

It Means Health For the Child

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with a child's constant good health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Sluggish bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring and repeat this dose the following night if necessary—more than that will scarcely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salts, cathartics, laxatives, waters and similar things, which are altogether too powerful for a child. The homes of Mrs. J. L. Strong, 204 No. Logan St., Clarinda, Iowa, and Mrs. East Fry, 1018 W. 2nd St., Ottumwa, Iowa, are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this grand laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains superior tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that after a brief use of it all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

HIS VOCATION.



"I suppose you'll be an agriculturist when you grow up?"
"No'm, I'm jest goin' to work on this farm, that's all."

IT IS CRIMINAL TO NEGLECT THE SKIN AND HAIR

Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement, physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft, white hands, and good hair. These blessings, so essential to happiness and even success in life, are often only a matter of a little thoughtful care in the selection of effective remedial agents. Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 21 L, Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on skin and scalp treatment.

When you hear two men talking so loudly that they can be heard in the next block, they are talking about something they know nothing about.

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

You have a corking good memory if you don't tell the same story to the same crowd twice.—*Atchison Globe.*

Mrs. Whison's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic, soothes a sore.

The fellow who goes around looking for trouble generally meets somebody who takes him at his word.

Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

There isn't much hope for the man who has no self-respect.

BILIOUS

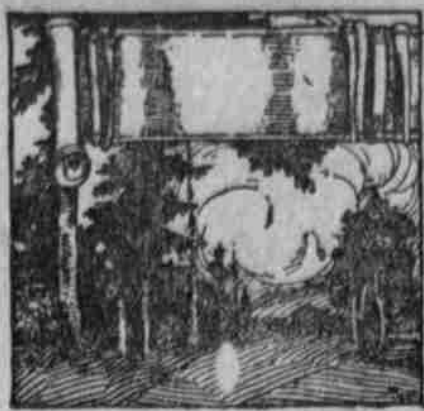
TRY A BOTTLE OF HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Nothing can upset your health quicker or make you feel more miserable than a lazy liver—but remember the Bitters prevents all this by toning and invigorating the entire system.

IT REALLY DOES THE WORK

FOR ALL SORE EYES

W. H. U., OMAHA, NO. 50-1911.



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sgt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. The two, after a wild ride, get within the lines of the enemy. In the darkness, Wayne is taken for a Federal officer who came to keep an appointment, and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape but fails.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

On one side of us the bank fell away with such precipitancy that when we once succeeded in dragging our load to the edge, we experienced no difficulty in sending it crashing downward. The body plunged through the thick underbrush at the bottom of the gorge, where I knew it would be completely hidden, even in the glare of daylight, from the spying eyes of any troopers riding hard upon our track. As we rapidly worked on this disagreeable task, I thought and planned; two horses and three riders—one of these a woman in need of protection—a dispatch to be delivered by daylight, at all hazards. It was indeed a difficult proposition, and I saw only a single possible solution. One of our number must press on; two of us must remain behind. Which one? what two? If I rode with the dispatch (and how eagerly I longed to do so!) and succeeded in bringing Lee's message safe to Longstreet, it meant much to me—promotion, distinction, honor. On the other hand, if I remained behind, and Craig successfully carried out the duty which had been especially entrusted to me, I should be fortunate indeed to escape with a reprimand instead of more serious consequences. If failure resulted, it meant certain and deserved disgrace. Yet I could absolutely trust him with the dispatch; he was a soldier, and would faithfully perform a soldier's duty. More, he would carry the message with even greater certainty than I, for he knew the roads much better, and I write the words hesitatingly—I could not trust him there alone with the woman.

I glanced aside at him as I thus turned the perplexing situation over in my mind—a tall, gaunt mountaineer, whose sole discipline of mind and body had been the army; hardened by service until every muscle in his lean, sinewy frame was like steel, a cavalier who would follow his leader into the very jaws of hell.

"Sergeant," I asked, flinging aside the improvised brush, "how far do you suppose we are from Longstreet's picket line?"

"Ten miles at the very best, sir," he answered promptly, "an' I reckon with another Yankee outpost atween."

"With fair luck and good riding it might be made by daylight?"

"I reckon as how it might, captain, if we only had sum fresh hosses," he said grimly; "but it's bin mighty hard on my nag; I've looked for him to roll over like yer sorrel did fer the las' two mile."

"Well, Craig, you shall have both horses. Ride the woman's. It is the fresher of the two; but you are to get through if you kill them both and then walk."

"I remain with the woman; there is no other way. Wait here a moment while I speak with her."

I left him standing there, and moved back to where she waited. As I came up she faced me, and for the first time (for the night had lightened somewhat) I could see her eyes and discern some faint outline of her face where the night wind flung back the upturned cape. It was a winsome sight to soldier vision, but with a certain semblance of pride and reserve about it that caused a hesitancy in my speech strange to me.

"Madam," I rested my hand upon her horse's mane and looked at her with a glance as proud as her own—"It might be as well for you to draw the cape closer about your face at present. There are rough men in all armies who would consider your beauty a lawless prize. The life we lead is not conducive to gentleness; virtue is not born in camps, and it would be better not to provoke a danger which may be so easily avoided."

"You claimed, I believe, to be an officer and a gentleman," she said coldly.

I smiled, even as I felt the full chill of her words, and my purpose stiffened within me.

"Even as I yet claim, and trust to be able to prove to your satisfaction,"—my eyes looked unflinchingly into hers—"but unfortunately, I have one with me tonight who is neither. I would that he were for my own sake. However, madam, let that pass. The fact is here, and we have no time to argue or quarrel. I have already told you that we ride with dispatches for Longstreet. These must go forward at all hazards, for thousands of human lives depend upon them; yet I dare not leave you here alone and unprotected to the mercies of the wolves who haunt these hills."

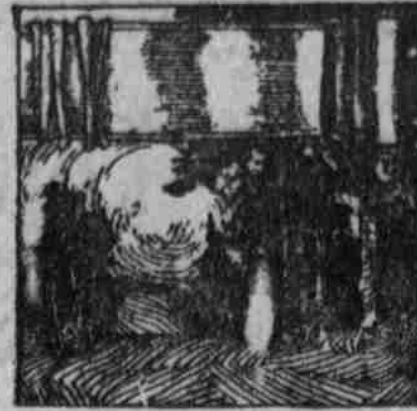
"You are exceedingly kind."

"The tone in which she spoke was most sarcastic."

"I thank you for your approbation."

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket
By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON
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and I bowed again; "but I venture to tell you this merely because I have already fully determined to dispatch the sergeant forward with the message, and remain behind myself to render you every protection possible."

"Very well, sir; I simply yield to what I am powerless to avoid, and will obey your orders however distasteful they may be. What is your first command?"

"That you dismount. The sergeant must ride your horse, as he is the more fit of the two."

Greatly to my surprise and relief she placed her gauntleted hand in mine, and, without so much as a word of protest, permitted me to swing her lightly from the saddle to the ground.

"Craig," I called, "come here. You know your work," I said to him briefly. "And now the sooner you are at it the better. Ride this horse and lead your own. As soon as you deliver Lee's message at headquarters, hunt up the cavalry brigade commander and report to him my position. Get a detail, insist upon one, and be back here by to-morrow without fail. That is all."

He saluted, wheeled about, swung lightly into saddle and rode off on a rapid trot, grasping, as he passed down the hill, the rein of his own mount, and leading it, lagging behind him, until the night swallowed the figures, and even the sound of the hoof-beats could be no longer heard. We were alone.

CHAPTER VI.

A Struggle in the Dark.

I have seldom been more deeply embarrassed than at that moment. I knew not what to say or now best to approach this young woman, lest so strangely to my protection. The very fact, which I now realized, that she was both young and fair, added some indefinite burden and complicated the delicate situation. I saw no safety for us but in careful hiding until Craig could return, a squad of hard-riding troopers at his back. To permit the girl to venture forward alone through the desolate country we were in, overran as I knew it to be by irregular bands whose sole purpose was plunder, and whose treatment of women had made my blood run cold as I listened to its recital, was not to be so much as thought of.

There was no help for it, and but one way out, disagreeable as that might prove to my lady. She stood there before me, motionless and silent as a statue, exactly where she had alighted when the sergeant took her horse, and it seemed to me I could plainly read righteous indignation in the indistinct outline of her figure and the haughty pose of her head. To her at that moment I was evidently a most disagreeable and even hated companion, a "Rebel," the being of all others she had been taught to despise, the enemy of all she held sacred. "Could any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"The time has come when it becomes my duty to look after your comfort and safety," I said, striking to disguise all self-consciousness. "Every moment we delay now merely increases the danger of our remaining here."

"I imagine I might very easily dispense with any further care on your part."

Her reply nettled me, and I answered with an earnestness which she could neither ignore nor check: "Possibly you may think so, but if you do it is merely because of your utter ignorance of the disorganized conditions which prevail in these mountains. Your pride is almost ridiculous under all the circumstances. You have no just cause to feel that I am forcing myself unnecessarily upon you. Our being compelled to take you in charge has proven as disastrous to us as to you. Personally I can say that nothing will relieve me more than to be able to place you unharmed into the care of your own people. I would willingly assume great risks to that end. But while you remain here and in my care, I shall perform my full duty toward you as though you were my own sister. Now please listen to me, and I assure you I shall speak nothing for the mere purpose of alarming you, but simply that you may better comprehend the facts which must influence our present relationship. I have sent forward Sergeant Craig with the message especially entrusted to me for delivery, and thus, if it fails to reach its destination, I have laid myself open to the charge of a grave military crime. In doing this I have not only perilled my own future, but the lives of my comrades and the faith of my commander. Yet I have deliberately chosen to do so because I feel the impossibility of leaving you unprotected, and because I was unwilling to trust you alone with my companion. I dare not permit you to traverse these roads alone. The mountains all about us, deserted as they now appear, are filled with wandering bands of desperate and hunted men whose tenderest mercy is death. Any rock may be the hiding place of an outlaw, any dark ravine the rendezvous of as wild a gang as ever murdered for plunder."

"But the Sergeant said there was a Federal picket post at the crossing of the White Briar."

Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"He merely supposed there would be; but even if it were true, we have no positive means of knowing that the men stationed there would be of the regular service. Doubtless those thieving, murdering bands—such as that headed by Red Lowrie, of whom you may have heard—are sufficiently organized to keep patrols posted, and may, indeed, be utilized at times by both armies for that purpose. Were you to go to them you might be simply walking into a den of wolves."

"But could you not go with me?"

I smiled at the naive innocence of her query.

"I wish you to feel that I have never thought so much about my own danger as about yours," I returned quietly. "But would it be a pleasure even to you to behold me swinging from the limb of a tree, hung as a spy without trial, merely because I ventured to walk with you into a Federal camp?"

I could see her eyes now resting full upon me, and much of the hardness and doubt seemed to have gone out of them as she scanned my uncovered features in the dim light. I scarcely think I was ever considered a handsome man even by my friends, but I was young then, frank of face, with that about me which easily inspired confidence, and it did me good to note how her eyes softened, and to mark the perceptible tremor in her voice as she cried impulsively:

"Oh, no! Not that!"

"Your words yield me new heart," I replied fervently, determined, now that ice was partially broken, to permit no excuse for its again forming.



There Burst a Vivid Flash of Flame Within a Foot of My Face.

"for if you but once fully realize our situation you will certainly feel that I am merely endeavoring to perform my plain duty."

"I will, of course, bow to the inevitable, sir," she said, "and shall endeavor to adapt myself to the requirements of my unfortunate situation. May I venture to inquire what you now propose to do?"

To the right of where we stood the ground sloped rapidly downward until the dense darkness at the foot of the steep defile shrouded everything from view. The descent appeared rocky and impracticable, and I could distinguish the sound of rapid water far below. On the opposite side stood a dense wood, the outer fringe of trees overhanging the road, and through the waving leaves the moonlight checked the ground with silver, while the dense mass beyond seemed to flow back up the steep side of the mountain, thick with underbrush. Just below us, and possibly fifty feet from the highway, I could perceive a small one-story log cabin, as silent, gloomy, and deserted to all outward appearance as were the somber woods of which it formed a part.

"There seems small choice," I said, speaking as cheerfully as possible. "But I propose to investigate the log hut yonder, and learn if it may not afford some degree of shelter. If you will rest here, in the shadow of these trees, I will soon discover whether it has inmates or not."

She followed me in silence across the road to the spot designated, but as I turned to leave her seated upon the

grass, and well protected from prying eyes, she hurried quickly after me, and in her agitation so far forgot herself as to touch my sleeve with her hand.

"Oh, please do not leave me here alone. I am not naturally timid, yet everything is so gloomy I cannot stand it. Let me go with you, if you must go!"

"Most assuredly you shall if you desire," I returned heartily.

There appeared before us a dim, little-used path leading in among the trees, and following its erratic curves we were soon before the cabin, which grew even more uninviting as we drew near. As I paused a moment before the closed door, in order that I might listen for any possible sound within, I could hear her quick breathing, as though the terror of the moment had driven all else from her mind. The wooden latch yielded readily enough to my pressure, and pushing wide open the door, which creaked slightly upon its rusty hinges, I stepped across the puncheon threshold onto the hard earthen floor. There was no window visible, and the slight reflection of moonlight which crept in through the doorway scarcely revealed the nature of that dark interior. I could dimly perceive what I believed to be a table directly in front of me, while certain other indistinct and ill defined shadows might be chairs pushed back against the wall. At least this room was without occupants; yet it was with every sense alert that I entered, pressing slowly past the table toward where I felt the fireplace would naturally be, knowing that my companion was yet with me, her hand clutching my arm.

"Oh!" she cried sharply in terror, "what was that?"

"It is as 'eily over," I said weakly, for my breath yet came to me in gasps. "The brute is dead."

I could scarcely mark her coming across the narrow streak of moonlight, moving toward me as a frightened bird might, startled at everything, and passing as far from the lifeless mass on the floor as the small space would allow. As she bent anxiously over me her face was so in shadow that I could distinguish nothing of its features.

"What is it? Are you indeed severely hurt?"

"Not seriously, I think, yet I have lost some blood, and am in great pain. There is brandy in the inner pocket of my jacket, but I am unable to move my arm in order to reach it. Would you endeavor to draw the flask out?"

I felt her bend over me, her soft breath coming almost in sobs upon my face, as with trembling fingers she undid the buttons of my trooper's jacket and extracted the small flat flask I had been thoughtful enough to store away there.

The fiery liquid seemed to put new blood into my veins, and with it there returned all my old-time audacity, with that intense hopefulness in which I had been trained by years of war and self-reliance.

"I trust you realize," I said, "that I am neither thoughtless nor ungrateful. Years of war service make one careless of life, but I know it was your shot that saved me. You are a brave girl."

Her overtaxed nerves gave way at my words, and I knew she was crying softly. The sobbing war in her voice as she strove to speak.

"Oh, no, I am not; you do not guess how great a coward I am. I scarcely knew what I was doing when I fired. That horrid thing—what was it?"

"A huge mastiff, I imagine; one of the largest of his breed. But whatever it may have been, the beast is dead, and we have nothing more to fear from him."

"Yet I tremble so," she confessed, almost hysterically. "Every shadow frightens me."

I realized that no amount of conversation would quiet her nerves so effectively as some positive action; besides, I felt the hot blood constantly trickling down my arm, and realized that something needed to be done at once to stanch its flow, before weakness should render me equally useless.

"Do you think you could build a fire on the hearth yonder?" I asked.

"I am afraid I am hardly capable of helping you as yet; but we must have light in this gloomy old hole, or it is bound to crase us both. Take those broken chairs if you find nothing better."

She instantly did as I bade her, moving here and there about the room until she gathered together the materials necessary, but keeping carefully away from where the dead dog lay, until in a brief space of time the welcome flame leaped up in the wide black chimney, and cast its red glare all over the little room. The activity did her good, the light flooding the gloomy apartment yielded renewed courage, and there was a cheerier sound in her voice as she came back to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)