

BOB HAMPTON of PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDNESS WAS KING" "IN LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC."



SYNOPSIS.
A detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry from Fort Belknap, Montana, is sent to a narrow gorge. Among them is a stranger who introduces himself by the name of Hampton, also Gillis and a majority of the soldiers are killed during a three days' siege. Hampton and the girl who escape from the Indians. They fall exhausted on the plains. A company of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. Brain in command, find them. Hampton and the girl stop at the Miners' Home in Glencaid, Mrs. Duffy proprietress. Hampton talks the future over with Miss Gillis—the Kid. She shows him her mother's picture and tells him what she can of her parentage and life. They decide she shall live with Mrs. Herndon. Naida the Kid—runs away from Mrs. Herndon and rejoins Hampton. He induces her to go back, and to have nothing more to do with him. Hampton plays his last game of cards. He announces to Red Slavin that he has quit, and then leaves Glencaid.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.
He swept the circle of excited faces, his eyes glowing like two diamonds, his thin lips compressed into a single straight line.
"Mr. Slavin appears to have lost his previous sense of humor," he remarked, calmly. "I will now make my statement for the third time—this was my last game. Perhaps some of you gentlemen also may discover this to be amusing."
The heavy, strained breathing of the motionless crowd was his only answer, and a half smile of bitter contempt curled Hampton's lips, as he swept over them a last defiant glance.
"Not quite so humorous as it seemed to be at first, I reckon," he commented, dryly. "Slavin," and he prodded the red giant once more with his foot. "I'm going out; if you make any attempt to leave this room within the next five minutes I'll kill you in your tracks, as I would a mad dog. You stacked cards twice to-night, but the last time I beat you fairly at your own game."
He held aside the heavy curtains with his left hand and backed slowly out facing them, the deadly revolver shining ominously in the other. Not a man moved. Slavin glowered at him from the floor, an impatient curse upon his lips. Then the red drapery fell.
While the shadows of the long night still hung over the valley, Naida, tossing restlessly upon her strange bed within the humble yellow house at the fork of the trails, was aroused to wakefulness by the pounding of a horse's hoofs on the plank bridge spanning the creek. She drew aside the curtain and looked out, shading her eyes to see clearer through the poor glass. All she perceived was a somewhat deeper smudge when the rider swept rapidly past, horse and man a shapeless shadow. Three hours later she awoke again, this time to the full glare of day, and to the remembrance that she was now facing a new life. As she lay there thinking, her eyes troubled but tearless, far away on the sun-kissed uplands Hampton was spurring forward his horse, already beginning to exhibit signs of weariness.

CHAPTER X.
The Arrival of Miss Spencer.
Miss Phoebe Spencer, the pioneer school teacher of Glencaid, came direct from the far east, her starting point some little junction place back in Vermont, although she proudly named Boston as her home, having once visited in that metropolis for three delicious weeks. She was of an ardent, impressionable nature. Her mind was nurtured upon eastern conceptions of our common country, her imagination aglow with weird tales of the frontier, and her bright eyes perceived the vivid coloring of romance in each prosaic object west of the towny Missouri. All appeared so different from that established life to which she had grown accustomed, to the people, the country, the picturesque language—the very brain seemed with lurid pictures of border experiences and heroes as to reveal romantic possibilities everywhere. As her eager eyes traced the serrated peaks of a snow-clad mountain range, her heart throbbled with anticipation of wonders yet to come. Homesickness was a thing undreamed of; her active brain responded to each new impression.
She sat comfortably ensconced in the back seat of the old, battered red coach, surrounded by cushions for protection from continual bouncing, as the Jehu in charge urged his restive mules down the desolate valley of the Bear Water. Her cheeks were flushed, her wide-open eyes filled with questioning, her pale fluffy hair frolicking with the breeze, as pretty a picture of young womanhood as any one could wish to see. Nor was she unaware of this fact. During the final stage of her journey she had found two congenial souls, sufficiently picturesque to harmonize with her ideas of wild western romance.
These two men were lolling in the less comfortable seat opposite, secretly longing for a quiet smoke outside, yet neither willing to desert this eastern divinity to his rival. The big fellow, his arm run carelessly through the leather sling, his bare head projecting half out of the open window, was Jack Moffat, half-owner of the "Golden Rule," and enjoying a well-earned reputation as the most ornate and artistic liar in the territory. For two hours he had been exercising his talent to the full, and merely paused now in search of some fresh inspiration, holding in supreme and silent contempt the rather feeble imitations of his less-gifted companion.
The fly in the ointment of this long day's ride, the third party, whose undesirable presence and personal knowledge of Mr. Moffat's past was

rather seriously interfered with the latter's flights of imagination, was William McNeil, foreman of the "Bar V" ranch over on Sinsiniwa creek. McNeil was not much of a talker, having an impediment in his speech, and being a trifle bashful in the presence of a lady. But he caught the eye—a slenderly built, reckless fellow, smoothly shaven, with a strong chin and bright laughing eyes—and as he lolled carelessly back in his bearskin "chaps" and wide-brimmed sombrero, occasionally throwing in some cool, insinuating comment regarding Moffat's recitals, the latter experienced a strong inclination to leave him overboard. The slight hardening of McNeil's eyes at such moments had thus far served, however, as sufficient restraint, while the unobtrusive Miss Spencer, unaware of the silent duel thus being conducted in her very presence, playing havoc with the susceptible heart of each, and all unconsciously laying the foundations for future trouble.
"Why, how truly remarkable!" she exclaimed, her cheeks glowing. "It's all so different from the east; heroism seems to be in the very air of this country, and your adventure was so very unusual. Don't you think so, Mr. McNeil?"
The silent foreman hitched himself suddenly upright, his face unusually solemn. "Why—eh—yes, miss—go on might—eh—say that. He," with a flip of his hand toward the other, "eh—reminds me of—eh—an old friend."
"Indeed?" How extremely interestingly eagerly scenting a new story. "Please tell me who it was, Mr. McNeil."
"Oh—eh—knew him when I was a boy—eh—Munchausen."
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lane, yet before he could speak Miss Spencer intervened.
"Munchausen! Why, Mr. McNeil, you surely do not intend to question the truth of Mr. Moffat's narrative?"
The foreman's eyes twinkled humorously, but the lines of his face remained calmly impassive. "My—eh—reference," he explained, gravely, "was—eh—entirely to the—eh—local color, the—eh—expert touches."
"Oh!"
"Yes, miss. It's—eh—bad taste out here to—eh—doubt anybody's word—eh—publicly."
Moffat stirred uneasily, his hand flung behind him, but McNeil was gazing into the lady's fair face, apparently unconscious of any other presence.
"But all this time you have not favored me with any of your own adventures, Mr. McNeil. I am very sure you must have had hundreds out on these wide plains."
The somewhat embarrassed foreman shook his head discouragingly.
"Oh, but I just know you have, only you are so modest about recounting them. Now, that scar just under your hair—really it is not at all unbecoming—surely that reveals a story. Was it caused by an Indian arrow?"
McNeil crossed his legs, and wiped his damp forehead with the back of his hand. "Hoof of a damn pack-mule," he explained, forgetting himself. "The—eh—cuss lifted me ten feet."
Moffat laughed hoarsely, but as the foreman straightened up quickly, the amazed girl joined happily in, and his own face instantly exhibited the contagion.
"Ah! that—eh—ever happens out on a ranch," he said, doubtfully, "except dodgin' steers, and—eh—bustin' broncos."
Moffat had his head craned out of the window some more, in an apparent determination to ignore all further frivolous remarks. Suddenly he pointed directly ahead.
"There's the—eh—now, this—eh—

er," he said, cheerfully. "That's the spire of the new Presbyterian church sticking up above the ridge."
"Oh, indeed? How glad I am to be here safe at last!"
"How—eh—did you happen to—eh—recognize the church?" asked Mr. McNeil with evident admiration. "You—eh—can't see it from the saloon."
Moffat disdained reply, and the lurching stage rolled rapidly down the valley, the mules now lashed into a wild gallop to the noisy accompaniment of the driver's whip.
The hoof clattered across the narrow bridge, and, with a sudden swing, all came to a sharp stand, amid a cloud of dust before a naked yellow house.

"Here's where you get out, miss," announced the Jehu, leaning down from his seat to peer within. "This here is the Herndon shobang."
The gentlemen inside assisted Miss Spencer to descend in safety to the weed-bordered walk, where she stood shaking her ruffled plume into shape, and giving directions regarding her luggage. Then the two gentlemen emerged, Moffat bearing a grip-case, a handbag, and a basket, while McNeil supported a shawl-draped and a small trunk. Thus decorated they meekly followed her lead up the narrow path toward the front door. The latter opened suddenly, and Mrs. Herndon bounced forth with vociferous welcome.
"Why, Phoebe Spencer, and have you really come! I didn't expect you'd get along before next week. Oh, this seems too nice to see you again; almost as good as going home to Vermont. You must be completely tired out."
"Dear Aunt Lydia; of course I'm glad to be here. But I'm not in the least tired. I've had such a delightful trip." She glanced around smilingly upon her perspiring cavaliers. "Oh, put those things down, gentlemen—anywhere there on the grass; they can be carried in later. It was so kind of you both."
"Hey, there!" sang out the driver, growing impatient, "if you two gents are aimin' to go down town with this outfit, you'd better be pillin' in lively, fer I can't stay here all day."
Moffat glanced furtively aside at McNeil, only to discover that individual quietly seated on the trunk. He promptly dropped his own grip.
"Drive on with your butcher's cart," he called out spitefully. "I reckon it's no special honor to ride to town."
The pleasantly smiling young woman glanced from one to the other, her eyes fairly dancing, as the lumbering

coach disappeared through the red dust.
"How very nice of you to remain," she exclaimed. "Aunt Lydia, I am so anxious for you to meet my friends, Mr. Moffat and Mr. McNeil. They have been so thoughtful and entertaining all the way up the Bear Water, and they explained so many things that I did not understand."
She swept impulsively down toward them, both hands extended, the bright glances of her eyes bestowed impartially.
"I cannot invite you to come into the house now," she exclaimed, sweetly. "for I am almost like a stranger here myself, but I do hope you will both of you call. I shall be so very lonely at first, and you are my earliest acquaintances. You will promise, won't you?"
"You will promise, won't you?"

him I was all right, and he said if you'd sign this paper maybe he could let Bill out." "Well," said McNeil, "you just sign right down here, that you know that Bill didn't steal the chickens. Just take out that that before me as a notary, and then I'll sign it." "What's that, Mistah McNeil?" "You mean I must swear to it? Huh!" He scratched his head and began to edge toward the door. "Of course, boss, I never likes to swear to nothin'. Bill never stole no chickens, but I don't want to take no oaths, cause I'm able to get myself into trouble." And Bill scribbled out his signature at the bottom, and handed Plain Dealer.

CHAPTER XI.
Becoming Acquainted.
Once within the cool shadows of the living-room, Mrs. Herndon again brought herself to kiss her niece in a fresh glow of welcome, while the latter sank into a convenient rocker and began enthusiastically expressing her unbounded enjoyment of the west, and of the impressions gathered during her journey. Suddenly the elder woman glanced about and exclaimed, laughing. "Why, I had completely forgotten. You have not yet met your room-mate. Come out here, Naida; this is my niece, Phoebe Spencer."
The girl thus addressed advanced, a slender, graceful figure dressed in white, and extended her hand shyly. Miss Spencer clasped it warmly, her eyes upon the flushed, winsome face.
"And is this Naida Gillis?" she cried. "I am so delighted that you are still here, and that we are to be together. Aunt Lydia has written so much about you that I feel as if we must have known each other for years. Why, how pretty you are!"
Naida's cheeks were burning, and her eyes fell, but she had never yet succeeded in conquering the blunt independence of her speech. "Nobody else ever says so," she said, modestly. "Perhaps it's the light."
Miss Spencer turned her about so as to face the window. "Well, you are," she announced, decisively. "I guess I know; you've got magnificent hair, and your eyes are perfectly wonderful. You just don't fix yourself up right. Aunt Lydia never did have any taste in such things, but I'll make a new girl out of you. Let's go upstairs; I'm simply dying to see our room, and get some of my dresses unpacked. They must look perfect frights by this time."
They came down perhaps an hour later, hand in hand, and chattering like old friends. The shades of early evening were already falling across the valley. Herndon had returned home from his day's work, and had brought with him Rev. Howard Wynkoop for supper. Miss Spencer viewed the young man with approval, and immediately became more than usually vivacious in recounting the incidents of her long journey, together with her early impressions of the western country. Mr. Wynkoop responded with an interest far from being assumed.
"I have found it all so strange, so unique, Mr. Wynkoop," she explained. "The country is like a new world to me, and the people do not seem at all like those of the east. They lead such a wild, untrammelled life. Everything about seems to exhale the spirit of romance; don't you find it so?"
He smiled at her enthusiasm, his glance of undisguised admiration on her face. "I certainly recall some such earlier conception," he admitted. "Those just arriving from the environment of an older civilization perceive merely the picturesque elements; but my later experiences have been decidedly prosaic."
"Why, Mr. Wynkoop! how could they be? Your work is heroic. It is perfectly grand! Why, the very men I met seem to yield me a broader conception of life and duty; they are so brave, so modest, so active. Is—Is Mr. Moffat a member of your church?"
The minister cleared his throat, his cheeks reddening. "Mr. Moffat? Ah, no; not exactly. Do you mean the mine-owner, Jack Moffat?"
"Yes, I think so; he told me he owned a mine—the Golden Rule the name was; the very choice in words would seem to indicate his religious nature. You have the only church in Glencaid, I understand, and I wonder greatly he has never joined you. But perhaps he may be prejudiced against your denomination. There is so much narrowness in religion. But I left every prejudice east of the Missouri," she declared, laughing, "every one, social and religious. I'm going to be a true westerner, from the top of my head to the toe of my shoe. Is Mr. McNeil in your church?"
The minister hesitated. "I really do not recall the name," he confessed at last, reluctantly. "I scarcely think I can have ever met the gentleman."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wasn't Prepared to Swear.
Of Course His Friend Bill Never Stole Those Chickens, But—
A tall, rusty-limbed, loose-gaited colored man walked into the office of O. P. McIltrath the other day with an official looking document in his hand. McIltrath recognized him as a man who had done some whitewashing for him once. "Boss," he began, "I want to git ole Bill Johnson outen de work-house. His family ain't got nobody 'nough to eat, and Bill never stole them chickens nohow. Bill never stole nothin'. It's been over to see Minah Coulter, an' so's he didn't know me, but I sell I knowed you and you'd tell

CANDY NOT HARD TO MAKE.
Delicious Confection is That Known as Chocolate Pralines.
This is what is required: Five ounces of loaf sugar, four ounces of almonds, coating of cocolate.
Blanch and shred the almonds.
Put them on a tin in the oven and brown them slightly.
Rinse a pan out in cold water, put the sugar into it, let it melt slowly, then boil it until it is a golden brown.
Next turn it on to an oiled slab or dish, and leave it till cold. Then pound the sugar to dust in a mortar.
Pound the almonds to a paste, and then put the sugar and almonds together and pound them till they are oily.
Shape the mixture with your hands into little balls, squares and corn-shaped pieces, and leave them on a tin till dry.
Then melt some "coating chocolate," gently dip each ball, etc., into the melted chocolate, and put it on a greased paper till it is dry.
These are most delicious, and, while they are very expensive to buy, can be made at a very small cost.

TRY THIS "KISS PUDDING."
Something New in the Way of a Light and Delicious Dessert.
Put one pint of milk in a double boiler; heat to boiling point and add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, which have been dissolved in a little milk. Let boil, stirring constantly; add the whites of three eggs, which have been beaten to a very stiff froth; beat the mixture well and pour into taceups, filling them half full. Set aside to cool and make sauce for same as follows: Bring to boiling point one pint of milk in a double boiler, then add three tablespoonfuls sugar and three beaten egg yolks, thinned with one tablespoonful milk. Stir constantly until it thickens (do not boil or it will curdle), flavor with lemon or vanilla and add a pinch of salt. Cool and pour over pudding and serve.

Candied Chestnuts.
Cook a pint of chestnuts until tender in slightly salted water. Drain. Melt two ounces of chocolate over hot water and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix one cupful of granulated sugar with two tablespoonfuls of water, boil without stirring until a little dropped into cold water crystallizes to the brittle point at once. Take it off the fire and add the chocolate. Dip the chestnuts one by one into this, laying them on waxed paper. Let cool and store in air-tight cans. The chocolate may be omitted and the sirup colored pink or green and if flavored with wintergreen or peppermint makes a pretty and acceptable after dinner sweet.

Autumn Leaf Cakes.
Two cups flour, two eggs, half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cold water. Mix all together, flour breadboard lightly, roll the mixture into a large thin sheet, cut with a sharp knife two inch squares, and drop a few at a time in deep hot butter; when brown on one side turn over, remove from frying pan, put in more leaves; when all are done sprinkle with powdered sugar. You will have a large platter of the most delicious cookies that the most delicate stomach can digest. The hot butter makes them grow into the most lovely shapes that resemble fall-leaves.

Ensalada Mixta.
This is a refreshing Cuban salad. On a foundation of crisp lettuce leaves place bits of cold boiled potatoes, string beans, asparagus, slices of raw onion, also of green sweet peppers, olives, cold boiled eggs and radishes. Pour over all a dressing of oil, salt, pepper and vinegar. This is a good way to use small quantities of vegetables left over, as corn, peas, beets and other things add to the toothsome-ness of it. A little care in arranging makes also a pretty dish.

Washing Dishes Made Easy.
Put a dish pan half full of water on the stove when you begin to get dinner. As you use a pan or dish wash it and put it away. Lastly, wash frying pans and kettles, then throw out a water. After dinner you will not have such a discouraging looking kitchen. There will be no pans or kettles with dried food to be soaked out, and the dishes from the dining room are easily washed.

Bonbon Cake.
Make an angel food cake and bake in three layers. Make a boiled icing and flavor with lemon. First layer spread with icing, then layer of cranberry jelly and another of icing. Second layer spread with icing, then chopped dates and nut meats mixed with enough jelly to spread, then spread with icing and sprinkle over with blanched and ground almonds.

To Clean an Iron Sink.
An iron sink which is badly discolored with rust, and which is covered with a thick coat of grease, may be cleaned with kerosene oil. The sink is simply rubbed with an abundance of kerosene. Apply the oil at night, so that no water need be run into the sink for several hours. Then in the morning it should be wiped dry.

Shoes in Housework.
If you must do your own housework see that your shoes are loose and absolutely comfortable. Change them moreover in the afternoon, as nothing rests the feet more. If your feet get so tired that you feel you cannot stand up another moment, and your feet are swollen, take time to dip them in cold water and give them a vigorous rub.

Fondue.
Slice a stale roll. Pour over it three gills of boiling milk; when soaked beat it and mix with one-half pound grated cheese and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten; lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into paper forms and bake 20 minutes.

Sauce for Duck.
Extract the juice from a quantity of sorrel leaves, add a glass of sherry, some washed gooseberries, a little sugar. Two tablespoonfuls butter. Boil up and serve.

HIS TURN TO CRITICISE.
Youngster Felt Called on to Manifest Disapproval of Prayer.
Little John, who, at the mature age of four, has learned the Lord's Prayer, is often criticised by his sister, two years older, for slight mistakes which he cannot always avoid in offering the petition. A few Sundays ago he was taken to church for the first time. When the moment for the prayer arrived and the congregation bowed their heads John's mother took the precaution to whisper to him that he must be very quiet. "Listen," she said, "and you will hear the minister pray." This interested John at once, and his little face took on a look of serious attention, but his mother, watching him covertly, saw his expression change presently to one of surprise and disapproval. A few minutes more, and he could stand it no longer. What could this man be saying? Not a word of the prayer did he recognize as the only formula he had ever heard called by that name.
"Why, mother," he exclaimed, in a tone audible over nearly half the church, "do you hear? He isn't saying it right at all!"

SOLES AS BIG AS PENNIES.
Whole Head and Neck Covered—Hair All Came Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.
"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.
This Servant Girl Was Evidently a Person of Resource.
As a source of humor the Irish servant girl has long since fallen from her high estate, a result probably due to the better class of young women from the Emerald Isle who come here annually to help confuse the eternal "servant girl question." But now and again one of the old, naively ignorant sort turns up in a New York household, as was demonstrated the other day to a caller at a house on the West Side.
The girl who responded to the bell was asked if her mistress was at home. To this inquiry she surprised the caller by putting her arms behind her back and replying in a rich brogue, as she thrust her face toward the caller: "Put th' tickets in me mouth, ma'am, an' I'll go an' see. Me hands is wet."—N. Y. Press.

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.
If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man.
G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him. To all who enclose postage he will reply telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

At the County Fair.
"Doing a land-office business, eh?" remarked the man from the city. "What is that you are selling, anyway?"
"Blessed if I know myself, boss," whispered the fakir at the county fair; "it has zigzag lines all over it and when a woman comes up I sell it to her as a skirt pattern and when a man comes up I sell it to him as a guaranteed and genuine map of Mars."

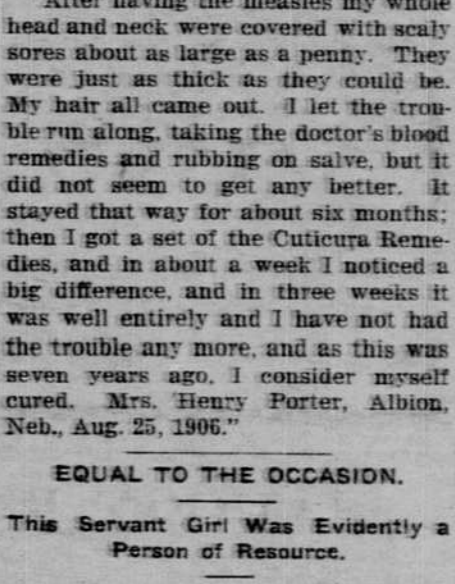
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If people would neither borrow nor lend there would be more life-long friendships.

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Extract the juice from a quantity of sorrel leaves, add a glass of sherry, some washed gooseberries, a little sugar. Two tablespoonfuls butter. Boil up and serve.

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of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.
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Experience.
"Experience is the best teacher," remarked the man who indulges in trite sayings.
"Yes," answered the skeptic; "but occasionally, as in distinguishing between mushrooms and toadstools, your education comes too late to be of any service."



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