

DRAGS YOU DOWN.

Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly Wear One Out.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Fayette St., Manchester, Ia., says: "For two years my back was weak and rheumatic. Pains ran through my back, hips and limbs. I could hardly get about and lost much sleep. The action of the kidneys was much disordered. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and the result was remarkable. The kidney action became normal, the backache ceased, and my health is now unusually good."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Expressions of a Cynic.

Walter Pater, an old man at 50, bald as a coot and grotesquely plain, regarded every woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage?" a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."

Imaginary Holidays.

I know a man who cannot afford to travel, and yet has a delightful way of deceiving himself. He learns about the cost of traveling, the proper clothing to wear, gets a time table, and arranges excursions for himself to various places, and then reads about them in books of travel. To the man with imagination it is a captivating occupation.—Heath and Home.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

An Inopportune Query.

"For whom do you intend to vote at the next election?"
"I dunno," answered Farmer Corn-tossed. "I've got too much work of my own just at present to mix into this rivalry for holding government jobs."—Washington Star.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Wholesale Drugists, Toledo, O.
HALL'S CATARRH CURE. A new method of treating directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The World a Blank.

We feel sorry for the woman who has no confidence in either her husband or her dressmaker.

Asthmatics, Read This.

If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Neb.

Sometimes Peppery.

Spicy conversation should be handled gingerly.

Instant Relief for All Eyes.
That are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, FETTERS' EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

It's a pity some people can't marry for brains instead of money.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

An occasional failure doesn't discourage a Luster.

A SUDDEN GOLD.



Miss Helen Sauerbier, of 615 Main St., St. Joseph, Mich., writes an interesting letter on the subject of catching cold, which cannot fail to be of value to all women who catch cold easily.

PERUNA ADVISED FOR SUDDEN COLDS.

It should be Taken According to Directions on the Bottle, at the First Appearance of the Cold.

ST. JOSEPH, MICH., Sept. 1, 1901.—Last winter I caught a sudden cold which developed into an unpleasant catarrh of the head and throat, depriving me of my appetite and usual good spirits. A friend who had been cured by Peruna advised me to try it and I sent for a bottle at once, and I am glad to say that in three days the phlegm had loosened, and I felt better, my appetite returned and within nine days I was in my usual good health.

—Miss Helen Sauerbier.

Peruna is an old and well tried remedy for colds. No woman should be without it.



By EADIE ASHLEY WALKCOTT

Where is the other gang? Are they gone?
"No; there's half a dozen of 'em out in the parlor, I reckon."
"You'd better tell him," said Fitzhugh, shifting an unpleasant task.
"Well," said Wainwright, "we heard orders given to shoot the first man that comes out before morning, but before all to kill you if you sticks your nose outside before sun-up."
The amiable intentions of the victors set me to thinking. If it was important to keep here till morning, it was more important to me to get out. There was no duty to keep here, for I need fear no attack on the boy who was with us. I looked at my watch, and found it was near 1 o'clock.
"The those blankets together," I ordered, as soon as I was able to get up. The men obeyed me in silence, while Wainwright vainly tried to quiet the child. I was satisfied to have him cry, for the more noise he made the less our movements would be heard.
While the others were at work, I cautiously raised the window and peered through the shutters. The rain was falling briskly, and the wind still blew a gale. I thought I dis-

tinguished the dark figure of a man on guard within a few feet of the building, and my heart sank.
"How many are in the parlor, Wilson?" I asked.
Wilson applied his eye to the key-hole.
"Can't see anybody but that one-eyed fellow, Broderick, but there might be more."
A flash of memory came to me, and I felt in my pocket for Mother Borton's mysterious scrawl. "Give that to a one-eyed man," she had said. It was a forlorn hope, but worth the trying.
"Hand this to Broderick," I said, "as soon as you can do it without anyone's seeing you."
Wilson did not like the task, but he took the envelope and silently brought the door ajar. His first investigations were evidently reassuring, for he soon had half his body outside.

"He's got it," he said on reappearing.
A little later there was a gentle tap at the door, and the head of the one-eyed man was thrust in.
"It's as much as my life's worth," he whispered. "What do you want me to do?"
"How many men are in the street below here?"
"There's one, but more are in call."
"Well, I want him got out of the way."
"That's easy," said Broderick, with a diabolical wink of his one eye. "I'll have him change places with me."
"Good! How many men are here?"
"You don't need to know that. There's enough to bury you."
"Have Meeker and Terrill gone?"
"Tom? He's in the next room here, and can count it a mercy of the saints if he gets out in a week. Meeker's gone with the old man. Well, I can't stay a-gabbin' any longer, or I'll be caught, and then the devil himself couldn't save me."
I shuddered at the thought of the "old man," and the shadow of Doddridge Knapp weighed on my spirits.

"Are you ready for an excursion, Fitzhugh?" I whispered.
He nodded assent.
"Well, we'll be out of here in a minute or two. Take that overcoat, I've got one. Now tie that blanket to the bedpost. No, it won't be long enough. You'll have to hold it for us, boys."
I heard the change of guards below, and giving directions to Wainwright, with funds to settle our account with the house, I blew out the lamp, quietly swung open the shutter and leaned over the sill.

"Hold onto the blanket, boys. Follow, Fitz," I whispered, and climbed out. The strain on my injured arm as I swung off gave me a burning pain, but I got to the ground in safety, and the improvised rope was drawn up.
"Where now?" whispered Fitzhugh.
"To the stable."
As we slipped along to the corner a man stepped out before us.
"Don't shoot," he said; "it's me—Broderick. Tell Mother Borton I wouldn't have done it for anybody but her."
"I'm obliged to you just the same," I said. "And here's a bit of drink money. Now, where are you men?"
"Don't know. In the lockup, I reckon."
"How's that?"
"Why, you see, Meeker tells the fellows here he has a warrant for you—that you're the gang of burglars that's wanted for the Parrott murder. And he had to show the constable and the landlord and some others the warrant, too."
"How many were hurt?"
"Six or seven. Two of your fellows looked pretty bad when they were carried out."
We turned down a by-street, but as soon as the guard had disappeared we retraced our steps and hastened to the Thatcher stables.

The rain was whipped into our faces as we went against the wind, and the whish and roar of the gale among the trees and the rattle of loose boards and tins, as they were tossed and shaken behind the houses, gave a melancholy accompaniment to our hasty march.
We nearly missed the stable in the darkness, and it was several minutes before we roused Thatcher to a state in which he could put together the two ideas that we wanted to get in, and that it was his place to get up and let us in.
"Horses to-night?" he gasped, throw-

ing up his hands. "Holy Moses! I couldn't think of letting the worst plug of the lot out in this storm."
"Well, I want your best."
"You'll have to do it, Dick," said Fitzhugh with a few words of explanation. "He'll make it all right for you."
"Where are you going?" asked Thatcher.
"Oakland."
He threw up his hands once more.
"Great Scott! you can't do it. The horses can't travel 50 miles at night and in this weather. You'd best wait for the morning train. The express will be through here before 5."
"I hesitated a moment, but the chances of being stopped were too great.
"I must go," I said decidedly. "I can't wait here."
"I have it," said Thatcher. "By hard riding you can get to Niles in time to catch the freight as it goes up from San Jose. It will get down in time for the first boat, but if that's what you want."
"Good! How far is it?"
"We call it 18 miles—it's over that by the road. There's only one nasty bit. That's in the canyon."
"I think we shall need the pleasure of your company," I said.
"It's a bad job, but if you must, you must," he groaned. And he soon had three horses under the saddle.
I eyed the beasts with some disfavor. They were evidently half-mustang and I thought undervalued for such a journey. But I was to learn before the night was out the virtues of strength and endurance that lie in the blood of the Indian horse.
"Hist! What's that?" said Fitzhugh, extinguishing the light.
The voices of the stern and the uneasy champing of the horses were the only sounds that rewarded a minute's listening.
"We must chance it," said I, after looking cautiously into the darkness and finding no signs of a foe.
And in a moment more we were galloping down the street, the hoof-beats scarcely sounding in the soft-center earth of the roadway. Not a word was spoken after the start as we turned through the side streets to avoid the approaches to the hotel. Thatcher suddenly turned to the west, and in another minute we were on the open highway, with the steady beat of the horses' hoofs splashing a wild rhythm on the muddy road.
With the town once behind us, I felt my spirits rise with every stroke of the horse's hoofs beneath me. The rain and the wind were friends rather

than foes. Yet my arm pained me sharply, and I was forced to carry the reins in the whip hand. Here the road was broader, and we rode three abreast, silent, watchful, each busy with his own thought, and all alert for the signs of chase behind.
"There!" said Thatcher, suddenly pulling his horse up to a walk. "We're five miles out, and they've got a big piece to make up if they're on our track. We'll breathe the horses a bit."
The beasts were panting a little, but chafed at the bits as we walked them and tossed their heads uneasily to the pelting of the storm.
"Hark!" I cried. "Did you hear that?" I was almost certain that the sound of a faint halloo came from behind us. I was not alone in the thought.
"The dern fools!" said Fitzhugh. "They want a long chase, I guess, to get through the country yelling like a pack of wild infants."
"I reckon 'twas an owl," said Thatcher; "but we might as well be moving. We needn't take no chances while we've got a good set of heels under us. Get up, boys."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

Autograph Fiend an Easy Mark for the Unscrupulous.

W. E. Collett, secretary of the Colorado Prison association, was talking in Denver about 50 autograph letters from widows that he recently received wherein each widow offered gladly to marry one of Mr. Collett's proteges, a reformed convict in search of a wife.
"I shall keep most of those widows' autographs," said Mr. Collett. "They are very interesting. A collection of autographs of such a character would be worth having, wouldn't it? Different from the usual dull collections of mere signatures, eh?"
He smiled and went on:

"An autograph fiend who collects mere signatures is rather a fool, and he is very easily taken in. Whenever I think of him, I think of a little story about him."
According to this story, an autograph fiend walked into an old curiosity shop and said:

"You advertise that you have autographs of Washington and Shakespeare for sale. If your terms are reasonable, I should like to purchase specimens of each of those autographs."
The proprietor bowed politely. Then he went to the back of the shop and said to a man who was painting a large canvas on an easel:
"Put away that Rembrandt for the present, Jim, and write me out an autograph of Washington and one of Shakespeare. Gentleman waiting outside."
GOOD THING TO LEAVE ALONE.

Physicians Advice to Those Who Are Fond of Mushrooms.

It may be possible that when all the boys are dead they will quit eating toadstools and dying in spasms there from. The edible and poisonous varieties of these fungi are too close to gether in general and species for the average youngster to differentiate them. It continues, after many years, to be the same old story: Eat it; if it kills you it is a toadstool; if it agrees with you it is a mushroom. Some years ago the department of agriculture at Washington issued an elaborate and beautiful set of illustrations of mushrooms and "near" mushrooms, labeling one set "edible" and the other "poisonous." The story leaked out and that the transposition was not discovered until the work had been sent broadcast. The officials did some tall hustling in an effort to call in the issue. A well-known physician said to me the other day: "Owing to the very great difficulty in ordinary life of detecting the true from the false, my mushroom advice has usually been 'let both kinds alone.'"—New York Press.

Parish Registers.

I was once being shown round a village church in the Eastern Counties, and was solemnly informed by the somewhat garrulous parish clerk that the registers went back to the time of William the Conqueror, says J. F. Williams in The Treasury. Lest the same startling opinion may be held by others, let me hasten to state that parish registers were unknown in England before the end of Henry VIII's reign, and happy is that parish which still possesses its records even from that date. For our earlier registers have certainly had a very checkered career, and when we read the story of the treatment which has been meted out to them during the three or four centuries of their existence, we can only wonder that they exist in such numbers as they do.

Paganini's Violin.

The famous violin of Paganini, which was preserved in a glass case, has been found to be rotting, and it is certain that the wood will not last many years longer. This discovery has caused agitation as to the means of preserving the precious instrument. It has been decided that to keep it a few years longer it shall be taken out once a year and played on for an hour by the best pupil of the conservatoire. Only once since the death of the greatest violinist who ever lived has the violin, which is a superb Stradivarius, been touched, and that was some years ago, by the Spanish violinist, Pablo del Sarasate, to whom the city during a triumphal tour through Italy wished to offer a signal honor.

Reducing Ocean Record.

The first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic took twenty-four days to make the trip, and the early boats of the Cunard line, organized in 1840, made the transatlantic trip in fourteen days, or in about the same time as the best of the clippers of the Black Ball and other lines. In 1860 the sailing ship Dreadnought made the passage in nine days and seven hours, and it was a long time before a steamer beat that record. It is nearly two decades since the five-day ship came upon the scene, and ever since then the record has been lowered by hours rather than by days.

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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathorn*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

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OPPONENT EASY TO BEAT.
Slight Accident Put Edmonia's Rival Out of the Running.

Mrs. S.—was in a Richmond hospital, and she was lonely, so welcomed the advent of a very black and very languid maid, who came in one morning to wipe up the floor. Some one new to talk to, so no time was lost.
"I have not seen you working here before. Aren't you a new girl?"
Edmonia willingly let the cloth slip back into the bucket, and sat flat upon the floor before answering.
"Yes, I'm new. I's jest washin' up de floor; but I don't work, I's educated."
"And where were you educated?" was the next question.
"In a seminary." Then, with a burst of confidence: "There was me an' another girl workin' in a house. She was cook and I was chambermaid, and we had great times about who would git de prize, but I beat." Then, after a pause, "She was easy to beat, 'cause she got smothered to death with gas de night before de zaminations come off."—Harper's Magazine.

Why He Went Back to His Old Tricks.
"You ingrate!" exclaimed the irate judge, addressing the culprit; "this gentleman took a fatherly interest in you after you had promised to stop stealing, and he gave you a job in his store, did he not?"
"Yes, sir."
"And when he left you alone in the place one day you repaid his gratitude by sneaking behind the desk and rifling the cash drawer, didn't you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Now, why did you do this?"
"I got remorse of conscience, Judge!"

Advice from a Wise Man.
After getting the best of a man in one deal steer clear of him, for he will begin to sit up and take notice.—Exchange.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Occasionally a listener hears good of himself—after talking into a phonograph.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A woman says that all men may be equal, but none are superior.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A successful man isn't necessarily a contented man.

Hard Work.
Patience—That Miss Fussenfeather holds her head quite high since her father got an automobile.
Patience—Yes; she's trying to keep her nose above range of the smell of the gasoline.
FARMS FOR RENT or sale on crop payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.
The wise man who has a good opinion of himself keeps it to himself.
Feet Ache—Use Allen's Foot-Powder. Over 30,000 testimonials. Refuse imitations. Send for free trial package. A. S. Quimby, Le Roy, N. Y.
The love of money is the easiest of all roots to cultivate.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASE
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
"Guaranteed" 1875

SICK HEADACHE
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They relieve Discomfort from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature
Frank Wood
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
Occasionally a listener hears good of himself—after talking into a phonograph.
You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.
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Let Me Send You a Package of Defiance Starch
with your next order of groceries and I will guarantee that you will be better satisfied with it than with any starch you have ever used.
I claim that it has no superior for hot or cold starching, and **It Will Not Stick to the Iron**
No cheap premiums are given with DEFIANCER STARCH, but you get ONE-THIRD MORE FOR YOUR MONEY than of any other brand.
DEFIANCER STARCH costs 10c for a 16-oz. package, and I will refund your money if it sticks to the iron.
Truly yours,
HOWARD JOHN, The Grocerman

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