



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ill peculiar to the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed. But before I used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, Mrs. ROSA ADAMS, 819 12th St., Louisville, Ky."—\$5000 forfeit if not of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

Wet Weather
No hindrance to the rider who wears
SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND POMMEL SLICKERS
Man or saddle can not get wet.
EXCELSIOR BRAND OILED CLOTHING
For all kinds of work.
Warranted Waterproof.
Look for trade-mark.
If not at dealers, write
H. S. Sawyer & Son, 60th St., East Cambridge, Mass.

Much Consumption Among Negroes.
Consumption occurred rarely, if at all, among negroes in slavery, but now, after a little more than a quarter of a century of freedom, it causes more deaths among them than all the other contagious diseases combined. The negro rate from consumption is more than three times that of the whites.

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

Don't treat your family like a lot of paupers, even if charity does begin at home.

The commuter who runs may read—
if he succeeds in catching his train.

Confidence is seldom lost, but often sadly misplaced.

VASELINE.
Everybody knows the great value of this remedy in the household, but everybody does not know that the imitations of it, which some second class druggists dishonestly palm off on their customers, have little or no value. What should be understood by the public is, that it is not a mere question of comparative value between "Vaseline" and the imitations, but that the imitations do not effect the wonderful healing results of the world renowned "Vaseline," and that they are not the same thing, nor made in the same way. Besides this, many of the imitations are harmful, irritant and not safe to use, while true Vaseline is perfectly harmless.

Perfect safety therefore lies in buying only original bottles and other packages put up by the Chaseborough Manufacturing Co. Attention is called to their Capsicum Vaseline advertised in another column.

A brave man's honor and a true woman's love have no decline on the stock exchange of life.

It isn't always the most palatable medicine that cures the quickest.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar. The highest price 5c cigar to the dealer and the highest quality for the smoker. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Nervous prostration has a pretty hard job when it tackles a man whose wife supports the family.

A paper dollar is said to last about five years—unless it visits a church fair.

Distance prolongs the life of many friendships.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A baby isn't necessarily afflicted with jaundice because it's a little yellor.

Don't make the mistake of giving a man advice which doesn't confirm his own opinion.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?
See Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

When the proverbial rainy day comes lots of men use borrowed umbrellas.

Babies cry most when they realize that they look like some of their relations.

THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

A STORY OF THE PLAINS

BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY

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CHAPTER I.

The Brazen Tongues.

The band major was a poet. His name is lost to history, but it deserves a place among the titles of the great. In the soul of a poet, a great man, could there have been conceived that thought by which the music of triumph should pass the little pinnacle of human exultation, and reach the higher plane of human sympathy.

Forty black horses, keeping step; forty trumpeters, keeping unison; this procession, headed by a mere musician, who none the less was a poet, a great man, crossed the field of Louisburg as it lay dotted with the heaps of slain, and dotted also with the groups of those who sought their slain; crossed that field of woe, meeting only hatred and despair, yet leaving behind only tears and grief. Tears and grief, it is true, yet grief that knew of sympathy, and tears that reeked of other tears.

For a long time the lines of invasion had tightened about the old city of Louisburg, and Louisburg grew weaker in the coil. The wheat lay green upon the fields and the odor of the blossoms of the peach trees hung heavy on the air; but there was none who thought of fruitage or of harvest. Out there in front, where the guns were pulsing, there went on that grim harvest with which the souls of all were intimately concerned. The boys who threw up their hats to greet the infantry were fewer than they had been before the blossoming of the peach. The war had grown less particular of its food. A boy could speed a bullet, or could stop one. There were yet the boys.

Of all the old-time families of this ancient little city none held position more secure or more willingly accorded than the Fairfaxs and the Beauchamps. There had always been a

suckle. Had Mary Ellen's eyes not been hid beneath the lids they might have seen a face pale and sad as her own. They sat silent, for it was no time for human speech. The hour came for parting, and he rose. His lips just lightly touched her cheek. It seemed to him he heard a faint "good-bye." He stepped slowly down the long walk in the moonlight, and his hand was at his face. Turning at the gate for the last wrench of separation, he gazed back at a drooping form upon the gallery. Then Mrs. Beauchamp came and took Ellen's hand upon her bosom, seeing that now she was a woman, and that her sufferings had begun.

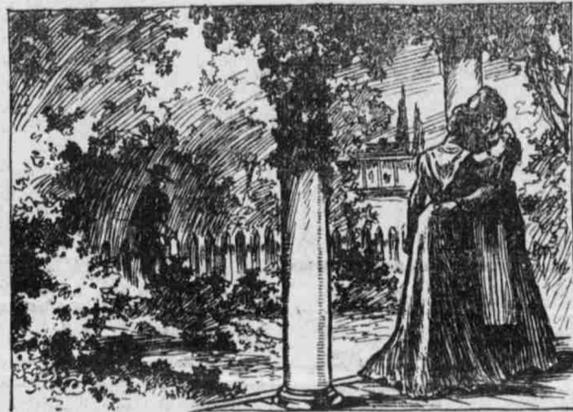
CHAPTER II.

The Players of the Game.

When the band major was twenty miles away in front of Louisburg his trumpets sounded always the advance.

The main intrenchments erected in the defenses of Louisburg lay at right angles to the road along which came the Northern advance, and upon the side of the wood nearest to the town. In the fields both the wheat and the flowers were now trampled, and a thousand industrious and complaining bees buzzed protest at the losing of their commerce. The defenses themselves were but earthworks, though skillfully laid out. Along their front, well hidden by the forest growth, ran a line of entangling abattis of stakes and sharpened interwoven boughs.

In the center of the line of defense lay the reserves, the boys of Louisburg, flanked on either side by regiments of veterans, the lean and black-haired Georgians and Carolinians, whose steadiness and unconcern gave comfort to more than one bursting boyish heart. The veterans had long played the game of war. They had long since said good-bye to their wom-



Took Ellen's head upon her bosom.

Colonel Fairfax, the leader at the local par, perhaps the representative in the legislature, or in some position of yet higher trust. The Beauchamps had always had men in the ranks of the professions or in stations of responsibility. They held large lands, and in the almost feudal creed of the times they gave large services in return.

It was considered a matter of course that young Henry Fairfax, son of Colonel Fairfax, should, after completing his studies at the ancient institution of William and Mary College, step into his father's law office, eventually to be admitted to the bar and to become his father's partner; after which he should marry Miss Ellen Beauchamp, loveliest daughter of a family noted for its beautiful women. So much was this taken for granted, and so fully did it meet the approval of both families, that the tide of the young people's plans ran on with little to disturb its current. Young Fairfax seemed so perfectly to represent the traditions of his family, and his future seemed so secure; and Mary Ellen herself, tall and slender, bound to be stately and of noble grace, seemed so eminently fit to be a Beauchamp beauty and a Fairfax bride.

For the young people themselves it may be doubted if there had yet awakened the passion of genuine, personal love. They met, but, under the strict code of that land and time, they never met alone.

For two years Colonel Fairfax had been with his regiment, fighting for what he considered the welfare of his country and for the institutions in whose justice he had been taught to believe. There remained at the old Fairfax home in Louisburg only the wife of Colonel Fairfax and the son Henry, the latter chafing at a part which seemed to him so obviously ignoble. Spirited and proud, restive under comparisons which he had never heard but always dreaded to hear, Henry Fairfax begged his mother to let him go, though still she said, "Not yet."

But the lines of the enemy tightened ever about Louisburg. Then came a day—a fatal day—fraught with the tidings of what seemed a double death. The wife of Colonel Henry Fairfax was grande dame that day, when she buried her husband and sent away her son. There were yet traditions to support.

Henry Fairfax said good-bye to Mary Ellen upon the gallery of the old home, beneath a solemn, white-faced moon, amid the odors of the drooping honey-

en. They had seen how small a thing is life, how easily and swiftly to be ended.

In front of the trenches were other regiments, out ahead in the woods, unseen, somewhere toward that place whence came the steadiest jarring of artillery and the loudest rattling of the lesser arms. It was very hard to lie and listen, to imagine, to suspect, to dread. For hours the game went on, the reserves at the trenches hearing now distinctly and now faintly the tumult of the lines, now receding, now coming on.

These young men, who but lately had said good-bye to the women of their kin, began to learn what war might mean. It had been heretofore a distant, unmeasured, undreaded thing, conquerable, not to be feared. It seemed so sweet and fit to go forth, even though it had been hard to say good-bye.

Now there began to appear in the woods before the trenches the figures of men, at first scattered, then becoming steadily more numerous. There came men bearing other men whose arms lopped loosely. Some men walked with a hand gripped tightly to an arm; others hobbled painfully. Two men sometimes supported a third, whose head, heavy and a-droop, would now and then be kept erect with difficulty, the eyes staring with a ghastly, sheepish gaze, the face in a look of horrid surprise. This awful rabble, the parings of the defeated line in front, dropped back through the woods, dropped back upon the young reserves, who lay there in the line. Some of them could go no farther, but fell there and lay silent. Others passed back into the fields where droned the protesting bees, or where here and there a wide tree offered shelter. Suddenly all the summer air was filled with anguish and horror. Was this, then, the War?

And now there appeared yet other figures among the trees, a straggling, broken line, which fell back, halted, stood and fired always calmly, coolly, at some unseen thing in front of them. But this line resolved itself into individuals, who came back to the edge of the wood, methodically picking their way through the abattis, climbing the intervening fences, and finally clambering into the earthworks to take their places for the final stand. They spoke with grinning respect of that which was out there ahead, coming on. They threw off their coats and tightened their belts, making themselves comfortable for what time there yet remained.

At last there came a continued,

hoarse, deep, cheering, a roaring wave of menace made up of little sounds. An officer sprang up to the top of the breastworks and waved his sword, shouting out something which no one heard or cared to hear. The line in the trenches, boys and veterans, reserves and remnants of the columns of defense, rose and poured volley after volley, as they could, into the thick and concealing woods that lay before them. None the less, there appeared soon a long, dusty, faded line, trotting, running, walking, falling, stumbling, but coming on. It swept like a long serpent parallel to the works, writhing, smitten but surviving. It came on through the wood, writhing, tearing at the cruel abattis laid to entrap it. It writhed, roared, but it broke through. It swept over the rail fences that lay between the lines and the abattis, and still came on! This was not war, but Fate!

There came a cloud of smoke, hiding the face of the intrenchment. Then the boys of Louisburg saw bursting through this suffocating curtain a few faces, many faces, long rows of faces, some pale, some red, some laughing, some horrified, some shouting, some swearing—a long row of faces that swept through the smoke, following a line of steel—a line of steel that flickered, waved and dipped.

CHAPTER III.

The Victory.

The bandmaster marshaled his music at the head of the column of occupation which was to march into Louisburg. The game had been admirably played. The victory was complete. There was no need to occupy the trenches, for those who lay in them or near them would never rally for another battle. There was no longer need for hurry. Before the middle of the morning the lines would start on the march of the few short miles.

During the delay a young officer of engineers, Captain Edward Franklin by name, asked permission of his colonel to advance along the line of march until he came to the earthworks, to which he wished to give some examination, joining his regiment as it passed beyond the fortifications on its march. The colonel gave his consent, not altogether willingly. "You may see more over there than you want to see, young man," said he.

Franklin went on, following as nearly as he could the line of the assault of the previous day, a track all to boldly marked by the horrid debris of the fight. As he reached the first edge of the wood, where the victorious column had made its entrance, it seemed to him that there could have been no such thing as war. The air was soft and sweet, just cold enough to stir the leaves upon the trees and set them whispering intimately. All about was the suggestion of calm and rest and happiness. Surely it had been a dream! There could have been no battle here.

This that had been a dream was changed into a horrid nightmare as the young officer advanced into the wood. About him lay the awful evidences. Coats, caps, weapons, bit of gear, all marked and emphasized with many, many shapeless, ghastly things. Here they lay, these integers of the line, huddled, jumbled. They had all the contortions, all the frozen ultimate agonies left for survivors to see and remember, so that they should no more go to war. Again, they lay so peacefully calm that all the lessors was acclaim for happy, painless war. Some lay upon their backs where they had turned, thrusting up a knee in the last struggle. Some lay face downward as the slaughtered fall. It was all a hideous and cruel dream. Surely it could be nothing more. It could not be reality. The birds gurgled and twittered. The squirrels barked and played. The sky was innocent. It must be a dream.

(To be continued.)

No Time for Kindness.

Don't you think the modern woman is in danger of getting so busy she has no time to be kind?" asked a sweet old lady the other day. "We hear so much about making every minute count and always having some work or course of study for spare hours and systematizing our activities that there is no room left for way-side kindnesses. We get so tremendously absorbed in our own affairs, so self-centered, so intent on not missing anything that is going on, that we pass by a thousand little gracious acts that, if we had been living fifty years back, instead of now, we should have thought of. It isn't only the lame the halt and the blind that need our love. There are hundreds who never fall by the way or ask publicly for the cup of cold water, who yet are perishing for lack of it. I think the old-fashioned woman had the advantage over the so-called new woman in quickness of sympathy and responsiveness."—New York Tribune.

A Technical Point.

"You say your road carried a million passengers last year?"
"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."
"You can?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, now, let's get right down to facts. Can you make two passengers out of one man?"
"Of course not."
"No doubt in some cases you've carried the same man fifteen or twenty times."
"Unquestionably."
"Well, does that make fifteen or twenty passengers of him?"
"No."
"In view of that, can you say that you've carried a million—"
But the railroad man retired angrily. He never did have any use for a technically exact man anyway.

HAPPY WOMEN.

Mrs. Pare, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent resident of Glasgow, Ky., says: "I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides a bad back I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way."
For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Put your finger on our trade mark. Tell your dealer you want the best starch your money can buy.

Insist on having the best, DEFIANCE.

It is 16 ounces for 10 cents. No premiums, but one pound of the very best starch made. We put all our money in the starch.

It needs no cooking.

It is absolutely pure.

It gives satisfaction or money back.

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO.

Omaha, Neb.

RAW FURS wanted

For London January Sales. Quorum, Mink, Sable, Raccoon and others. Highest cash prices paid. Write A. E. Burkhardt, Mink & Sable, Cincinnati, O.

THRIFTY FARMERS

are invited to settle in the state of Maryland, where they will find a delightful and healthy climate, first-class markets for their products and plenty of land at reasonable prices. Map and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free on application to H. BADENHOP, Sec'y State Board of Immigration, BALTIMORE, MD.

It affords with Thompson's Eye Water

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells.

It's not sentiment—it's not the price—that makes the most intelligent and successful shots shoot Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells. It's the results they give. It's their entire reliability, evenness of pattern and uniform shooting. Winchester "Leader" shells, loaded with smokeless powder, are the best loaded shells on the market. Winchester "Repeater" shells loaded with smokeless powder are cheap in price but not in quality. Try either of these brands and you will be well pleased. Be sure to get Winchester Factory Loaded shells.

THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT.

WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEADS THAT ACHE

WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE

TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.

Negro Inventor's Good Fortune.

Andrew Beard, a negro who has worked in the machine shops of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company, in Birmingham, Ala., for twenty years, has just sold a patent for a car coupler of his own invention for \$100,000. In addition he is to get a royalty on every coupler made on his model for seventeen years.

The Use of Tobacco.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to get any authoritative conclusion about the effects of using tobacco. Literature is filled with peans in its praise and maledictions in equal measure. Some things, however, we do not know about tobacco: It costs a vast sum of money, is one of the most important industries in the world, and an important source of revenue to all nations. Americans consume 7,000,000,000 cigars annually, and the yearly increase in the consumption is nearly 600,000,000. Smokers use 3,000,000,000 cigarettes annually, and consume in other forms, as in snuff, plug and smoking tobacco, 315,000,000 pounds, exclusive of the tobacco exported and that used in manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. The federal treasury receives \$65,000,000 annual revenue from the tobacco tax, the manufacturers alone pay in dividends \$10,000,000, and in wages \$50,000,000 a year, and the annual value of the manufactured product in this country is upward of \$200,000,000.

The Doctor's Statement.

St. John, Kan., Nov. 16.—This town has a genuine sensation in the case of a little boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William McBride. Dr. Limes, the attending physician, says: "Scarlet Fever of a very malignant type brought this child very near to death and when the fever left him he was semiparalyzed in the right leg and right arm. He also lost hearing in his right ear, and his mind was much affected."
"His parents tried another treatment for a time and when I was recalled I found that he was having spells very like Epilepsy and was very bad and gradually growing worse. I advised the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and in a short time the child began to improve. Inside of a week the nervous spasms or epileptic seizures ceased altogether."
Mr. and Mrs. McBride have made a sworn statement of the facts and Dr. Jessa L. Limes has added his sworn statement saying that Doan's Kidney Pills and nothing else cured the fits.

The man who marries for money has no kick coming if there isn't any love in the home.

The man whose wife makes it hot for him never speaks of her as the sunshine of his existence.

To Cure a Cold in one day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Lamb with green peas suits some men, but the wall street broker prefers lamb with greenbacks.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

The soul can be horribly cold-blooded.

EVERY SHOOTER WHO SHOOTS

UMC

AMMUNITION

has a feeling of confidence in his cartridges. They don't misfire and always shoot where you aim.
Tell your dealer U. M. C. when he asks "What kind?"
Send for catalog.
The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

OUR HOLIDAY PRICES
on Jewelry and Watches save you 25%. Send for FREE Catalogue and secure a bargain for yourself and friends. CARBON DIAMOND CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

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