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100,000 PEOPLE PRAISE TANLAC FOR ITS MERIT

World's Greatest Tonic Is Endorsed by People Grateful for the Relief It Has Given Them.

Actuated by a deep sense of gratitude and desire to help their suffering neighbors, more than 100,000 well-known men and women have offered their personal experiences as proof of the wonderful health-giving powers of TANLAC, the World's Greatest Tonic.

Throughout each and every one of this long list of testimonials rings the spirit of earnest sincerity which characterizes the following excerpts:

Mrs. D. J. Pritchard, Cleveland, Ohio: "People wanting to know what TANLAC will do may communicate with me. It increased my weight 32 lbs. and brought me the very help I longed for."

J. H. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.: "To me TANLAC was just like a good friend—gave me help when I needed help most."

Mrs. Mary Schumaker, Racine, Wis.: "Every year at the change of seasons a course of TANLAC makes me eat with a relish, restores my strength and leaves me in splendid health."

Judge George P. Wagner, Police Magistrate, Belleville, Ill.: "That I am enjoying such fine health now I can attribute only to the help I received from TANLAC."

Mrs. C. K. Sellers, Springfield, Mo.: "Since taking TANLAC I enjoy the blessing of perfect health and have the complexion of a schoolgirl."

V. E. Ferry, age 73, Seattle, Wash.: "TANLAC built my weight up 21 lbs., rid me of fifteen years' stomach trouble, and left me feeling many years younger."

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Everybody is probably concealing a great deal more than he is telling you; and isn't it better so?

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A safe and soothing remedy for cuts, burns, or skin troubles. Protects, relieves and heals. Take internally for coughs and sore throats.

Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY



Guess Again

Teacher—Jimmy, why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning.

Jimmy—What was it?

Teacher—Egg!

Jimmy—That's wrong; I ate egg yesterday.

Desert Dust
By Edwin L. Sabin
Author of "How Are You Feeling?" etc.

I thanked her but was not presented. To the Captain's "That will do, Rachael," she returned dutifully away; not so soon, however, but that I had seen a fresh young face within the bonnet confines—a round rosy face according well with the buxom curves of her as she again bent over her wash-board.

"Our fare is that of the tents of Abraham, stranger," spoke the Captain, who had resumed his whittling. "Such as it is, you are welcome to. We are a plain people who walk in the way of the Lord, for that is commanded."

His sonorous tones were delivered rather through the nose, but did not fail of hospitality.

"I ask nothing better, sir," I answered. "And if I did, my appetite would make up for all deficiencies."

"A healthy appetite is a good token," he affirmed. "Show me a well man who picks at his victuals and I will show you a candidate for the devil. His thoughts will like to be as idle as his knife."

The mess of pork and beans and the black unsweetened coffee evidently were what I needed, for I began to mend wonderfully ere I was half through the course. He had not invited me to further conversation—only, when I had drained the cup he called again: "Rachael! More coffee," whereupon the same young woman advanced, without glancing at me, received my cup, and returned it steaming.

"You are from the East, stranger?" he now inquired.

"Yes, sir. I arrived in Benton only yesterday."

"A Sodom," he growled harshly. "A tented sepulcher. And it will perish. I tell you, you do well to leave it, you do well to yoke yourself with the appointed of this earth, rather than stay in that sink-pit of the eternally damned."

"I agree with you, sir," said I. "I did not find Benton to be a pleasant place. But I had not known, when I started from Omaha."

"Possibly not," he moodily assented. "The devil is attentive; he is present in the stations, and on the trains; he will ride in those gilded palaces even to the Jordan, but he shall not cross. In the name of the Lord we shall face him. What good there shall come, shall abide but the devil shall wither. Not," he added, "that we stand against the railroad. It is needed, and we have petitioned without being heard. We are strong but isolated, we have goods to sell, and the word of Brigham Young has gone forth that a railroad we must have. Against the harpies, the gamblers, the loose women and the lustful men and all the Gentile vanities we shall stand upon our own feet by the help of Almighty God."

At this juncture, when I had finished my platter of pork and beans and my second cup of coffee, a tall, double-jointed youth of about my age, carrying an ox goad in his hand, strolled to us as if attracted by the harangue. He was clad in the prevalent cow-hide boots, linsey-woolsey pantaloons tucked in, red flannel shirt, and battered hat from which untrimmed flaxen hair fell down unevenly to his shoulder line. He wore at his belt butcher-knife and gun.

By his bulk, his light blue eyes, albeit a trifle crossed, and the general lineaments of his stolid, square, high-checked countenance I conceived him to be a second but not an improved edition of the Captain.

A true raw-bone he was; and to me, as I casually met his gaze, looked to be obstinate, servative and small minded. But who can explain those sudden antagonisms that spring up on first sight?

"My son, Daniel," the Captain introduced. "This stranger travels to Zion with us, Daniel, in the employ of Mr. Jenks."

The youth had the grip of a vise, and seemed to enjoy emphasizing it while cunningly watching my face.

"Haowdy?" he drawled, with that he twanged a sentence or two to his father. "I found the caow, Dad. Do you reckon to pull out to-day?"

"I have not decided. Go tend to your duties, Daniel."

Daniel bestowed upon me a parting stare, and lunched away, snapping the lash of his goad.

"And with your permission I will tend to mine, sir," I said. "Mr. Jenks doubtless has work for me. I thank you for your hospitality."

"We are commanded by the prophet to feed the stranger, whether friend or enemy," he rejoined. "We are also commanded by the Lord to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. As long as you are no trifter you will be welcome at my wagon, Good-day to you."

As I passed, the young woman, Rachael—whom I judged to be his daughter, although she was evidently far removed from parent stock—glanced quickly up. I caught her gaze full, so that she lowered her eyes with a blush. She was indeed wholesome if not absolutely pretty. When later I saw her with the sun-bonnet doffed and her brown hair smoothly brushed back I thought her more wholesome still.

Mr. Jenks received me joyfully. "Got your belly full, have you?"

"I'm a new man," I assured.

"Wall, those Mormons are good providers. They'll share with you whatever they have, for no pay, but if you rub 'em the wrong way or go to dickering with 'em they're closer'n the hide on a cold mule. You didn't make sheep's eyes at any of the women?"

"No, sir. I am done with women."

"And right you are."

"However, I could not help but see that the Captain's daughter is pleasing to look upon. I should be glad to know her, were there no objections."

"How? His daughter?"

"Miss Rachael, I believe. That is the name he used."

"The young one you mean?"

"Yes, sir. The one who served me with breakfast. Rosy-checked and plump."

"Whoa, man! She's his wife, and not for Gentiles. They're both his wives; whether he has more in Utah I don't know. But you'd best let her alone. She's been j'ined to him."

This took me all back, for I had no other idea than that she was his daughter, or niece—stood in that kind of relation to him. He was twice her age, apparently. Now I could only stammer:

"I've no wish to intrude, you may be sure. And Daniel, his son—is he married?"

"That whelp? Met him, did you? No, he ain't married, yet. But he will be, soon as he takes his pick 'cordin' to law and gospel among them people. You bet you: he'll be married plenty."

CHAPTER XI
We Get A "Super"

What with assorting and stowing the bales of cloth and the other goods in the Jenks two wagons, watering the animals and staking them out anew, tinkering with the equipment and making various essays with the bull whip, I found occupation enough; nevertheless there were moments of interim, or while passing to and fro, when I was vividly aware of the scenes and events transpiring in this Western world around about.

The bugles sounded calls for the routine at Fort Steele—a mere cantonment, yet, of tents and rough board buildings squatting upon the bare brown soil near the river bank, north of us, and less than a month old. The wagon road was a line of white dust from the river clear to Benton, and through the murk plodded the water haulers and emigrants and freighters, animals and men alike befouled and choked. The dust cloud rested over Benton. It fumed in another line westward, kept in suspense by on-traveling stage and wagon—by wheel, hoof and boot, bound for Utah and Idaho. From the town there extended northward a third dust line, marking the stage and freighting road through the Indian country to the mining settlements of the famous South Pass of the old Oregon Trail; yes, and with branches for the gold regions of Montana.

The railroad trains kept thundering by us—long freights, dusty and indomitable, bringing their loads from the Missouri River almost seven hundred miles in the east. And rolling out of

Benton the never-ceasing construction trains sped into the desert as if upon urgent errands in response to some sudden demand of More, More, More.

Upon all sides beyond this business and energy the country stretched lone and uninhabited; a great waste of naked, hot resplendent land blotched with white and red, showing not a green spot except the course of the Platte; with scorched, rusty hills rising above its fantastic surface, and, in the distance, bluish mountain ranges that appeared to float and waver in the sun-drenched air.

The sounds from Benton—the hammering, the shouting, the babbling, the puffing of the locomotives—drifted faintly to us, merged into the cracking of whips and the oaths and songs by the wagon drivers along the road. Of our own little camp I took gradual stock.

It, like the desert reaches, evinced little of feverishness, for while booted men busied themselves at tasks similar to mine, others lolled, spinning yarns and whittling; the several women, at wash-boards and at pots and pans and needles, worked contentedly in sun and shade; children played at makeshift games, dogs drowsed underneath the wagons, and outside our circle the mules and oxen grazed as best they might, their only vexation the blood-sucking flies. The flies were kin of Benton.

After a deal of bustle, of lashing loads and tautening covers and geeing, hawing and whooping, about three o'clock we formed line in obedience to the commands "Stretch out, stretch out!"; and with every cask and barrel dripping, whips cracking, voices urging, children racing, the Captain Adams wagon in the lead (two pink sunbonnets upon the seat), the valorous Daniel's next, and Mormons and Gentiles ranging on down, we toiled creaking and swaying up the Benton road, amidst the eddies of hot, sealding dust.

It was a mixed train, of Gentile mules and the more numerous Mormon oxen; therefore not strictly a "bull" train, but by pace designated as such. And in the vanguard I was a "mule-whacker" or even "mule-skinner" rather than a "bull-whacker," if there is any appreciable difference in role. There is none, I think, to the animals.

Trudging manfully at the left fore wheel behind Mr. Jenks' four span of mules, trailing my eighteen-foot tapering lash and occasionally well-nigh cutting off my own ear when I tried to throw it, I played the teamster—although sooth to say there was little of play in the job, on that road, at that time of the day.

(To Be Continued.)

That's the engagement I've made with Mr. Jenks.

"Don't feel too smart, yoreself, in them new clothes?"

"No. They're all I have. They won't be new long."

"You bet they won't. Ain't afear'd of peterin' aout on the way, be ye? I 'laow ye're sickly."

"I'll take my chances," I smiled, although he was irritating in the extreme.

"It's four hundred mile, an' twenty mile at a stretch with-aout water. Most the water's pizen, too, from hyar to the mountings."

"I'll have to drink what the rest drink, I suppose."

"I 'laow the Inuns are like to get us. They're powerful bad in that thar desert. Ain't afear'd o' Injuns, be ye?"

"I'll have to take my chances on that, too, won't I?"

"They sculped a whole passel o' surveyors, month ago," he persisted. "Yu'll sing a different tyune arter ye've been corralled with nothin' to drink."

He viciously snapped his whip, the while inspecting me as if seeking for other joints in my armor. "Yu aim to stay long in Zion?"

"I haven't planned anything about that."

"Reekon ye're wise, Mister. We don't think much o' Gentiles, yonder. We don't want 'em, no-haow. They'd all better git aout. The Saints settled that country an' it's ourn."

"If you're a sample, you're welcome to live there," I retorted. "I think I'd prefer some place else."

"Haow?" he bleated. "Thar ain't no place as good. All the rest of the world has sold itself to the devil."

"How much of the world have you seen?" I asked.

"I've seen a heap. I've been

as fur east as Cheyenne—I've teamed arrost twice, so I know. An' I know what the elders say; they come from the East an' some of 'em have been as fur as England. Yu can't fool me none with yore Gentile lies."

As I did not attempt, we remained in silence for a moment while he waited, provocative.

"Say, Mister," he blurted suddenly. "Kin ye shoot?"

"I presume I could if I had to. Why?"

"Beuz I'm the dangest best shot with a Colt's in this hyar train, an' I'll shoot ye for—I'll shoot ye for (he lowered his voice and glanced about furtively)—I'll shoot ye for two bits when my paw ain't 'raound."

"I've no cartridges to waste at present," I informed. "And I don't claim to be a crack shot."

"Damn ye, I bet ye think ye are," he accused. "Yu set thar like it. All right, Mister; any time ye want to try a little poppin' ye let me know." And with this, which struck me as a veiled threat, he lurched on, snapping that infernal whip.

He left me with the uneasy impression that he and I were due to measure strength in one way or another.

Wagon Boss Adams returned at noon. The word was given that the train should start during the afternoon, for a short march in order to break in the new animals before tackling the real westward trail.

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