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Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

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If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected uble.

trouble causes quick or unsteady s, and makes one feel as though eart trouble, because the heart is ing in pumping thick, kidney-blood through veins and arteries.

o be considered that only urinary ere to be traced to the kidneys, odern science proves that nearly utional diseases have their begin-dney trouble.

re sick you can make no mistake storing your kidneys. The mild traordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Root, the great kidney remedy is ed. It stands the highest for its cures of the most distressing cases on its merits gists in fifty-ne-dollar siz- may have a ttle by mail amphlet telling you how to find have kidney or bladder trouble. is paper when writing Dr. Kilmer ghamton, N. Y.

Home of Swamp-Root.

rtenai Forest Reserve.

forest reserve is to be estab- northern Montana and Ida- known as the Kootenai serve; which will include acres in Montana and 276,000 Idaho. The department of ior has ordered all land in ion withdrawn from settle- he plot of the interesting ory, "Told in the Hills," was his section of the country. area of the forest reserve unts to 47,000,000 acres. his is in the mountains of and will never be fit for ag- purposes, but is splendid and for cattle and sheep.

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thing in Her Favor.

—What is there to be said girl, anyway?

nning—Well, there is one least. She never gave her ross word.

—Yes, that is something. not live with her mother?

nning—Bless your heart, her ed when the girl was less r old.—Boston Transcript.

e Fortune Was Lost.

helor Uncle—Well, Charlie, u want now?

Oh, I want to be rich.

Why so?"

I want to be petted. Ma e an old fool, but must be use you are rich. But it's et, and I mustn't tell it!"

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Sensible Girl.

an—I see by the papers oung man, who lost both e saving the life of a ress at a railway cross- rry the girl. She dis- tors, and offered herself

eaningly)—Very sensible ow where her husband is y.—N. Y. Weekly.

n't Do It Again.

pleased to see my poem . Is there any money—

no; we shan't charge this time. It is your first know. If, however, it is cannot let you off again ston Transcript.

lly Explained.

why the baby cries so he young mother.

y," answered the bach-

" demanded the mother. is a baby," replied the o Post.

Mixed Drinks.

isoner indulge in objur- ed the young attorney

eplied the latter. "I m to take anything but sburg Chronicle-Tele-

A Timber-Cruiser's Defense.

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

THE occasional perils encountered by the professional timber-cruiser—the man who goes into the wilderness to investigate the value of timber lands—are well illustrated by the experience of Harvey Secoin, of Beltrami, Minnesota.

Young Secoin had for some years served as assistant to his uncle, Lot Levering, a cruiser of wide experience and high fees. Levering was, however, at last laid by the heels by the cruiser's arch-enemy, rheumatism, and his young pupil was called upon by the Beltrami Lumber company to return an estimate of the standing timber on some 20 odd square miles of land they had bought, at a venture, in the heart of Itasca county. This was a vast territory, the lower river courses of which were as yet but uncertainly traced upon the maps.

While loading a wagon with his boat and effects at Beltrami, Secoin was greeted by a smooth-faced stranger, wearing a suit of drab corduroy and a soft hat. This man presented a card which read: Frederick Zalmeier, Real Estate, St. Cloud, Minn.

"I came on last evening's train," he explained. "Just heard you were off for the upper Big Fork. Yes, well, I've got a piece of land up there I want to look at. Struck me we might kill two birds with one stone on the livery hire. Besides, I'd like to go with a man who knows the woods."

As the man was prepossessing enough the cruiser consented to accompany him, and ten minutes later Zalmeier was ready with blankets and gripsack. Then, with an experienced driver, the two land-lookers set out.

For a number of days they pushed over a bush-grown "surveyor's road," and then travelled by boat for one day upon the spring flood of Big Fork. Then the cruiser searched for a government blaze and markings, and took observations.

"We've passed your line a little," he reported to Zalmeier. "You'll find your markings by compass, six miles east and one and one-half miles south of here."

"Bless us, young man," said this cheerful fellow, "how you know the woods! I'm going to hire you to do my job. I'll wait here until you get back, and I'll take your word for it, soil, timber stand——"

"But I can't do your job now," interrupted Secoin.

"Not for $25?"

"Not for twice—ten times 25!" replied the cruiser indignantly. He thought a real estate man ought to better understand a cruiser's duty to his employers.

Looking keenly at his companion, he saw a swift, involuntary change of countenance, and instantly he tingled with suspicion. Then he said, uncompromisingly:

"Mr. Zalmeier, if you know anything about cruising, you'll find your land easily. If you're afraid of the woods, follow the river back to the government road and go home."

"But," said Zalmeier, blankly, "I prefer to go on with you now."

"That you can't do," promptly responded the cruiser. "I've done by you as I agreed, and I shall carry you no farther."

"Oh, well," said Zalmeier, cheerfully, "since I've come so far, I'll have to look after my land, of course," and he shouldered his grip and blanket roll and set off into the woods.

Secoin lost no time in paddling down stream, and at about four o'clock crossed the south line of the pine lands which he was commissioned to estimate. He now exercised a cruiser's caution, hiding his boat and his camp within the depths of a tamarack swamp, and wading to and from solid ground by the compass.

He soon became much interested in his work, and after a few days of running lines and taking observations, he began to know that his report was to be very satisfactory in its final showing—far beyond the expectation of his employers.

He had almost forgotten his quondam companion when, in running a new line through an immense stand of sky-scraping white pines, he came upon fresh timber "slash"—a broad, destructive piece of work, which had laid low many thousands of the giants.

Very sharply now he remembered Frederick Zalmeier, and the gentleman's anxiety to send him upon a foreign errand. He understood in a flash that, had he done that business, he would have been left, minus boat and supplies, to make his way homeward; and in the meantime a company of timber thieves would have got to Rainy Lake river with their booty. Perhaps they had already done so.

Secoin hurriedly followed the slash to the river, where he discovered a recently abandoned camp in the edge of the timber. Following the river several miles, he discovered that the thieves were driving logs not a great distance below. Once they got this timber to Rainly Lake river there would be no means of identifying a log of it, and they could drift it at leisure to the shore of Lake Superior.

The cruiser returned in much excitement to his camp which, a day or two before, he had advanced beyond the tamarack swamp. It was dark, but on lighting a fire he saw a bulky white envelope pinned to a near-by tree-trunk. He tore it from its fastenings, and found it contained an elaborate lumberman's estimate, in duplicate, covering by forties every section of the tract he had been sent out to traverse. A smaller envelope contained a letter which read:

Mr. Secoin: You will please sign both these estimates, return one to your folks, and leave one with us. You will also find herewith the certified check of John Jones payable on demand by Oscar Sterner, room 14, Superior building, Duluth, and money enough to pay your fare from Beltrami to Duluth. A word to the wise, and so forth. Zalmeier.

The check was for $3,000, and was accompanied by a worn $10 bill. The young cruiser sat choking with wrath, yet not daring to act upon impulse. The thief might be watching, and must be led to think that the large bait he had flung was taken.

Secoin had no doubt that the check would be made good upon his signing and returning a false estimate—an underestimate, which would easily discourage his employers from further venture; the thieves would retain the duplicate estimate, bearing his signature, as a warranty that he would fulfill his part of the fraud. They could well afford to pay a considerable sum for the certainty of gleaning a fortune out of this remote wilderness.

The cruiser carefully bestowed the envelope in an inside pocket, and calmly set about getting his supper. He was not surprised to discover that all his supplies of food, except barely enough to last four or five days, had been stolen.

After he had eaten, he rolled himself in his blanket, not to sleep, but to think.

East of him, as he knew from his cruiser's map, lay the Chippewa reservation of Moose lake, and he determined to reach the agency there at the earliest possible moment.

He lay in perfect quiet until the last ember of his little fire had flickered out. Then, putting his hand-ax in its sheath, he crawled cautiously for 100 yards or more in the direction in which he wished to go. Then he rose, and with a trained instinct for points of the compass set out upon his night journey.

For several miles he hurried among the great trunks of white and Norway pines, then across rolling jack-pine lands, until he reached the Moose lake levels. Then he became entanged in a tamarack swamp; he could see no stars, and his sense of direction availed little. He lay in the damp bog until daylight, and then cut his way out. He reached Moose lake agency at 11 o'clock in the morning. The agent was in his office, but had little patience for Secoin's story and appeal for assistance.

"I can't help you," he said. "I can't let an employe or an Indian leave the reservation upon your company's errands."

Weary and somewhat discouraged, the cruiser set out to seek information from some one among the natives, and at the very least to secure a gun and ammunition; but the Indians and half-breeds scattered about in cabins and bark lodges regarded with suspicion all his efforts to interest them.

After a vain attempt to exchange his ready money and his ax for an effective breech-loader, he met on the agency road a young man of about his own age, carrying a medicine case. This was the agency physician, a new attache at Moose lake. Secoin introduced himself, and the young doctor, glad to see a stranger, invited him into his office.

There Secoin again told his story and his necessities, setting forth his plan of action should he be able to secure a messenger and a good gun for himself.

"So," said the doctor, his face flushed with excitement, "you propose to tackle those fellows, if necessary—in that way!" His eyes shone with admiration for the cruiser's pluck. "I wish I could go with you, but my hands are tied here. You may take my express rifle and all my shells, some of 'em explosive bullets, and—'pay?' You're welcome, man. Now just write what you want to say to your company, and I'll find a man to get it to them. Sit down at my desk."

When the letter was ready, the doctor opened his medicine case and handed the tired cruiser a small tablet. "Swallow that," he said, "and go into the back room and fall on my couch. I'll wake you in time."

The cruiser laughed and obeyed. Three hours later, much refreshed and equipped for his perilous undertaking, he bade his new friend good-by, and again struck into the wilderness.

He traveled due northwest until midnight, slept upon a bed of pine branches, and 24 hours later stood upon a bluff, lookng down upon the lower reaches of Big Fork.

He had timed the loggers' progress, steered his own course and reckoned that of the river with tolerable accuracy. Not far below he presently saw two or three drivers at work. Dodging these men and making a detour of several miles, he discovered a gang breaking a small jam.

Shrewdly calculating that this advance force would not finish before nightfall, he made a fresh circuit and camped at the formation of a jam where there was evidence that he had pretty well covered the lower drift of the "run."

He immediately set to work rolling up short logs, stumps and drift stuff. Six or seven hours of hard labor gave him a bullet-proof shelter some four feet in height, built upon the center of the jam. Inside this he laid a bed of "baby pine." He had about six days' rations, and water was, of course, within easy reach.

It was two or three hours after sunrise before he saw the advance-guard of the river-drivers. They were coming leisurely over a rise among the stumps, with pikes and cant-hooks on their shoulders. At 50 yards or so his odd-looking rampart caught their attention, and the men stopped and stared. The cruiser rose, showing his head and shoulders, and carelessly swung his gun to a "ready."

"You may as well go back, boys," he sang out. "The Beltrami company's in charge here."

The river thieves stood with open mouths for some seconds. Then one of them spoke. "Guess that guy means business, fellers," he said.

The others evidently agreed with him, for they turned promptly upon their heels. At the end of 15 or 20 minutes the cruiser heard men shouting above, and a foreman calling orders to some one to "go for the dynamite."

There were no logs afloat to speak of, and the cruiser knew there was a jam up above somewhere. Doubtless they intended to "blow it," and so let the whole raft down upon him. But he felt no fear; his jam was too solid to be pushed by a raft.

An hour passed, with no demonstration from above. Then came a dull boom of dynamite, which sounded a quarter-mile or more up-river.

Presently a log appeared sailing round a bend some 200 yards above; but hardly had the timber heaved in sight when it disappeared in the foam and spurt of a surface explosion. Instantly the cruiser understood. By means of dynamite floated down against his jam and exploded, these river thieves intended to break it or to annihilate him.

Secoin was worried. Stick dynamite, such as river men use, is a low explosive, to be shot only by fulminating caps, but very powerful. It works downward so that, under slight confinement, a few pounds will fairly empty a creek channel of its water or of its obstructions.

While the cruiser watched, another log appeared, but was caught in an eddy, and was finally exploded within 50 yards of his jam. Another came on and burst at the edge of the raft; splinters shrieked spitefully above his head, but these small charges were tentative. The thieves were timing their waterproof fuse.

After another interval of quiet, two large logs lashed together swept round the bend.

"Now look out!" thought the cruiser. These timbers also were caught in a tumbling eddy. They were tossed, heaved and hustled, and for a moment Secoin hoped they might be held until their shots went off, but they were presently flung out of the whirlpool, although wrenched apart at one end.

As they floated upon smoother water, the head and rim of a large keg came to the surface—a keg which had been lashed beneath, but was now forced upward by the break that had spread the timbers.

Secoin knew perfectly well that the keg was filled with stick dynamite, a hundred pounds at least, and carried enough long fuse and caps to insure its explosion against the jam.

Should he run for it? Very likely he would be shot by men lying in wait. Yet certain destruction awaited him at the jam unless he swiftly unloaded his rifle and refilled its magazine with some shells loaded with explosive bullets. If he could put one of these inside.

He aimed and fired quickly. His first shot missed. His second struck the keg and exploded, splintering its rim. The big torpedo was getting dangerously near. In frantic haste, the cruiser fired a fusillade at his growing target—four, five, six, seven shots, and the river suddenly parted in mid-channel.

The sight was appalling. Two huge sheets were blown out upon either bank, and a vertical wave ten feet high rolled swiftly in upon the jam For a moment Secoin gave himself up for lost. He looked for the jam to part under his feet.

Then the edge of the big raft above was lifted, its great logs tumbled and piled upon one another until the heap formed a breakwater through the interstices of which spouts and jets fell upon the logs below. For several minutes the water rushed against and through this suddenly formed and effective dam. Then the commotion subsided, leaving the jam doubly effective against any kind of a "break" which river men may devise.

In reaction from his recent fright the cruiser became hilarious. In a reckless exuberance of spirit he climbed behind the new rampart, and turning his gun upon the pine stubs up-river, bombarded them furiously with explosive bullets.

The thieves had doubtless expended all their dynamite, for they bothered the plucky cruiser no more.

Two days passed before he ventured out of cover. Then, making cautious explorations, he found a deserted drivers' camp and a clear field. A week went by, and he was living on game rations when armed men from Beltrami came to his rescue.

Secoin finished his work without further obstruction, and at the end crossed to Moose lake agency to return the borrowed gun. His friend, the doctor, listening to his story with shining eyes, said, "I wish I'd been there."—Youth's Companion.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

What a woman loves is to her at once beautiful and noble.

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