Hardy's Seven Days."

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Illustrations by Herman Heger.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

THE BEST SOLACE FOR OUR OWN GRIEF IS  
TO LIGHTEN THE SORROWS OF OTHERS.

For a few moments Malcom Kirk  
experienced a feeling of anguish on his  
own account that shut out entirely this  
other forlorn and bleeding heart. Then  
there sprang up in his soul a most tre-  
mendous and overpowering revolution  
of feeling. He said to a very dear  
friend several years afterward that as he  
stood there on the threshold of his  
parsonage, with the hot, dusty glare of  
that withering day smiting him and  
the figure of that old woman on the  
doorstep, he knew that perhaps the  
most important event in his own inner  
experience was taking place. For this  
appeal for help, this cry to him to  
share a burden while his own seemed  
greater than he could bear, revealed to  
him the Christ life in our human lives  
and the glory of overcoming the world  
for his sake. Certain it is that as Mal-  
com Kirk stood there that morning his  
soul felt the touch of a healing and  
beneficent love, and he looked at his  
life again as worth while, and then be-  
gan already to know that the fire of his  
own sorrow was destined to make him  
more serviceable to others.



which had been fast bound within her  
as if it would burst, felt the relief  
she had known. God was leading her.  
She still did not know that what Mal-  
com had experienced had come to her  
also. But the lonely, stricken woman  
in the little study, representing so  
much human sorrow of a kind that  
neither Dorothy nor Malcom knew, had  
touched her. She also was able to say  
to her husband years afterward that  
she felt as if the coming of that other  
burden into their own heavy hearted  
lives was a part of the loving Father's  
plan for their victory in overcoming  
the world, the world of what might  
have grown to be a very selfish sorrow.

What happened, all that was said in  
that little study room after that, is not  
easy to tell; but when Mrs. Barton  
went out Malcom Kirk went with her.  
Dorothy went into her own little room  
and prayed, and there was that in her  
prayer that revealed to her the loving  
Father. For the first time she saw her  
baby surrounded by the infinite love,  
and when she came back to her work  
in the kitchen there were hope, immor-  
tal hope, and a large measure of the  
peace of Christ in her heart.

Malcom Kirk got into the farm wa-  
gon with Mrs. Barton, and they drove  
down to the main business street of  
Conrad.

"Now, Mrs. Barton," Malcom had  
said, "if you will wait outside I'll go  
into the saloons and see if I can find  
your boy. While I'm looking you may  
might question passersby and ask  
them if they have seen the hay wagon  
and horses anywhere."

She thanked him gratefully, and he  
noted that even in the burning sun her  
thin, sorrowful figure trembled as if  
she were cold. His compassion for her  
motherhood increased every moment.

"God help her," he said as he stepped  
down out of the wagon. "This boy  
is one of the lost ones in this town  
that Dorothy and I pledged ourselves  
three years ago to rescue. Heaven  
give me strength and wisdom to make  
that promise good."

He had never been inside of a saloon  
in his life. He shrank from the ordeal  
before him with all the shuddering of  
a highly sensitive spirit in the presence  
of an ugly, repulsive, hideous evil. But  
he went at once into the first saloon  
on the main street and stopped inside  
near the door and looked around him.

It was not yet 10 o'clock in the morn-  
ing, but there were a dozen men and  
boys in the room, which was quite  
large, seated with stools and furnished  
with small, round tables.

At first his entrance attracted no at-  
tention. A few of the men were  
lounging at the bar. The rest were  
seated at the tables. But as he re-  
mained by the door two or three of  
those nearest him turned and looked at  
him. One of the men was a laborer  
who had several times been employed  
by Malcom in odd jobs about the house.

Instantly Kirk walked over to him  
and held out his hand. "Carver, do  
you know Mrs. Barton's boy? Philip  
is his name. She is looking for him.  
He left home Saturday, and she is  
sure he is in one of the saloons some-  
where."

The man looked very much embar-  
rased. He shuffled his feet nervously  
in the dirty sawdust under the table.

"I saw him yesterday. He was in  
Valmer's place in the next block."

"Thank you," said Malcom slowly.  
"Can any of you gentlemen tell me  
anything about him? Has any one  
seen him today?"

No one answered, and there was a  
painful silence. The barkeeper, who  
had been eying Kirk, suddenly broke  
the silence by saying with a short  
laugh:

"You won't find him here. I won't  
say he hasn't been here. He knows a  
good thing when he sees it. Won't  
you step up and take a glass of ice  
beer this morning? We keep the best  
in the town on tap for preachers."

There was a laugh from one or two  
of the men nearest the speaker, but  
Malcom simply looked him in the face  
without a word. He then laid his  
hand on Carver's shoulder and said  
softly:

"I'm sorry to see you here, Carver.  
You promised me you would quit it."

The man writhed in his seat, but did  
not say a word. Kirk looked at him  
sorrowfully.

"Come, Carver; come out of this. I'll  
give you something to do. Don't lose  
your soul in this place."

"Say," said the barkeeper, who had  
been leaning with his elbows on the  
bar listening, as had also every other  
man in the saloon. "You leave my cus-  
tomers alone, will you, and mind your  
own business?"

"That's just what I am doing," re-  
plied Kirk earnestly, and, as he spoke,  
his pale blue eyes filled with a high,  
white light. "It is my business to de-  
stroy your business. Man, do you  
know that just outside that door is a  
mother's broken heart that you have  
helped to break? And hers is only  
one out of thousands all over the  
world. Mind my own business! It is  
exactly what I intend to do, until every  
hell like this is wiped out of this  
town."

He spoke very quietly, almost softly;  
his voice did not declaim, but the un-  
usual quality of it thrilled everybody  
there. He looked into their faces a  
moment and with a last appealing look  
at Carver he turned and went out.

"Whew!" said the barkeeper. "First  
sermon ever delivered here. Score one  
for Parson Kirk!"

The other men did not respond with  
much enthusiasm. Carver had risen  
from the table.

"Better have one before you go," said  
the saloon keeper.

"I won't drink again today," Carver  
retorted with an oath which was a  
curse. He staggered over to the door  
and went out into the glare of the hot,  
withering sun. Down the street he  
could see Kirk just entering Valmer's  
place.

"I'm half a mind to help Mr. Kirk  
hunt for the boy," Carver muttered.  
He hesitated for a moment and then  
went on down the street, following the  
minister.

That forenoon Malcom Kirk went  
into every saloon in Conrad, but he  
failed to get any trace of the missing  
boy. Always behind him, unknown to  
him, Carver staggered. In two or three  
saloons the man was unable to resist  
the invitation to drink, but he managed  
to keep just sober enough to know  
where Kirk was and to follow him.

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not say a word. Kirk looked at him  
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the invitation to drink, but he managed  
to keep just sober enough to know  
where Kirk was and to follow him.

The sights that greeted Malcom in  
the saloons were never forgotten by  
him. He was astonished to see the  
number of men and boys gathered in  
the saloons. Many of the faces he  
knew, and his entrance invariably cre-  
ated a distinct embarrassment through-  
out the company. The majority of cus-  
tomers, however, seemed, from their dress  
and talk, to be composed of farmers,  
young men from the ranches outlying  
Conrad. Malcom was simply appalled  
when he thought of what such a fact  
meant.

He said to himself every time he  
came out and faced the dumbly appeal-  
ing face in the farm wagon: "And yet  
we Christian people license these ene-  
mies of the race and allow them to  
continue their devilish work, although  
we know well enough how devilish it  
is. May God help us as a state to de-  
clare against it by statute as well as  
by prayers and sermons." He lived,  
as did every temperance man in Kan-  
sas at that time, in the great hope that  
the day was not far off when the sa-  
loon would be declared outlaw, but  
how near that day was not even he was  
able to predict.

It was nearly noon when he finished  
his tour of the saloons, and as he came  
out near the lower end of the main  
street there was a large group of men  
looking off across the prairie and talk-  
ing eagerly together. The wind had  
risen and was blowing almost a gale,  
carrying great clouds of dust through  
the town, and off as far as men could  
see there was a column of smoke  
spreading out with great rapidity.

"The prairie fires have started early,"  
Kirk thought, but it was only when  
one of the ranchmen in the street spoke  
that he realized what the fire might  
mean.

"If this wind keeps up, this town will  
have its hands full in about an hour."

The speaker ran to his horse, jumped  
on it and was soon galloping out of the  
town toward one of the new ranches  
in the direction of "The Forks."

"Mrs. Barton, it is possible that your  
boy has gone home since you left."

"Yes, yes!" cried the woman, snatch-  
ing at all hope. "I will go back. If  
the fire should come into 'The Forks,' I  
ought to be there to see that my other  
boy has help in getting the stock be-  
hind the fire guards. We plowed ours  
early this year on account of the dry  
weather. We lost all our haystacks  
one September from fires."

She drove out of town, after thank-  
ing Kirk earnestly for all that he had  
done, and Malcom promised to con-  
tinue the search after dinner.

He was just starting home, after  
asking several men if there was really  
any immediate danger to the town  
when

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.  
W. W. GRIEST,  
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

**AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION**  
PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS  
COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL  
OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL AS-  
SEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF  
PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF  
THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH,  
IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVII OF THE  
CONSTITUTION.

**A JOINT RESOLUTION**  
Proposing an amendment to the Constitution  
of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and  
House of Representatives of the Common-  
wealth in General Assembly met, that the fol-  
lowing is proposed as amendments to the Con-  
stitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylv-  
ania, in accordance with the provisions of the  
eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment One to Article Eight, Section One.  
Add at the end of the first paragraph of said  
section, after the words "shall be entitled to  
vote at all elections," the words, "subject how-  
ever to the election of the General Assembly  
by ballot or by such other method as may  
be prescribed by law: Provided, That secrecy  
in voting be preserved."

Section 1. He shall have been a citizen of the United  
States at least one month.

He shall have resided in the State one year  
(or if having previously been a qualified elec-  
tor or native born citizen of the State, he shall  
have been therefrom and returned, within  
six months, immediately preceding the elec-  
tion.)

He shall have resided in the election district  
where he shall offer his vote at least two  
months immediately preceding the election.

If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he  
shall have paid within two years a State or  
county tax, which shall have been assessed at  
least two months and paid at least one month  
before the election.

Amendment Eleven to Article Eight, Section  
Seven.

Strike out from said section the words "but  
no elector shall be deprived of the privilege  
of voting by reason of his name not being  
registered," and add to said section the following  
words, "but laws regulating and requiring the  
registration of electors may be enacted to ap-  
ply to cities only, provided that such laws may  
be uniform for cities of the same class," so that  
the said section shall read as follows:

Section 7. Uniformity of Election Laws.—All  
laws regulating the holding of elections by the  
cities or for the registration of electors shall be  
uniform throughout the State, but laws regulat-  
ing and requiring the registration of electors  
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Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and  
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in General Assembly met, that the following is  
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the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance  
with the provisions of the eighteenth article  
thereof.

Amendment.  
Strike out section four of article, eight, and  
insert in place thereof, as follows:

Section 4. All elections by the citizens shall  
be by ballot or by such other method as may  
be prescribed by law: Provided, That secrecy  
in voting be preserved.

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from the fires, when through the dust,  
racing in from the prairie, came a  
team of powerful farm horses drawing  
an empty hay wagon. The lines were  
trailing on the ground, and the harness  
was broken, and as they rushed by  
some one shouted, "That's Phil Bar-  
ton's team!"

A little farther down the street the  
horses were caught and stopped.

Kirk ran up with a crowd of other  
men.

"No signs of Phil anywhere," said  
one of the men who had helped to  
catch the team.

"He's probably been thrown out  
somewhere."

"Drunken men never get killed."  
"I wouldn't give much for his  
chances if he fell off in the gully grass  
over there," said another, pointing to-  
ward the district from which the  
horses had come into the town.

Malcom's mind was in a whirl.  
"He may be near by. We ought not  
to leave him without looking for him."

As he spoke he heard the boy's mother  
saying as she faced Dorothy in the  
study, "My boy may never be saved."

"We've got our hands full looking  
after the town. We might as well  
face that fact; no rain for two  
months, water all out of cisterns and  
low in wells and that fire coming  
down on us 40 miles an hour," said  
one of the business men.

Kirk looked around him. The citi-  
zens were coming out of the stores  
and houses, and the whole town was  
roused to face and fight the coming  
danger, for it was true, unless the  
wind changed or died down, Conrad  
was threatened with the fate which  
that year befell more than one ranch  
and settlement.

"I believe Dorothy would tell me  
to go," he said to himself. Then  
he spoke aloud: "I don't feel like giv-  
ing young Barton up if he is anywhere  
near. We can perhaps reach him be-  
fore the fire reaches us. Who will go  
with me?"

"I will," said Carver, who was at  
Malcom's elbow.

"Come on then," Malcom cried. And  
together the two men started on a run  
in the direction from which the horses  
had come in.

"Was Barton a friend of yours?"  
asked Carver, as he panted by the side  
of the minister.

"No; I only knew him slightly."

"What are you trying to find him  
for?"

"For his mother."

The men ran on. Over on the near  
horizon a line of flame and smoke over  
25 miles long marched down toward  
them and the town of Conrad, with a  
prairie gale behind it and human love  
and courage in its path.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

**LEGAL ADVERTISING.**

**AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION**  
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**Backache.**

So many women suffer from it. It  
mars alike their hours of work and  
pleasure. Backache is generally a  
symptom of derangement of the deli-  
cate womanly organs. It is useless  
therefore to  
apply place  
and similar local  
treatments. A  
cure can only  
be effected when  
the cause of the  
ache is removed.  
The use of Dr.  
Pierce's Favorite  
Prescription will  
cure the debilitat-  
ing drains, the  
inflammation, the  
displacement  
which cause  
backache, side-  
ache, headache  
and many other  
aches and pains.  
"Favorite Pre-  
scription" con-  
tains no alcohol  
and is absolutely  
free from opium,  
cocaine and  
other narcotics.  
It agrees with  
the most deli-  
cate persons.

**Backache.**

So many women suffer from it. It  
mars alike their hours of work and  
pleasure. Backache is generally a  
symptom of derangement of the deli-  
cate womanly organs. It is useless  
therefore to  
apply place  
and similar local  
treatments. A  
cure can only  
be effected when  
the cause of the  
ache is removed.  
The use of Dr.  
Pierce's Favorite  
Prescription will  
cure the debilitat-  
ing drains, the  
inflammation, the  
displacement  
which cause  
backache, side-  
ache, headache  
and many other  
aches and pains.  
"Favorite Pre-  
scription" con-  
tains no alcohol  
and is absolutely  
free from opium,  
cocaine and  
other narcotics.  
It agrees with  
the most deli-  
cate persons.

"I took your medicine six months and I feel  
now like a new person," writes Miss Anna  
Stephens, of Belleville, Wood Co., W. Va. "I  
was backache, no headache, no pain anywhere.  
I took seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-  
scription, and seven bottles of his Golden Med-  
ical Discovery. I think there is no medicine  
like Dr. Pierce's. I can't speak highly enough  
of your medicine for it has done me so much  
good. I don't feel tired as I used to, nor sick. I  
feel well and think there is no medicine equal  
to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

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ney thousands of miles at vast ex-  
pense to see the MATCHLESS  
WONDERS of the Fair. Millions  
more can secure, at trifling expense,  
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RUBBER  
CEMENT,  
MAJOR'S  
LEATHER  
CEMENT.

**Excusable.**

While the landlady and the boarder  
bent their heads devoutly above the  
table the new arrival sat bolt upright.

The good landlady was shocked.

"Atheism!" she sharply asked.

"No, ma'am," said the new boarder,  
"bold!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**On the Beach.**

She—Well, I'd just hate to be like  
her!

He—Oh! I don't know. I wish I  
could feel happy when I look side-  
ways.—Freck.

**Caught at Last.**

Miss Yellowleaf—My palm reader  
Gottor—That means money.

Miss Yellowleaf—Oh, this is so ab-  
surd.—Town Topics.

**Far Back.**

Greene—What a far-away look the  
poet has.

De Wit—Yes, he's thinking of his  
last meal.—Cleveland Leader.