SYNOPSIS.

Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre, Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Viacent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader found. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Banquet in railroad town is scene of monopolization of Alfred by a Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, decrying the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. ment. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, decrying the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches, Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in sekrch of Vincent. Race to beat composition company's stage a success. eposition company's stage a success ella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella re ceives a letter: "Promise to marry Gideon Ingram or Alfred Vincent will die." After conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther Anthony, becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Kidnap-ing changes Alfred greatly and wher he and Stella meet in Frisco society, she passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Stella visits Mrs. Sally Bernard, now in top notch society and wealthy, being known as Mrs. Lang-Bernard. Anthony romance is unfolded, showing Gideon, who loved Stella, to be her own cousin. He repents deeds and tries to even up score in interview with tries to even up score in interview with Stella.

CHAPTER XXVI.-Continued. "But, Gideon, you won't like that life

"Like? Life?" he repeated gloomily. "I shall do no harm there. That is all.

Utter hopelessness was in voice and face. Yet Esther could think of no adequate word, and drove on in silence till they stopped at the doorway. "Will you come in?"

"No, Stella. I shall not annoy you further. This is farewell."

She looked into his sad face and saw two generations of tragedy there. Resentment, aversion died. "Oh, Gideon, you are of my blood, the only one, my almost brother. Whatever you have done, will do, is mine to bear by right of kinship. Don't think I shall reproach you. Come to see me! I will be good to you"

His face lifted for a flashing instant, his eyes softened with glad tears. But the transformation passed almost as it came. "No, no, Stella! Thank you for those dear words. But it- I have only to atone. It's impossible! Good-

He started hurriedly down the walk, but halted, turned back. "I saved Vincent's life once, here in the city. Never speak of it. I've only told you because-because I want you to know-I'm trying to even up the game."

He wheeled and went swiftly through the gate.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Conquest of the Heart of Sally B. Forty years ago, daring surgeons did not so often undertake to better nature's work, make joints where none had been, remake organs that had not fulfilled their functions.

Alvin Carter, despite his cheerfulness, had ever silently rebelled against his crutch. And when the idea was broken and made straight, he never when I left." halted till he found a surgeon willing

vacation had won for him promotion fornia." She had almost forgotten her and the confidence of officers as well elegance. as of fellow employes. Thus Alvin had the great eye and sympathy of the it's cold over there!" governor himself behind his brave venture into unfamiliar realms of ally. "How's Charley Crocker, an' surgery. When Alvin came through Gregory, an' all the rest? Lord! I with two straight legs, the trifling can smell the sage-brush now!" shortness of one being corrected by a high heel, he gladly accepted the di- by moonlight and stars! Just think of

Not for one moment had he faltered in | made you creep." his determination to win Viola, if she remained true, and he never doubted U. P. folks hard." her. Yet now, sitting in the most beautiful room he had ever seen, per- U. P.'s are coming like lightning, just turbed by the obsequious butler's ill- a-whoopin' 'em up! They have a man concealed disdain when he had to send for every rod for 100 miles. They've up his name instead of the requested got good fuel and plenty of stuff. card-all in an instant Viola grew re- Glory! I wish our folks could hurry mote, his aspiration to her preposter- up some of those 35 iron ships out on pocket waiting her approval-seemed | won't last any time." but a miserable hut beside this magnificent palace.

been ample when Sally B. swept into got 'em to the Front before they knew the room, paused a chilling instant, where they was goin'. I read about it and came forward with her most im- in the paper." She moved her chair a posing society manner.

to see you! Elegant weather, isn't it? of it. When did you come to the Bay? Elegant time of year to visit at the Bay, buck against. They can't build shops now, ain't it?"

sable draperies she seated herself back freeze-ups, slides, and wrecks-nothing to the light, her face dimly outlined, settled and finished-and the imwhile the late afternoon sun shone full mense cost of repairs, when they've

"I read of the crack operation the doctors performed on you, Mr. Carter. out a mile and a half of track as pleases to make it. I congratulate you on it's bein' O. K. clean as a piece of cheese! And then It's an elegant improvement. Won't -the papers, and San Francisco!" you set-sit?"

She did not even look at him, he thought. Blindly he groped for a chair, his eyes burning as if she had slapped them with a hard hand. Had he but known, Sally B.'s keen vision breath of satisfaction. "By jinks! It's part of the house. This shouting and had instantly noted and approved his plumb good to talk railroad once more. raising of the voice spoils the tone erect manliness, his resolute counte Bill don't keer for it, but I do. I'd and quality of the voice and tends to nance. Her heart warmed to him. He ruther live-" She changed the topic make it harsh. A pretty voice is a belonged to her world, appreciated abruptly. "Is Bill.; Dodge over there powerful attraction in a woman and a strip of leather has been presented ter wheat crop was a failure. In fact, her. Yet ambition held the rein. She anywhere?"

suspected his errand, and purposely put him at a disadvantage, plying him The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre.

> sentence. "Do tell me something about the railroad. I miss it powerful-ly."

"I've just returned from the Front; got back yesterday." "Oh, go-" She hesitated. He

was going to say "gosh!" and his self- tle princess." possession flew home again. and went on.

about things. Where'd they run the water in spawnin' time. She's got the plain, well-fitting business suit had a quality by that of their northern line? Across by Battle mountain-I style for culture, an' the tin to set it know that; and where else?"

picked out the best one. They've got | who he is?" the track away by Battle mountain now; past Be-o-wa-we, Argenta-that's

"He's conductor on the Humboldt worse than Abraham's sacrifice if division; makes a bully one, too!" there had been no lamb! At least, Isaac would have burned quickly!" "I bet he does. He-He saw Sally B.'s face drop and gray

Alvin squared about in his chair and interrupted her. "Mrs. Bernard"-it was her turn to wince at her surname speech, and her words were steady. -"I've come for Viola. Will you let himself; and Sally B. knew very well to our kind? To life on the desert; of Vanity Fair could frighten him now. Yet she had one bomb left.

ry, but-"

for her in quiet dignity. then stood beside him, her hand on his to a little four-by-six life with you arm, her voice full of pleading. "See a-trampin' along the railroad!" It was here, Al! Vi's done without you a her turn for scorn, and it burned deep. him; and in turn he caught her spirit long time. She's taken the edi-eduhandsome she is."

"Yes, I do!" he returned quickly. "I've galleries for her pictures; and that templated. could see her eyes shine, knew she one the Call spoke of, makes her a lit-

"Every bit, an' better!" The moth-In a breath Sally B. caught herself, er's pride shone in her eyes. "Now, Al, we've give Vi culture; an' she's "I'm just that hungry to hear all took to culture like a salmon to fresh off. An' these big bugs round here to her. She remembered how valiant-"They run 100 lines, I guess; just that's long on culture, too, they see ly he had fought his way on a crutch year in the Canadian West may truth-Alvin nodded.

"Well, he's stuck on her, bad. An's



"Come Back and See VI! Gosh durn It, Al!"

the junction for Austin and Reese | there's that English lord, Lawrence;

"I knew them places; come acrost be he ain't gone yet." to add his skill to Alvin's money and there in '54. Paw emigrated from Oregon to Salt Lake, didn't like it there, Three years with scarcely a day's an' come over to Californy-Cali- him to speak.

'Alvin breathed freely. "My! But's

"I bet it is," she indorsed, emphatic-

"Working like blazes! Laying track version of a trip to the Front while that! And big sage-brush bonfires to he was learning to walk on two feet. help out. It was the strangest sight; Fresh from those exciting scenes, he the men looked like goblins, and the presented himself at Sally B.'s home. hammer blows sounded far away, and

"Gosh! They must be runnin' them

"Not so hard as I'd like to see. The

"Say! That was a snifty trick, the way they snooped them 500 Chinamen One of the Most Powerful Attractions | wondrous fascination should cultivate Time for his heart to congeal had straight from the ship to the train an' little and the light reached her face; "Why, Mr. Carter! This is elegant Alvin saw the old spirit looking out

"It's awful, what our folks have to for lack of men and stuff-stuff that's | mouth and speaks the spell is broken, With an astonishing swing of her coming in those ironships. And there's nothing fixed right to make 'em. Why, training, and the voice can be trained a waterspout over on the desert sliced to be just as sweet and gentle as one

"The Lord pizen them Clarion men! I wish't he would! There!"

of people?" he asked, in sudden scorn. | ward to meet him. 'We ain't that pattern of fool. We'd

keep away," she returned intrepidly. "And Vi? I suppose she'd never want to see her father and mother. Sally B.'s quivering face. "Lord! She endar.

born to him that he might have his leg river-oh, they were way by Toanc I don't know but he's her fyansee by the music room there, an' find Vi. Tell now; he was here this aftermoon. May her if she's said 'Yes' to Reg Lawrence

> Alvin looked down at the floor and feller, I'll say 'No' to him! Go!" said nothing, though she waited for

a son-in-law! Or at any rate, Freddy less stairs. "But what sort of a figure would you

ought to be happy without you! It's

shadows creep in. At last she found

"What's the use of money and me have her peaceably, or must I beauty, an' Vi's aristocratic way, if make a row about it?" He was quite Bill an' me was ready to tie her down that no glamour of luxury or shadow maybe-Bill ain't no finandseer-to tough luck an' pore grub. That's what's bound to come if Bill's luck "She won't have you, Al. I'm sor- turns. Do you think that's lovin' her? That lord b'longs to folks that's al-"No, you ain't sorry; and that isn't ways had money, an' always looked it. the truth, anyway. It's you that won't An' if he fails, there's Freddy Bryan; have me; and Vi'll break her heart to he's a man, the right kind. If he loses please you." He rose and stood be his money, he'll make it again-he's buckin' bright-an' she'll live genteel. Sally B. flinched at the stinging I s'pose you'd call it lovin' her to drag words. For a moment she was silent, her away from all that, an' tie her up

Alvin walked abruptly away to the in the flame of his enthusiasm, and cation we've give her like a thorough- open window. The beautiful palm gar- who doubted the destiny of Canada's bred. And she's beautiful-you ain't den with its waxen-crested calla hedge seen Vi lately; you don't know how and vine-wrapped trellises was full of of this year will dispel the doubts of the winter bloom and fragrance; but he remaining few. From Winnipeg saw nothing. His eyes were misty. westward to the foothills of Alberta, read every scrap of the lots the papers He was looking into a dun future with- over a country nearly a thousand have said of her. I've sent to the out Viola, a future never before con- miles in width, the grain production

> set in. She admired his square, manly whose average yield is not more than shoulders. Freddy Bryan was thin, from ten to fifteen bushels of wheat wholesome, honest look that appealed neighbors.

chance, you know."

"Oh, Al!" she cried out, and stopped. tion, yet waited.

quite. "Al, boy! Do you think you'd better? Won't it be harder for you? An' for her, too?" she added after a breath.

Alvin's face contracted. Give her up without one more look into her dear face? Not see for himself that it was well with her? That she could love-at least, be content with-the man her mother would secure for her? His heart beat clamorously; and he told himself he would see her, would see her!

Yet he took up his hat, looked calmly for his gloves and turned steady eyes to where Sally B. stood, her white-knuckled hands grasping a chairback desperately.

anything!" he said, with forced calm- never before been known in the agriness. "Good-bye, Sally B." He bowed slightly and walked out of the door.

opped, staring after him.

down the winding, rose-lined avenue to the iron gates. Life seemed at an

end! voice behind him. Through the gates Sally B. flew, her hair disordered, her full draperies bellving to the wind like pirate sails, her crape ruffles dragging out behind her. "Al, come back!" she cried breathlessly, catching him by the arm, hurrying him through the iron gates again, through the rose-lined avenue to the house. "Come back an' see Vi! Gosh durn it, Al! I throw up the game! What does a shamming old Greaser like me want of a big bug for a son-in-law? You're good enough, right smart better'n I deserve: an' good enough for Vi, too. Go 'long in or to Freddy Bryan, or to any other

She dragged him into the hall, pushed him toward the music room: "Think of havin' an English lord for and, sobbing wildly, ran up the sound-

scious of ripping, tearing ruffles on the

rapture, then halted questioningly.

"Viola, your mother has accepted world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Very few women realize what an effect a sweet voice has on a man. A woman may be very pretty to look upon, may be faultlessly and bewitchingly attired and attractive in every way, and yet directly she opens her the charm is gone. And this need never be.

in a Woman.

Very few voices are so naturally bad that they will not succumb to

A woman should speak in a low voice to raise itself to a high pitch.

world of craft. She drew a deep to any one who may be in another she who would add to her charms a and cashed at a Pittsburg bank.

a voice "ever soft, g ntle and low."

Driving a Good Bargain. The barber's small son was in the habit of playing around his father's shop, and he was always keenly interested in the patrons. Many a current," and this same current not stray penny found its way into the little chubby hand, and sticks of gum ha'r cut. The lad recognized the fact the great wheat regions of Western that the judge was a new patron, and ested in him. He hung at the foot of producing better crops than our of the chair and looked musingly at own western and central states, but the judge's bald head. Then he best of all are the proofs of it in actvoice. She should not allow her walked slowly to the back of the chair and surveyed the scanty fringe as high as one hundred bushels of A shrill-voiced woman is terrible. of hair from that point of vantage. oats to the acre will be gathered in "So do I!" Alvin assented heartily. She should not shout her orders to He could contain himself no longer Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, Sally B.'s answering smile held a the servants down the stairs, nor call and burst out incredulously: "Father, and some wheat will go AS HIGH AS that?"-Lippincott's.

-BY-

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD American Farmers"-"A Thousand Miles on Horseback Across the Dominion Provinces," Etc., Etc.

laughed at the prediction that the day was coming when Western Canada would far outstrip this country in the raising of grain-when, in other words, it would become the great bread-basket of the world. During the past three or four years the enormous production of grain in the Dominion this year will be something to almost Sally B., watching, saw her battle stagger the belief of those hundreds won; and a quick revulsion of feeling of thousands of American farmers and stooped a little, and the lord was to the acre, and who are finding that small for an Englishman. Alvin's their product is also outclassed in

The enormous grain crop of this kept the surveyors sticking pins into it in Vi, an' take her right into their through half-starved boyhood to man- fully be said to be the production of the whole American desert till they'd set. There's Freddy Bryan—you know hood, honorable manhood. Even his "a few pioneers." Only a small perstraightness touched a new chord-she centage of the unnumbered millions was proud of the courage that had of acres of grain land are under cultipioneered an operation that was the vation, notwithstanding the fact that talk of the papers. And he had done it tens of thousands of homesteads were taken up last year. And yet, when when he came back to her and spoke, that the settlers of the western praihis voice was very gentle. "May I see ries have raised this year more than Viola before I go? It'll be my last 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000, 000 bushels of oats and 25,000,000 bushels of barley. It has been a "for-Alvin was astonished at her emo- tune making year" for thousands of American farmers who two or three Almost, ambition had lost; not years ago owned hardly more than the than many of them have seen at one

time in all their lives. Very recently I passed through the western provinces from Winnipeg to Calgary, and in the words of a fellow passenger, who was astonished by what he saw from the car windows in Manitoba, we were, metaphorically speaking, in a "land of milk and honey." sweep of ripening grain. In fact, so time there were grave doubts as to the possibility of GETTING ENOUGH BINDER TWINE TO SUPPLY THE "Tell Vi-tell Vi-no, don't tell her DEMAND. A situation like this has

cultural history of any country. Before I made my first trip through "Oh, Al Carter, you're the best man the Dominion west I doubted very placards upon them, which read: I ever-" She caught her breath and much the stories that I had heard of this so-called "grain wonderland" pacity with Alberta wheat. Neither to the right nor to the left across the border. I believed, as undid he turn his eyes as he walked numbered thousands of others be the Canadian West a few years ago I WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP mostly to induce immigration. I quick- rude shacks, tent shelters and homes "Al! Al Carter!" screamed a shrill Alberta farmer said to me a few these old "homes" scattered from

ten who would believe it."

She'd be quite happy without them." her in his arms. And long years of and those things which go to make Western Canada and thank the gov-He turned contemptuous eyes upon misery were cut from the lovers' cal- a climate, will show that the farther one travels northward from the Montana border the milder the climate becomes-up to a certain point. In other words, the climate at Edmonton, Alberta, is far better than that of Denver, 1,500 miles south; and while thousands of cattle and sheep are dying because of the severity of the winters in Wyoming, Montana and other western states, the cattle, sheep and horses of Alberta GRAZE ON THE RANGES ALL WINTER WITH ABSOLUTELY NO SHELTER. This is all largely because sea-currents and air-currents have to do with the making of the climate of temperate re gions. For instance, why is it that California possesses such a beautiful climate, with no winter at all, while the New England states on a parallel with it have practically six months of winter out of twelve?

It is because of that great sween only affects the westernmost of the were dropped in quite as though by influence are what are known as the Dominion provinces, but added to its accident. Judge Williams drifted into "chinook winds"-steady and undevithe shop the other afternoon for a ating air-currents which sweep over Canada. There are good scientific so was more than ordinarily inter- reasons why these regions are capable ual results. This year, for instance, do-you-get a quarter for cutting FIFTY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE, though of course this is an unusual yield.

Last spring it was widely advertised A check for ten dollars written on in American papers that Alberta's win-

this is Alberta's banner year in grain THE LAND OF GRAIN production, as it is Saskatchewan's and Manitoba's, and from figures already in it is estimated that Alberta's wheat will yield on an average of THIR-TY-FIVE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. In many parts of the province returns Author of "American Farmers Build- will show a yield of as high as FIFTY ing a New Nation in the North"- bushels to the acre and it is freely "Canada-The Land of Greater predicted by many that when the of-Hope"-"The Invasion of Canada by ficial figures are in a yield of at least forty-five instead of thirty-five bushels

to the acre will be shown. At the time of my last journey through the Canadian West, when my purpose was largely to secure statis-Not so very many years ago the majortical matter for book use, I solicited ity of people in the United States letters from American settlers in all parts of the three provinces, and most of these make most interesting reading. The letter was written by A. Kaltenbrunner, whose postoffice address is Regina, Saskatchewan,

"A few years ago," he says, "I took up a homestead for myself and also one for my son. The half section which we own is between Rouleau and Drinkwater, adjoining the Moosejaw creek, and is a low, level and heavy land. Last year we put in 100 acres of wheat which went 25 bushels to the acre. Every bushel of it was 'No. 1.' That means the best wheat that can be raised on earth-worth 90 cents a bushel at the nearest elevators. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first class oats out of 160 acres. Eighty acres was fall plowing AND YIELDED NINETY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE. We got 53 cents a bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August. We will make more money out of our crops this year than last. For myself, I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be checked, even by unusual conditions."

An itemized account shows a single year's earnings of this settler and his son to be as follows: 2,500 bushels of wheat at 90 cents

a bushel..... 4,770

Total\$7,020

It will be seen by the above that

this man's oat crop was worth twice as much as his wheat crop. While the provinces of western Canada will clothes upon their backs, and whose for all time to come be the world's bumper crops from their homesteads greatest wheat growing regions, oats will yield them this season anywhere are running the former grain a close from \$1,500 to \$2,500 each, more money race for supremacy. The soil and climatie conditions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are particularly favorable to the production of oats, and this grain, like the wheat, runs a Starch, you can launder your shirtfar greater crop to the acre than in waist just as well at home as the even the best grain producing states steam laundry can; it will have the of the union. Ninety bushels to the acre is not an unusual yield, whole homesteads frequently running this and it will be a positive pleasure to The country was one great average. And this is not the only advantage Western Canada oats have iron. enormous was the crop, that at the over those of the United States, for in weight they run between forty and fifty pounds to the bushel, while No. 1 wheat goes to sixty-two pounds to the bushel. In fact, so heavy is Canadian grain of all kinds, and especially the wheat, that throughout the west one will see cars with great

"This car is not to be filled to ca-

When I made my first trip through lieved, that the stories were circulated found thousands of settlers living in ly found that I was wrong. As one of logs and clay. Today one will find weeks ago, "If the whole truth were Manitoba to the Rockies, but they are isfactory pair to draw to. told about this country I don't sup- no longer used by human tenants. pose you could find one American in Modern homes have taken their place -for it has come to be a common say-This year the prospects of the ing in these great grain regions that, wheat crop of Saskatchewan, Mani- "The first year a settler is in the land toba and Alberta are an average of he earns a living; the second he has over TWENTY-FIVE BUSHELS TO money enough to build himself a mod-THE ACRE, and that this grain is ern home and barns; the third he is far superior to that raised in the independent." And as extreme as this states is proved by our own govern- statement may seem to those hunment statistics, which show that dreds of thousands of American farm-American millers are importing millers who strive for a meager existence, lions of bushels of B "Canadian hard" it is absolutely true. I am an Amerito mix with the home product in order can, as patriotic, I believe, as most of that THIS HOME PRODUCT MAY our people-but even at that I cannot BE RAISED TO THE REQUIRED but wish that these people, whose STANDARD. It is a peculiar fact that lives are such an endless and unhappy while the Dominion Government is grind, might know of the new life that anxious for its western provinces to is awaiting them in this last great fill up with the very best of immi- west-this "land of greater hope," grants, there has been no blatant or where the farmer is king, and where sensational advertising of those lands. the wealth all rests in his hands. As For this reason it is probable that not one American farmer said to me, "It Alvin stood still, dazed, half con- one American farmer out of fifty is hard to pull up stakes and move a knows that Canada wheat now holds couple of thousand miles." And so it and Bill Bernard cut with that kind stair, when a little figure sprang for the world's record of value—that, in is—or at least it appears to be. But other words, it is the best wheat on in a month it can be done. And "Oh, Alvin!" she cried in quick earth, and that more of it is grown the first year, when the new settler to the acre than anywhere else in the reaps a greater harvest than he has ever possessed before, he will rise me for you," he said softly, and took . A brief study of climatic conditions, with 200,000 others of his people in ernment that has given him, free of cost, a new life, a new home, and new hopes-which has made of him, in fact, "A man among men, a possessor of wealth among his people."

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A Hard Blow.

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"Yes, a stunning hit." "Between ourselves, what caused

"I don't think Barnstormer ever knew himself what struck him."

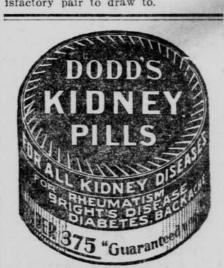
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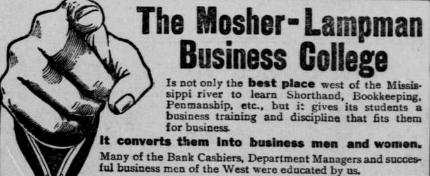
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