RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MUNYON'S RHEUMA-WISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMA-TISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Munyon Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no optum cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drugact.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

Time Table for Roast Meats. Beef-From six to eight pounds, one an

me-half hours, or 12 minutes to the Mutton-Ten minutes to the pound rare

15 well done.

Lamb—A little less, according to age and size of roast.

Veal-Twenty minutes to the pound. Pork-Half an hour to the pound. Turkey-Of eight or 10 pounds weight

mot less than three hours.

Goose-Of seven or eight pounds, two hours Chicken-From an hour to an hour and

a half. Tame Duck-One hour. Game Duck-From 30 to 40 minutes. Partridge, Grouce, etc-Half hour. Pigeon-Half hour. Small Birds-Twenty minutes.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they canact reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh
is a blood or constitutional disease, and in
erder to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken interally, and acts directly on the blood and
aucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not
a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one
ef the best physicians in this country for
years and is a regular prescription. It is
composed of the best tonics known, combined
with the best blood purifiers, acting directly
en the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Bold by Druggists, price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Specious Excuse.
From the New York Herald.
Bishop Paddock, of eastern Oregon,
declared recently that wealth was Godmake money

make money.

"Bishop Padlock," said a New York clergyman the other day, "is always saying wise, true, memorable hings. There is no living speaker who is more interesting and more instructive.

"I remember one of his attacks on a wrong that had been speciously defended. He said no amount of talking could make a wrong right, and he compared make a wrong right, and he compared

make a wrong right, and he compared the culprits to a boy he knew.

"He said this boy's mother found him playing one Sunday morning in the

"Oh, Johnny,' she said, 'I told you

not to play with your tin soldiers on Sunday. "The boy looked up, surprised and

aggrieved.
'But on Sunday,' he said, 'I call 'em the Salvation Army.

The Royal Academy of England was founded in 1768. The building, in London, in the Renaissance style, was erected by Smirke in 1868-69. The largest pin factory in the world

is at Birmingham, England. It turns out 37,000,000 pins every day.

Whiskey for Lame Back. To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce of Toris compound, which can be procured of any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring. This recipe is said to be the best known to medical science.

Raising the Rates.

From Judge.

President-elect Taft tells a good golfing story. A political friend of his invented a plan whereby he kept his 3 or 3-year-old son from shocking his mamma by repeating swear words and siang—a practice to which he was rather addicted. Every time the little fellow used a naughty word the father gave him 5 cents on the promise not to use it again. The friend had great faith in his power of the system until one day recently when he was chatting with half a dozen guests before dinner. His home adjoins a golf links and

With haif a dozen guests before dinner.
His home adjoins a golf links and little Willie, who had been out walking near them with his nurse, burst into the drawing room, his blue eyes dancing with enthusiasm, his pink cheeks bulging in a triumphant smile.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he cried. I've just heard a new one that's worth a quarter."

A French chemist has invented a tablet which, is dissolved in a glass of water, will give off as much oxygen to clarify the air in a room as though a window had been left open for an hour.

A PROMISING PROCESS.

******** An increase of \$100,000,000 a year in the value of corn and oats at primary mar-kets through a cheap method of bleaching and drying those grains is the prospective result of extensive experiments by the government and individuals, which have now reached a point of practical success. This interesting estimate of the value of a process available by grain dealers and large farmers the country over was ar-rived at by computation upon the crop of 1907 of those three cereals, which amount-ed to 3,295,253,000 bushels to which an added value to grain buyers of 2 to 4 cents per bushel by improved grade will be given by a cheap process to improve the grade. It was not the government this time, but an individual, E. P. Arnold, a local expert in grain handling, who has solved this problem and put into practical operation in South Chicago a process which seems likely to deprive the big elevator companies of the cities of their present profit for drying and bleaching corn and oats for market, and make that operation practical n the smaller elevators throughout the ountry. For several years the departnent of agriculture has been at work on the problem of the grading and standard-ization of grain. In addition to the laboratories at Baitimore and New Orleans, new laboratories have recently been esablished at Minneapolis, Duluth, St. Louis and New York. Here elaborate tests have been made in the effort to devise better means for bringing grain up to standard and making farm products more valuable ifter they have been harvested. Like the plit log road drag and some other devices of small cost that have put hundreds of housands of dollars into the pockets of armers in the last few years, the process is perfectly simple, once it was discovered, and the cost of construction trifling compared with present methods or the saving involved. Meanwhile the work of the government laboratories is being continued and should lead, according to Secry Wilson's last report, to the discov-of other devices to aid the farmer

Emperor William, of Germany, is desirlous that impecunious aristocrats who cannot make a living in Germany should emigrate to German Southwest Africa, and become useful members of that German colony. He has lent Baron de Schmid \$12,500 to enable him to settle in German Southwest Africa and begin life again as a farmer. Baron de Schmid was a land owner in Alsace-Lorraine, whose estate was near that of the kaiser at Urville, and with them his majesty was very friendly baron lost his money and was obliged to sell his estate.

tions which are still to be found in the usiness of growing food for \$5,000,000 peo



French soldiers in their late Moroc can campaign exercised great self con-trol, despite the awful tests put upon trol, despite the awful tests put upon them by the cruel practices of the Moors. Of the scene after one battle a writer says, "As the chasseurs swept over the ground for the third time they, indeed, saw sights which made them little inclined to grant the quarter prayed for by the wretches on whom they were spurring. Naked lay all their fallen comrades; one poor fellow had fallen comrades; one poor fellow had exerted over their employes. Every his eyes gouged out; the blood was still streaming from their sockets; he instruction given but for the influence was still alive. Another had been dis-emboweled; a third was found with bound hands beside a fire, his head charred to a cinder."

Says the London Chronicle: not only by means of ships that America has gone to the resuce of Sicilians. Visitors from the western hemisphere Visitors from the western hemisphere to Rome, albeit making no long stay, are using their wealth lavishly in the work of rescue. We hear of one family alone receiving six earthquake children into their house, and giving shelter to 16 more elsewhere. The committees of relief are composed from every nation that gathers in Rome for winter and spring. All galeties are suspended

clarify the air in a room as though a window had been left open for an hour.

Spavin.

Dr. Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies are well known all over the country. They have saved the lives of many valuable horses and are a permanent institution in thousands of stables.

Mr. G. T. Roberts of Resaca, Ga., R. F. D., No. 1. Box 43, writes:-"I have used your Liniment on a horse for sweeney and effected a thorough cure. I also removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. I regard Sloan's Liniment as the most penetrating and effective Liniment I have ever known."

Mr. H. M. Gibbs of Lawrence, Kans., R. F. D. No. 3, writes :- "Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used I had a mare with an abscess on her back and one 50c bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock.'

Dr. Sloan will send his Treatise on the Horse free to any horseman. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass. Station A.

Character vs. Brawn.

From the Washington Times. "The man with education and money and social standing, but without conscience or character or religion is the greatest foe to society and the greatest

menace to good government."

Lack of conscience in men of education and the consequent evil resulting from their handling of affairs of importance, political and business, was the subject of the sermon by Dr. Sambel H. Woodrow, paster of the First

the subject of the sermon by Dr. Samuel H. Woodrow, pastor of the First
Congregational church, this morning.
From the text: "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him
it is sin," Dr. Woodrow preached on the
subject, "Moral Responsibility."

"There are sins," he said, "that are
the result of overt violation of the
moral law. No respectable person and
few of any class seek to justify such ery of other devices to aid the farmer and the elevator man in straightening out some of the other unsatisfactory condi-

few of any class seek to justify such sins. The text introduces us to a dif-ferent class of sinners. The people who see and know what they ought to do, but who are too indolent or selfish to do it. Man is morally responsible for developing all his powers and ca-pacities to the utmost and for using them for the highest and best ends.

"After tracing the physical and mental development of mankind the moral evolution of the race has but

just begun.
"The world needs moral leadership.
We have had the rule of brawn and in part the rule of brain, the rule of character is yet to come.

"We are slowly awaking to the fact that the evils from which we suffer are not so much the result of ignorance as not so much the result of ignorance as of moral delinquency or perversity. Political corruption, civic unrighteousness, labor tyranny, and corporate greed are the results not so much of ignorance and lack of intelligence as they are of lack of conscience and all sense of moral responsibility. The educated demagogue, the educated promoter, the educated agitator, is your really dangerous man. ly dangerous man.

ly dangerous man.

"The man with education and money and social standing, but without conscience or character, or religion is the greatest foe to society and the greatest menace to good government. It is a good sign that people are becoming less and less impressed with a man's ability and more and more impressed with the ends for which he uses it. We with the ends for which he uses it. We are responsible for the right use our powers, possessions and positions. Those who have received the benefits of a liberal education have a heavy re-sponsibility for themselves and for the

communities in which they live.
"We are responsible for the wise use of such means as we possess. honestly acquired and wisely used is a blessing. We are responsible for the right influence of the positions we hold. Parents in the home are responsible for the influence exerted; employers of la-bor are responsible for the influence which his or her character exerts. Every editor of a paper, whether secular or religious, and every publisher of a book is responsible for its influence. Every man who holds a political office of any kind, from that of selectman to or any kind, from that of selectman to congressman, from alderman to senator, from mayor to president, is responsible not only for the honest and efficient administration of his office, but for his influence for good or evil while he occupied the office. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not to him it is sin."

Dr. Woodrow will speak this evening upon "Uncared for Souls." Next Sunday evening the choir and chorus, under the lead of Dr. Bischoff, will give

Mrs. Gaylord Wilshire is the president of the Woman's National Progressive league, which among other things declares its intention of creating a new literature for children with a view to fostering in children the spirit of human solidarity. The first book is to be written by John Spargo. The work will be international, and socialist literature suited to children will be translated from and into various languages

LESS MEAT

Advice of Family Physician. Formerly people thought meat nec

ssary for strength and muscular vigor. The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out

differently.

It is now a common thing for the family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from a N. Y.

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the \$500.00 worth of medicine I had taken

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrate ful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well ville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason,"

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of

The House of the Black

Ring By F. L. Pattee

CHAPTER IV-Continued. "I've wanted to go for a long time," she went on radiantly. "We'll go over to the old Heller cabin. There's all sorts of stories flying around and I've wanted to see it all winter. It's that the

ed to see it all winter. It's just the

y. Come on."
"Not afoot? You don't mean to walk clear over there?' Sure. I feel just like walking. Come

"But the roads are all mud-it's awful walking," he had persisted.

"All the more fun. I ain't afraid of mud, are you? Get on your gum shoes. We'll be there in no time."

There was no escape.
"Don't run," he puffed at length.
"Let's just saunter along. There's no

"We'll have to hurry to get there and back before meeting-time. Come on," and she had flitted on before him, while puffed and waddled and tried to

The day was perfect. The sun, low in

deed, it is difficult to separate it from the shoes even with a stick.

Rose, picking her way lightly and daintily, now by the roadside, now on the crushed stones, avoided it almost completely, but Karl, ploughing along heavily, kept ever in the middle of the road. His feet increased to the size of peck baskets. In vain he kicked and scraped. His rubbers came off and he ruined his shoes.

"Don't hurry," he pleaded, hot and panting. "There's no hurry."

"Call this hurrying?" she called back over her shoulder. "Why, we're only crawling. We must walk faster than this." And he stumbled on after her in desperation.

in desperation.

His collar became a wet rag. The sweat soaked through the band of his sweat soaked through the band of his best hat, making a broad yeilow stripe. His feet weighed a hundred pounds apiece and were increasing every mo-ment. It was like walking with a ball and chain. The mud smeared his trousers nearly to his knees, but he puffed on.

"Come, come," she cried scornfully; "why, who's tired? We've only just started. Why, I've walked twenty miles lots of times. Come on; I'm go-

miles lots of times. Come on; I'm going." She started on briskly. He hesitated a moment, then panted after
her half on the dog trot.

When at last they had cut through
the scrub oakes and stood in sight of
the old house, he was in a dry pallor.
His mouth and throat were like pieces
of paper. of paper.
"See! See! The old house!" she cried.

He gasped out something like a "Thank God," and collapsed upon the nearest stone.

nearest stone.

"It's a wild, lonesome place, isn't it?"
she went on, almost excitedly. "See
how the gap hangs over it. And look
—the black ring! What do you suppose
makes it? Can you see it?"

"Yes," he puffed.

"It seems almost like a perfect circle, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's something that's growing; some kind of a moss or grass, don't you think? I'm going down and see.

"No, no. This is all the farther I'm going," he said with decision.
"Then I'm going down there alone."
"No, no, no!" he gasped. "Remember what they say. You know it's death for any Hartswick to go inside "Oh, gammon! As if I believed

"It's safer to stay away."

"Well, there's nothing chemical about it, I'll bet a dollar." For a time they looked in silence at the old structure. It was a log house, some 12 feet square and two stories in height. The eaves projected far out, giving it an un-usual appearance. The crevices had been caulked with some black material, which in places had begun to crumble out. A great chimney of irregular blocks of limestone arose at one end.

blocks of limestone arose at one end. There was no path leading to the house and no clearing save the black ring, which surrounded it and upon which there grew no trees or shrubs.

"Hark, what's that?" They both straightened instantly. The sun was near the top of the western ridge; all was deathly still save the growl of water in the near by ring.

ter in the near-by run.
"Didn't you hear something?" Then
the faint voice of the church bell came "My! That's the first bell. We've got just an hour. Come, we must walk now; we can't crawl the way we did coming up. Come on."

now; we can't craw.

coming up. Come on."

She sprang lightly down the rocks and out upon the pike, and he followed the best he could. Through the puddles and into the mud, thick and sticky as sodden glue, he ploughed, puffing and blowing and wallowing, while she tripplowing and wallowing, while she tripplowing and wallowing. The cloud that was to shadow young Jim's life had arisen now, and it was racing, black and threatening, to the reality and the country of the reality of the r

blowing and wallowing, while she tripped daintily ahead.

They arrived at the church just as the last bell was tolling. Darkness had fallen, for which Keichline was profoundly grateful. It allowed him to drag himself through the church-going throng unrecognized, and to get safely to Hartswick Hall.

He was faint and feverish; his legs almost refused to obey him; and his breath came in gasps that rattled and gurgled in his throat. An hour later, when he appeared in a complete suit

when he appeared in a complete suit of the squire's that was three sizes too small for him, and sat down to the long delayed supper, he found it impossible to eat.
"Oh, Pap," Rose burst in from meet-

on, Pap. Rose burst in from meeting, "we had a glorious walk. Didn't we Mr. Keichline? We went over to the old cabin, and it was fine. We'll go again, won't we?" She took her place at the table as fresh and unruffled as if she had spent the whole afternoon in her room. One glance at ernoon in her room. One glance at Karl in his tight-fitting costume, an imperceptible flutter for a moment at

imperceptible flutter for a moment at the corners of her mouth, and she finisher her supper with great solemnity. Keichline said very little. He was aching in every joint, and his dignity had suffered. When at 10 o'clock he drove out of the yard he was beginning to be really angry. The game was not worth the candle. Without a coubt he

could win her in the end; he felt sure of that, since the old squire was on his side; but was it worth the while? With every mile down the Run his slow-kindling, fat-man's rage grew hot-ter. He would never return; not even the squire's great property was suffi-cient to repay him. He would go there

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But before that very week was over he made a discovery—a most unfore-seen and unaccountable discovery; he had really and honestly fallen in love with her. He awoke all in a moment to the fact that life without her was inconceivable, and that he must win her, be the price what it might.

CHAPTER V.

THE HORSE RACING ON THE MOON RUN.

It had been an open winter. For six weeks the roads had been half-spoke deep, not with mud, but with that thick, yellow smear that clings like birdlime. There had been flurries of snow when the wind had roared and when the black ring about the Heller cabin had stood out short send vivid The day was perfect. The sun, low in the south, poured in a mellow flood that was like the Indian summer. There was no snow, but along the whole road there was that which was tenfold worse—a river of that yellow, Centre County mud that sticks eloser than a brother. There is no shaking it off; indeed, it is difficult to separate it from the shoes even with a stick. Gap until it roared like a mili-race over a quarter of mile of road, and barring Karl Keichline from his Sunday ser-vices for weeks at a time. The valley creek had spread far out on the bot-toms, and the voice of Roaring Run, always a dominating note, had become a hearse bellow that echoed even into

a hoarse bellow that echoed even into the remotest nooks of the valley. On the evening of the day on which Rose had discovered Jim Farthing's little horse, the winter came on in earnest. It began in a smother of wet snow
—a foot of it—like raw putty. A cloudy
day when roads had packed hard and

day when roads had packed hard and smooth, a fierce drop in the night of 40 degrees, and on Wednesday morning the sleighing was perfect.

It is not sure who first thought of the trip; it may be doubted if any one did. It was one of those spontaneous affairs when all awake at the same moment and find that they are thinking the same thought. Why not a sled ride over Moon Run and a chicken and waffle supper at the old Snyder house at the Cross Roads? On Tuesday evening not one had dreamed of it; on Wednesday evening every young person in the valley was ready.

When Jim Farthing got the news his first thought was of Rose. He would

first thought was of Rose. He would take her with his colt; he would drive right down and invite her now. Within 10 minutes he was in front of the Hartswick mansion.

Front door or back? It called for nice judgment. Front doors are of lit-tle use in the Seven Mountains; for tle use in the Seven Mountains; for they are for the minister and the doctor and funerals. But this was Hartswick Hall, and he hesitated. Only a moment, however. Who was he that he should go to the front door of a week-day and in the forenoon? He heard a brisk, light step, seemingly started by his knock, when Rose herself stood framed in the door.

"Ah, good morning." She looked down at her costume and laughed. Her sleeves were rolled to the elbow; and

sleeves were rolled to the elbow her dress was concealed by a gingham jumper. There was a touch of flour on her cheek, and more than a dusting of it in a little lock that had straggled rebelliously from its moorings.

"Come right in. Want to shake?"
She held up her floury hands, laughing the while.
"Think I'm afraid of flour," he asked jovially, seizing her hand with a hearty

grip.
"Take this chair, Mr. Farthing." She pushed him a kitchen rocker.

"No; no chair. I'm not making a call. Keep right on with your work."

"It's safer to sail."

"I want to look into the window."

"This is all the farther I'm going," he announced decisively. "Besides, you wouldn't see anything if you tried. Don't you see how there's a shutter over the window?"

"But the ring?"

"Oh, the Hellers put some kind of a chemical there, and a devil's crop of some sort or other comes up on it."

"But want to look into the window."

"But the ring?"

"Oh, the Hellers put some kind of a chemical there, and a devil's crop of some sort or other comes up on it."

"But wand to look into the window."

"But the ring?"

"Oh, the Hellers put some kind of a chemical there, and a devil's crop of some sort or other comes up on it."

"But the ring?"

"Oh, the ring way that thrilled him mightily. In a way that thrilled him mightily. "She turned to her heap of dough and began to knead with vigor. Young Jim could have watched her all day.

"I dropped in to ask if you were going on the ride tonight." It took couring on the ride tonight." It took couring on the ride tonight." It took couring on the ride tonight." She paused a moment and wait for hints.

"Sure! Wouldn't miss it for anything."

in winter?"

"I don't know. Probably they sowed some kind of a plant that melts snow just the same as sait does. Say, I'll bet it is sait."

"But that would kill everything and "But that would kill everything and make the ground bare and dead, and, make the ground bare and dead, and, make the ground bare and dead, and, "Some plants of the was going with his new horse."

"Oh!"

"You know—the one he bought over

"Oh!"

"You know—the one he bought over Altoona way three weeks ago. They say he's a beauty—fastest thing there is 'round here. He's a perfect bay, so pap says; seven years old, 15 hands high, and weighs 1,300. How's that?"

"And you're going with Karl?"

"Yes. Wouldn't miss it for a farm.
You're going aren't you with the lit-

You're going aren't you with the little colt?"
"Yes—perhaps." Somehow the day had suddenly gone dark. It came to him with a bitter rush that he was out of his place. The presperous Kelch-line had every adventage. She had her line had every advantage. She had her-self expressed the difference; the one drove a magnificent great bay; the oth-

er, a little colt. That indeed was the proportion. He turned to go.

"Don't hasten, Mr. Farthing," she urged sweetly, turning from her bread and looking into his eyes as frankly as a child. "You've only just got here." father of that family that has a flat "I must go. I can't stay. I must get to work." She went with him to the door, and laughed aloud when he shook

zenith.

The sled ride began auspiciously. It was a beautiful night, thick at first with stars that glittered in the still cold. Then the moon came up, rolling, large and round, over the snags of Turkey Ridge, casting long shad-ows down the valleys, and then flood-ing all with that marvellous glory that comes only with the snowy night and the radiant moon.

But the focal point of all the land-scape was the "bobsled," a long bodied affair half full of straw, and packed tight with young folk, who sang and laughed and abandoned themselves to the witchery of the hour as only young-sters can. In front and behind were the single couples—boys who had a "rig" of their own and a girl, and staid pairs at the critical junction between

pairs at the critical junction between courtship and matrimony.

Up at the head of the line was Karl Keichline, with Rose beside him in his smart new sleigh. His horse was indeed a magnificent one—a mettlesome, hard-bitted, long-geared fellow that kept his driver constantly on the alert. It was evident that the sleek postmaster remained with the group only through courtesy. A single group only through courtesy. A single word, a loosening of the reins, and— zip, he would be out of the landscape

in a twinkling. It was understood that in a twinking. It was understood that on the home trip Rose was to drive, and they were to have a free road.

At the rear of the procession, utterly unnoticed and unthought of, were the Farthing brothers and the colt. Tom was driving and Jim sat curled down, black and silent and preceupled. He had not even wanted to drive the horse.

Through winding valleys, between the

Through winding valleys, between the zigzagging parallels of sail fences, into dark gaps where the songs echoed strangely from the ragged walls, out into tangles of scrub oak and yellow pine, and through lanes of rhododendron weirdly clinging to its green foliage even among the January snows—mile after mile wound the gay cav-

"Bright, sunny days will soon pass

away."
came the sweet chord from the sled —girlish sopranes and altos blending perfectly with tenors and basses, for these people of the Seven Mountains can sing, like all others of German

Ah, the bright, sunny days had already passed away for young Jim-at least, so it seemed to his brooding at least, so it seemed to his brooding soul. What use to think of winning her from this contented, prosperous money-bags, who basked in the favor of the old squire and who could offer her all of comfort and luxury that her heart might desire? As for him, what had he save health, and youth, and a pair of willing hands? He had not the ghost of a chance

pair of willing hands? He had not the ghost of a chance.

"I'm off to the wars; to the wars I must go,"
came the clear strains from the sled. "Off to the wars"—a wild impulse arose within him to do something, to dare a deed that would thrill her and win her. But there were no wars to go to, no field of hazard where a stout heart might all in a moment snatch fame and fortune—more the pity. The old and fortune—more the pity. The old days were best; there was a chance then for all. But he must do something to win her; something indeed he must do, and at once. But what? And thus he sat humped up and dreamy, and saw nothing of the moonlight, and the wild scenery of the moon-light, and the wild scenery of the gaps and the mountains ragged and picturesque all about. And he scarcely realized when at last they arrived at the little mountain inn and the ride was over. As he helped to unspan the horses, he was still "off to the wars," daring deeds that should make her turn

in disgust from the clod beside her, and fly to him—ah, to him!

The inn had little stable room and they were content to fasten the horses under a long shed protected on all sides save one. The time would be short; it would scarcely pay to go out among the farmers for better accommodations commodations.

Then they sought the house, great boys that they were, pushing and slapping one another, joking and chaffing, full to the brim of animal spirits and laughter and whole laughter and whole souled enjoyment of the night. The girls were already inside, taking off hood and wrap, disclosing pink cheeks and sparkling eyes, as full of life and spirits as the boys

Then came the chicken and waffle upper, with its wonderful acompaniment of "spreads" and supper, with its wonderful accompaniment of "spreads" and other good things—a repast to dream about. It was no cold, correct dinner party with myriad courses and noiseless waiters and velvet voices; where the diner in dress suit nibbles daintily at this and that and avelances engraves and soft nother and exchanges epigrams and soft noth-ings with the exquisite creature at his right. Every one was completely at home and wholly at his ease. He had come to enjoy himself to the utmost, and that was the business of the hour. The stewed chicken, tender and brown, swimming in a gravy fit for gods, came swimming in a gravy fit for gods, came again and again into the circle of destruction, and still there was call for more. Great, brown piles of waffles, blistering hot, were brought in steady stream to the tables to disappear like water into sink holes. They were pitched two at a time on empty plates, drenched with syrup or chicken gravy as from a hose, cut deftly into quarters and eighths by swift shearing of knife and fork, and stowed away—one—two and fork, and stowed away—one—two—three. And all the time there was laughter of boys and giggling of girls, and jokes and banter, and clashing of knives, and forks and dishes. Cold formality and the "Me".

knives, and forks and dishes. Cold formality and the "Mr." and "Miss" of polite society were miles away over the ridges. It was "Bill" and "Dan" and "Hat" and "Liz." Will dared May to eat another waffle, and she smeared one with apple butter on the instant and "put it where it belonged" amid roars of laughter. Then it was her turn to challenge him. And thus the supper galloped to its close.

Up near the end of the table sat Karl Keichline and Rose. He was an imposing looking man as Jim saw him from far down the board—square and solid, with a clean shaven, cherub face, which had not line or shadow. A man of pork," Jim growled in his throat; yet he could not but recognize the strength of his rival. A man who through his own efforts has secured a competency at 40, and who, moreover, has gained a ruling place in his native county, is not one to be ignored from any standpoint. By every valley standard the match was a perfect one, and Jim recognized it. But, after all, what could a girl like Rose see in a mere tub of a man like that?

(Continued Next Week.)

Identified.

She walked into the International bank and pushed a check through the window.

"You will have to be identified," said the teller. "I don't know you, madam."
"You don't eh?" said the woman,
with fire in her eye. "Aren't you the

in Ermita?"
"Y-e-s." 'Well, I'm the red-headed woman "Well, I'm the red-headed woman that your wife is always complaining about. When you left home this morning I heard you say: 'Dear, if our children get to fighting with that old fury down stairs, don't quarrel with her. Wait till I get home and let me talk to her.' Now if you think you can get the best of an argument with—"

best of an argument with—"
"Here's your money, madam," said the teller.



REMARKABLE SIGHT. Jim-I love to go to church and hear the Rev. Pondrous deliver a sermoh. Jack-Why?
"Just think of a man talking for an

hour and no chance for the women inswer him back!"

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In Thousands of Cases.

The most discriminating person can find no fault with Dr. Hathaway's methods of combating the special and chronic diseases of men and women, and were you to look the whole world over, you probably could find no better. The superfority of his treatment has been proven in many cases where they have failed to derive benefit from most all kinds of patent medical companies and itstitutes, and it is not worth your while to look elsewhere if you want value received for your expenditure of time and money. His treatment is of KNOWN QUALITY. There is no guesswork or patchwork about it. The experimental stage passed many years ago, and the treatment of TO-DAY is based upon indisputable and time proven facts. If you are in need of medical treatment at all you can afford the Best, and when you get Dr. Hathaway's treatment in the beginning, you will save yourself much worry and a great disappointment. Remember, Dr. Hathaway's treatment in the beginning, you will save yourself much worry and a great disappointment. Remember, Dr. Hathaway has had over 25 years's experience in the treatment of in Sloux City; same office; the very best of professional and financial references. No fake or fraudulent methods employed. Just straight, legitimate practice and a "SQUARE DEAL" to everyone. You will never regret taking Dr. Hathaway's treatment. Consultation and examination free to all. WRITE OR CALL TO-DAY AND DESCRIBE YOUR CASE.

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