Not Her Class.

Gradelphia Ledger: Not far from the Grove lives a young farmer to fine stock of horses are admired to who see them. The other day and a mateur, called on him in the of something fast."

ere," said the stock farm owner, me to an animal in the field, a sir, is a mare that could trot see in 3 minutes, were it not for

"Indeed?" said the friend.

Tee," continued Mr. S., "she was 4 are eld last spring, is in good continued last spring, is in good continued. Seeks well, and is a first rate are and she could go a mile in 3 finates were it not for one thing."

What is it?" was the query.

That mare," insisted the owner, "is every way a good mare. I work her ince or four days a week. She trots if and square, and yet there is one sing that prevents her from going a

thing that prevents her from going a mile in 3 minutes."
"What in the name of thunder is it?"

d the friend, impatiently.

well, replied the other, quietly,

distance is too great for the time."

Rhoumatism in Utah. tisca, Utah, May 2.—There is a at deal of Rheumatism in this and aboring States, and this painful ass has crippled many a strong an and woman among an otherwise

Recently, however, there has been introduced into Utah a remedy for patism which bids fair to stamp The of this new remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and it has already "If you will but move this wrought same wordenful." t some wonderful cures. Right re in Frisco there is a case of a Mr. Grace, who had Rheumatism so bad in his feet that he could hardly walk. He ad many remedies in vain, but Bodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

squatism so bad that he could bardly walk. We used Dodd's Kidney Pills with much benefit. We have tried many remedies, but none have done us so much good as Dodd's Kid-

Similar reports come from all over satism had at last been con-

#### The Age of Hurry.

A Countess' in the London Outlook; There is no backwater to which this Emperious tide of hurry has not penetrated; and if we try to find one where-in we may lie in a punt on pink cush-tons under a tree we are certain to be of a fuesy steam launch or the short doubte one of a tearing motor car, and instead of lying still we jump up and cry. "Oh. wait for me and take me! I'm in a fearful hurry to get there and to it with you!" And when we are taken in and have recovered our breath and are well on our way there to do it, remember to ask where we are

Bat Masterson on the Solitary Holdup New York Press: "When you read in he paper, as you do about once every the menths, that one man has entered gumbling house or a crowded saloon, eld up the entire crowd and made his think that particular crowd must have been a little below par in the matter of courage, "said Bat Masterson the other day. "It seeems all the more evidence

The artists know this trick, and they use it is some of the mask pictures. Probably you have seen a picture of the seat and understand the thing better than I can explain it. If you have sever looked at a 'masked man with a gun' picture you know the eyes and the gun always seem to be on you. That's the secret of the solitary holdup game. When a man thinks the other follow has the drop on him he is apt to be mighty slow about drawing a gun and starting trouble."

The mortality in the state of New York for February was the highest ever known. The increase was due to pneu-monia, which caused one in seven of all leaths.

# SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over. When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and bilmuch of the time, but about two years ago I went to visit a friend and get in the habit of drinking

"I have never touched coffee since, and the result has been that I have been entirely cured of all my stomach and nervous troubles

"My mother was just the same way. We all drink Postum now and have never bad any other coffee in the house for two years and we are all well.

"A neighbor of mine a great coffee drinker was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invlid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day.

"I persuaded her at last to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee, and she did so and she has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side: in fact she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." Name given by Postum

Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look in each pkg. for the famous Mittle book, "The Road to Wellville."

# The Black Wolf's Breed

Copyright 1899

By Harris Dickson

They hesitated and consulted to-gether in a low tone; I saw my oppor-

tunity to press their indecision.
"What excuse can you make what authority have you for halting an officer of the king with dispatches to the king? With M. Jerome de Greville to stand between you and harm it was dangerous enough; now it is a matter

"But M. de Greville is not dead," they protested together, "we left him a few minutes since alive and well." I seized upon the vacillation manifest in their voices and proceeded with confidence.
"Then how think you I came along
this road? Think you M. Jerome
would let me go so easily? You know
his temper too well. Does he change
his mind like a woman? I turned about to take the nearer path, and see, hi blood is not yet dry upon my sword."

"It you will but move this way and give me clear passage to Versailles, I will go and say nothing. You can then return and minister to your master."
"Nay, we'll hold the road an hour, which gives him time to come up. An hour gone and you may pursue you journey.

Trouble and my husband had the his peace with God. I'll shoot your Rhounatism so bad that he could stoutest bully and try blades with the

I raised the pistol which had been concealed unknown to Jerome, and to say the truth it looked formidable enough all a-glitter beneath the rising moon, though I doubted much if I could strike my mark.

As I started resolutely onward I warned them: "Pull your nags off in yonder level space, leave the left fork free, or by the gods, you burly black-haired rascal, I'll take the first shot at you, you make the fairest target. Way there, in the king's name!"

As is ever so with low-born churls, and no gentleman to command, each looked to the other for some act of heroism, and each sought his own

They stood their ground only an in-stant, then pulled aside as I had bidden them. As soon as I passed them a decent distance as if I had no fear, I put spurs to my good steed, and, breathing more freely than I had done for many days, heard the merry pounding of his hoofs upon the open way to my mission's end.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

SERIGNY'S DEPARTURE.

The clocks were striking, one after the other in monotonous imitative fashion, the hour of nine when I de-livered my horse to a sleepy groom at the little tavern just outside the Ver-

sailles gate.

Serigny was already in his rooms, intent on some business, and opened his door himself. There was no need for concealing his gratification and the intense impatience he felt to know re-sults, nor did he make any attempt at intense impatience he feit to know results, nor did he make any attempt at concealment. On the contrary, he was a wastey they are no more cowardly han other men. The reason they subtant calmiy is that each in a crowd of het sort is absolutely certain the eyes the holdup man are looking straight disarranged papers were scattered beside his. In fact they certainly do appear that way, but that is due to a little policial delusion.

to my hilt. A glance reassured me. His purpose, lying deeper, I could not divine; it was plain though he brooded not that kind of quarrel. Nor do I to this day know what he intended when he first entered Serigny's room

"I rode after you in all haste, Cap-

"Indeed you did," I mentally agreed. "And met a fall, which, as you see, nas somewhat disfigured me," and he laughed, while I agreed with him

Serigny, being so intent on the im-Serigny, being so intent on the important transactions of the hour, accepted his explanation without question. The welcome, though cordial, was brief, Serigny being a man of no unnecessary words.

"Go on, Captain," and I picked up the broken thread of my narrative where Jerome had interrupted.

As I went on obediently, Jerome would now and again supply some link wherein my memory failed, or suggest

wherein my memory failed, or suggest something I had left unsaid, until hav-ing so much the nimbler tongue he took the telling out of my mouth en-tirely. I could not complain, for he detirely. I could not complain, for he detailed the various adventures far better than I, and gave me more of the credit than I would have claimed for myself. We had, by common consent, forgotten our late strife, and becoming much interested I broke in upon a glowing account of my heroism:

"Hold, Jerome, by my faith, you grow more garrulous than a fish wife of the barriers; tell but a plain, straight tale, and leave off all that romantic garniture of thine," and thence

mantic garniture of thine," and thence I reclaimed my straggling story and I reclaimed my straggling story and brought it to a conclusion. All this while the dispatches for which we had risked so much lay safe in my breast. I rather hesitated to produce them, dreading what the hot-headed fellow might do to get a hold upon that which peradventure would cause trouble to his lady love. I could not decline when Serigny asked for them, but hauled out Serigny asked for them, but hauled out both packets, one taken from Yvard, the other from Broussard, casting them upon the table. Jerome eyed them so that I knew from the look his late fury was not yet dead, and I watched him in readiness for any move

he might make to repossess them. He sat as unconcerned as if the whole affair interested him no further, now that the main object of his solici-tude was safe in the keeping of his su-perior. I misdoubted whether this was not all a sham, and could hardly believe him the same frenzied Jerome who had pleaded so hard, and fought so desperately for this self , same packet of Yvard's, which at this time reposed within easy reach of his hand. Once he reached out and took it up negligently, inspected the seals and marks, then replaced it. His examina-

or would have so appeared had I not snown that he was already perfectly acquainted with every mark borne by our charge. The eyes, half closed in freamy contemplation, spoke appar-ently of a man who has been relieved of some grave responsibility and en-joys the relaxation, yet, for all of that, he was listening most intently to what Serigny and I were talking of. Serigny was now fondling the instruments which were to be the restoration of his own and his brother's influence. His words were addresed to neither of us n particular.

"Here is the seal of Spain. Cellemare again, Egad! They are bold, or must have great confidence in their emissaries. Here, too, is Madame. Ah, my clever little lady, you have outdone your own cleverness at last. I fancy even the king's old love for his son's mother will not save you now. mother will not save you now. would I knew what was in them."

"We can easily see, and close them snug again," ventured Jerome, but noting Serigny's frown, he turned it off with a laugh, "or so our friend Madame would advise."

"It thus became manifest he had not abandoned his idea of intercepting whatever might compromise Madame de Chartrain.

Serigny continued: "These must be placed before the king unopened by any of us. Yes, it's a risk," he caught
Jerome's knotted brow of indecision,
"I grant you it is a risk, for I know not
what complications are here contained.
Iwi limyself seek the king, and with these am sure to gain his own ear.

Jerome all this while uttered no word.

flicking the mud splotches off his boots and lifting an earnest look now and anon to Sergigry. My own mind was busy devising

means to foil any contemplated treachery upon his part, and wondering wondering it was not my duty to acquaint Serigny with the whole truth of the matter. The test came when I least expected it. When all our adventures had been detailed again and again, his dozens of incisive questions answered, our conversation nat-urally drifted toward the future. My mission in France completed, there was nothing now but a return to the col-onies, and the uncertainties of a campaign which I no longer doubted was imminent. Somehow the thought of a great and glorious war did not appeal to me so forcibly as such a prospect would have done some few weeks

There was ever a shy little face, a brave girlish figure which stood resolute and trembling before me in the park, that intruded between me and the barbaric splendor of our western wars. Nor did I raise a hand to brush the vision aside. It toned down the innate savagery of man, softened the stern, callous impulses of the soldier, and all the currents of my being trick-led through quieter, sweeter channels of life and love. Even the shame of it made not the thought less sweet.

There was but a trifling period to spare for such gentler musings, for Serigny, by a gesture, called attention to his well packed luggage.

that sort is absolutely certain the eyes of the holdup man are looking straight and his. In fact they certainly do appear that way, but that is due to a little optical delusion.

"Of course, the highwayman wears a mask and in almost every case this mask is made of dark cloth. Where holds are not in the mask for eyes the sking chown light against the edges of the mask. I don't understand why it should be so, but it is a fact that when a mask is wearing one of those black mask. No matter in what part of the mask. No matter in what part of the mask. No matter in what part of the rooms yet stand, or how much you make. It is some of the mask pletures. Probably you have seen a picture of first stand and have seen a picture of first stand and have seen a picture of my report to Serigny, and found specified the so, but it is a fact that when a first eyes seem to be staring straight at any one who looks at the rooms yet stand, or how much you make the eyes back of the black mask will seem to be concentrated on you.

The srifest know this trick, and they have no consideration to the nature of the mask pletures. Probably you have seen a picture of first and understand the thing better than I can explain it. If you have the probably and more than a masked man with a life that a masked man with a limit of the highwayman wears a leathern portfolio, through to his well packed luggage.

"See, I am ready. I only waited your coming and report to put out at once for le Dauphin. My people have all ready gone forward to arm and provision her for the struggle. We must be prompt. There is much to be set a day. I myself will go on tomorrow and alve all in complete readiness for the wash all the same to be concentrated on you.

The straight at any one who looks at the straight at any one who looks at the straight at any one who looks at the straight at any one of those black mask is made of dark cloth. Where the hade close commanded me to begin the latent that a many one of those black mask is made of dark cloth. Where the hade close c watch developments"—he was proceeding to acquaint me with what was expected of me. I knew not what he might say, but felt impelled to throw out silent warning, which even though he understood it not, he was quick enough to take. He paused and looked me inquisitively in the face. I glanced awkwardly from him to Jerome and back again. back again.

The thought then dominant was a growing distrust for Jerome, and the desire to have our movements secret. I remembered Bienville's words, "We know not who to trust," and being ignorant of what orders Serigny meant to give, or how much information they would convey to Jerome, deemed it best to let all the occurrences of the day come out. I could not forget the lad's gallantry, nor must I lose sight of the fact that as affairs now were, he might very well have gone over to the other side for the sake of Madame; things stranger than that took place every day, and I had learned to be dis-creet. He might thus come into valu-able hints and afterward cast them into the scale against Bienville, for every means good or bad would be used by them to save their own influence to uplift the Duke of Maine. If Bien-ville were involved in the general ruin,

why, what mattered it to them?
While I remained hesitating for a

"You?" burst out Serigny greatly surprised. "Why you have ever been our staunch and loyal friend. What is this, Captain de Mouret, surely you are above a young man's jealousy?"

Jerome gave me no time to explain. "Softly, softly, sir. The captain has good couse. Give me heed, my friends. To you, M. de Serigny, I will say upon my honor, which until this day was never stained by thought or deed, I will say,—this day I would have betrayed you. Nay, do not look so pained and unbelieving; all men are but mortal, and passions stronger even than duty, stronger than lovalty, yea. than duty, stronger than loyalty, yea, stronger than honor itself, may tyrannize over the best of us. I repeat, this day would I gladly have betrayed you, betrayed my friends to save—well it boots not whom, but a woman. For the woman I love may lose her liberty if not her life when those accursed pa-pers reach the hands of the king. I was mad, and at this moment doubt and fear myself. It is better not to trust me with your plans; the captain is right. Jerome de Greville never yet deceived a friend, but for the love of God, Messires, do not tempt him now," and started toward the door. Before the entrance to the Mediterranean we could detain him he was gone, leav- sea at Gibraltar is twelve miles wide. and he faced about with unsteady step and started toward the door. Before

ng Serigny staring in the most unbe-ieving and bewildered fashion at me." "In God's name, captain, what piece of folly is this, Tell me all, for ofttimes the success of the most careful plans is governed by just such undercurrents as this, of man's love or woman's spite.

Go on, I listen."
I explained briefly Madame's position, Serigny noddding his acquies-cence; it was an old tale to him, ex-cept he did not know Jerome's rela-tions with Madame. Of her domina-tion over the Duke of Maine he was well aware. When my story was fully done he pondered for a long while in silence. His sorrow was deep and sin-

"Poor fellow; poor fellow; as noble a lad as ever drew a sword, but in his present frame of mind it is safer not to trust him; he is capable of any act of desperation. We will do our best to protect his lady though. Where was I? This matter has disturbed me-Oh yes, about to give your orders. You see I am all ready to leave. I have but waited your return. The war has been decided on and the news needs only to be given out. The king hesitates and wavers; Chamillard is a mere reflec-tion of the royal whim. If we do not attack the Spaniard he will attack us; it is simply a question of whether we want the war at Biloxi or Havana. For my part I would rather so Havana in seige than Biloxi. This matter can not be delayed.. A few days more at the most. These dispatches may decide. With these before the king he will no longer doubt my brother, but will place the blame where it most properly belongs-for in the main, Louis is just. I would not desire any greater pleasure than to see the gibbet whereon these traitors of itching palms, these thieves who their king for Spanish gold, will take their last dance. Do you remain here for as many as six days, this room is at your disposal. Be quiet and discreet; learn all and tell nothing. A still tongue is the safest in these times. The moment war is declared make all speed for Dippe and we will up anchor and away.

Serigny was as happy as a boy at the prospect of action; the atmosphere of court ill agreed with his flery temper. This was the gist of our plan of operations, and it was so arranged in detail.

In a few moments Serigny left me taking the packet with him, and I in excess of caution followed him at a little distance, locking the door behind me and keeping the key in my pocket. I bore his tall figure well in sight until he passed out into the unfrequented halls into that portion of the palace where the many shuttlecocks of for-tune congregated to laugh and talk and plot and lie. Not long afater he came back, sorely nettled and disappointed.

"It is done; the king has them in his own hands; yet he does not talk; promises nothing; is closeted with his min-isters; they must be of considerable importance. It is all secure for us, for I told him of my departure in the morning to the colonies, and he assented. I judge, then, it is something of a very delicate nature, touching the royal honor of the king's own blood. Besides much is in cipher which it will take time to read. Louis, you know, would not admit, save to those nearest his throne, the possession of the secret Spanish cipher."

The night passed by dismal and un-certain enough. I must confess to a great sinking of the heart when I saw erigny's carriage roll away in the gray of the early morning, leaving me absolutely alone in my father's land of France, where in the short space of two weeks so much had transpired; much to be ever remembered, much I would have given worlds to forget.

It must have been a most forlorn and dejected looking creature that stood in the great square that sunless morning, peering into the mists which had absorbed the carriage. The solitude of vast untrodden forests breeds not that vacant sense of desolation which we children of nature feel in the crowded haunts of men. Face after face, form after form, voice after voice, yet not one familiar countenance, not one remembered tone, not the glance of a kindly eye; all is new, all is strange, all is seeming enmity. The defection of Jerome, my only comrade, was indeed a cup of bitterness. I dreaded to meet him, not knowing what tack he might cut away on. Yet I could not blame him; it was more of pity I felt.

I recall with great delight some of the minor occurrences of the next three or four days. After Serigny's depart-ure, every afternoon at imminent risk suing a by-way through the forests suing a by-way through the forests and fields, through which a wood-cutter first led me, ride hard to catch a glimpse of her who now occupied all my thoughts. I wonder at this time how I then held so firm by the duty of returning to the colonies, when the very thought of war and turmoil was so distants that the latter was the latter to me. tasteful to me. When I rode to Paris and clothed myself once more in my own proper garments, their friendly folds gave me a new courage to meet whatever fate might send.

It may be pertinent to chronicle here, what history has already recorded, the result of placing those dispatches in the king's hands.

(Continued Next Week.)

# FORCE OF HABIT.

How to Awaken Countrymen in the Morning. New Orleans Times-Democrat: "I made

a little experiment the other morning which shows how strong the force of habit is," said the night barkeeper, "and I had a world of fun out of it, and met a serious business emergency at the same time. The night before the reunion opened up a great many strangers who had not made arrangements in advance were forced to lodge anywhere they could get foot room for the night. I had probably a dozen countrymen in my place. It was all right. We didn't mind it at all. But when the time rolled around to clean up, along about the time that the east was getting gray, I was confronted by a problem. All the old fellows were asleep. They were sleeping in chairs, on kegs and any other old place they could find. I had to wake them up in some way. I knew they were all from the country, and having lived in the country, I knew what would rouse them. I am pretty good when it comes to imitating the sounds of fowls of several kinds. I can convince any countryman on earth that daylight has come by flapping my wings and crowing like a rooster. That's exactly what I did. It was amus-ing to watch the old fellows stir, stretch their limbs, rub their eyes, yawn, get up, walk to the door, and look toward the east. My experiment was a success, and I have been crowing every morning since that time, because five or six of the old fellows slept in my place every night while the city was crowded. I never had to crow but two or three times to wake them up. Of course, I would conceal my-self so they couldn't get on to the deception, and one of the fellows actually complimented me on the faithfulness of my rooster. 'Durned 'f he don't beat these city clocks all hollow, he said to me while I was mixing his morning's toddy for

### FARUNA.

By Percival Rhodes.

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.) As Harry Waldon returned to the Paramatta club in Sydney the clerk handed him a letter. He took it mechanically and retired to the smoking room, where he threw himself into a large leather covered chair. He was a ruined man. He had placed his last fifty pounds on Little To, but the horse had fallen at the first hur-

Harry Waldon was the only son of the millionaire shipbuilder, John Waldon, in Glasgow. Leaving Eton, he went to Cambridge, where he only learned a passion for sport and ran into debt. Twenty-two years old, he left the famous college for home and told his father that he had not the slightest interest in becoming a shipbuilder. Old John Waldon suggested that he take a trip to Australia, hoping that the trip would awaken his interest in some kind of business. A few weeks in Melbourne and Sydney were enough to exhaust his very generous letter of credit which his father had given him, and the races had now swallowed up a draft which had been cabled to him.

The letter in his hand was from his fa-ther. He had recognized his firm handwriting at first glance. He opened the

"My dear boy," wrote the old man, "As you asked me to, I cabled you money, but as I am sure that you want the money for gambling and not to invest in any kind of business, I consider it my duty to let you know that this is the last money you will get from me. I have paid your debts at Eton and Cambridge and find they amounted to as much as the cost of building a 900-ton steamer, and this is undoubtedly the most foolish thing I have ever done. I hope that poverty will make a man of you, and when you have shown that you can earn an honest living with-out any assistance I shall be glad to see you, but not before.

So the end had come. He must now fight his own battles. He smiled grimly at the thought, but he felt that his father was right, and thought of him without

It was after midnight when he left the club for a stroll along the water front. The streets were empty, but on one of the docks he happened to overhear a conversation between a captain of a ship and a policeman.
"Well, captain," said the policeman,

"your man has been arrested and it will probably be a week before the judge will

turn him loose again." "That puts me in a devil of a hole," the captain replied, "I must leave in two hours and have only two men on board."
Waldon stepped over to the men.

"Are you the captain, sir?"
"I am—what about it?"

"You need a man." "Yes, sir. Do you want the job?"
"Yes, sir. Where are you bound for?"

"Samoa."

'In two hours.'

"All right, I shall be with you in half an hour," Waldon said and hurried back to the club.

Two hours later the schooner Isabella weighed anchor. Harry Waldon was on board, with a capital of £5 in his pocket, all he owned in the world. He left behind him a debt of £754 and his name. On the ship's papers he appeared as Sam Riley.
Four years had passed. In front of a cabin Old Tall was busy cooking fish, while the pretty Faruma was working on a mat close to her. "It is nearly sundown and your husband has not yet returned. The fish is almost done. Do you know

where he is? "Oh, yes," Faruma answered with a lit-tle sigh, "the big steamer came in this morning, and he went down to speak to white friends. Oh, Tali, you have met so many people, do you believe that my husband can still love me. I am always afraid that some day the big steamer

will carry him away from me back to his old home."

"My dear little Faruma, you know I do not like the white men. They are false and deceitful. They slew my husband because he would not let them make love cause he would not let them make love to me and they also killed my son, your fa-ther. But, Faruma, your husband is not as the others. I believe that he loves you and will never leave you."

"Why do you believe that?"
"Because he left his home never to return. He does not like his own people be-cause some one among them has caused

him great sorrow." You are so wise, do you Tali! think that it was a man or a woman who

made him leave?" Tali did not answer; she heard footsteps coming nearer. It was Sam Riley, who

The next morning Sam Riley again went down to the beach. When he was alone he took a paper from his pocket. He read once more a paragraph in the personal column. It ran thus: "Harry Waldon left London on March

7, 1887, and was last seen in Sydney in 1890. Nothing has been heard of him since. As his father has died, his sisters are anxious to communicate with him. A large reward will be paid to any one who will send his present address to the in formation bureau "Light" in Melbourne. Harry Waldon was greatly excited. The past which he had tried to forget had again come back. His father dead. A great fortune must be waiting for him. He could have millions if he would return. In his thoughts he saw the old turn. In his thoughts he saw the old castle Rannock in Scotland illuminated in his honor; he heard the baying of hounds and the trampling of horses. But he would have to leave Samoa and Faruma. Was the money worth such a sacrifice. He loved Faruma and knew that she loved him with all the fervor of

her great, honest, trusting heart. Why should he make her unhappy. He rested his head in both hands and

then dropped he paper. Then a soft hand touched his, he looked around and saw Faruma

"Why are you sad, my beloved? Has the big boat brought you bad news?" "Yes, Faruma, my father is dead." "Why did you not tell me last night? Is not your joy my joy and your sorrow mine? Will you turn back to that great country across the sea? Your father has left you much gold and you will be a great man among the white people." "Yes, Faruma, he has left me much

gold and land and many servants."
Faruma's eyes filled with tears.
"Oh, I knew it would come. You will go back on the next boat and you will soon forget your Faruma.

"What would you think of me, Faruma, if I did that?"
"I would think that you were cruel as the other white men, that I was not good enough for you and that you were too handsome and great for a little dark girl like me, but I would not think so very

She pointed toward the water and whispered:

"The sea is close by and the sharks are hungry and their teeth are sharp."
Harry Waldon looked at her and looked into her sad, childlike face beaming with love. He put his arm around her waist and kissed her red lips.
"No, Faruma," he said. "I shall never go back to the white men's country."

An hour later he sat in his cabin writ-ing a letter to "Light" Melbourne. "Harry Waldon died in 1890, when he

eft Sydney."
And his hand never trembled as he signed the letter: "Sam Riley."



Young women may avoid much sickness and pain, says Miss Alma Pratt, if they will only have faith in the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Judging from the letters she is receiving from so many young girls, Mrs. Pinkham believes that our girls are often pushed altogether too near the limit of their endurance nowadays in our public schools and semin-

Nothing is allowed to interfere with studies, the girl must be pushed to the front and graduated with honor; often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the lost vitality, often it is never recovered. Miss Pratt

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I feel it my duty to tell all young women how much Lydia E. Pinkham's won-derful Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was completely run-down, unable to attend school, and did not care for any kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained seven pounds of flesh in three months.

"I recommend it to all young women who suffer from female weakness." - Miss Alma Pratt, Holly, Mich. — \$5000 forfeit If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.



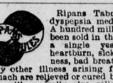
Of the Skin and Scalp Speedily Cured by Baths with



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