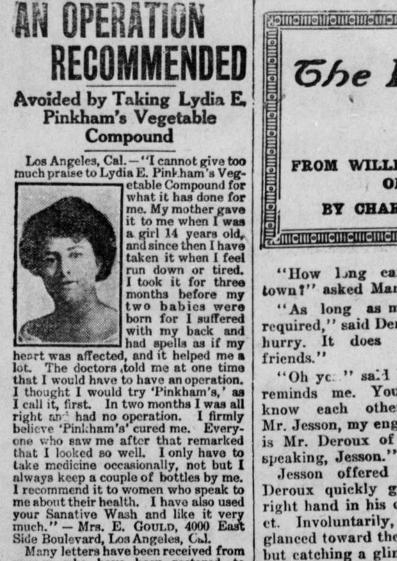
O'NEILL FRONTIER



women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised.

The Real Secret

Bishop Waldorf said in an address in Wichita:

"In their success talks to Young Men's Christian associations some of our millionaires enunciate rather anti-Christian views.

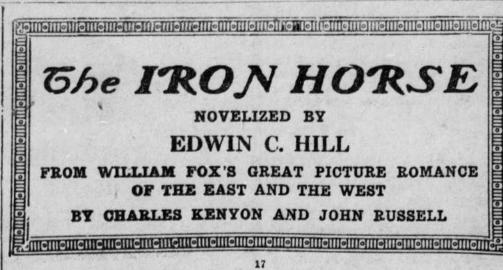
"In a recent talk of this kind an aged millionaire said earnestly:

"'I tell ye, young fellers, in this race for success, it ain't enough to know Low to push yerself along-ye got to know how to push the other fellow out o' the way.'"

Brazil Gets Japanese

Japanese immigration to Brazil is Increasing, according to the authorities of the Immigration company, which announced that 1,300 emigrants would leave for South America soon. It is expected that approximately 3,000 Japanese emigrants will have gone to Brazil by the end of the year.





"How long can you be in town ?" asked Marsh.

"As long as my presence is required," said Deroux. I never hurry. It does not pay, my

"Oh yc." sall Marsh. "That reminds me. You two don't know each other. This is Mr. Jesson, my engineer and this is Mr. Deroux of whom I was

Jesson offered his hand and Deroux quickly gripped it, his right hand in his overcoat pocket. Involuntarily, the engineer glanced toward the hidden han i, but catching a glint in Deroux's black eyes, quick annoyance, almost anger, he looked away. The two men stood for a moment, face to face, appraising each other. What Deroux saw may have helped him to recover his good humor, for when he spoke again, it was with riotous amiability.

"I am patience itself, my good friends, when I serve the people I ke best, alway: icluding Dercux."

Again the big white teeth gleamed.

'I asked you." said Marsh. "because General Dodge will be here in : day or two and we will then settle the question of whether we must abandon the old line and accept your proposition. It may be you are right. It begins to look that way."

"Of course I am right," laughed Deroux. "I am usually right. In this country it is dangerous to be wrong. I am like Davy Crockett. I first make sure the game is straight, then I bet the limit. Surveyors have been searching the Black Hills

"They are demandin' speech with yez," said Casey. By yer leave, sor, we'll give 'em hell if ye say the word!"

"No, I'll talk to them," said Marsh. He rut on is hat and went outside. Miriam and the Musketeers followed. Deroux hesitated, 'hen went to the window where Jesson joined him. They could see and hear.

Marsh raised his hand, attempting to still the tumult. For a moment they listened, then the roar broke out again, drowning his plea. Agai. he tried, with the same result. Casey leaped forward, face working with rage, but Miriam carght his arm.

"Keep back, Pat. You'll only make matters worse. Father! Let me try. The men like me, I think. Perhaps they will listen to me."

Marsh nodded, reluctantly. Miriam stepped forward, a little figure of grace and daintiness. She faced them in unhurried silence, smiling confidently, picking out familiar faces in the Iront ranks and recognizing them with little ncds of pleasure. By degrees the ugly chorus died. The men became quiet, all looking directly at her, expectant, curious.

"Men, she began in her clear voice, bell-like in the stillness, I want you to believe that I am your friend, that I want to see you get justice; all that is yours-Will your believe me when I tell you that the road will deal squarely by you? You will all get your money just as soon as the payroll can be made up again in Omaha and rushed here. I know that to be true."

"That's no way to talk to 'em, Miss! Ye got to swear at 'em,"

jammed street until he came to a big tent whose signboard, swung above the doorway, announced in letters two feet high: JUDGE HALLER'S

SALOON AND BAR As he smiled at the familar sign, his ear caught the jumble of sounds from within, hoarse voices at the bar, calling for drinks or bellowing jests; the shrill soprano of Haller's dance hall girls, the click-clack of chips rattling good or evil fortune up on the tables of the gamblers, the quick strains of the orchestra

and loud voices of the caller inviting couples to a quadrille. "The fat old fox is doing well,"

he said to himself. He pushed open the door, blinking the thick atmosphere of tobacco smoke, liquor, sweat ano perfume. He was recognized and wild shouts went up as always, when this baron of the out lands designed to show himself Deroux waved a casual greeting made his way through the press of men and women to the long bar and shook hands with Haller, the proprietor.

Jed Haller, who claimed and was ready to defend at the point of a six-shooter the title of "Judge" he had conferred upon himself, was a ponderous chevalier of fortune, rising fifty in years, who had prospered though a useful combination of shrewdness and elastic conscience the whole flavored with joviality. He had originated somewhere in the south, and laid claim to kinship with the ola slaveholding class, but belied the boast by utter lack of education and polich. His antecedents were foggy, but in that time and country nobody cared two bits about such frills as antecedents and there were no embarrassing questions.

Drifting from Heaven knows where, Haller had seen his great chance with the railroad. The end of the war found him flush. He organized a business of following the road with his movable saloon, dance hall and gambling house. Simultaneously, and for business reasons strictly. he estallished a court law in whatever new town he opened his bar. His motto was "Law

Escapes Death



ZAZU PITTS.

Zazu Pitts, screen actress,

escaped with a dislocated

shoulder and bruises when her

car plunged 150 feet down an

embankment in the Santa Cruz

Nights w.s rather quiet, but

when night fell, the yellow lights

streamed forth and the brass band sent forth its inspiring call

to mirth, the long room soon

filled with a throng of 400 or

500 miners, ranchers, railroad

men gamblers, rowdies and the

disinherited from no man knew

where. It was then that the

brass band descended from the

raised platt rm near the dancing

floor and gave way to the

stringed orchestra. Quadrilles,

cotillions and waltzes were the

order of the evening, with the

square dances most in favor as

offering the readiest excuse for

rough fun and horse play. At

every summons of the caller the

them to the floor. After every

Mountains.

before her a tall black eunuch holding a bowstring and she knew what was coming. There was nothing to do but scream a little, kneel down, and allow the eunuch, to tighten the cord around her neck strangling her to

ing breeches.

divorce complete.

In Turkey as in Russia and elsewhere on the earth, things are bad enough. But if you look back a few years, you find that they were much worse, which ie encouraging.

death. Her body was put in a sack, thrown into the Bosphorus and that

TODAY

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE

Kemal Pasha divorces the young

wife that brought him a dowry of

\$1,000,000. The lady wears riding breeches and no veil. Turks think a

wife should wear a veil and no rid-

Pasha, dictator of Turkey simply said

'You're divorced," and that settled it.

It seems abrupt and cruel, but its

an improvement on old Turkish meth-

ods. When the Sultan ruled where

Kemal rules now, this was his meth-

The wife suddenly saw standing

od when a wife displeased him:

The divorce was simple. Kemal

Atlantic City police have seized the price list of a colored gentleman practicing as a Voodoo doctor.

Love Powders. "Wishing Dust", charms and incantations at high prices, were sold, and said to produce excellent results.

You can buy from that Voodoo doc-tor dust made from the ankle of a black cat for \$500.

"Easy Life Powder" for \$400.

Many white men would be glad to buy some of that. Of course the Voodco powder made from the marrow of King Solomon's bones was very rare, costing \$1,000.

The Voodoo men sold Macy "Bringing Eack Powders." guaranteed to make a wandering husband or wife come back and behave.

There was a demand also for "Tying Down" powders to keep the lady of your affections contented.

Before you despise your colored brother and his voodoo doctor, consider a white lady known to her customers as the "Rev." Margaret Mortlock.

This lady sold no powders, but information direct from spirit land. She is arrested, and Mr. Max Phillips, manufacturer of shirts and collars is ready to testify that the advice she got from spirit land made him rich. The advice through the Reverend Margaret came from relatives that have "gone beyond."

W. K. Reeme, Kansas City Insurance man, wrote threatening to kill Secretary Mellon because he was dissatisfied with the latter's enforcement of the prohibition laws. The fanatle often chooses his victim illogically. Mr. Reeme, probably "justifying" his plan to commit murder, says "it is better to obey God than man.' That statement has been back of many murders before and since Ragirls seized partners and led vaillac killed Henry the fourth.

It was a blow to romance when dance there was generous buying steam cars began running from the of drinks champagne if the part. mainland across the marshes of

After Others Fail DETERSON'S OINTMENT Big Box 60 Cents

The mighty healing power of Peterton's Olutment when eczema or terrible itching of skin and scalp tortures you is known to tens of thousands of people the country over. Often the itching roes overnight

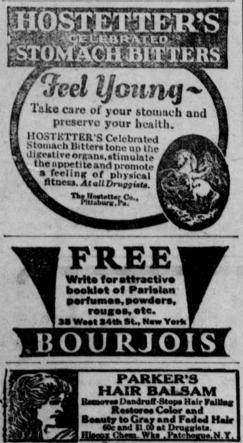
For pimples, acne, rough and red skin, old sores, ulcers, piles, chafing, sunburn, burning feet and all blemishes and eruptions it is supremely efficient as any broad-minded druggist will tell you. Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Spirit to Be Cultivated

Real sportsmen find more pleasure in catching fish than in counting them, although they take pride in a "good catch." If all men who work with brain or hand had the sportsman's spirit more would be accomplished toward maintaining national pros perity .-- Grit.

Credit Overdone

"When a woman is dolled up her Aushand gets the credit." "Yes, too much of it !"



HINDERCORNS Removes Gorns, Cal-jouses, etc., stops all poin, ensures comfort to the lost, makes walking easy. Iso by mail or at Drug lost, History Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Clear Your Skin

Of Disfiguring Blemishes

Use Cuticura

for twenty years trying to find a pass that the good God neglected to pnt there, not knowing, of course, that you gentlemen would never need it."

Shouts, scattered, then merging in heavy chorus, interrupted him. The street was in new tumult. Deroux, lithe as a panther for all of his bulk, reached the window at a bound "Hah! It is the revolution,

my friend. Your subjects are marchin upon us. It seems this is the Bastille which they would conquer and throw down. They do not look pretty, these dogs. Shall I go out and whip them down the street? I will teach them to know me, Joe Deroux !"

"No, for God's sake, nothing of that sort !" said Marsh. "Let me handle it. I think I know what's happened. They have repudiated the truce agreement. Too much tanglefoot. I will talk to them."

The door opened. Miriam flew in like a bird seeking refuge from the storm. Her eyes were big with excitement but there was no fear in them."

"Oh Daddy, they're coming!" she cried. "Casey and Slattery tried to stop them, but it was no use."

She paused, seeing Deroux whose bright, black eyes were darting admiration.

"My daughter, Mr. Deroux," said Marsh.

"A La bonne heure!" cried Deroux. "Now I know that my visit to the capital of the great Union Pacific will be fortunate ! Here is good fortune flying in at the very door to gladden the heart of Joe Deroux!"

"There speaks the Frenchman," said Miriam. "Am I not right?"

"Absolutely, Miss Marsh," said Deroux. "It is true that my people have been Americans, on both sides of the line, for more than two hundred years, but French we remain, Americans though we are."

The door burst open and the musketeers arrived in a heap, Casey stumbling, the others sprawling over him. As they disentangled themselves it was Sergeant Slattery who explained how they had charged through the mob. The strikers had tried to prevent them from reaching headquarters, but the musketeers, teamwork had been irresistille.

Casey complai..ed at her back. "They don't know what ye mean." She silenced him with a backward jab of her elbow.

"You will get your pay and a bonus. Father will see to that. And any other real grievance you have will be righted. Men, my heart is in the road. You are all good Americans. Won't you do the right thing for your country, the big thing? Won't you go back to work for another week until this trouble, which is not the road's fault, is straightenec out? Y a, Bill! And you Tony! I ask you to do only what is right and manly, what any woman would expect."

She waited with the same calm, confident smile.

"By God! There's a woman worth fighting for !" exclaimed Deroux, black eyes snapping. Peter Jesson made no reply, but he flashed a quick look at the Frenchman.

Outside the mob hesitated, uneasy, shifting from foct to foot as the men looked at each other doubtfully. Somebody laughed in the back of the crowd. In a moment all were laughing. Like a fresh breeze, good humor ran through them. Old Bill Williams pulled off his battered hat and made Miriam the caricature of a bow.

"Anything to oblige a lady !" he said, and a roar of laughter went up.

Latin, and a born actor, Tony Figallo swept the ground with his hat.

"For the beautiful signorina," he said, "Tony, he build the beeg ra-ailroad heemself, alone !"

"Thank you, Bill. Thank you, Tony. You will not regret it. I give you my promise.'

The crowd brole and scattered, cheering Miriam as they went. The gang bosses rounded up their men and herded them to the waiting construction trains. Mr. Casey stuck out his chest. "Sure," he said, "it was me

Irish iloquence that did it." "Yes it was"-said Slattery -"'not !"

CHAPTER XIV

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" After supper that evening in the Union Pacific hotel a meal which he consumed in exclusive dignity at a talle especially set for him, Joe Deroux lighted his cigar and strolled through the

and order if you have to shoot 'em first," and to give him his due he was usually able to discourage or check the violence his powerful whiskey provoked. It was his custom to sit behind

the middle of the long bar, and from a high stool, his tall hat pushed to the back of his head kept an eagle e, upon the motley throng which nightly jammed his place. Nothing escaped him, though he frequently pretended to be absorbed in a law book, the only book he possessed. This was a copy of the revised statutes of the state of Illinois for the year of 1860. In this important tome he groped for such legal terms as he needed to garnish his decisions. At his right and left a corps of bartenders were always busy, and at each end of the bar a man with a sawed-off shotgun stood ready to enforce the judicial decrees.

Judge Haller's "Saloon and Court" was contained in a frame a hundred and twenty feet long by forty feet wide, a frame of decanvas. At the back end the place was smoothly floored for dancing, a large space being devoted to that gladsome pursuit. "The Arabian Nights," which

was the other and fancier name of Haller's establishment was the great public recort of the transitory railroad capital. To the Arabian Nights both good and evil flocked to enjog their leissure and the savor of drinking and gambling.

The right side of the canvascovered structure was lined with a splendid bar, where the Judge presided in state. The sideboards were stocked with every conceivable variety of alcoholic drink, from fine French champagne to St. Louis beer, the latter arriv ing by the barrel daily over the new road; with rye and bourbon whiskey, and with liquors and cigars. Sideboards and bar glittered with cut glass, goblets, ice pitchers and mirrors. Oil paintings of late scenes and voluptuous ladies garbed for heated clime hung upor . the sidewalls of the long room. Most of the remaining space was filled with gambling tables for faro, roulette rondo coolo, blackjack, monte and wheels of fortune over which presided a pale, cold-eyed gentry garbed, as a usual thing, in ministerial broadcloth.

By day Haller'. Arabian

ner was in funds, otherwise whiskey. Some of the girls, by previous arrangement with the bartenders, were served only with cold tea which could not be told from the hard liquor if no one became inquisitive.

Such as did not care for dancing, immune to the blandishments of the young ladies, crowded to the tables of chance. The musical rattle of dice, the whirr of the fast-spinning roulette wheel, the incessant clash of ivory chips, the clinkle of glasses, the shrill voices of the wo: men and the hoarse laughter of the men made a chorus searcely to be matched anywhere in the world. As the night aged, the crowd thinned and the bar trade slackened, the astute judge provided ...esh entertainment. A young man mounted the orchestra platform and sang to the accompaniment of the piano. He sang old ballads, ballads of home and mother, always to deafening applause. Some of the girls wept, old memories raked by this sentimental warbling. They were easily stirred these women who

encouraged trade at Haller's Deroux lounged at the bar. spending his r oney freehandedly He amused himself by commanding various crowds to join him. He drank heavily, straight Kentucky whiskey, but the high proof stuff had little visible effeet upon him. It merely fired his reckless blood, sending his voice up a pitch or two, heighting his characteristic swagger.

(Continued Next Week)

Life is a gift to be used every day Not to be smothered and hidden away. It isn't a thing to be stored in a chest Where you gather your keepsakes and treasure your best. It isn't a joy to be sipped now and

then And promptly put back in a dark place again.

- Life is a gift that the humblest may boast of
- And one that the humblest may well make the most of.
- day

may.

and grooves, You'll find that in service its beauty

improves. -Edward A. Guest.

Mrs. Thelda Ufford, of Vermilion, S. F., who sends us this poem says: "finding it somewhat hard with hungry men on the farm to keep a cooky jar filled enough to wear a name, I'm just sending the above from my "scraps."

of drinks, champagne if the part-Venice.

Then came noisy gas boats on the canals competing with gondolas. And now an automobile road is to connect Venice with Padua. Nothing much will be left exceptto put in one or our large modern machines to suck up the mud and sand, fill up the canals, lay cobblestones and bring in taxis.

Venice, once the refuge of criminals and other desperate men fleeing from the mainland later made gigantically rich by commerce from all the seas, is now made rich by tourists.

Voltaire said the oldest title of nobility in all Europe was a Venetian title inherited from one of the original criminals hiding in marshes. This saying annoyed many nobles, probably because it was true.

With Whip and Goad

If you're inclined to shun a hill, O lack of the girl to make a start, You can at least hand out good will To him who dares a climber's part.

If you're unnunoered with the swift, Or timid stand among the strong, You can at least a brother lift From out the slimy mire of wrong.

If you're unfit to bear the load, The fates deal out to all mankind. You can at least with whip and goad Outride the ragged ranks behind.

If you're disposed to court despair. Because some one has been untrue-Or falter at the frown M care, You can at least for valor sue.

If you're afraid of plodding toil, That iron gives to thew and hand-Or him who would ambition foil. You'll never reach the promised land.

W'th courage face the clam'rous fray, Which you and I times up or lose-For that's the grandest, noblest way, The highest type of man can choose!

-Lilburn Harwood Townsend in Forbes Magazine

For Husbands Only

From The Kansas City Star Refore your wife returns from her buting, don't forget to-

Duy goldfish to take the place of there you let starve to death.

Change the peedometer on the car to read 1,324 miles instead of 4.568 miles.

Take your golf bag off the plano. Put "David Copperfield," "The Life of Sir Walter Scott' and "The Principles of Business Efficiency' on the reading table. Throw away all magazines you have purchased during her absence.

Remove your bathing suit from the bath tub.

Get a rusty corkscrew. Burn your checkbook.

An Expert.

From Good Hardware. Credit Customer-"I'm not the worst liar in town." Merchant-"On the contrary, you are the best."

Her Merited Fate.

From the Chicago News,

"Your daughter recited 'The May Queen' real well," the minister's wife said to Mrs. Malaprop at a strawberry festival.

festival. "Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, with a pleased titter. "Yes, I'm goin' to give her a course of electrocution." Then she waved her hand and added: "Kind o' finish her off, ye know."

Get out and live it each hour of the Wear it and use it as much as you Don't keep it in niches and corners