

MRS. BORGELIN'S REMARKABLE RECOVERY

Gives Credit for Restored Health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. All Women Interested



MRS. OSCAR F. BORGELIN
FOREST CITY, IOWA
Forest City, Iowa.—"My first child lived only a short time and I was sick for a year after. When I bent over and raised myself up again I could almost scream with pain in my back. One day I was so bad that I had to leave my washing and get ready to go to the doctor. He gave me medicine, but it did no more good than if I drank just water. Once when we had been in town a little book telling about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was left in our car. I have taken five bottles of the Vege-

table Compound now and I do all my housework and help with the milking, and taking care of chickens and garden. Besides I have a fine baby girl eight months old, just the picture of health, and I am feeling fine myself. You may use this letter as a testimonial and I will answer any letters asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. OSCAR F. BORGELIN, Route No. 5, Forest City, Iowa.

A Bad Case of Nerves Relieved

Denver, Colorado.—"I was very dependent, blue and sad all the time, which is worse than real pain, and extremely nervous, with no appetite. I was this way for about two years and thought no one cared for me. My mother had had the same trouble and had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it. I tried everything else, then I began to take it. I soon had a better appetite and restored mental condition. I moved to a bright, sunny house, began calling on different people, and changed many other things. I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash for my female weakness. With the aid of your medicines I am now a fairly healthy, happy and contented woman. I've used the Vegetable Compound at different times and will say it always helps me over the bad spells that come to every woman past 40 years."—Mrs. HELEN FINE, 35 South Washington Street, Denver, Colorado.

Two More Payments

"Sny, Mary, how much more do we owe the doctor?" asked an East side man of his wife.
"Why, only \$10," she replied.
"Oh, goody," spoke up the oldest son. "In two more payments the baby is ours."

Of two evils the lesser is always to be chosen.—Thomas a Kempis.

Foiled by Scarecrow

For several days a patient fisherman has been noted standing on the shore of a certain pond in Wilton, N. H. Day after day he stood there. A particularly constant watcher felt sure the man was getting short trout, and notified a game warden. However, the watcher's eyes are in need of correction, for the man turned out to be a well-fashioned scarecrow.

The IRON HORSE

NOVELIZED BY

EDWIN C. HILL

FROM WILLIAM FOX'S GREAT PICTURE ROMANCE OF THE EAST AND THE WEST

BY CHARLES KENYON AND JOHN RUSSELL

"It was entirely my fault," he told her. "I should have looked about me instead of backing blindly from the doorway. I am inexpressibly sorry to have been the cause of your accident. Won't you let me carry you?"
"I'm not a featherweight," said the girl. "If you care to try I would be grateful."

Jesson stuffed his paper into his pocket and swung the girl gently into his arms. Thus they made their way to her home, no great distance. Nothing more was said until they reached the doorway. She gave the key to Jesson.

"You must come in," she invited. "Let me offer you something, champagne perhaps. I have some very good wine."

"You are very kind. I shall be delighted," he said.

He carried her to her room and placed her upon a couch. Kneeling, he undid her shoe, noting that her feet were small and well shaped. Then he made a discovery which puzzled him. His experience with sprained ankles had not been extensive but he was perfectly sure that a sprained ankle swelled quickly. There was no swelling here. The shapely ankle he held upon his knee, white, blue-veined and beautifully slender, showed no evidence whatever of enlargement. Suddenly enlightenment came to him and he bent his head to hide a smile. Plying out the little comedy he bathed foot and ankle and presently bound them tightly with a bandage. Then he arose and at her direction found the champagne, opened it skillfully and filled two glasses. He placed a footstool and carried her to an easy chair, where they sat to knee to knee.

"No, we are all comfy," he said. "That is, if your ankle does not pain too much?"
"It is much better, Mr. Jesson," said the girl. "You are really a wonderful surgeon and nurse."

"You know my name?"
"Of course," laughed the girl. "Just as you know mine, don't you? Admit it."

"Well, then, yes," said Jesson. "I will confess that I asked Mr. Deroux who you were. He obliged, saying some very pleasant things about you, Miss Kenny."

"Oh, Joe's a pretty good friend of mine, though I am afraid of him sometimes when he gets one of his wild moods. He just about rules the roost in this country."

"So I have gathered," said Jesson. "You are really quite adorable, do you know it? If you will forgive my inquisitiveness I want to know all about you. How on earth did such a girl as you ever come to be in this place?"

And Ruby told him. Genuinely pleased at his obvious interest she told him as much of her story as she thought advisable, of the death of her father, her poverty her need for money, her accidental meeting with Jed Haller and of the strictly business arrangements she had made with the ponderous judge. Jesson listened with warming interest. His hand found hers and she made no movement to withdraw it. His knee pressed against her soft knee and the touch thrilled him. His admiring gaze was fixed upon her piquant face or upon the graceful contours of her slender, rounded figure. They drank their champagne as they talked in this swift intimacy. Ruby merely sipping at her bubbling glass, Jesson emptying his rather frequently. He had opened another bottle. He longed to sweep her into his arms to crush her to him, to kiss those scornful lips.

"You are rather a darling," said Ruby, reading what lay in Jesson's eyes. "I think I'll break a lifetime rule and make a confession myself. I liked you when I first saw you and that was the day after you arrived in North Platte."

She bent forward a little and ran her white fingers through

Jesson's hair, her ardent gaze melting into his. He caught her to him. She threw back her head. Their lips met. Jesson felt her body trembling and held her even closer.

"I love you! Ruby, I love you!" he breathed. "You are the most wonderful girl I ever saw! You have called to me from the moment my eyes fell upon you. I couldn't understand it. But I know now. It's love you adorable girl..."

She kissed him again her heart in her clinging lips, then gently withdrew from his arms.

"I want you to believe me," she said, "when I tell you that you are the first man who has kissed me since I was a school-girl. Many men have tried it but have been discouraged. It's pretty hard to believe that of a dance-hall girl, isn't it?"

"Not of you," said Jesson. "I know it's true."

"It is," she said. "I have hated men until now. Now—I don't know. Perhaps it is love. We must wait and see. We will be together in Julesburg when the road moves on. But I forgot. You are engaged to Miss Marsh."

"That does not matter," said Jesson. "Miss Marsh would not be inconsolable. Give me a little time. It's not being engaged that worries me."

"What is it, then?" asked the girl.

In a word, money," said Jesson. "Debts enough to stagger a man."

"Tell me. Perhaps there is a way."

She listened intently as he told her of the life he had led in New York, of the bitterness of trying to keep up appearances, of his luckless gambling and of the pit of debt into which it had led him—that and the threat of exposure hanging over him.

"Peter," she said, "please go to that bureau. Here is the key. Open the top drawer and bring me what you find under the clothes in the corner."

He obeyed, wondering.

"Why it's mooney, gold from the weight of it," he said as he brought her one of the heavy little bags that nested in the bureau drawer.

"Yes, it's gold, gold coin," said Ruby. "There's five thousand there, Peter. It's yours."

Jesson looked at her in amazement. "Mine? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. A good friend of mine, and of yours, sent this money here to-night. It is for you alone. It is an evidence of his confidence in you, the first evidence."

"But what's it all about? Why should anybody ask you to give me \$5,000?"

"Peter, here's the truth. I did not sprain my ankle to-night. It was a trick, a way to make your acquaintance, to hold you for a time. But wait! Believe me, I did it gladly. I wanted to know you! It was determined sooner or later to meet you. This man's scheme fell in with my own desires. You do believe me?"

He looked at her steadily, then put his arm around her and drew her to him, kissing her over and over again.

"That's my answer," he said.

"It is Deroux," she went on. "No, don't look so fierce. There's nothing between Joe and me, never has been or could be. But Joe wants the road built through his land, through Smoky river. It will mean, oh, I don't know how much to him! millions, probably. He says that it will be the best thing for the road and for the country. Peter, he doesn't want you to find a pass through the Black Hills!"

Jesson looked at her whitely. She drew from her bosom a draft, made out to Peter Jesson for \$10,000, and placed it in his hand.

"That will be ready for you when you tell Marsh there is no pass—that the road will have to turn south," she added. "And, Peter, when the road is built,

Deroux will give you \$20,000 more. He keeps his word, Deroux, to friend or enemy. Isn't that a stake worth playing for?"

Jesson got to his feet, unsteadily. His face was drawn. He swayed a little, though not from the wine he had drunk. Ruby lifted herself to his arms and clung to him, her lips seeking his.

"You must, Peter. Think of what it will mean for you! Me, if you want me! You can't say—no."

He held her close for a long time. Then his face changed. He laughed.

"Ruby," he said. "You can tell our friend Deroux that I will play his game. I don't believe there is any pass, so he may be throwing away his money. But I'll do what he wants. I have always wondered what my price would be \$15,000, anyway, well, it's fairly high, \$35,000 probably."

He crushed her to him again, afire with the touch of her.

"You adorable little devil," he whispered in her ear.

CHAPTER XVII

DAVY RIDES FOR HIS LIFE

Marsh met Deroux face to face the next morning outside the hotel.

"If you are not doing anything in particular, why not come with me to the end of track?" the superintendent invited.

"That would please me very much," said Deroux.

"It might interest you," Marsh replied. "I'm taking my car out on an inspection trip. My daughter and Mr. Jesson are accompanying me. We'll dine on the road and I promise you a good cigar."

They walked to the station where the train waited, the private car attached to two flatcars loaded with rails and other equipment received from the East. After the special train got under way, and was puffing along at its usual gait of 20 miles an hour, Marsh retired to his room, leaving Miriam with Jesson and the affable Deroux. The Frenchman entertained them for an hour with tales of his mansyided career, tales which ranged from his schooling in Paris in the hey-day of the Second Empire to the rough life of gold-miner and horse breeder in the Smoky Hill's wilderness.

After Miriam left the two together, Deroux turned instantly to Jesson, his eyes snapping.

"Mr. Jesson," he said, in a low tone, inaudible outside the drawing room of the car, "I know what Ruby offered you last night. I sent her to you. She told me early this morning that you had promised to stand with me. You are smart. I, Joe Deroux, tell you that you are wise. I will make you rich. What you already have and what you will later receive is merely a sample of the generosity of Deroux."

"This road will not go through the Black Hills, Mr. Jesson! I tell you, man to man, that I will block it! Nothing shall stop me, nothing! I shall fight and I have allies that nobody knows about. Very well. Let us understand each other. There is no pass! You will so report. And your reward will be—enough even for your necessities. But I demand utter loyalty! The man doesn't live who can play fast and loose with me. From now on your services are mine. That is understood?"

"Perfectly," said Jesson calmly. "I'll go as far as you like, short of man-killing."

Deroux eyed him speculatively. "Who knows what you would do, my friend, if the impulse was strong enough? I have made a little study of you, Mr. Jesson. I have detected, I think, surprising possibilities in your character."

Jesson started, about to reply when the whistle of the locomotive dinned their ears with its unbroken, persistent shriek. Marsh dashed into the car, Miriam at his heels. They ran to the windows but whatever it was that had caused the engineer to hang on the cord was too far in advance of the train for them to see.

"Stay in the car!" Marsh shouted to his daughter as he ran forward to the open flatcars followed by Jesson and Deroux. With nothing to block vision they were able to see miles ahead over the rolling prairie. Off to the southwest was a bobbing dot rapidly growing larger. Following closely, less than a furlong behind, were other bobbing fig-

ures, a dozen strung out in an irregular line. The dots quickly changed into men and horses racing at top speed. Jesson happened to notice Deroux's face. It startled him. Every trace of amiability and polish was gone. Savagery shown in the staring eyes.

"One white man—eight, ten, yes, twelve, Indians, Sioux Warriors," cried Deroux. "They're gaining. By God! They'll get him!"

He turned and saw Jesson watching him curiously. Instantly he changed voice and expression.

"He can ride, that man! Watch him! See how he helps his horse! Its tired, staggering with fatigue but lifts it along! He's a damned good shot, too!"

The foremost pursuer had ventured too close to the hard pressed fugitive. The young man—Marsh could make him out clearly through his field glasses—turned in his saddle and threw a shot backward. The Sioux leader slumped in his saddle, then slid to the ground. The wind brought them the sound of fierce whooping. They saw the Indians quitting their ponies stinging them to great speed.

The rider was evidently making for the train whose smoke he must have spotted long before. He was driving his horse in a long slant, at the rate of speed being made by train and horse, should bring him up in less than five minutes. Marsh hurried forward to order the engineer to slow down, but his authority was not needed. Pat Casey, jumping with excitement and already shouting directions and advice to a man at least two miles distance, had attended to that detail. The train slackened speed to about 10 miles an hour and the rider almost immediately changed his course, coming toward them more directly.

Nearer and nearer he sped, his horse laboring, the Indians gaining steadily; now within easy arrow shot. The men on the flat cars were yelling and firing their rifles, but scoring no hits. The interval swiftly narrowed, until the rider was within a hundred yards of the train but considerably ahead of it, as he had undoubtedly planned. Then an arrow or a bullet ended the race for the gallant horse. It stumbled, recovered with a staggering effort, stumbled again and went down in a heap throwing the rider half a dozen yards ahead of it.

Continued Next Week.

"A Daughter of the Land"

By Gene Stratton Porter
(Grosset and Dunlap Company)
A truly fine story which boasts of several well portrayed characters. Though Kate Bates stands foremost as a wonderful example of what fine characters oftentimes emerge through life's hardships, Kate, something of youth's first love. Therefore we forgive her that she failed her daughter when love awakened in Polly's heart for Henry Peters. A word or Kate's mother, another fine soul whom life almost crushed, but not before we learned how wonderful was Mrs. Adam Bates. We feel that we had met every character in this book personally.

Who Plants a Tree

Who plants a tree beside the road
Where man may rest his tired feet,
Amid the Summer's sulter heat,
And ease his shoulder of its load,
Well loved is he! God-bless is he!
Who plants a tree.

He may have passed beyond recall
When weary pilgrim by the way
Its shade may find, at noon of day
Yet blessings on his soul will fall
Who can you see, how blest is he
Who plants a tree.

So long as Spring shall wake the green
Of fluttering leaves upon its limb,
A deeper hue will burn for him.

And passing years that lie between
Will blessings be, for such as he
Who plants a tree.
—H. E. Harrison, in American Farming.

Apparently the tinge of fall in the air now and then makes gardens and growing things all the more precious, for here is another out door poem about trees, sent in by Laurence Van Bentheim, of Sioux City.

"Daniel Deronda"

By George Eliot
This novel is to me her most entertaining work. It is a story befriending the Jew, the hero being the son of a Russian Jewish actress. The author traces the evolution of character in the heroine from a light-minded society girl to beautiful womanhood, through suffering. The hero, Daniel Deronda, is ignorant of Jewish origin, being raised by an English gentleman as his nephew, but his heart instinctively turns to Jewish friends which culminates by falling in love with a Jewess whom he rescues from suicide.

The blue English rue is graphically pictured by Grandcourt the hated husband of Gendely—the heroine. (Signed) Marguerite Driskill.

"Steam will replace gasoline as motor power," forecasts a scientist, and then up will go the price of water.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

In bed four months ... now a well man

Gives Tanlac full credit.



Over twelve years of stomach misery had made a physical wreck of Jacob Ferdinand. He spent hundreds of dollars seeking relief but every attempt failed until he tried Tanlac.

This great tonic brought him immediate relief. "After seven bottles," he says, "I am a well and happy man. I will gladly talk to anyone personally and will answer all letters regarding my experience with Tanlac. For it proved a god-send to me."

*Authentic statement. Address on request.

Tanlac is Nature's great Tonic and builder. Compounded after the famous Tanlac formula, from roots, barks and curative herbs alone, it is absolutely harmless. Millions owe their health and happiness to this great remedy.

Don't let stomach trouble make your life miserable a day longer. Get a bottle of Tanlac at your druggist's at once. The first dose will make you feel better. You'll be a new person with the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks that come from perfect health.

NOTE: For Constipation, take Tanlac Vegetable Pills, Nature's own harmless laxative.

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

Gave Skunks Right of Way

A party of Bangor motorists returning from Winterport, Maine, halted their car to let a moving obstruction have the right-of-way. The obstruction consisted of a family of skunks, including father, mother and three children, crossing the road in solemn single file.

Photographic Societies

The oldest photographic organization in the world is the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, founded in 1839, and the second oldest, and the oldest in the United States, is the Photographic society of Philadelphia, founded in 1862.—Science Service.

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.