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DR. HATHAWAY & CO., 205 Bolton, Sioux City, Iowa

You Sleep on Your Capable Side.

From "An Experimental Study in Sleep," by Professor Boris Sidis, of Harvard. Some people go to sleep only on their back and find it difficult to fall asleep otherwise, while others who go to sleep on their side, and who form the greater majority, always go to sleep on the same side. There are very few who can fall asleep indifferently on either side. Moreover, my observations have shown me that by far the majority of right handed people go to sleep on the right side, while left handed people go to sleep on their left side. Some of the right handed people who go to sleep on the right side may, after some time, turn to their left to change position, while others keep on sleeping on the same side through the whole night. The majority change position. One case is especially interesting to quote: "Up to my seventh year I slept on my right side and I was right handed. At about the age of 7 I met with an accident. I was run over by a team and my right side was injured so that I could not use the limbs of the right side. I used my left hand only. I began to sleep on my left side. This I did up to my 15th year. I then began to practice with my right hand, too, and am now ambidextrous. I sleep now on either side. I use both hands."

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Babe Holds Up a Train.

From the Buffalo News. A 3-year-old boy held up a passenger train on the Erie railroad, near Belleville, N. J., the other day. The lad, a son of Antonio Stefanelli, had wandered away from home and was walking along the tracks dragging a battered tin horse, when the engine approached in the opposite direction. The engineer blew his whistle, but the child kept on between the rails. Several times again the whistle was blown, but without result. Then the engineer brought the train to a stop, got down from his cab and carried the child to one side. The little fellow fought against his removal. This Divinity Candy. From the Los Angeles Times. One pint golden drip syrup, one pint of sweet milk, one cup of granulated sugar, butter the size of a walnut. Boil until a soft ball may be made. Remove from the fire and whip until it is creamy, then pour it over one-half pound of shelled California English walnuts.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 3, Notre Dame, Ind.

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The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Too bad; too bad; too bad," he was saying. "I warned him. He brought it on his own self." Then suddenly he started for the door. No one spoke or disturbed the silence, nor was there a sound in the store until the "clunk-clunk" of the old wagon had died away in the distance. Amos and Dan walked rapidly down the pike. It was a perfect spring night. The clouds had entirely disappeared, and the brilliant stars started that scintillated coldly. Low in the west, over the ragged scar in the range, the thin curve of a new moon lay pointing upward with sharp horns. Far off in the stillness they could hear the warning growl of Roaring Run, but it only made the silence more complete. They said nothing as they strode down the pike, and they turned into the Heller's Gap road without a word. The awful warnings of Poppy Miller were echoing in Dan's ears; he was walking like a man in a dream.

A dim light burned in the Farthing kitchen, but they heard no sound, save the rattling movements of some creature in the barn. Then they struck into the old lane to the cabin.

The world still wore the fantastic garments of the morning, though much of the snow had dropped from the trees during the day. It was a weird, silent scene, and both of the men were impressed by it. The great shadow of the gap was over them; the walls on either side loomed up like ghostly columns as they walked in the uncertain light. "Darn creepy place," observed Dan at length.

"Huh!" sniffed Amos, striding on stoutly in the lead. Then they came in sight of the cabin, and stopped a moment to reconnoiter. The house loomed up black and spectral amid the scrubs. A livid fire, unnaturally distinct, surrounded it. Dan called his companion's attention to it, but Amos only grunted. "Come ahead, Dan," he said gruffly. They strode rapidly to the edge of the snow, and then, without stopping instantly as if they had run into an invisible wire. There was a light in the cabin, but one so diffused and indistinct that it was impossible to see anything within. Dan Tressler turned in a panic, and on the point of fleeing, but Amos gripped him by the arm.

"Brace up, Dan," he hissed in his ear. "We're going to see this out if it takes a leg. You stay right here; I'm going to find out how many's in there." He started out cautiously in a circle around the cabin, yelling his lantern with his coat and examining the snow with extreme care. At length he came around to where he had started. "Say, Dan," he said with a trace of excitement in his voice, "there's a living soul moved in or out of there since the snow." "Good lord!" gasped Dan. "Say, let's make a rush and touch the old shanty and see if his nerves were rapidly getting beyond his control." "Not by a long chalk!" They probably went in there before the snow came the other night. You wait a minute. I'm going to look in."

He crept nearer. Then there came from within a shrill laugh, fearfully startling in its well-distinguished. Instantly Dan gave a nervous start, and on the instant they saw a face at the window, a face strangely white and thin, with a framing of hair that in that uncertain light showed up inky black against the big snow. He shook the nerves even of Amos Harding. It was a shrill falsetto, seemingly feminine. He dropped his lantern, so suddenly did it ring out and so frightfully, but his panic was only for an instant.

"Some of them Farthing's are in there, trying to scare us," he shouted. "Here, I'm coming in! You can't scare me! You've got the wrong man, I'll tell you that! Here, open the door, or I'll get you! Open there!" he yelled. Then he ran against the door full tilt, but it did not yield.

A livid stream of curses in what seemed to be a well-distinguished cracked voice followed. Amos took a step, and hesitated. Then a recollection of the group in the store came upon him, and he faced the cabin again.

"Come on, Dan. It's only the Farthing's trying to scare us. Stand by me, Dan," he shouted. "Get a stone. I'm going to stave in the old door." Dan took one step and stopped short; but Amos would have turned and fled for his life.

For another scream came from the interior, a scream that must have come from a woman's throat, and yet no living woman's; then a flash of light, intense and blinding, filtering through the cracks like red fire. For the space of a minute the scene in a lurid hell red. Even Amos felt his hair creeping, but his blood was up and he would not have turned back now even if the devil himself had confronted him.

The bright light showed him a jagged piece of limestone at his feet within the dead line. He seized it and began to batter the door. It held out strongly; he threw all of his strength into it, but it was as if he were striking a wall of iron. The bar began to give way; a couple of blows more and the door swung wide open. But Amos did not enter. He held up his lantern and peered within with quivering interest. Nothing was in sight; nothing moved; but there was a thick smudge of smoke and a ghastly stench of sulphur. He stood still and listened. No sound save far behind him the gurgle of Roaring Run, like the rattle in the throat of a dying man. "Come on, Dan," he ordered excitedly. "It was too late to back out now. I'm going right in there bell bent, darned if I ain't. Come on. Don't go larely away. The man's looking no longer master of himself. He moved as in a stupor; the strong will of the other man dominated him. He hesitated, then took a faltering step toward the door. Amos was out of sight. "Hey, Amos! Where he yeh?" he quavered. He caught a choking breath of the sulphur reek and his knees wobbled high gave way beneath him. "Here! This way, quick!" he heard Amos calling. Blindly and automatically he rushed in. He found Amos, the stone still in his hand, looking about him warily. The cabin, as they saw it by the light of the lantern, was furnished apparently as the last occupant had left it years ago. There were two rooms and the larger was a bed-dragged sofa, several kitchen chairs, a cupboard, and a few smaller pieces of furniture. In the kitchen was a stove which gave evidences of having been lately used. The range was cooking utensils scattered about. Both rooms were utterly deserted.

"Here, they're upstairs," Amos yelled. "Here, you, come down." After a mo-

ment he sprang up the rickety stairway, but the rooms were empty. "Then they're in the cellar!" The door was standing ajar. "They're not goin' to fool me. I ain't goin' to back out now, darned if I am. Here!" he shouted down the stairway. "Come up and show yourselves, or we'll go down. There's a whole gang of us up here, so you don't stand no show. Who are yeh?"

No answer. "All right; here goes!" Amos had his blood up. "Don't go, Amos; for God's sake, don't. It's an aw-w-w-ful hole down there."

"Come along!" he shouted as if in anger, and Dan automatically followed the lantern: better down in the cellar with the light than above, without it. They stood in speechless amazement, a shudder of superstitious horror beginning to creep over even Amos.

"They're hid," he cried, though the idea was not very plausible. They began a systematic search. They even prodded the limestone walls for a hidden exit. There was no one in the cellar.

They went at length up the stairs again, and searched with minute care through the two rooms and the chambers above. There was no secret hiding place—the cabin was deserted. There could be no doubt of it. Amos stood a moment in blank amazement; then a sudden thought struck him.

"Whoever they might be, were still in the cabin. "Wal—I'll-be-dum—buzzled!" "Come, let's go," pleaded Dan in a convulsive whisper. "Let's get out o' here. Oh, Lord! jest look at that!" He pointed with shaking hand at the big ring around the cabin, which seemed to glow and waver with a sort of phosphorescent light.

"For God's sake, let's run, Amos, while we can!" He was on the verge of nervous collapse, looking around him fearfully as if something were close behind him and peering over his shoulder. "Not till I've fired this hell-hole!" There was a ring in the man's voice that held Dan involuntarily. "Hold the lantern here till I get some kindling wood." Amos broke up a chair and ripped open the tick of an old lounge. Then he arranged the straw with the wood above it.

"Wish I had a can of coal-oil. But I guess this'll go." He struck a match, and the ring around the cabin, which he had received in the evening's mail, opened it, crumpled the sheets together, and arranged it under the straw.

"Say, I'm going to stop a little of the oil out of this lantern." He unscrewed the little filler, and carefully saturated the paper and straw without extinguishing the light. Then he scratched at the match.

"What're doing here?" growled a voice at the door. Both jumped as if the last trump had sounded in their ears. Dan Tressler let out a yell that died even with those of the few moments earlier. They turned and saw Allen Farthing.

"What's going on here?" he demanded. "What are you doing?" "I'm going to fire this old hell-cooly; that's jest what I'm goin' to do." Amos had dropped the match, but he felt deliberately in his pocket for another.

"Oh, that's you, is it, Amos and Dan? You the ones that's been making all this yelling?" "No," spoke up Dan. "This house is haunted. It was the ghosts yellin'!" "Oh, pshaw! You don't take any stock in such nonsense as that, do you Amos?"

"Stock or no stock, I'm goin' to fire this old hell-kitchen. That's jest what I'm goin' to do." He was sheltering the match-flame with his hands. "Don't you fire that straw, Amos." "Reckon I shall."

"All right; go ahead; but it's a serious matter to burn a man's buildings against his consent. Do as you please yourself, but you'll pay the penalty if you do." He disappeared in a twinkling in the darkness. Amos dropped his match and gave a whistle of astonishment.

"Wal—I'll-be-dum—buzzled!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRE ON CHERRY CREEK.

The "saplin"-bender" was followed by a week of perfect weather. It was unseasonably warm. The yellow mud, half-spoke-deep on the back roads, began to harden, and there were deep mud and pits and ruts; the wheat fields had emerged from the snow a livid green, most intense as viewed against the dun corn lands, and the usual spring fires, the bane of the Seven Mountains, were beginning to creep here and there on the ridges and to throw over the landscape a gauze of smoke that blurred all outlines. It was Sunday afternoon, and a silence like that of the Indian summer lay on the valley. The sun, a rim of old brass hung lustrelessly over the smudge that was Roaring Run, and a cozy twilight was creeping on, even with the sun full in sight. Whether it was the spring day, or whether it had been the Phoenicians, never had been seen her so joyous and irresistible, and sweetly feminine; she had awed him, and thrilled him, and captivated him until he was intoxicated and helpless.

But every man has his chance. Suddenly he saw Rose make a dash across the garden toward the cherry trees. Her cat had caught a robin. "Here, Dick! Here, here, here!" she was calling excitedly. He leaped from the porch and together they succeeded in cornering the cat in a nook beyond the trees. It made an attempt to get through the chicken-wire fence, then dropped the bird and dashed by them. The robin lay still a moment, but as they approached, it fluttered into a shrub.

"Oh, do you think it's hurt?" she asked eagerly. "Not a bit. It's only scared," he responded with conviction.

"But just see how its poor little thing shakes. Just see how he's rumped up." There was a pathetic quiver in her voice.

"He's only frightened, that's all. He's all right. But Rose—he changed his mind abruptly—"I want you to marry me. Will you, Rose?" She gave him a swift, startled look, then sidled hastily toward the shrub.

"Oh, see, his wing must be broken. Just see how it hangs down. Oh, see!" It isn't. See him fly? But will you marry me, Rose? Say, will you?" He came close to her. There was a tragic, do-or-die look in his face.

"Oh, my dishes'll get stone-cold. I must go right back." She started off hastily, but he kept close to her almost desperately.

"But your answer—will you marry me?" "Why, what a question!" "Yes or no, will you marry me?" he repeated doggedly.

"No." "You don't mean it, Rose. You can't. Say, will you, Rose? You will, won't you?" He came nearer. Somehow she had no desire to laugh now; the affair was becoming dangerous.

"But why? Why should I want to marry anybody? She looked him full in the eyes.

In the Dutch belt of Pennsylvania maidens are taught that their hearts be shaped very much like a purse, and that love awakes its true ecstasy only at the sight of the substantial things readily convertible at the county bank. The rural swain, therefore, seldom advances the flimsy logic, "I love you, and therefore you should wed me," but he advances boldly with the most convincing argument, "I have 50 acres and \$1,000 cash; is that not enough to make you my wife?" Thus it was that Karl Keichline at the critical moment began to argue.

"I can make you happy, Rose. I have—"

"I am happy now. I don't ask to be any happier."

"Yes; but think what we can have, Rose. I'm not poor. I'll build you a house, and I'll beat anything in this whole region, and you shall plan and furnish it. And you shall have the best horses that money can buy, and a stable for them that's right up to date. I can afford it, Rose. Say, will you?"

"I've got everything I want now. I don't ask for another thing better."

"But what about a few years from now? Your father and mother are getting old, Rose."

"And what of that?" She was looking at him sharply.

"I know—but, Rose, you'll need somebody to look after you—"

"Do I look as if I needed somebody to look after me?" She stood very straight and tall before him.

"But you surely are not going to live all alone by yourself your whole life, Rose?"

"Oh, possibly not. I may marry somebody years and years from now." She said it as if she were yielding a great point.

"I shan't change your life in the least, Rose. You may be as free as you are now—just as free, and ever freer. But I want you, Rose; I love you. I can't live without you. And I want you now." He was looking into her face with an eagerness that was almost pathetic.

"I'm sorry," she said, a little wave of pity somehow beginning to creep over her tender heart. "But you know really I can't marry anybody—not for years and years."

"Perhaps I've been sudden Rose. I won't press it just now. I'll ask you again next Sunday. You'll give me your final answer then, won't you?"

"No, no, you don't mean that, really. You'll think it over and give me the final yes or no next Sunday. You will, won't you, Rose?"

"No." "Rose is not a great while," she said evasively. An image of her father had come before her—eager and pleading. She knew well that it was his dearest wish to have the marriage at once. He wanted Karl to help him with the present spring's work. The thing was inevitable after all, and what was the use? As well him as any one; yet somehow she shrank. "You may ask me in a year—five years," she added quickly.

"No, no. I want you now. I'll make it two weeks. I insist on two weeks." "You may ask me again on the first day of June, if you insist upon it, but not one day earlier."

"Rose—"

"Not a day earlier."

"But that's six long weeks, Rose."

"If you object again, I shall make it the first of August."

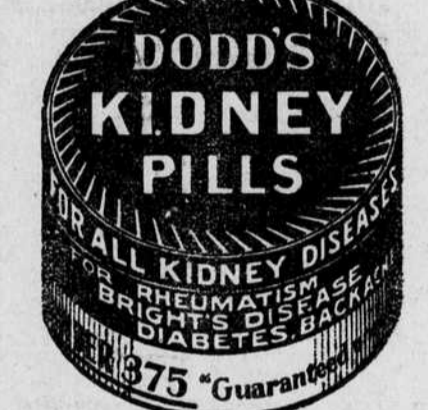
"Very well. Then I agree; but, Rose—"

(Continued Next Week)

Ever See a Blonds Indian? From the New York Press. Blonde Indians are as rare as Indian blondes. Yet there are such. Witness Mrs. E. H. Colbert, of the Indian Territory. She is an Indian—not a full-blood, but with enough aboriginal blood in her veins to preserve many of the traits of the prairie race. And she is a blonde of an extreme type. Her complexion is that of a babe, her eyes are the brightest of blue, her hair is the real golden shade. She is proud of her Indian ancestry, much prouder of it than of her white descent. In fact, despite her peaches and cream coloring, she is none too fond of pale-faces. Mrs. Colbert lives in Tishomingo, which isn't as bad as it sounds. She is a Chickasaw, and is accredited with exceptional ability.

A memorial has just been erected in Kensington cemetery, London, to the memory of Admiral Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer and discoverer of the lost Franklin expedition. It takes the form of an old style wheel cross standing on a massive molded base, reaching to a height of 10 feet and erected in rough silver grey Cornish granite.

Next year Memphis will try the commission form of government, which has been so successful at Galveston and Des Moines.



FRENCH HORSE BREEDERS

How the Present Huge Percheron Has Been Evolved.

The draught horse is getting bigger and bigger. In the late '80s, if one weighed over 1,600 pounds came from France. It was in the late '80s that the papers talked about him—with pictures. Today the draught importer will touch nothing under 1,800 pounds, and 3-year-old colts often run up to a ton. The favorite draught breed in America—4 or 8 to 1—is the Percheron of France. He comes from Le Perche, southwest of Paris, and nowhere else. The horse breeders of that district have banded themselves into a guild, or union, says Collier, and decreed that no horses from outside the borders of their district can ever be recorded as a Percheron in the stud book of the breed. A colt foaled just across the line out of a mare and by a sire correctly registered cannot himself be registered.

The foundation blood of the Percheron is, or is said to be, Arab. The Frenchman will tell you that a Percheron is an Arab "made heavy" by the climate. But whether Arabian extract or not, it is sure that the breed has been made heavy by the climate of human selection during the past half century.

When George Sand wrote the Percheron was famous as a road horse, a traveller, a ground coverer. Her heroes used to drive his horses and chitons "behind four splendid distance eating Percherons." No modern Frenchman would dream of driving up by his Ninette's door behind four Percherons.

The Perche peasants are artists, sculptors, who within the limits of their material most wonderfully fashion into being their equine imaginings. It is much easier and simpler to carve a horse of the shape you want on the Parthenon frieze than out in a Lucerne pasture in the Eure-et-Loire district. Dazed by their artistry, the French minister of agriculture gravely reports: "These men of Le Perche are incredible! Command from them a horse they will build you one to your specifications."

From the current report of the French horse breeding bureau it is learned that during the fiscal year 1911-12 14 mares were bred to stallions belonging to the state; 81,207 to approved stallions, 9,487 to authorized stallions. That is bureaucratic, isn't it?—that a country should be able to report a thing like that. And in the archives of the French government is the name and description of each mare in France, together with data only about the horse to which she was bred.

The French never dream of breeding to stallions of mixed or unknown blood. But the American farmer who bred his mare to a Percheron for a heavy colt usually can't drive his horse and chitons. The grand result to a jack for a mule. As a horse breeder, he doesn't mark. He looks only at the outside of a sire (and apparently not so very carefully at that) and cares little what kind of blood is running inside.

OLD SOAKERS

Get Saturated with Coffee.

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years was troubled with stomach trouble.

"I have been treated by many physicians but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect a cure. I was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured on my stomach.

"I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles and stopped using it. I tried tea and then milk in its place, but neither agreed with me, then I commenced using Postum. I had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste.

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia.

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it I appreciate Postum."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

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