After a building has been painted long enough for a weather test, it is easy to tell if the paint used was made of pure White Lead or not. But such belated knowledge comes like locking the barn after the colt is stolen.

What one wants is a test that will tell the quality of the paint before it and the labor of putting it on are paid

Nature has provided a way in which genuine White Lead may be positively distinguished from adulterated or fake White Lend before you spend a cent

on your painting.

Pure White Lead is made from me tallic lead, and, under intense beat, such as is produced by a blow-pipe, White Lead will resolve itself back into metallic lend. If, however, it is not genuine White Lead, or if-it contains the slightest trace of adulteration, the change will not take place, Therefore the "blow-pipe" test is an

absolute and final one. The National Lead Company are urging every one Interested in painting to make this test of paint before using it, and they guarantee that the pure White Lead sold under their "Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark will always prove absolutely pure under the "blow-pipe" or any other test. To make it easy for you to perform the experiment they will send you free upon request, a blow-pipe and everything necessary for you to make the test, together with a valuable booklet on paint, Address, National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New

Never Forsake a Friend. Whatever happens, never forsake a friend. When enemies gather, when sickness falls upon the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness. be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend barpy.



Tangled Bank Accounts. "It is remarkable," said an old bank employe, "how few people keep their bank accounts absolutely correct. At ordinary times this failing is not conpicuous, because books are usually balanced when there is still a credit to the depositor's account. When the balanced book is received with the vouchers the usual discrepancy is found after much labor in an omitted entry, either deposit or check or in the form of an error in addition or subtraction. The thing is usually settled at home without our help. But when a lot of women go to a bank, each one with a check already made out representing her balance, then look out. Fortunately I have had on experience in that way, but I know that not one woman in ten-and I am charitable with the figure-keeps her book correctly, and many women keep no record at all. We have one depositor who used to receive an ovedraft notice regularly every month. New, by an arrangement with her, we give her notice when the balance nears the \$100 mark. Men laugh at the women for their fallure to keep their bank accounts right, but except when a bookkeeper does the work for them the men are nearly as bad."-New York

Not a Circumstance. Enthusiastic Auditor (at the opera)-Didn't she do that aria divinely! Boarding House Miss-Huh! ought to bear that on our graphophone!

MUSIC STUDENTS

Should Have Steady Nerves. The nervous system of the musician is often very sensitive and any habit like coffee drinking may so upset the nerves as to make regular and necessary daily practice next to impossible

"I practice from seven to eight hours a day and study Harmony two hours," writes a Mich. music student. "Last September I was so nervous I could only practice a few minutes at a time and mother said I would have to drop my music for a year.

"This was terribly discouraging, as I couldn't bear the thought of losing a whole year of study. Becoming convinced that my nervousness was caused largely by coffee, and seeing Postum so highly spoken of, I decided I would

test it for a while. "Mother followed the directions care fully and I thought I had never tasted such a delicious drink. We drank Postum every morning instead of coffee, and by November 1 felt more like myself than for years, and was

ready to resume my music. "I now practice as usual, do my studying and when my day's work is finished I am not any more nervous

than when I began. "I cannot too highly recommend Postum to musicians who practice half a day. My father is a physician and recommends Postum to his patients. Words cannot express my appreciation for this most valuable health beverage, and experience has proven Ha superly ority over all others" "There's a

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Rend "The Road to Well-

ville," in plegs.

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

·-----

pa, from Houedale to Aikenside, and he to be becoming.

accepted thankfully the doctor's offer to take Maddy there himself. With this arrangement Maddy was well pleased, as it would thus afford her the opportunity she had so much desired, of talking with the doctor about his bill, and asking him to wait until she had earned enough to

Quickly the morning passed, and just appeared over the hill. Up to this moment Maddy had only been happy in anticipation; but when, with her shawl and bonnet on, she stood waiting while the doctor fastened her little trunk, and when she saw a tear on the wrinkled faces of both her grandparents, her fortitude gave way, and 'mid a storm of sobs, she said her good-bys and received her grandfather's blessing.

It was very pleasant this afternoon, for the summer breeze was blowing cool acrons the fields, where the laborers were busy; and with the elasticity of youth, Maddy's tears stopped their flowing, but not until the dear old home had disappeared, and they were some distance on the road to Alkenside.

"I wonder how I shall like Mrs. Remington and Mr. Guy?" was the first re-

"You'll not see them immediately. They left this morning for Saratoga," the doctor replied. "Left! Mr. Guy gone!" Maddy repeat-

"Are you very sorry?" the doctor ask ed, and Maddy replied : "I did want to see him once; I never

It would be such a surprise to find that Guy was no other than the terrible inspector, that he would not undeceive her, the doctor thought; and so he relapsed into a thoughtful mood, from which Maddy aroused him by breaking the sub-lect of the unpaid bill, asking if he'd please not trouble grandpa, but wait until she could pay it.

"Perhaps it's wrong asking it when you were so good, but if you only will take me for payment," and Maddy's soft brown eyes were lifted to his face.

"Yes, Maddy, I'll take you for payment," the doctor said, smiling, half seriously, as his eyes rested fondly upon her. Even then stupid Maddy did not understand him, but began to calculate out loud how long it would take to earn the money. "There's Aikenside," said the doctor, at last, and it was not long before they passed through the gate, guarded by the great bronze lions, and struck into the road

leading to the house. "It's grander, finer, than I ever dreamsd. Oh! if I could some time have just such a home! and, doctor, look! What foes make that water go up in the air so? Is it what they call a fountain?" In her excitement Maddy had risen, and with one hand resting on the doctor's

shoulder, was looking around her eagery. Jessie stood on the plazza to receive her teacher. There were warm words of welcome, kisses and hugs; and then Jessie led her friend to the chamber she was to

"Mother wanted you to sleep the other in here, and close to me. See, I'm right directly to her own sleeping room. "Here's one trunk," she continued, as a servant brought up and set down a little contemptuinsly, the small haircloth box containing Maddy's wardrobe. "Here's one; where's the rest?" and she was flying after Tom, when Maddy stopped her, say-

"I have but one-that's all." "Only that little, teenty thing? How Why, mamma carried three most as big as my bed to Saratoga. You can't have many dresses. What are you going to wear to dinner?" "I've been to dinner." And Maddy

looked up in some surprise. "You have! We never have it till five. when Guy is at home; but now they are gone, Mrs. Noah says we will have it at one, as folks ought to do. To-day I coaxed her to wait till you came, and the cable is all set out so nicely for two. Can you carve, and do you like green

Maddy was bewildered, but managed to reply that she could not carve, that she hever saw any green turtle soup, and that she supposed she should wear to dinner the delaine she had on.

"Why, we always change, even Mrs. Jessie exclaimed, bending over the open trunk and examining its con-

Two calicoes, a blue muslin, a gingham and another detains, besides the one she had on. That was the sum total of Maddy's wardrobe, and Jessie glanced at it a little ruefully as Maddy carefully shook out the nicely folded dresses and laid them upon the bed. Here Mrs. Noah was heard calling Jessie, who ran away, leaving Maddy alone for a moment. Maddy had seen the look Jessie gave

her dresses, and for the first time there dawned upon her mind the possibility that her plain apparel and ignorance of the ways of Alkenside might be to her

"And grandma said they were so nice. too doing them up so carefully," she sald, her itp beginning to quiver, and her eyes filling with tears, as thoughts of home came rushing over her.

She could not force them back, and laying her head upon the top of the depised hair trunk, she sobbed aloud. Guy Remington's private room was in that hall, and as the doctor knew a book was to have been left there for him, he took the liberty of getting it; passing Maddy's door he heard the low sound of weeping. and looking in, saw her where she sat or

rather knelt upon the floor. "Homesick so soon!" he said, advance Ing to her side, and then, amid a torrent of tears, the whole story came out. Maddy never could do as they did there,

and everybody would laugh at her so for an awkward thing; she never knew that folks ate dinner at five instead of twelve -she should surely starve to death-she couldn't carve she could not eat mudturtle soup, and she did not know which dress to wear for dinner-would the doctor tell her? There they were, and she pointed to the bed, only five; she knew

Jessie thought it mean. Such was the substance of Maddy's passionate outpouring of her griefs to the highly perplexed doctor, who, after quieter dissereeable. She had been flattered ing her somewhat, ascertained that the by brainless fops. She had heard her-greatest present trouble was the deciding self called "that beautiful Mrs. Remwhat draws was suitable to the occasion. ington," and "that charming young wid-The doctor had never made dress his ow," but no serious attentions had been

study, but as it happened he liked blue, It was a long, thresome ride for grand- and so suggested it, as the one most likely

> "That !" and Maddy looked confounded. Why, grandma never let me wear that, except on Sunday; that's my very best dress.

"Poor child; I'm not sure it was right for you to come here where the life is so different from the quiet, unpretentious one you have led," the doctor thought, but as the clock struck two the doctor's buggy wear their best dresses here, all the

"But what will I do when that's worn out? Oh, dear, dear, I wish I had not ome!" and another impetuous fit of weeping ensued, in the midst of which Jessie came back, greatly disturbed on Maddy's account, and asking eagerly what was the

Very adroitly the doctor managed to draw Jossie aside, while as well as he was able he gave her a few hints with regard to her intercourse with Maddy, and Jessie, who seemed intuitively to understand him, went back to the weeping girl, soothing her much as a little mother would have soothed her child. They would have such nice times, when Maddy got used to their ways, which would not take long, and nobody would laugh at her, she said, when Maddy expressed her fears on that point. "You are too pretty, even if you do make mistakes!" and then she went into ecstasies over the blue muslin, which was becoming to Maddy, and greatly enhanced her girlish beauty. The tear stains were all washed away, Jessie using very freely her mother's eau de cologne, and making Maddy's cheeks very red with rubbing; the nut-brown hair was brushed until it shone like satin, a little narrow band of black velvet ribbon was pinned about Maddy's snowy neck, and then she was ready for that terrible ordeal, her first dinner at Aikenside. The doctor was going to stay, and this helped to relieve her somewhat.

The dinner was a success, so far as Maddy was concerned. Not a single mistake did she perpetrate, though her cheeks burned painfully as she felt the eyes of the polite waiters fixed so often upon her. After dinner, feeling that she must be comesick, Mrs. Noah suggested that she

Music was a delight to Maddy, and siting down upon the stool, she touched the soft-toned instrument, ascertaining by her ear several sweet chords, and greatly astonishing Jessie, who wondered at her skill. Twice each week a teacher came up from Devonshire to give lessons to Jessie, but as yet she could only play one scale and a few simple bars. These she attempted to teach to Maddy, who caught them so quickly and executed them so well that Jessie was delighted. Maddy ought to take lessons, she said, and some time during the next day she took to Mrs. Noah a letter which she had written to Guy. It was several days before an answer came to this letter, and when it did it brought Guy's consent for Maddy to take lessons, together with a that note for Mr. Simons, requesting him to consider Miss Clyde his pupil, as well as

Though greatly pleased with Aigenside, side of the house, but Brother Guy said and greatly attached to Jessie, Maddy no, you should have a pleasant room; and had had many hours of loneliness when when Guy says a thing, it's so. It's nice her heart was back in the humble cottage where she knew they were missing her here," and Jessie opened a door leading so much, but now a new world, a world of music, was suddenly opened before her, and the homesickness all disappeared. It had been arranged with Mrs. Noah, by Agnes, that Jessie should only study fo two hours each day, consequently Maddy had nearly all the time to herself and well did she improve it, making so rapid progress that Simons looked on amazed. declaring her case to be without a parallel, while Jessle was left for behind Indeed, after a short time Maddy might have been her teacher, and was of much service to her in practicing.

Meanwhile the doctor came often to Alkenside, praising Maddy's progress in music, and though he did not know a single note, compelling himself to lister while with childlike satisfaction she play ed him her last lesson. She was very happy now at Alkenside, where all were so kind to her, and half wished that the family would always remain as it was then, that Agnes and Guy would not come home, for with their coming she felt there would be a change. It was nearly time now to expect them. Indeed Guy had written on one Saturday that they should probably be home the next, and during the ensuing week Aikenside presented that most uncomfortable phase of a house being cleaned. Everything must be in order for Mr. Guy, Mrs Noah said, taking more pains with his come than with the remaining portion of the building. Guy was her idol; nothing was too good for him, few things quit good enough, and she said so much in his praise that Maddy began to shrink from meeting him. What would he think of har? Perhaps he might not notice her in the least, and that would be terrible But, no, a man as kind as he had shown himself to her would at least pay he some attention, and so at last she began to anticipate his coming home, wondering what their first meeting would be, what she should say to him, and what he would think of her.

CHAPTER XI. Saturday came at last, a balmy Sep tember day, when all nature seemed con

spiring to welcome the travelers for whom so extensive preparations were making at Aikenside. They were expected at about six in the afternoon, and just be- debt." Houston Post. fore that hour the doctor rode up to be in readiness to meet them. In the dining room the table was set as Maddy had never seen it set before, making, with its silver, its china and cut glass, a glittering display.

Six o'clock came, but no travelers. Then an hour went by, and there came telegram that the cars had broken down and would not probably arrive until lat n the night, if Indeed they did till morning. Greatly disappointed, the docfor took his leave, telling the girls they had betrer not sit up. Consequently, at a late hour they both retired, sleeping m soundly as not to hear the noise outsid the house; the banging of doors, the setting down of trunks, the tramp of fact, Mrs. Noah's words of welcome, one pleasant voice which responded, and an other more impatient one which sound-Agnes and Guy had come. As a whole Agnes' senson at Saratoga had been rath-

paid, no millionaire had asked to be her second husband. She liked the doctor, but if he did not propose, and some other body did, she should accept that other body, of course. This was her intention when she left Aikenside, and when she came back, it was with the determination to raise the siege at once, and compel the doctor to surrender. The morning of the return bome she should listen with a troubled mind to Jessie's rather exaggerated account of the number of tintes the doctor bad been there, and the nice

things he had said to her and Maddy. What was she that he should care for her? A mere nothing—a child, whom Guy had taken up. Pity there was a Lucy Atherstone in the way of his making her mistress of Aikenside. It would be a pretty romance. Guy Remington and Grandpa Markimm's grandchild. Agues was nervous and tired, and this helped to increase her anger toward the innocent girl. She would take immediate measures, she thought, to put the upstart down, and the sight of Flora laying the he merely said: "It's my impression they cloth for breakfast suggested to her the first step in teaching Maddy her place.

"Flora," she said, "I notice you are arranging the table for four. Have we company?" "Why, no, ma'am; there's Mr. Guy, ourself, Miss Jessie, and Miss Clyde," vas Flora's reply, while Agues continued

haughtily: "Remove Miss Clyde's plate.

No one allows their governess to eat with them." "But, ma'am," and Flora hesitated, she's very pretty, and ladylike, and coung; she has always enten with Miss Jessie and Dr. Holbrook when he was here. He treats her as if she was good

as anybody." Meantime Maddy had put on her prettiest delaine, tied her little dainty black silk apron, Mrs. Noah's gift, and with the feeling that she was looking unusually well, started for the parlor to meet her, employer, Mrs. Agnes, who was alone when Maddy presented berself before her (To be continued.)

FINDS WHAT MALARIA IS.

scientist Discovers It Is Due to Mile Hons of Blood Parasites.

The three classic types of malaria namely, the quotidian, tertian and quartian fevers, with recurring attacks of from one to three days' interval, were shown by Golgl of Pavia to be caused by three varieties of a parasite, averaging a billion to each patient, all sporulating at once in periods of seventy-two hours, forty-eight hours and twenty-four hours. Every parasite bursts the vitiated blood corpuscle in which it is enveloped and attacks another. The simultaneous onslaught of try the fine piano in the little music the billion little animals causes the shivering and the burning fever.

Dr. Laveran, the French army surgeon, in 1880 discovered the parasites, two and a half centuries after Peruvian bark, the specific that kills them off, was found by an obscure villager of Malacotos, nes " Lora, in Ecuador. Pelletier and Caventon in 1820 separated its essential alkaloid, quinine. This drug has saved more lives than have been lost in the battles of the civilized anism of the body sometimes sufficed to render tropical children immune if exact investigation shows conclusively

"The disease hangs like a cloud over soldier, the trader and the administrator, and shutting out civilization from many of the most fertile tracts of the

An American, A. F. A. King, first suggested in 1883 that the infection is enused by the bites of mosquitoes Savage tribes, including the Cingalese, had, it is true, adumbrated the theory enturies ago. Since 1891 the researches of Ross and Manson, of Koch and of practical investigators like Rignami established the fact that the miasms or "bad air" of marshes cannot way by which malaria is spread and the mosquitoes derive the parasites from infected patients,

The anopholines flock by themselves. With scientific knowledge of the waters in which they breed and with modern systems of drainage, Major Ross sees for tropleal sanitation a glorious future.- New York Times.

Trauble.

"More trouble," sighed McNutty, pub ting on his coat. "If it ain't one thing it's another?"

"What's the matter now?" queried his good wife. "More labor troubles," answered Me-

"Not another lockout, I hope?" said the partner of his sorrows, "No; it's worst than that," answered

boss has yielded, and I've got to go to vork again!"-London Tit-Bits. Till Something Offered "Yes," said the notorious confidence

give me something to do by which I un support myself?"

"Well," replied the minister thought fully, "until you get something honest o do you might get up a church fair for us to help clear off the church

No Invitations to Perform. "Is it not our duty," said the moralst, "to keep temptation out of the way of people who may do things they will

regret?" "Yes," answered Farmer Cornossel1 that's why I make it a rule when we have summer boarders to keep the plthe locked."-Washington Star.

Seeing the Point. "It is a mistake," said the man in do not enjoy a joke."

"I should think," answered Miss Caronne, "that you would enjoy a joks very much; it is so seldom you see one." -Washington Star.

More Pity. Wife (during the spat) -I only marled you because I pitled you. Husband-Well, everybody pities me

Birthdays were kept even as far back as the time of Pharach.

THE GREEN LANES OF THE PAST.

I care not to gave at the years coming on, Thick-mantled in mist and with doubts overcast, But would rather stray back to the days that are gone, Along the green lanes of the past-Across the cool meadows of memory, where The birds ever sing, and the wild waters fall, And the laughter of children is borne on the air,

And love shineth over it all.

The painter may picture the fature in dyes That rival the rose and the rainbow, and still It may leave him at last but a guerdon of sighs, And a hope that it falled to fulfill; The poet may sing of the splendors supreme, Of the opulent ages, far-coming and vast-I question blin not, yet I ask but to dream On the old quiet hills of the past,

The past is my own-there is nothing uncertain In all its wide range, and my title is clear-While the future, at best, is a face on the curtain, That fades as my footsteps draw near:

Then give me the blossoms, the birds and the bowers, And every loved scene where my soul clingeth fast, Like an evergreen by that mantles the towers And feeds on the dews of the past.

-Ladies' Home Journal.



In the chaparral on the edge of the | below the horizon. Soon a light shone Sluff Dick Matson lay flat on his stom- out in the cable. The man on the bluff ach, his chin propped on one hand, lay watching it till far into the night. while the other rested lightly on the But his head was sunk on his arms shining barrel of a rifle. Below, on and his gun was unheeded at his side. the further bank of the river, Esco- When a black figure for an instant aute, the cattle-thief, strutted back darkened the doorway his heart leaped and forth before the door of his cabin, up. Then the old gleam of hate sprang his gun in his hands, his strident voice anew in his eyes. It was the halfproclaiming to the air his disdain for breed. ill gringos in general, and for the white-livered, chingado Matson in par-

Matson, unseen, and his presence only dimly apprehended by the strange | Then he stealthily withdrew. animal instinct of the half-breed, could hear with sufficient plainness the was the dark of the moon, gusts of wrath and objurgation which floated up from below; and when his expressed itself in tense and impotent feeding at one's very door,

here and take such blasted impudence from a black-hearted Apache monworld. Koch and his sucessors discov. grei!" This when Escolante's remarks ered that the natural autitoxio mech- on the status and heredity of the gringo became particularly personal and historic. "Wish I wasn't a white they survive the fever. Nevertheless, man and I'd take a pot-shot at you for luck, just as you stand, you infernal, meal of frijoles and tortillas without publican. nonsense anyway, waiting for proof, centured a few coarse jests with Dothe tropics, prostrating or slaying ev. and taking a man to the law, when ery year untold millions of human be- I know darn well you've a steer of ple of his eye. A man may well jest ings, especially of the young; crippling mine stowed away in the bushes whose knife is whetted for the killing, not only the native but the pioneer, the somewhere. Wait till I find your and who knows that on the morrow he cache, or catch you red-handed; I'll make you sweat for this."

So each vocal volley from below, directed against the unseen foe that the half-breed apprehended to be lurking near, was answered by the hidden encmy with one no less heartfelt because of being, for strategic purposes, neces-

sarily unheard. As time passed Matson's limbs grew increasingly cramped and stiff. Dely, and warily stretched himself into communicate the fever, but the ano. a new position. The hours slipped by: pheline mosquitoes, which rise from and still the half-breed, warned by his the stagment waters. There is no other subtle instinct for danger, kept up his grotesque parade; and still the watching man was baffled of his clue

The shadows lengthened on the river. A few crows, loudly enwing, shook themselves out of the branches of a handed. His ludicrous dismay when tree near the cabin and winged themselves for the homeward flight. Dusk him drew a burst of rough mirth from was all but fallen; and the watcher painfully stirred his limbs, preparing breed's wrists the symbol of the law for a furtive retreat, when a new element entered the scene below.

The girl who stepped to the door of low from the stream. Her black hair fell sleek and straight on either side preyed-upon of all the gringos. of her face, hanging in thick braids nearly to her knees. She raised one for a long look up the river, and the movement had the supple, untaught

grace of a wild thing of the woods. Matson drew his breath in somehe nilered bend of the house. "The thing that came dangerously hear to being a whistle. So this was Escolante's daughter-child of a Mexican mother and a half-breed father-who since her mother's death had been nan and shell worker, "I am going to with the sisters at Santa Barbara. He eform and join the church; can you vaguely recalled having heard of the girl's return. This could be none other than she; for what woman, young and beautiful, would foregather with that wicked old devil, Esco-

He cautiously reached for his binoculars, with which he had so carefully scanned the landscape earlier in the The girl stood as If posed, straining her level gaze toward the sunset. The glass revealed her face, a warm brown oval, the curves as soft and perfect as a child's, yet with the fullness and richness of early womanheed. The heavy brows were suched. The thick lashes, fringing lids now wide-flung ever soft fawn-like eyes, surely must shadow her cheek when the lids were lowered. The red, curvthe plaid suit, "to say that we English ing lips were slightly parted, disclosing white teeth, firm-set and regular.

The glass did its work well. The girl might have been standing close by so close that if one reached our a hand one might touch the brown eneve of the cheek, or part the silky masses of ber hair. The man cought his breath Charply 1'll it bissed between his tactle. South on the fact limit the utmost that physicians, as it is free from all objection-The girl's three held him like a spath. Suddenly the upraised hand told to always the observable a prisoner may

rude cabin. The sun's red rim slipped San Francisco Argonnut.

The man in the chaparral softly raised himself. "I'll settle you yet." he exulted. And in the dark he shook his clenched fist at the cattle-thief.

A month had passed and again it

The time had dragged heavily for old Escolante, for with the accursed grinown name was mingled with especially gos so closely watching, even a pracaerid vituperations, the rage to which ticed hand must move warily, and it he dared give no more audible vent was hard to go empty with fat cattle

To Dick Matson time had flown on "I'll get you yet, you old cattle- golden wings. Love and hate wax well thief. O Lord, O Lord, to have to lie together in a strong man's heart; and the red lips of Dolores were sweet.

To the girl the month had passed as a day. It is good to live when the blood is warm; and young love is daring and does not wait for the dark of the moon.

On this night Escolante ate his last cattle-stealing, lying whelp. Cursed the custoamry sullen scorn. He even lores, who was dear to him as the apwill feed fat, volding his hate and fill ing his stomach at one and the same time. Dolores met his badinage with easy response and well-simulated affection. It is easy to scatter careless affection from the lips when the heart is brimming over with love

Without, men gathered quietly in a ertain lonely glade. The night was heavy about them. In the silence each man could hear his own heart-beat and cidedly, he reflected, Escolante had his straining breath. The little voices the best of the game. He cursed soft- of the night shrilled loudly, and the sound of the cattle cropping the rich grass was like a thousand crunching engines in their ears.

The waiting had lengthened to hours before a fat steer coughed and fell under the knife. Then something whirred in the gloom; and then a lantern flared out. Escolante was caught redthe deftly-flung riata tightened round the sheriff as he slipped on the halfand its bondage. But when Dick Matson stepped from the darkness and reclaimed his riata the cattle-thief broke the cabin was slim and lithe as a wil- into fierce vituperations, for this was the most hated, and therefore the most

"Save your wind, old man," laughed Dick Matson. "You'll need it for the hand to her forehead, shading her eyes | blessing, for to-morrow I marry your daughter."

> Escolante grew livid and his faw dropped. Then he opened a fresh volley of imprecations, hurling the lie in the gringo's teeth. Dick laughed a careless laugh.

> Come here. Dolores," he suid. Like a shadow the girl slipped out of the blackness and stood beside him. Dick slid an arm about her and bending kissed her full on the mouth.

Then the half-breed went mad with rage, and spat and screamed out curses on the pair until it was borrid to hear him. The sheriff and his men had trouble to hold him.

Dolores trembled and shrank against her lover. But Dick Matson only laughed his easy laugh and tightened his arm around her.

No more cattle are stolen or killed within the range of the Cross Bar Y. The cattlemen sleep well of nights and Diele Matson grows rich off his profits. Several plump brown children play about his door, and of these he is inordinately proud, as is also Dolores. who sees in them adorable replicas of the man she worships. The two are very happy, for Dolores is still slim and beautiful; and Matson wants no better life than that of the range and is own fireside. There are moments, lowever, when the hair stiffens on the mck of his neck, and a chill runs along his spine.

her side. Parofunte's daughter turned, recupe, or that a foodenient governor with a swift grave, and entered the tray exercise the right of pardon.-



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For thiny years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulcerateen, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigesion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Squaw as Housekeeper. Put a squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers. The blankets are neatly rolled and stowed away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the center clear. Bright-colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about, and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles. But put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cook stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom. Outside the bedstead and spring will be used as chicken roosts. But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk tooth robe, valued at anywhere from \$1.500 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or to the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle, she is

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE. From Octoberto May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LANATIVE BROMO QUININER E.W. Grove on box 25c

a picture of contentment.-Denver Re-

Why He Brought His Along. Whenever the penurious manager of the large store wanted to sharpen his pencil he would enter the shipping department and borrow a knife from one of the boys. Sometimes the boys did not have their knives with them, but there was one isd. Tommy Breen, who

always could be depended upon. "How is it, Tommy," asked the manager one day as he whittled his pencil, "that you always have your knife with you and the other boys haven't?" Tommy hesitated for a moment, hen, gathering courage, said: "The wages I get aren't enough for me to afford more than one pair of

Tellinle Bibles. A dealer in second-hand books advertised the other day for old Bibles pelonging to three families that have

pants."-Harper's Weekly.

lately come into prominence. "Do they want them as heirlooms?" isked a customer who had read the advertisement.

"Not a bit of it," said the dealer. They want the Bibles because they contain a record of births; consequentty they reveal ages-women's ages, presumably. Very often dealers in old books are asked to look up inconvenient documentary evidence of that kind. Before days of affluence the family Bibles got lost in the shuffle of moving around. Nobody thought much about the loss then, but with the advent of prosperity the books could easily become a source of mortification to many women if they happened to fall into the hands of malicious persons; hence the frantic attempts to gather all such records into the family."-New York

Austrian mines are provided with rescue chambers at convenient locations underground. They are equipped with food and conveniences for miners in case of

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accoringly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses. sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by able substances. To get it, beneficial offects always purchase the genuinemanufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading drug-