Very Far. "That's a pretty far-fetched story." Yes, I got it by long distance tele-

Comparative Values. "My wife can make a tart reply." "My wife can do better than that. She can make a ple speak for itself."

Garfield Tes insures a normal action of

Always remember to be a gentleman-unless you are & woman

# WHAT WILL CURE MY BACK?

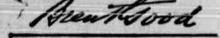
Common sense will do more to cure backache than anything else. "Twill tell you whether the kidneys are sore, swollen and aching. It will tell you in that case that there is no use trying to cure it with a plaster. If the passages are scant or too frequent, proof that there is kidney trouble is complete. Then commo sense will tell you to use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

## A TYPICAL CASE-

<page-header><text> James C. Hardin, Weatherford, Tex., says: "My feet and limbs be-came numb and I had terrible pains through my "Every back. Kid- Fours "Every Ficture Tells a Story." neysecretions causeduniold annoyanee and I began to think there was no hope Doan' Kidney Pills eured me and I havenothad AT ALL DEALERS 50c. a Box DOAN'S Kidney Pills



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rowing from the banks. The mag-Sioux City Directory plficent profits he made on the land "Hub of the Northwest." he sold were turned into more fand, into more development; and instead of paying off old loans, he contracted iceless

oda Fountains and supplies. We sell them. Dawson City, he now pyramided in

JACK LONDON WHITE FANG MARTIN

# Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Company.) (Copyright, 1910, by the MacMillan Company.)

The hand that had made the Circle ; refuse to marry a money-slave with & City giants wincel And a kid from, whisky-rotted carcass.

college, with a laugh on his face, had He got out of bed and looked at put it down-twice! Dede was right, himself in the long mirror on the He was not the same man. The situawardrobe door. He wasn't pretty. The tion would bear more serious looking old-time lean checks were gone. These into than he had ever given it. But were heavy, seeming to hang down by this was not the time. In the morn-

ing, after a good sleep, he would give the heavy-hammer thrower at the U. It consideration.

him, in answer to his query. "He's

C. Broke all records this year, and

the world's record on top of it. He's

a husky all right all right."

U.at proposition," he said.

was forced down on the bar.

ready that time."

secret

tion.

CHAPTER XIX.

Daylight nodded and went over to Daylight awoke with the, familiar him, placing his own arm in opposiparched mouth and lips and throat, took a long drink of water from the pitcher beside his bed, and gathered "I'd like to go you a flutter, son, on up the train of thought where he had The young man laughed and locked left it the night before. He reviewed hands with him; and to Daylight's asthe easement of the financial strain. tonishment it was his own hand that Things were mending at last. While the going was still rough, the greatest "Hold on." he muttered. "Just one dangers were already past.

His mind moved on to the incident more flutter. I reckon I wasn't just at the corner of the bar of the Par-Again the hands locked. It happenthenon, when the young athlete had ed quickly. The offensive attack of turned his hand down. He was no Daylight's muscles slipped instantly longer stunned by the event, but he into defence, and, resisting vainly, his was shocked and grieved, as only a hand was forced over and down. Day | strong man can be, at this passing of light was dazed. It had been no trick. his strength. He had always looked The skill was equal, or, if anything, upon this strength of his as permanthe superior skill had been his. ent, and here, for years, it had been Strength, sheer strength, had done it steadily oozing from him. As he had He called for the drinks, and, still diagnosed it, he had come in from undazed and pondering, held up his own der the stars to roost in the coops of

His Arms Went Out and Around Her. arm and looked at it as at some new cities. He had almost forgotten how strange thing. He did not know this to walk. He had lifted up his feet

their own weight. He looked for the arm. It certainly was not the arm he and been ridden around in automolines of cruelty Dede had spoken of, had carried around with him all the biles, cabs and carriages, and electric and he found them, and he found the years. The old arm? Why, it would cars. He had not exercised, and he harshness in the eyes as well, the have been play to turn down that had dry-rotted his muscles with alcoeyes that were muddy now after all young husky's. But this arm-he cop. hol. And was it worth it? What did the cocktails of the night before, and tinued to look at it with such dubious all his money mean after all? Dede of the months and years before. He perplexity as to bring a roar of laugh- was right. It could buy him no more looked at the clearly defined pouches, than one bed at a time, and at the that showed under his eyes, and they

ter from the young men. This laughter aroused him. He same time it had made him the abject. joined in it at first, and then his face slowly grew grave. He leaned to ward the hammer-thrower. He is a better? he asked himself. All this was Dede's own thought. It was this was Dede's own thought. It was "Son," he said, "let me whisper a what she had meant when she prayed ecret. Get out of here and quit he would go broke. He held up his offending right arm. It wasn't the drinking before you begin. The young fellow flushed angrily, same old arm. Of course she could but Daylight held steadily on.

of his body. It wasn't pretty. The not love that arm and that body as lean stomach had become a paunch. "You listen to your dad, and let she had loved the strong, clean arm The rigid muscles of chest and shoulders and abdomen had broken down



# LAND OF DISTURBED SLUMBER Write For This

Mosquito and the Sleepy Punkah-Wallah.

You cannot circumvent the mosquito as you can the fly. She has too many brains, wherever she may stow them. But she is trail and feeble on the wing, and you can get her there. For example, in India it is well known that mosquitoes will not bite under the punkah, therefore exiles in that land of the twelve plaques sleep under a swishing punkah for the six summer months, and under a mosquito net for the rest of the year, for there is no closed season for mosquitoes in India. One sleeps as sweet-

ly as may be in that hot, intermittent gale, fulled by the creaking ropes as the punkah flops and sags; sleeps fairly well until the punkah-wallab. who sits outside on your veranda and pulls the punkah by a string through

the wall, himself begins to doze, and finally nods as the punkah flags, and slowly, after a spasmodic jerk or two, sinks to rest. The hot air settles down upon, you. The mosquitoes settle down on you, too, not singly, but in battalions. I have counted seventeen separate bites on a single finger. And then you wake, slowly, confusedly, as souls will awake in purgatory, wondering what is wrong. Finally you awake enough to discover what is wrong, and realize that the punkah has stopped, and that in consequence you are threatened with an accumulation of heat apoplexy, malaria and

blood poisoning complicated by ap proaching nervous prostration. You might as well resign yourself and make your will. But if you are unresigned and choleric you take a corkscrew from the shelf, as the White Knight said to Alice, and go to wake him up for yourself. Then, for the rest of that night and for several nights to come the punkah blows a gale. Or if you are diplomatic rather than choleric you calculate that the punkah-wallah has almost certainly gone to sleep with the punkah-cord in his fingers. You reach up in the mosquito-haunted dark for the stack of the cord on your side of the wall, pull in the slack as cautiously as if you were playing a salmon in a pool, not a punkah-wallah on a veranda, and when the cord is fairly taut you give one long, quick pull that whirls the punkah-wallah half way across the veranda, where he wakes in a cold sweat, thinking the long-nailed demons have got him at last. Your sotto voce remarks carry just that meaning you hope they have .- Harper's Weekly.

into rolls of flesh. And this was age Drab China. Then there drifted across the field of Not a single little Chinese hat with vision of his mind's eye the old man button is to be seen in Wuchang tohe had encountered at Glen Ellen, coming up the hillside through the day, but such an assortment of caps upon badly barbered heads-caps of ordinary English make and stranger varieties made from native fabrics: felt hats of every description, from the soft green, called Alpine, to Engfires of sunset, white-headed and white-bearded, eighty-four, in his hand the pail of foaming milk and in his face all the warm glow and content of the passing summer day. That had land's familiar billycock. One coolle been age. "Yes siree, eighty-four, and was seen carrying water with his spryer than most," he could hear the bamboo over his shoulder glorious in a silk topper. Nearly all the queues Next he remembered Ferguson, the

are gone.

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ger automobile? Shovem-I wanted one I could push up hill.

# PIMPLES ON FACE 3 YEARS

"I was troubled with some for three long years. My face was the only part affected, but it caused great disfigurement, also suffering and loss of sleep. At first there appeared red, hard pimples which later contained white matter. I suffered a great deal caused by the itching. I was in a state of perpletity when walking the streets or anywhere before the public. "I used pills and other remedies but they failed completely. I thought of giving up when nothing would help, but something told me to try the Cuttcura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a Cuticura Booklet which I read care fully. Then I bought some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and by following the directions I was relieved in a few days. I used Cuticura Soap for washing my face, and applied the Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. This treatment brought marvelous results so I continued with it for a few weeks and was cured completely. I can truthfully say that the Cuticura Remedies are not only all, but more than they claim to be." (Signed) G. Baumel, 1015 W. 20th Place, Chicago, Ill., May 28, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a same ple of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cutioura," Dept. L, Boston.



shocked him. He rolled up the sleeve

of his pajamas. No wonder the ham-

mer-thrower had put his hand down.

Those weren't muscles. A rising tide

of fat had submerged them, He

stripped off the pajama coat. Again

he was shocked, this time by the bulk

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plied with power, also with light: and it became a street-and-house-lighting project as well. As soon as the purchase of power sites in the Sierras was rushed through, the survey parties were out and building operations begun. And so it went. There were thousand maws into which he poured unceasing streams of money.

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Dakland; but he did it with the knowledge that it was a stable enterprise rather than a risky placer-mining boom. Work on Daylight's dock system

went on apace; yet it was one of enterprises that consumed those money dreadfully and that could not be accomplished as quickly as a ferry system. Not content with manufacturing electricity for his street railways in the old-fashioned way, in power-houses, Daylight organized the Sierra and Salvador Power Company. This immediately assumed large proportions. Crossing the San Joaquin Valley on the way from the mountains,

CHAPTER XVIII.

When the ferry system began to

run, and the time between Oakland

and San Francisco was demonstrated

to be cut in half, the tide of Daylight's

terrific expenditure started to turn.

Not that it really did turn, for he

promptly went into further invest-

ments. Thousands of lots in his resi-

dence tracts were sold, and thousands

of homes was being built. Factory sites

also were selling, and business proper-

ties in the heart of Oakland. All this

tended to a steady appreciation in the

value of Daylight's huge holdings. But,

as of old, he had his hunch and was riding it. Already he had begun bor-

new ones. As he had pyramided in

SYNOFSIS.

and plunging through the Contra Costa hills, there were many towns, and even a robust city, that could be sup-

In the spring of the year the Great Panic came on. The first warning was when the banks began calling in their unprotected loans. Daylight promptly paid the first of several of his personal notes that were presented; then he divined that these demands but indicated the way the wind was going to blow, and that one of those terrific financial storms he had heard about was soon to sweep over the United States. How terrific this particular storm was to be he did not anticipate. Nevertheless, he took every precaution in his power and had no anxiety about his weather-

ing it out. precedented. He left the office an bour earlier than usual, and for the reason that for the first time since the panic there was not an item of work around Daylight encouragingly. waiting to be done. He dropped into Hegan's private office, before leaving.

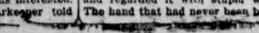
for a chat, and as he stood up to go. be said :--

In fine shape, and we'll get out with- you right now that I'm worth the devil out leaving one unredeemed pledge alone knows how many millions, and behind. The worst is over, and the that I'd sure give it all, right here on end is in sight. Just tight rein for a the bar, to turn down your hand. couple more weeks, just a bit of a which means I'd give the whole shoot-pinch or a flurry or so now and then, ing match just to be back where I was and we can let go and spit on our hands."

For once he varied his programme. instead of going directly to his hotel, and ride. Son, that's what's the matter he started on a round of the bars and with me, and that's the way I feel cafea, drinking a cocktail here and a about it. The game aln't worth the cocktail there, and two or three when candle. You just take care of yourhe encountered men he knew. It was self, and roll my advice over once in a after an hour or so of this that he dropped into the bar of the Parthenon one last drink before going to dinner. By this time all his being was

pleasantly warmed by the alcohol, and he was in the most genial and best of tered it. spirits. At the corner of the bar seveval young men were up to the old

trick of resting their elbows and attempting to force each other's hands down. One broad-shouldered young put down every hand that came



#### "We're Pulling Out of the Financial Pawnshop in Fine Shape."

him say a few. I'm a young man my | and body of years before. He didn't self, only I min't. Let me tell you, And in the end, when early summer several years ago for me to turn your was on, everything began to mend, hand down would have been like com-Came a day when Daylight did the un- mitting assault and battery on a kindergarten." Slosson looked his incredulity, while the others grinned and clustered

"Son, I ain't given to preaching. This is the first time I ever come to the penitent form, and you. put me there yourself-hard. I've seen a few

"Hegan, we're all hunkadory. We're in my time, and I ain't fastidious so pulling out of the financial pawnshop as you can notice it. But let me tell Plan before I quit sleeping under the stars

and come into the hen-coops of cities to drink cocktails and lift up my feet while. Good night." He turned and lurched out of the

place, the moral effect of his utterance largely spolled by the fact that he was so patently full while he ut-Still in a daze, Daylight made to his hotel, accomplished his dinner, and

prepared for bed. "The damned young whippersnap-

per!" he muttered. "Put my hand giant never removed his elbow, but down easy as you please. My hand!" He held up the offending member against him. Daylight was interested. and regarded it with stupid wonder. "It's Slosson," the barkesper told The hand that had never been beaten!

like that arm and body himself. A young whippersnapper had been able to take liberties with it. It had gone back on him. He sat up suddenly. No, he had gone back on it! He had gone back on himself. He had gone back on Dede. She was right, a thousand times right, and she had sense enough to know it, sense enough to

New Use for the Schools

ittle man who had scuttled into the road like a rabbit, the one-time managing editor of a great newspaper, who was content to live in the chaparral along with his spring of mountain water and his hand-reared and manicured fruit trees. Ferguson had solved a problem. A weakling and an alcoholic, he had run away from the doctors and the chicken-coop of a city. and soaked up health like a thirsty sponge. He sat down suddenly on the bed, startled by the greatness of the idea that had come to him. He did not sit long. His mind, working in its customary way, like a steel trap, canvassed the idea in all its bearings. It was big-bigger than anything he had

old man say.

faced before. And he faced it squarely, picked it up in his two hands and turned it over and around and looked at it. The simplicity of it delighted him. He chuckled over it, reached his decision, and began to dress. Midway in the dressing he stopped in order to use the telephone.

Dede was the first he called up. "Don't come to the office this morning," he said. "I'm coming out to see you for a moment."

He called up others. He ordered his motor-car. To Jones he gave instructions for the forwarding of Bob and Wolf to Glen Ellen. Hegan be surprised by asking him to look up the deed of the Glen Ellen ranch and make out a new one in Dede Mason's name. "Who?" Hegan demanded. "Dede Mason," Daylight replied imperturbably-"the 'phone must be indistinct this morning. De-d-e M-a-s-on. Got it?"

Half an hour later he was flying out to Berkeley. And for the first time the big red car halted directly before the house. Dede offered to receive him in the parlor, but he shook his head and nodded toward her rooms. "In there," he said. "No other place would sult."

As the door closed, his arms went out and around her. Then he stood with his hands on her shoulders and looking down into her face. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is Put Forward to Utilize Some of the Sixty Per Cent. to have the schoolhouses opened every day of the week. Sundays included, so that the community may

get the greatest possible benefit from The American school plant is valued them. at more than \$1,000,000,000, and as If this movement grows pupils will

ing age.

no longer find after vacation a musty used for school purposes alone utilizes but thirty-nine per cent. of the time smelling deserted building, but rather which could be given to the needs of one which has been in use every day the community. This, according to the in the year by those who love to give National Magazine, represents a total the public every possible advantage of loss of school plants to the country the buildings provided for public purposes.

of more than \$30,000,000 every year. An active movement is now taking place to turn school property during the summer months into children's playgrounds and places of amusement and to make them the center of recre-

Waste Time,

ation, of political and social life, the same as in country places, where they serve many purposes, oftentimes even for church services.

Evening schools, free lectures, indoor sports, folk dances, civic and educational meetings and gymnastic exercises are among the things mentioned for which school plants should be utflight, It is proposed by some

I hear of Chinese gentlemen on all sides hastening to discard their charming silk gowns, white socks and picturesque shoes for ordinary prosaic European dress. I begin to fear that I may never see a gorgeous mandarin in all his grandeur of robes and umbrellas and lovely, buttoned peacock feathered hat again. It seems possible, and even probable, that mandarins -oh, and the pity of it! they were so beautiful-may become just ordinary mortals. Fancy a mandarin in frock coat and black silk hat!--Wuchang correspondent Pall Mall Gazette.

### Poisonous Snuff.

All sorts of odd ways of being po! soned by lead are recorded in medical history: The man who regularly took the first glass of beer each morning in a saloon, the beer standing over night in the lead pipe running from the keg to the bar spigot; the maid using the first glass of water from the tap supplied by a lead service pipe; the painter who ate his luncheon every day with paint-covered hands; the painter apprentice who slept in the back room with the paint pails and white lead kegs. It might reasonably have been expected that the possibil ities in the way of surreptitious lead polsoning had been exhausted. Not so. It was recently discovered, after the death of a woman who had been suffering from a mysterious case of lead poisoning not affecting any other members of her family that she was an inveterate snuff taker. The snuff was examined and found to be badly contaminated with lead from the foil in which it was wrapped.

A Rockefeller Fake. "It's a Rockefeller fake." said a Philadelphia broker, "one of those in numerable Rockefeller fakes that float around the country, but, fake or not I'll tell it to you.

"John D. (so the fake runs) got a very suspicious looking cake by mail the other day. He wrapped it up in a newspaper and took it to a chemist. "'Is this likely to be poisoned?' he

asked. "'It certainly looks like a poisoned cake to me,' said the chemist. 'Leave it here.' And he smelled it, then he tasted and spat out a very tiny cur-'Leave it here, Mr. Rocketel rant. ler. I'll analyze it for you."

"How much will the analysis cost?" "'Ten dollars, sir.' "John D, bundled up the take in

the newspaper again. "'Humph!' he said, as he tucked it under his arm, 'it'll be cheaper to try

Man's Overlooked Opportunities.

on Archbold's cat."" Conducts Sunday School in Jail. Isaac Jones, retired whaler, steamboat man and soldier of Somerset, Pa., teaches what is probably the most unique Sunday school class in the Braggs-There are still other things country. For 20 years he has taught than money even in this dollar chasa class in the Somerset county jail.

Waggs-Good! That's just what I'm looking for. Let's grab them and form a trust. Braggs-But I was referring to such murder.

things as a clear conscience and selfrespect.

Other Things.

Waggs-Doesn't matter at all. It Oh, the littleness of the lives that we are living, denying to ourselves the will read all the better in the prospectus when we come to sell the stock. bigness of that thing which it is to -Life be a man, to be a child of God .--- Phil-

lips Brooks.

Altogether Too Late Now.

A lady who was anxious to obtain a good general servant applied at an intelligence office and was assured by the proprietor that she had just the person to suit. A raw-boned Irish woman some fifty years of age came forward.

"Well," said the lady, after a short conversation, "I would be very glad to engage you, but-

"But what, pray?" "Well, you see I wanted one who is

"Who is rather younger." folding her arms and glaring indig-mently, "it's a pity the good Lord lidn't make me in the yare to suit your convanience."

What She Wanted.

Before the fire on Christmas Eve two old maids were planning for the holiday.

"Sister Mallie," said the younge would a long stocking hold all you want for a Christmas gift?"

"No, Envira," said the older, "but a pair of socks would."

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