

Dirty and dishonest hands often wear clean gloves.

The eternal now is the time for everybody to be just.

He who knows himself best is modest, polite and generous.

A Gotham masher met a girl who had taken boxing lessons. He is now the very pink of propriety.

A Tacoma bootblack has retired with a fortune of \$60,000 and an ambition to become a gentleman of polish.

No householder can feel that he has been decently robbed when the front door is opened with a crowbar. It is only a step to the battering ram.

London expects to have a population of 16,000,000 in the year 1960, and it is time for England to begin enlarging its blooming island, don't you know.

Sixty-eight ministers have preached trial sermons in a Butler, Pa., pulpit and all have been rejected. What that congregation needs is certainly not nerve.

An Atlantic City man went to jail rather than kiss his wife. Had it been another man's wife there would, of course, have been no question of imprisonment.

When King Edward picked out the first woman to receive the Order of Merit he chose a nurse. This is a distinct slap at the profession of the "lady novelist." Will Miss Corelli remain quiet?

New York has launched a sensational theory that the country has more allurements to vice than the city. It is presumably worked out on the old minstrel theory of the little beetles making beats and the little bumble bees making bums.

An Illinois swain, while saying farewell to his sweetheart, was so started by a shout from the girl's father that he fell off the porch, breaking his collar bone. He asks \$2,000 damages. If he wins, this will establish a precedent which will mean millions a year to the courting industry.

A New York woman set the phonograph to playing her favorite tune and then turned on the gas. She's dead now. We have known persons who would gladly have turned on the gas while playing to listen to their favorite tunes played by a phonograph. They're alive and likely to suffer again.

Now they have discovered that alleged buttermilk sold in Chicago is a fraud and delusion, being a combination of acid and skimmed milk. What shall be said of the degeneracy of persons who actually go the limit of counterfeiting buttermilk? Let the penalties of the pure food law be imposed to the full extent.

The emperor of Austria has celebrated the sixtieth year of his reign by granting amnesty to all deserters from the army and to refugees from army service, inviting the latter to come home. The human military machines of former days are beginning to be felt in Europe as individuals who must be reckoned with as such in the future.

A Pennsylvania girl of 15, who was punished by her father for entertaining a young man to whom he and her mother objected, threw herself in the river and was drowned. Perhaps she was only anticipating the evil day. An Indiana girl of 17, who was married at 15, has killed herself because her parents did not interfere when the young man came a-courting.

This country will not suffer from the departure of hundreds or even thousands of immigrants who are now making their way back to the old world. These men show by their act that they did not come over here with the intention of becoming American citizens, but simply for the purpose of earning money faster than they could at home. It is not likely many of them will ever come back again, says the Baltimore American, and the United States will be better off without them.

Baron Fairfax, of Cameron, otherwise Albert Kirby Fairfax, of New York, has lately applied for naturalization as a British subject. He is the twelfth Baron Fairfax, and is a descendant of the sixth baron, who came to America and settled in Virginia. The mother of the present baron, described in the peerage as Lady Fairfax of Cameron, lives in Prince George county, Maryland. The baron, being only a peer of Scotland, will not have a seat in the house of lords. Sixteen Scotch peers, who are also peers of the United Kingdom, are chosen by their fellow peers as members of the house of lords.

The occupation of the musician has become dangerous since the automobile has been introduced on the stage. One jumped the stage in New York and knocked two links out of the trombone player, in addition to quieting the cornet.

A Greenville (Pa.) man has been sent to jail for attempting to break the leg of a pup. When such news breaks into the papers one realizes that the objections to capital punishment should be packed away in cotton for a century or two.



BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF 'WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING' 'MY LADY OF THE NORTH' 'HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC.'

SYNOPSIS. A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Beshune...

Brant felt that the other's display of irritation gave him an unexpected advantage. 'Nothing that need awaken anger, I am sure...

CHAPTER XVII (Continued).

last. 'I wish this made perfectly clear, and for all time. I met Miss Gillis first through pure accident...



"Naida Gillis is Not for You."

ing well out of sight for some reason. Telegrams have been received for him at the office, but another man has called for them.

"Who?" "Red Slavin." "The cur!" said Hampton. "I reckon there is a bad half-hour waiting for those two fellows."

Hampton ignored the question. "Lieut. Brant," he said, "I am glad we have had this talk together, and exceedingly sorry that my duty has compelled me to say what I have said."

He held out his hand, and scarcely knowing why he did so, Brant placed his own within its grasp, and as the eyes of the two men met, there was a consciousness of sympathy between them.

CHAPTER XVIII. A Slight Interruption.

The young officer passed slowly down the dark staircase, his mind still bewildered by the result of the inter-

view. His feelings toward Hampton had been materially changed. He found it impossible to nurse a dislike which seemingly had no real cause for existence.

Yet Brant was far from being satisfied. Hampton had not even advanced a direct claim; he had dodged the real issue, leaving the soldier in the dark regarding his relationship to Naida, and erecting a barrier between the other two.

Brant stared. "I—I fear I scarcely comprehend, Miss Spencer. I have certainly taken no one's life. What can you mean?"

"Oh, I am so glad; and Naida will be, too. I must go right back and tell the poor girl, for she is nearly distracted. Oh, Lieutenant, isn't it the most romantic situation that ever was?"

"To whom do you refer? Really, I am quite in the dark." "Why, Mr. Hampton, of course. Oh, I know all about it. Naida felt so badly over your meeting this morning that I just compelled her to confide her whole story to me."

"Most assuredly not," and Brant's eyes began to exhibit amusement; "indeed, we parted quite friendly."

"I told Naida I thought you would. People don't take such things so seriously nowadays, do they? But Naida is such a child and so full of romantic notions, that she worried terribly about it. Isn't it perfectly delightful what he is going to do for her?"

"I am sure I do not know." "Why, hadn't you heard? He wants to send her east to a boarding school and give her a fine education. Do you know, Lieutenant, I am simply dying to see him? He is such a perfectly splendid western character."

CHAPTER XIX. The Door Opens, and Closes Again.

In one sense Hampton had greatly enjoyed Miss Spencer's call. Her bright, fresh face, her impulsive speech, her unquestioned beauty, had had their effect upon him, changing for the time being the gloomy trend of his thoughts.

But gradually the slight smile of amusement faded from his eyes. Something, which he had supposed lay securely hidden behind years and distance, had all at once come back to haunt him—the unhappy ghost of an expiated crime, to do evil to this girl Naida. Two men, at least, knew sufficient of the past to cause serious trouble. This effort by Slavin to hold personal communication with the girl was evidently made for some definite purpose.

Hampton's genial smile only broadened, as he carelessly rolled an unlight cigar between his lips.

He walked to the door, flung it swiftly and silently open, and stepping within, closed it behind him with his left hand. In the other glittered the steel-blue barrel of a drawn revolver.

The terse, imperative words seemed fairly to cut the air, and the red-bearded gambler, who had half risen to his feet, an oath upon his lips, sank back into his seat, staring at the apparition confronting him as if fascinated.

"Put your hands on the table, and keep them there!" he said. "Now, my dear friend, I have come here in peace, not war, and take these slight precautions merely because I have heard a rumor that you have indulged in a threat or two since we last parted, and I know something of your impetuous disposition. I regret the necessity, but trust you are resting comfortably."

"Oh, go to hell!" "We will consider that proposition somewhat later." Hampton laid his hat with calm deliberation on the table. "No doubt, Mr. Slavin, if you move that hand again I'll fill your system with lead—you experience some very natural curiosity regarding the object of my unanticipated, yet I hope no less welcome visit."

Slavin's only reply was a curse, his bloodshot eyes roaming the room furtively.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the greatest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N. C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes: "Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public."

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

The Matter With It. "What is the matter with my poem?" asked the amateur contributor. "Isn't the meter all right?"

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Had Its Uses. "I love to whiff the aroma of the burning leaves," said the poetical girl, as they strolled through the park.

Your Wife, Mother or Sister Can make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies better than the expert cook by using 'OUR-PIE,' as all the ingredients are in the package ready for immediate use. Each package enough for two large pies, 10 cents. Order to-day from your grocer.

Many Professional Men, clergymen, teachers and singers use Brown's Bronchial Troches for curing hoarseness and coughs.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

Our great care should be not to live long, but to live well.—Seneca.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

For he that once is good is ever great.—Ben Johnson.

