

**A WOMAN'S MISERY.**

Mrs. John La Rue, of 115 Paterson Avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered no one will ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the back ache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale all dealers. 50 cents per box. Ter-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Men's Heroines Generally "Cats."**  
The heroine of the average male novelist is intensely irritating to the ordinary female reader—she is generally a cat, often underbred, and even when her manners and methods and morals are nominally satisfactory you are left with the firm conviction that, if she happened to be on your visiting list, you would find her either dull or disagreeable, or both!—Dora D'Espaigne Chapman in London Globe.

**Swordsmanship in England.**  
Swordsmanship in one or the other of its forms is making marked progress in England. New salies d'armes are being opened and fresh clubs formed year by year in London and the provinces, and international matches have been arranged in which the English teams at least borne themselves well.

**Hereros Cattle.**  
The native cattle of the Hereros in Southwest Africa, are tall, lean, long-horned and of little value for beef or milk, but they are excellent for riding and drawing loads, and, like camels, can travel for days without water and with little food. They are guided by reins attached to a stick through the nose.

**Grease the Nails.**  
Not long ago I saw a person trying to drive a nail through a piece of seasoned oak an inch and a half thick. This was impossible until I suggested to grease the nail. It was then driven easily and without bending.—National Magazine.

**The Best He Had.**  
"Is this the best claret, Murphy?" asked the Irishman of his butler. "It is not, sorr," was the answer, "but it's the best ye've got."

Greenland now has nearly 12,000 inhabitants.

**FROM SAME BOX**

**Where the Foods Come From.**  
"Look here, waiter, honest now, don't you dip every one of these flaked breakfast foods out of the same box?" "Well, yes, boss, we duz, all 'cept Grape-Nuts, cause that don't look like the others and people know 'zactly what Grape-Nuts looks like. But there's 'bout a dozen different ones named on the bill of fare and they are all thin rolled flakes so it don't make any difference which one a man calls for, we just take out the order from one box."

This talk led to an investigation. Dozens of factories sprung up about three years ago, making various kinds of breakfast foods, seeking to take the business of the original prepared breakfast food—Grape-Nuts. These concerns after a precarious existence, nearly all failed, leaving thousands of boxes of their foods in mills and warehouses. These were in several instances bought up for a song by speculators and sold out to grocers and hotels for little or nothing. The process of working off this old stock has been slow. One will see the names on menus of flaked foods that went out of business a year and a half or two years ago. In a few cases where the abandoned factories have been bought up, there is an effort to resuscitate the defunct, and by copying the style of advertising of Grape-Nuts, seek to influence people to purchase. But the public has been educated to the fact that all these thin flaked foods are simply soaked wheat or oats rolled thin and dried out and packed. They are not prepared like Grape-Nuts, in which the thorough baking and other operations which turn the starch part of the wheat and barley into sugar, occupy many hours and result in a food so digestible that small infants thrive on it, while it also contains the selected elements of Phosphate of Potash and Albumen that unite in the body to produce the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts, and there have been many imitations, a few of the article itself, but many more of the kind and character of the advertising. Imitators are always counterfeiters and their printed and written statements cannot be expected to be different than their goods.

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**The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION**

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER  
Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Antia," Etc.  
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**CHAPTER XII.**

**The Journey to the Convict Country.**

We left our friends Lang and Denver in company with Regan and Golden, traveling toward the West. Upon arriving at St. Paul, which was reached, as Golden supposed, without being detected, the group was reinforced by another gang of female domestics of about the shade of intelligence of those already being taken to the country, and embarked on board one of the large Mississippi steamers on its journey down the river. At St. Louis the already large crowd was further added to by a curious quartet; one was a celebrated pickpocket, called "Limpy Jim," and his "stone," "Pocketbook Pete," who were in company with two women of questionable character, "Dizzy Lill," a tumbled-down variety actress, and "French Fannie," a roper in for a concert saloon.

It was not Golden's wish to travel in company with such a large gang of crooks and thus court capture, but in this he was not a free agent. However, the vessel had been chartered for the gang's exclusive use, and the more people carried the better for the colony. Jim Denver, in the character of a stowaway, managed to secrete himself on board the boat, but at the junction of the Arkansas and the Mississippi, fearing that Regan and Golden would discover his identity and being aware by this time of the probable situation of the country, parted company with Lang and left the boat.

The party threw off all restraint when once the vessel began to ply the Arkansas. There was no one on board now but the emigrants to the Convict Country. Our German girls had by this time, if they had not before, learned their fate, which was to be married off, even against their wills, to the several farmers who supplied the city with edibles. This to them was no great misfortune. They

over the route taken, for they are now in the "Bad Lands," and unless fully protected their lives will pay the penalty of their rashness. It is an eighteen day's journey from Umbrina to the Convict City by wagon (25 miles a day), but in three days 108 miles are made uninterrupted.

On the third day the train was overtaken by a severe storm—a "northeaster," accompanied by sleet and hail, lasting for over a day. It took fully three days to rest up, and during that time they were sighted by a roving band of Indians who were out after a herd of stampeded cattle.

Louis Lang conducted himself nobly in the fight which ensued. The attack by the Indians was made by night. The train had been on the move up till ten o'clock at night. Just after forming a solid circle, for protection at night; and while all was in confusion over preparing supper, while the guards were busy with the tethering of mules and rubbing down of stock, the charge of the Indians came.

The chief scout of the train, Cowboy Charlie, accompanied by Lang, was viewing the surrounding country from the ridge, preparatory to mapping out the next day's march, when he caught a glimpse of moving forms in the woods on one side of the train. It was this fact alone that saved the train from total annihilation. It took the scout but a moment to warn his colleagues of their impending danger. The wagons were huddled more closely together, the women sheltered behind an impromptu barricade of boxes in the center, and the mules securely picketed as far from danger as possible. The charge was not made immediately, but the Indians waited for the moon to pass behind a cloud, so the boys were somewhat prepared for them. Where a confusion reigned a moment since, ominous silence now held sway. Desperate men, used to frontier life, upon one knee in a half-sitting posture, with rifles resting



Swayed back and forward.

were to find homes. This was to them compensation enough and they made themselves quite happy.

Louis Lang seems to be out of place in this group. He is unlike any other individual in the gang. A passenger paying his way into the city. There had been just as foolish men as he appears brought into the city before, who, for fancied security had paid over their all, and awoke to find that their past was but a dream, and a future of toil and slavery still ahead of them. As we know Lang, we know he expects to reap some benefit from the expenditures of his fortune (supposed to have been stolen from Jim Denver). Before his eyes were the terrible chances he was taking. Time and time again had his life passed in review before him (like the brief survey of a drowning man) and he realized that he was rushing on to almost certain doom. He had constantly in mind these thoughts: riches or death! Life (to him) was not worth the living unless he obtained wealth and fame, even if he had to enter the very jaws of death to accomplish his purpose. To look at him no one would suppose him an extraordinary youth; he is as much an ordinary mortal as can well be conceived, yet he is a little different. He sings and dances, plays upon the mouth organ and tells funny stories, even the watchful and sober Golden has to laugh at his wit, and each of his German cousins is in love with him.

The journey is uneventful up to the navigable source of the river, where the vessel was abandoned. The party forms a pack train and proceeds overland. Here the party was met by a guard of ten rough border men, and as many prairie schooners with six big strapping mules attached to each wagon. Lang, Regan and Golden, and the other male personages were furnished with bronchos to ride, while the women folks were placed in the wagons. The whole outfit were now furnished with defensive weapons, as they were traveling over a dangerous portion of the continent where might made right and where it was worse than folly to be caught napping with anything on their persons worth stealing either by desperadoes or Indians.

It was just four weeks after the time of leaving Chicago that the party set out boldly across the plains. None but convicts' wagons have ever passed

upon the spokes of the wagons and their revolvers handy, listened for the signal of attack. Cool and collected, every one was waiting for the inevitable.

All was darkness for a moment, then the charge came! Now all seemed confusion; the women screamed; the mules brayed; the Indians yelled; the actual defenders alone were silent. With grim determination pointed on every face, the emigrants awaited the attack and were not caught asleep! At last there came the discharge of arms—and yells of more unearthly sounds, and when the moon again burst out from behind the clouds the first skirmish was over, and all but the dead were out of sight.

Two or three braves, more daring than the rest, in the first mad rush, had leaped to the front, and tomahawks in hand, had managed to break into the circle. One was met by Bowie Bill; one by Cowboy Charlie, and the third, a young chief, by Lang. Long Rope, the chief, was out for scalps, and had singled out Lang as the easiest man to dispose of, and thus break into the enclosure. But Long Rope was mistaken.

Louis Lang was not taken un-awares, though unused to border warfare. After firing one volley from his repeater he laid it down before him and was upon his feet just as he saw a form leap out from the darkness upon him. Louis was armed with that terrible instrument called a "detective's dirk" an instrument made in the shape of a policeman's billy and used much as a sandbag, and by pressing a spring through the head of the billy protrudes a shining steel blade, which can be used as a knife. This is a very dangerous weapon, being both a Bowie knife and a club at the same time. Long Rope expected to run his hand against the barrel of a gun, and tomahawk in hand, expected to cleave the owner's skull in twain. But in this he was mistaken. In the darkness the Indian ran quite unexpectedly into the arms of our friend.

If Long Rope had succeeded in accomplishing his purpose of besting Lang, the game would have been won. Knife in hand, the chief would have stamped the mules; confusion would have reigned supreme; the women perhaps have been trampled to death beneath the hoofs of the infuriated and half-tamed animals; the men to

save the train would have had to devote some attention to capturing the horses, and that would have been enough to have made them lose the day in an encounter such as they were in.

However, Lang was no "tenderfoot," even if he had been brought up in the city. As he felt the earth jar as the chief sprang toward him, he reached out his arm and grasped his foe, at the same time dealing him a blow with his billy. If Lang could have seen his foe in the first place, the chief would never have moved again. As it was, the blow did not stop the rush of the chief, simply surprised him as the blow landed upon the shoulders. For a moment Lang and the Indian fought hand to hand. Lang held the Indian's right hand with his left; the Indian held Lang's in the same manner, and they swayed back and forward, each striving his utmost to get the best of his antagonist.

During the time of this struggle a second charge was made upon the train, and the moon uncovering itself, a second and third volley was fired by the emigrants, with considerable accuracy, which completely routed the Indians. Bowie Bill had dispatched his antagonist, and had propped the body up before him as a shield, while calmly meeting the second charge. Cowboy Charley had gone to his last account, nevertheless he had succeeded in finishing his slayer. His knife, plunged with the strength of a dying man, was found embedded in the heart of his enemy.

When the repulse had been successfully accomplished the border men turned in time to see the end of the struggle between Lang and Long Rope. Lang had succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of his antagonist, and by a herculean sweep of his arm had planted his trusty blade in the breast of the chief, ending the fray, becoming conqueror in a most desperate encounter. The Indians, now without a leader, made a few feints, then abandoned the fight, furnishing victory for the whites with but slight loss, considering.

Circumstances made Louis the lion of the hour. His was the play before the grand stand. Others may have done more to merit approbation, but his was the act seen. After everything had been made snug and comfortable for the night, Louis was feted to his heart's content. He had longed for just such a chance as this to prove his skill in an emergency and the test was to his credit. It made his reputation.

"You're a handy man with a killing tool," said Bowie Bill, as he patted our hero upon the shoulder. "I kinder thought you was a tenderfoot, but I see you know how to handle yourself!"

"You can bet your bottom dollar on that, old sport!" said Louis, in bragadocio. "I done him up brown."

"Yes, done it neatly," said the border man.

"He robbed his bank as easily," said Golden proudly. Golden was a little fearful of the responsibility he had taken upon himself in bringing Lang along, but now he was satisfied with the result. Louis had gained the hearty good will of these desperate men by his bravery, and it is bravery, if anything, that all men admire in men.

French Fannie came over and embraced Louis. "You are a duck of a fighter," she said. And as Limpy Jim approached, she continued, "And if I was not 'Pete's flame' I'd stick tighter'n glue to you. See?"

"Thanks," replied Louis, "you do me proud!"

Then Dizzy Lill said that she would sing and dance for him on the morrow. This was quite a concession on her part, as Louis had been trying to get her to do this very thing for him, but had thus far failed.

"I'm your huckleberry," he said. To himself he allowed himself to admit that at last he had the bull by the horns, and was on the highway to the accomplishing of his intentions.

**THE LINE HE DREW.**

**Professor Had Answer Ready for Inquiring Sophomore.**

Prof. "Bill" Bailey's recent visit to New York recalls a story that is told at his expense by a prominent sophomore at Yale.

About a month ago, when everybody was getting his spring clothes, the professor noted with great annoyance that the attendance at one of his classes was falling off rapidly, due to "illness." On looking up the college records he found that there were more absentees from that one class than there were names on the sick list of the entire sophomore class. A general rounding-up followed, and as a result the attendance once more became normal.

The next week, however, fate ironically decreed that the professor himself should be indisposed, and thereby prevented from attending his classes. The student in question called on his instructor one afternoon, and after a little general conversation, for the professor is a "prince of good fellows," and very popular with the entire university, the young man looked at him as he lay there and said with a twinkle in his eye:

"I say, professor, just where do you draw the line on this sick business?" "Bill" looked keenly at him for a moment, then appreciating the humor of the situation, snapped back with his ever-ready wit: "Oh, I draw—I draw the clothes line!"—New York Times.

**Well-Named.**

Bill—I see they've named a whisky after Admiral Togo.

Jill—Well, it's a good name for whisky.

"How so?"

"It gets the best of so many people."

**WRONGS OF THE CHILDREN.**

**One Child in Five at Work in Early Years.**

"Field and Stream" notes that one child in five in this country spends the years between the ages of ten to fifteen at work in coal mines, factories or similar places. Education is at a standstill; there is no recreation in field or forest; nothing to develop mind or character, everything, on the contrary, to hinder or distort their growth. At fifteen the unhappy little creatures, dwarfed in every direction, pass into circulation. In a few years our citizens' roll will be one-fifth made up of such.

In his installation address President Roosevelt said many fine things about our duty and our dawning destiny to lead the world. Make any allowance you judge fit for possible over-statement in the figures we quote, the picture will not be greatly relieved. For there is the other and worse side of it that child labor is one, and only one, product of the greed and indifference of those who are knowingly operative in causing this stupendous piece of cruelty. They are a worse blot on the roll than the children, become adults, will be.

In what are we to lead the world? Humanity of conduct? Useless disregard for gain? How long does a nation's public policy remain in advance of its average private standard.

These children are slaves who derive no shadow of benefit, nothing but harm, from their slavery. Morally and mentally dwarfed men and women, they are prematurely fathers and mothers whose children register and reflect the moral and mental status of their parents.

We once held these "truths to be self-evidence; that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

But perhaps the signers of the Declaration of Independence were not thinking of children in those momentous days!—New Century Path.

**Cabman Felt He Owed Debt.**

The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn tells a story of how a cabman of this city once refused to accept pay for his services. Dr. Cadman had been calling on Bishop Potter. After arriving at the ferry on his way home he tendered the usual fee to the man who had driven him down. The man declined to take it, and a beautiful smile lit up his tanned features.

"I'd like to know why you won't take this money," said the clergyman.

"I'll tell you," came the answer. "I once heard you preach in the Metropolitan Temple, and at the close of the service you laid your hand on my shoulder and said to me, 'For God's sake be a man.' I had been a drunken sot for years, but that set me right about face. I now own this horse and carriage, live with my wife and children in a snug little flat, and have \$1,500 in the bank. It's no strange thing that you should forget me, but I haven't forgotten you."—New York Times.

**Wise Sister Mary.**

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one summer day where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed slowly from her eyes; she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John, who kept a village store; he sat down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat down and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye.

And so the brokers seized his stock, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear.

"How is it, sister, can you tell why other shoppers here sell all their goods so quickly and thrive from year to year?"

Remembering now her own bad luck the little maid replied, "These other fellows fatten, John, because they advertise."—London Tit Bits.

**Sensitiveness of Humorists.**

A poet at a banquet of humorists told a story of R. K. Munkittrick, American's veteran joke writer.

"Blank and I spent the night with Mr. Munkittrick at his fine New Jersey home in May," he said, "and the next morning we came in to New York on the train together.

"Mr. Munkittrick had brought along a bundle of funny papers to beguile the ride with, and, picking up one of these journals, Blank began to read it. After a while he turned to Mr. Munkittrick and said:

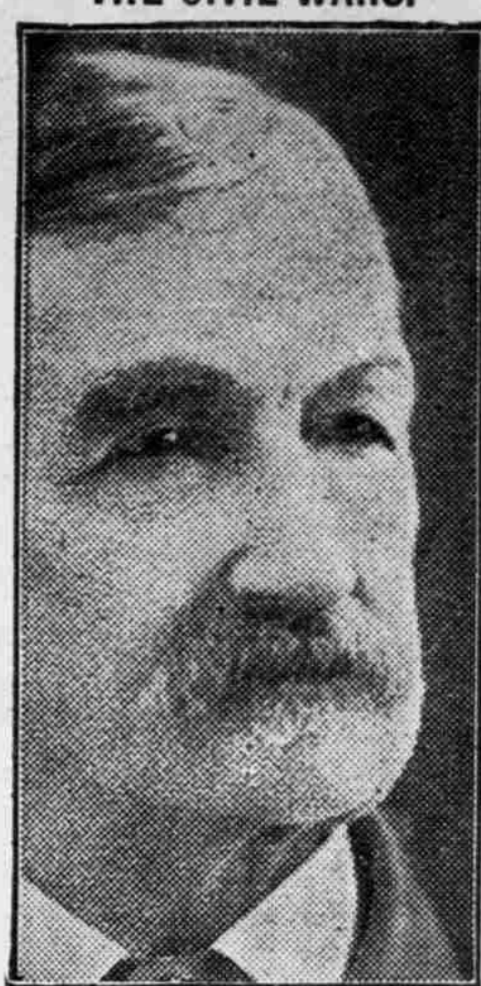
"So this is one of your jokes, is it? Ha, ha, ha!"

"The veteran joke writer said in a hurt, indignant tone:

"Well, what are you laughing at? Isn't it a good one?"

**1,100 Francs for King's Umbrella.**  
The king of the Belgians once left his umbrella in a hansom when driving in Brussels. This was returned to his majesty a few hours afterward by the proud "cabby," who was offered his honesty by King Leopold the sum of 100 francs. The astute Jehu, however, begged a great favor of the king. Could he have the umbrella instead of the money? The favor was granted, and before many days had passed the cabman had put up the umbrella for sale, and it was knocked down to some royal enthusiast for 1,100 francs. When King Leopold heard of this he exclaimed: "Well, I've heard of an umbrella being put up to keep off showers of rain; but this seems to have been put up to bring down showers of gold!"

**A VETERAN OF THE BLACK HAWK, MEXICAN AND THE CIVIL WARS.**



CAPT. W. W. JACKSON.

Sufferings were protracted and Severe—Tried Every Known Remedy Without Relief—Serious Stomach Trouble Cured by Three Bottles of Peruna!

Capt. W. W. Jackson, 705 G St., N.W., Washington, D. C., writes:

"I am eighty-three years old, a veteran of the Black Hawk, Mexican and the Civil Wars. I am by profession a physician, but abandoned the same.

"Some years ago I was seriously affected with catarrh of the stomach. My sufferings were protracted and severe. I tried every known remedy without obtaining relief.

"In desperation I began the use of your Peruna. I began to realize immediate though gradual improvement.

"After the use of three bottles every appearance of my complaint was removed, and I have no hesitation in recommending it as an infallible remedy for that disorder."—W. W. Jackson. Address: Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

**MILLIONS OF WOMEN**



**Cuticura SOAP**

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or undue perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic, purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston. Mailed Free, "A Book for Women."



Look for this brand on harness, collars, saddles, horse blankets, lap robes, etc.

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