

Brief Telegrams

King Edward VII weighs 250 pounds and is 5 feet 7 inches high.

Senator Quay has introduced a bill granting statehood to Oklahoma.

George H. Stegle of Port Huron, supreme record keeper of the Maccabees of the World, died at a sanitarium at Flint, Mich.

At the cabinet meeting it was decided to make no effort to ratify the Isthmian canal treaty here until it is ratified at Panama.

Rev. David Hogan of Vernon county, Missouri, has to his credit a list of 1,007 marriages solemnized by himself in his long ministry of sixty-eight years.

J. H. Ackerman, state superintendent of public instruction in Oregon, urges that the elements of scientific farming be taught in the public schools.

Medicine as a profession for women is constantly growing in popularity in London. Women now holding medical degrees in Great Britain number more than 500.

Rev. Dr. Charles W. Winchester, who has accepted the presidency of Taylor university, at Upland, Ind., has a long record of active service in the Methodist church.

Miss Bernice Lintz, who posed for the statue emblematic of "The Perfect Type of Ohio Woman" for the Pan-American exposition, died of peritonitis at Cleveland, Ohio.

The Italian government has gradually established a system of industrial schools so that one is to be found in every village that can boast of having an industry of any kind.

Charged with having held negroes in a condition of peonage, twenty-six indictments have been returned by the federal grand jury against seven citizens of Southern Georgia.

Snead Cox, who is to write a biography of Cardinal Vaughan, says he will be greatly assisted through the very careful and exhaustive diary that the Cardinal kept for many years.

A Manila dispatch says that it has come to light that two of the four murderers who were garroted at Amalag, province of Cagayan, October 31, and who were declared to be dead, are alive.

The Tokio correspondent of the London Daily Mail says that the outcome of the conference of the ministers on the Chemulpo fracas is that foreign police will be appointed in the settlement.

Senator Newlands, author of the resolution annexing Hawaii, introduced a joint resolution inviting Cuba to become a state of the United States upon terms of equality with the states of the Union.

A bronze statue of General Nicholas Herkimer, founder of the New York village that bears his name, is to be presented to the people of the town by ex-Senator Warren Miller, who resides in the place.

Frau Cosima Wagner, widow of the great composer, is believed to be drawing about \$120,000 a year in royalties from her late husband's operas, in spite of the fact that she squandered his copyrights to many cities.

The comptroller of the currency has been advised that the Indiana National bank, Elkhart, Indiana, did not open for business a few mornings ago. C. H. Bosworth, national bank examiner, has been directed to take charge.

During a play at the Imperial theater, St. Louis, Howard Hall, an actor, who enters a cage containing two lions, slipped as he entered and the lions sprang at him. Hall defended himself as best he could, and was rescued by prompt action on the part of the keeper.

Alderman George Le Gise, of Newark, N. J., while tearing down an old building several days ago, discovered a silk banner which evidently has a history. The emblem, which is of orange and blue, appears to symbolize the cause of the followers of the Prince of Orange.

Rev. John Sinclair, the eighteenth Earl of Caithness, has just been installed pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Brookline, Mass. The earl, as long as he lives, will be entitled to the title, but a former earl willed the estate away, but the title can never be included in a will.

At Urbana, Ohio, because the parents of Emma Mummy, 14 years old, objected to the company she kept, she put Paris green in the coffee poisoning her father, mother, sister and two brothers. Their lives were saved by the prompt work of physicians.

C. C. Cruikshank and Marvin Morris, both married men, were blown to pieces in an explosion of nitroglycerin in a building owned by the Keystone Powder company, near Emporium, Pa. George Nicholson, who was outside the building had a leg blown off.

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 V.—Continued.

Franklin looked about him at the squat buildings of the little town, at the black loam of the monotonous and uninviting fields, at the sordid, set and undeveloping lives around him. He looked also at the white wagons moving with the sun. It seemed to him that somewhere out in the vast land beyond the Missouri there beckoned to him a mighty hand, the index finger of some mighty force, imperious, forbidding pause.

The letter of Battersleigh to his friend Captain Franklin fell therefore upon soil already well prepared. He read it again and again in its somewhat formal diction and informal orthography, was as follows:

"To Capt. Edw. Franklin, Bloomsbury, Ill.:

"My Dear Ned—I have the honor to state to you that I am safely arrived and well established at this place, Ellsville, and am fully disposed to remain. I must tell you that this is to be a great market for Western beavers. Great numbers of these cattle are now coming in to this country from the far South, and since the Ry. is yet unable to transport these animals as they arrive there is good numbers of them in the country hereabout, as well as many strange persons curiously known as Cowboys or Cow-Punchers, which the same I may call a purely Heathen sort. These for the most part resort at the Cottage Hotel, and there is no peace in the Town at this present writing.

"For myself I have taken entry upon one hundred and sixty Acres Govt. Land, and live a little way out from the Town. Here I have my quarters under tent, following example of all men, for as yet there are scarce a dozen houses within fifty Miles. I have chosen this point because it was the furthest one yet reached by Rail. I have been advised that it is highly desirable to be in at the beginning in this Country if one is to

Quixote, but he never forgets a friend. Buffalo and Indians, railroads and hotels—it must at least be a land of contrasts!"

CHAPTER VI.

Edward Franklin, Lawyer.

Edward Franklin had taken up his law studies in the office of Judge Bradley, the leading lawyer of the little village of Bloomsbury, where Franklin was born, and where he had spent most of his life previous to the time of his enlistment in the army. Judge Bradley was successful, as such matters go in such communities, and it was his open boast that he owed his success to himself and no one else.

Thirty-five years earlier, a raw youth from old Vermont, Hollis N. Bradley had walked into the embryonic settlement of Bloomsbury with a single law book under his arm and naught but down upon his chin. He pleaded his first cause before a judge who rode circuit over a territory now divided into three congressional districts. He won his first case, for his antagonist was even more ignorant than he. As civilization advanced he defended fewer men for stealing hogs and more for murder and adultery. His practice grew with the growth of the population of the country about him. He was elected county attorney, local counsel for the railroad, and judge of the Circuit Court. He was mentioned for gubernatorial honors, and would perhaps have received the party nomination but for the breaking out of the civil war. Not fancying the personal risks of the army, he hired a substitute, and this sealed his political fate, for Illinois at that time did not put in power men who sent substitutes to the war.

It was an immemorial custom in Bloomsbury for the youth who had aspirations for a legal career to "read law" in Judge Bradley's office. Two of his students had dropped their



"Got a letter from your girl?"

stay in the Hunt, therefore I have come to a Town which has just begun. Believe me, dear Ned, it is the beginning of a World. Such chances are here, I am sure as do not exist in any other Land, for behind this land is all the Richer and older Paris, which are but waiting to pour money and men hither so soon as the Ry. shall be fully completed. I have heard of many men who have made Fortunes since the War. It is truly a rapid Land.

"I am persuaded, my dear boy, that this is the place for you to come. There are an Hundred ways in which one may earn a Respectable living, and I find here no Class Distinction. It is an extraordinary fact that no man and no profession ranks another here. One man is quite good as another.

"A year from now, as I am told, we shall have 2,000 Persons living here, and in five years this will be a City. Conceive the opportunity meantime. The Cattle business is bound to grow, and I am advised that all this land will ultimately be farmed and prove rich as that through which I Past in coming out. You are welcome, my dear Ned, as I am sure you know, to half my blankets and rations during your stay here, however long same may be, and I most cordially invite you to come out and look over this country, nor do I have the smallest doubt that it will seem to you quite as it does to me, and I shall hope that we make a Citizen of you.

"I am but new here as yet myself, but am fully disposed, as they say in the strange language here, to drive my Stake. I want you, my dear boy, also to drive Yours beside me, and to that Effect I beg to extend you whatever Aid may lie in my Power.

"Hoping that you may receive this communication duly, and make reply to same, and hoping above all things that I may soon meet again my Companion of the 47th, I beg to subscribe myself, my dear boy, ever your Obedt. & Affect. Friend,

"Battersleigh. P. S.—Pray Herid your advent by a letter & bring about 4 lbs. or 5 lbs. of your Favourite Tea, as I am Short of Same."

The letter ended with Battersleigh's best flourish. Franklin turned it over again and again in his hand and read it more than once as he pondered upon its message. "Dear old fellow," he said; "he's a good deal of a Don

books to take up rifles, and they came not back to their places. They were forgotten, save once a year, upon Decoration Day, when Judge Bradley made eloquent tribute above their graves.

It was therefore predetermined that Edward Franklin should go into the office of Judge Bradley to begin his law studies, after he had decided that the profession of the law was the one likely to offer him the best career.

It was one of the unvarying rules of Judge Bradley's office, and indeed this was almost the only rule which he imposed, that the law student within his gates, no matter what his age or earlier servitude, should each morning sweep out the office, and should, when so requested, copy out any law papers needing to be executed in duplicate. So long as a student did these things, he was welcome as long as he cared to stay.

Edward Franklin accepted his seat in Judge Bradley's office without any reservations, and he paid his daily fee of tenure as had all the other students before him, scorning not the broom. Ardent, ambitious and resolute, he fell upon Blackstone, Chitty and Kent as though he were asked to carry a redoubt. He read six, eight, ten hours a day, until his head buzzed, and he forgot what he had read. Then at it all over again, with teeth set. Thus through more than a year he toiled, lashed forward by his own determination, until at length he began to see some of the beautiful first principles of the law. So in his second year Franklin fared somewhat beyond principles merely, and got into notes and bills, torts, contracts and remedies. He learned with a shiver how a promise might legally be broken, how a gift should be regarded with suspicion, how a sacred legacy might be set aside. He read these things again and again, and forced them into his brain, so that they might never be forgotten; yet this part of the law he loved not so much as its grand first principles of truth and justice.

One morning, after Franklin had finished his task of sweeping down the stairs, he sat him down by the window with Battersleigh's letter in his hand; for this was now the third day since he had received this letter, and it had been in his mind more vividly present than the pages of the work on contracts with which he was then occupied. It was a bright, fresh morning in the early spring. A long and hazy

street lay in perspective before the window, and along it, out beyond the confines of the town, there reached the flat monotony of the dark prairie soil. A dog crossed the street, pausing midway of the crossing to scratch his ear. The cart of the leading grocer was hitched in front of his store, and an idle citizen or two passed near by to exchange a morning greeting. All the little, uneventful day was beginning, as it had begun so many times before here in this little, uneventful town, where the world was finished, never more to change. Franklin shuddered. Was this, then to be his life?

There came a regular tread upon the stair, as there had always for years come at this hour of half past seven in the morning, rain or shine. Judge Bradley entered, tall, portly, smooth shaven, his silk hat pushed back upon his brow, as was his fashion. Franklin turned to make the usual morning salutation.

"Good morning, Ned," said the Judge, affably. "Good morning, Judge," said Franklin. "I hope you are well."

"Yes, thank you. Nothing ever the matter with me. How are things coming?"

"Oh, all right, thank you." This was the stereotyped form of the daily greeting between the two. Judge Bradley turned as usual to his desk, but, catching sight of the letter still held in Franklin's hand, remarked carelessly:

"Got a letter from your girl?"

"Not so lucky," said Franklin. "From a friend."

Silence resulted. Judge Bradley opened his desk, took off his coat and hung it on a nail, after his custom, turned over the papers for a moment and remarked absentmindedly, and more to be polite than because the matter interested him, "Friend, eh?"

"Yes," said Franklin, "friend, out West"; and both relapsed again into silence. Franklin once more fell to gazing out of the window, but at length turned toward the desk and pulled over his chair to a closer speaking distance.

"Judge Bradley," said he, "I shouldn't wonder if I could pass my examination for the bar."

"Well, now," said the Judge, "I hope you can. That's nice. Go in to have out your shingle, eh?"

"I might, if I got my license."

"Oh, that's easy," replied the other; "it's mostly a matter of form. No trouble about it—not in the least."

"I am clear in my own mind that I don't know much about law," said Franklin, "and I should not think of going up for examination if that ended my studies in the profession. If I were intending to go into practice here, sir, or near by, I should not think of applying for admission for at least another year. But the fact is, I'm thinking of going away."

"Go in away?" Judge Bradley straightened up, and his expression if anything was one of relief. He had his own misgivings about this grave-faced and mature young man should he go into the practice at the Bloomsbury bar. It was well enough to encourage such possibilities to take their test in some other locality. Judge Bradley therefore became more cheerful. "Go in away, eh?" he said. "Where to?"

"Out West," said Franklin, unconsciously repeating the phrase which was then upon the lips of all the young men of the country.

"Out West, eh?" said the Judge, with still greater cheerfulness. "That's right, that's right. That's the place to go to, where you can get a better chance. I came West in my day myself, though it isn't West now; an' that's how I got my start. There's ten chances out there to where there's one here, an' you'll get better pay for what you do. I'd advise it, sir—I'd advise it; yes, indeed."

"I think it will be better," said Franklin calmly. (To be continued.)

The Diet Fad.

Apropos, the diet craze of the last two or three years may not and does not perform all that it promises for those who listen to the voice of the medical or other faddist, says the London World, but from its extravagances may come ultimate good, and another generation may reap happily where we have sown. The time may come, a great continental doctor believes, when the science of dieting will be so perfected that we shall not merely be able, as we do now, to keep people alive much longer, but we shall likewise keep them in a useful condition. Octogenarians will retain their faculties to the full, senility will be avoided, and if, perhaps, grandfathers and grandmothers do not contrive to preserve their youthful appearance to the end, they will at least, so we are assured, be as clear-brained at 77 as at 27, and thus, with the advantage of ripe experience, they will help on the work of more youthful brains and temper the follies of the rising generation.

A Man's Time to Die.

When a man appeared the other day before Justice Blume, in Chicago, and asked for protection against some neighbors who had threatened to kill him, the justice refused to grant the request. When asked for his reasons he said that when it came a man's time to die he would die, and not before. He announced himself as a fatalist and said belief came from his own experiences. He says he has passed through seven accidents, three hold-ups, one fire, two drownings, 150 falls, pneumonia, concussion of the brain, and all the dangers of several battles of the civil war. "If all these things won't kill a man," said the justice, "there is a special Providence looking after him."

GRATEFUL, HAPPY WOMEN



Miss Muriel Armitage.

THANK PE-RU-NA FOR THEIR RECOVERY AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Miss Muriel Armitage, 36 Greenwood Ave., Detroit, Mich., District Organizer of the Royal Templars of Temperance, in a recent letter, says:

"I think that a woman naturally shrinks from making her troubles public, but restored health has meant so much to me that I feel for the sake of other suffering women it is my duty to tell what Peru-na has done for me."

"I suffered for five years with uterine irregularities, which brought on hysteria and made me a physical wreck. I tried doctors from the different schools of medicine, but without any perceptible change in my condition. In my despair I called on an old nurse, who advised me to try Peru-na, and promised good results if I would persist and take it regularly. I thought this was the least I could do and procured a bottle. I knew as soon as I began taking it that it was affecting me differently from anything I had used before, and so I kept on taking it. I kept this up for six months, and steadily gained strength and health, and when I had used fifteen bottles I considered myself entirely cured. I am a grateful, happy woman to-day."—Miss Muriel Armitage.

Peru-na cures catarrh of the pelvic organs with the same surety as it cures catarrh of the head. Peru-na has become renowned as a positive cure for female ailments simply because the ailments are mostly due to catarrh. Catarrh is the cause of the trouble. Peru-na cures the catarrh. The symptoms disappear.

Female Weakness is Pelvic Catarrh.

Always Half Sick are the Women Who Have Pelvic Catarrh.

Catarrh of any organ, if allowed to progress, will affect the whole body. Catarrh without nervousness is very rare, but pelvic catarrh and nervousness go hand in hand.

What is so distressing a sight as a poor half-sick, nervous woman, suffering from the many almost unbearable symptoms of pelvic catarrh? She does not consider herself ill enough to go to bed, but she is far from being able to do her work without the

greatest exhaustion. This is a very common sight and is almost always due to pelvic catarrh.

It is worse than foolish for so many women to suffer year after year with a disease that can be permanently cured.

Peru-na cures catarrh permanently. It cures old chronic cases as well as a slight attack, the only difference being in the length of time that it should be taken to effect a cure.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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A PUZZLE THE EMPIRE COMPANY, 120 Liberty St., New York. THE PERSON who is successful in naming the above picture represents will receive a valuable prize. You will find our gold finished premium watch far superior to anything ever before offered for a trifling service. Write your answer plainly on a postal card, together with your name and address, and you will hear from us within a few days, telling you what you have won. If successful in the contest.

The Century's New Cover. The new cover of the Century, which has made the November issue stand out boldly on every newsstand and bookseller's counter, is being commended by readers and critics as "artistic," "dignified," and "unusually attractive." It is of simple architectural design, in ivory, black and Venetian red, on a soft olive-green; and is said to be the only permanent magazine cover at the present time in which green is the predominant tone.

The British Pavilion. The British National Pavilion at the World's fair, St. Louis, will be a reproduction of the Orangery, or banquet hall, of the Kensington Palace, in Kensington Gardens, London.

A brotherly boost is often worth a whole lot of sisterly sympathy.

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