

LANGUID AND WEAK.

A Condition Common with Kidney Trouble and Backache.

Mrs. Marie Sippe, 416 Miller St., Helena, Mont., says: "Three years ago my back grew weak and lame and I could not stoop without a sharp pain. It was just as bad when I tried to get up from a chair. I was languid and listless and had much pain and trouble with the kidney secretions. This was my state when I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me from the first and four boxes made a complete, lasting cure."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



POOR GEORGE!

Johnny—I'm glad I didn't live in the time when George Washington was a boy.

Father—Why not, my son? Johnny—Why, his dad didn't wear a plug hat for him to throw snowballs at.

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

The Spring Opening.

The dazzling creation of birds and wire in the millinery department was marked \$15.

The circle of shoppers gazed in envy but not one stirred.

Suddenly the clerk reversed the card and displayed the figures \$14.49.

Then there was a small riot. Shoppers fought like amazons to reach the counter.

"Ah," laughed the tall floorwalker, "those ladies remind me of olden knights."

"In what way?" asked the meek man who was waiting for his wife to emerge from the crush.

"Why, they fight at the drop of a hat."

And before the meek man could appreciate the point of the joke his wife came out minus a comb and two locks of hair.

How Her Life Was Saved When Bitten By a Large Snake.

How few people there are who are not afraid of snakes. Not long ago a harmless little garter snake fell on the wheel of an automobile which was being driven by a woman. The woman promptly fainted and the car, left to its own resources, ran into a stone wall and caused a serious accident.

The bite of a poisonous snake needs prompt attention. Mrs. K. M. Fishel, Route No. 1, Box 40, Dillsburg, Pa., tells how she saved her life when bitten by a large snake.

"On August 29, 1906, I was bitten on the hand twice by a large copper-head snake. Being a distance from any medical aid, as a last resort I used Sloan's Liniment, and to my astonishment found it killed all pain and was the means of saving my life. I am the mother of four children and am never without your Liniment."

Mother's Modest Demands.

Lawyers will take almost any case, and Chicago lawyers, it seems, will take anything. A Chicago woman put her son in a children's home there, and is now bringing suit because they cut off the boy's curls. "Every curl was worth \$1,000 to me," she says, "and they gave him a bath, too, against my wishes. He is a delicate child and bathing makes him sick. I haven't given him a bath since a year ago Christmas." She will ask \$15,000 because of the curls and bath.

Class Favoritism.

"The Indian appropriation bill puts an end to the relations of the five tribes," I notice," remarked Reeder, looking up from his paper.

"Humph!" growled Grump, whose wife's cousin is making a protracted visit at his home. "I wish we were Indians."—Kansas City Times.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

This is undoubtedly a dirty-looking old world to the man who is too lazy to clean his spectacles.

CHARIOTS OF FIRE

Elijah the Prophet Carried Into Heaven.

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1908, by the Author, W. S. Edson.)

Scripture Authority—2 Kings 2:1-11.

SERMONETTE.

If one were disposed to doubt the reality of the translation of Enoch concerning whom Scripture saith "that he walked with God and God took him," we have in this incident of the translation of Elijah undisputable evidence of the supernatural exodus of the prophet from this life to the life beyond, for Elisha was not only an eye witness to the glorious event, but the 50 strong men sent out by the sons of the prophets at Jericho searched carefully for three days and were unable to find the least trace of the missing prophet.

This incident offers clear and satisfactory evidence of three wonderful truths taught by God's word:

First, That heaven is a real place, more real and enduring than the earth upon which man lives and moves, for a body of flesh and blood such as Elijah took with him out of this life into the life beyond must occupy space and must have a realm in which to continue its life and activity.

Second, That this life does not end all but that beyond the span of the human life there is a glorified existence with God which is without end, for over 900 years after Elijah was caught up into heaven we find him coming with Moses to the mount of transfiguration there to talk with Jesus the Christ concerning the supreme sacrifice which he was to make for the sin of the world.

Third, That the resurrection of the body taught so positively by Scripture is to be literal. There are at least three in heaven to-day who have their glorified bodies, Enoch, Elijah and Jesus. Enoch and Elijah never tasted death nor passed through the grave, which was a miraculous exception to the natural processes of the human life. But in Jesus we find one who has gone down into the grave and has come up out of the grave, having the body of flesh and blood transformed and glorified for entrance to the realm of the blessed of God. And that it was the same body which he had had before death, only changed, was proven over and over again during those 40 days in which Jesus walked, and talked, and ate with his disciples.

Let us hold to these three precious truths. Let us in faith rejoice in their most blessed reality, and let us live as though we really believed that heaven is our home, that we are to live in God's presence eternally and that for that heavenly existence we are to have the changed and glorified bodies of this life.

THE STORY.

"BEYOND Jordan will I meet thee and take thee from earth to heaven."

Elijah started up and looked about to see from whence the voice came, and then as his spiritual perceptions asserted themselves and he realized the import of that voice, he sank back into his seat, and listened eagerly, every faculty quickened into nervous expectancy.

Again came the voice, repeating the message: "Beyond Jordan will I meet thee and take thee from earth to heaven."

Then all was still and to the startled prophet's ear there came no further word. As the tenseness of his faculties relaxed, he bowed his head and whispered: "It is the same voice which spoke to me on Mount Horeb."

"Beyond Jordan will I meet thee and take thee from earth to heaven," softly repeated Elijah, struggling to grasp the meaning of the words. At last after all the years of waiting since God had said that his mission should end and Elisha should be prophet in his room the final summons had come.

He was going to meet his God.

Nearly ten years had passed now since in discouragement and doubt and fear he had fled into the wilderness and then been led by God to the mount where God had spoken with him. Never for a moment since then had the consciousness left him of the immanence of God and of the uncertainty and temporality of his position as prophet in Israel. It was as though he had received notice of the termination of his mission and was only waiting for the final transfer of authority to the one who should become his successor. And so in such spirit of expectancy he had waited, while the faithful Elisha had followed him whithersoever he went and ministered unto him.

That day they had come to Gilgal and weary with the long journey

Elisha had fallen into a deep sleep, while Elijah, tired though he was, had felt no inclination to sleep. So, yielding to the spirit of meditation, he let memory have free rein and in rapid kaleidoscopic manner the stirring events of his life passed before him.

How wonderfully God had kept him and cared for him and used him. And yet, he thought, how little he had accomplished. How little impress he had made on the religious life of the nation. Oh, that they might know that his God was the true and only God! Oh, that righteousness and truth might prevail throughout the nation! What more was there that he could do to arouse the people to a realization of their condition and their need?

He had reached this point in his thought and reasoning and a great yearning for a revival of religion in the nation swept over him, when out of the darkness came the voice, and speaking the words with which our story opens.

"Beyond Jordan will I meet thee and take thee from earth to heaven."

He was going to meet his God. Just what that all meant he knew not. All he knew was that God had summoned him over the Jordan there to take his departure for heaven. Would it be with him as it was with Moses, God burying him in a lonely spot, or would he be caught up to be with God as was Enoch?

These questions came to him, and then he prayed:

"Oh Lord, that my going might be a blessing to Israel, let the people who know not thee and who doubt the realities of thy dwelling place known that thou dwellest in the heavens and that it is to thee to whom thy children go when the years of the earthly pilgrimage are ended."

As he ended his prayer there came a faint cry from the corner where Elisha lay on his couch and he turned to see his faithful follower and servant rise to his feet, suddenly exclaiming as he did so:

"My master! Oh, my master!" "I am here," spoke up Elijah. "What troubleth thee?" he added as he saw the agitated condition of Elisha.

"Ah, thou art still here," cried Elisha, in a relieved voice, coming hastily towards Elijah and clasping him in affectionate embrace, for the younger man had come to love the saintly man as a son might a father. "It must have been a vision," he continued, rubbing his hand over his eyes in a dazed sort of way, "and yet it was so real."

"And thy vision?" asked Elijah, after a silence.

"It was of thee," slowly spoke Elisha. "I thought I heard voices calling thee, and then it seemed as though a pathway of light opened up from above from the direction in which the voice had come, and when next I looked thou had gone, and the way by which thou had gone faded from my vision. But thou art still here," he exclaimed, earnestly. "But verily I believe that the Lord would take thee from me."

"Yea," softly replied the aged prophet, "this night he hath called me, and I am going."

A half sob escaped from the parted lips of Elisha, but he spoke no word. The occasion seemed too sacred for utterance from him. He would listen for the words which his beloved master, who was so soon to leave him, might speak. All through the remainder of that night he sat at his master's feet drinking in with feverish eagerness all that the latter felt moved to speak, and then when the first faint streaks of gray began to appear in the eastern sky Elijah arose and girded himself as though for a journey.

Without speaking a word, Elisha arose also, and did likewise, inwardly resolving as he did so that whither Elijah went he would go until God should take him.

"Tarry here," urged Elijah, as he took his staff in his hand and started towards the door. "For the Lord hath sent me to Bethel."

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

A glad light of loving appreciation shone in the face of the aged prophet, and the two went on together, and in the course of the day came to Bethel. As they drew near to the place they were surprised to see a company of the sons of the prophets coming to meet them. With a reverential awe they looked upon Elijah, and when they found opportunity they whispered in Elisha's ear:

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take thy master from thy head to-day?"

"How knowest thou this?" exclaimed Elisha, almost impatiently.

"The Lord showed us this in a vision last night," was the reply.

"Yea, and the Lord hath revealed it unto me," almost curtly replied Elisha. "Hold ye your peace."

And when Elijah would go on from Bethel to Jericho, he again urged Elisha to tarry, but he would not, but clung the more to him.

Ah, the intense eager yearning of that journey to Jericho and then across Jordan. Elijah should not go without leaving him the blessing he needed as prophet to Israel. And, with the vision of the chariot of fire and his cry as Elijah was parted from him, he knew that he had prevailed, and that the blessing was his.

It's the dishonorable parents as much as the irreverent children who break the fourth commandment.

When a man boasts of being the master of his appetites he is apt to be a martyr to them.

A DOUBLE MIX-UP

By Bailey Millard

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

A bright uprush of clean, white pigeon wings followed on the instant the bang of the barnyard gate.

"What do I think o' women ranch bosses?" was the wrathful flash of Zeke Stubbs, addressed to the flurrying birds. "I think they ought to keep to the kitchen an' not go to snoopin' aroun' sellin' growed-up men how to take the shoes off a horse. An' she a 19-year-old gal! Did she larn about horses' feet at that Salt Lake seminary? I'd like to know! If her maw and paw only was alive! Oh, don't take on, Zeke," said Uri Wiggin, coming around a corner of the barn. "May Windom got a few extra frills at the seminary, but she ain't spilled, not by a jug-full. An' she knows all about horses."

Uri was the hired man on the Windom ranch and Zeke was his helper.

"An' she ain't so dreadful stuck-up as you think," added Uri. "If she was she wouldn't be a-goin' out with the sheep."

"Goin' out with the sheep! Great snakes! Of all the ram-buttid ideas! An' all alone among them men? Guess you can count me out this time, I don't want no woman boss on the range. The idee! A woman sheep-herder!"

"She ain't a-goin' alone," said Uri. "How then?"

"Wal, you know Sandy Baffin's Gertie, that married Russ Bricker? She's a-goin' along, too. May's got Russ to look out fer things fer her, an' Gertie's a-goin' to do the cookin'. An' I'm a-goin' an' so are you—you can't get out of it."

"What does Russ Bricker know about sheep?" asked Zeke contemptuously. "Been a freighin' all his life."

"Oh, Russ won't have much ter say. Miss Windom's goin' to run the hull shootin' match herself."

"Great guns! They'll git sick 'nough o' women bosses!" snorted Zeke. "When does this here fool expedition start out?"

"Week from nex' Thursday. Snow'll be pooty well off'n the range by that time. We'll hit Sky-Medder about the fifth day out, if we have good luck. Trouble is the so danged many outfits that'll be headed that way, an' they may git in ahead. We don't dast start any sooner for that's the earliest anybody ever goes; but we'll be in luck if some range sneaks don't git in ahead of us."

Precisely this it was that worried Miss May Windom. Russ had told her that it would be a race for the Sky-Meadow country—the best range in the Wasatch mountains—and she was intensely eager to get in first with her band. She had been out on the range several times before her father died—once as long as a month. This time she wanted to stay the whole season. The seminary, with its stilted diction and its stiff rule of things generally, had irked her. She had gone there because it was her dead father's wish. Even now that it was all behind her, the seminary seemed to be clinging to her skirts. She wanted to get away to the mountains. She loved the wild life and she loved the sheep. Above all things she was eager to get to the range ahead of Lew Madden, who drove a large herd of his own shearing up that way every spring as soon as the season opened. Lew was objectionable to her in no other way than that he had tried to make himself particularly agreeable to her, with the result that she had sent him about his business. She could hardly have told why she had done this, for Lew was big and strong and looked finer in his saddle than any other man in Juab county. Probably she had refused him because he had taken her for granted. Being taken for granted was very odious to her.

"Sing hey for the range! The spring was in May Windom's blood when she set out mounted on Edget, her cowboy hat flapping in the wind that blew down from the cool uplands and her gray eyes alive with the thrill of the start. She rode beside the Brickers, while Uri and Zeke drove in the camp wagons for the first few tame miles along the lane from Zephi, the meek sheep trotting passively ahead.

By evening they were well up into the foothills, having forced the sheep forward at a very good pace.

Next morning Uri decided to take the trail over the ridge. While it was steep and rough it cut off about eight miles of the journey to the Sky-Meadow country and when they made camp that night Zeke decided Lew Madden was a good five miles behind.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" yelled Uri as May joined him. "The Madden outfit must a-never get in ahead o' us. See them smokes. He pointed to where two curling columns rose on the far side of the ridge. "We'll drive 'em to the top, hot-foot, an' then along up the hog-back to the meeder. They won't git in ahead o' us."

The spirit of the range was strong in May. Her blood mounted warmly, and her horse pressed sharply upon the sheep, while her voice rang loud and clear.

But when the rapidly moving mass of white backs scurried through the scrub pines near the top, not half a

mile away over the hill, she heard faint sounding "Coo-ees!" that were growing nearer and coming up the ridge.

"Madden's herders, for money!" she heard Uri yell. "But we'll git in ahead. They won't dast come much nearer—they won't risk a mix-up. They've got five thousand in that band, and if they run into our four thousand it would be the derndest mess in nine counties."

The "W's" were bounding up the slope and the advance line was all but topping the ridge.

Suddenly she heard a great rustling among the trees and brush on the west side of the ridge, opposite that on which the first great billow of "W's" was beginning to appear.

From below came whooping yells, the barking of dogs, wild bleats and a low roar as 20,000 little feet beat the ground and 5,000 little round heads were poked out from among the pines. A great wave of "M's" loomed for a moment from over the way, ready to rush in and become one with the billow of "W's" which had charged up the east side of the ridge just in time to meet it.

"Stop 'em! Stop 'em! Head 'em off! Can't you stop 'em!" was May's frantic appeal.

When she looked again the two great tides of sheep had met and mingled. The "W's" were scampering wildly about among the "M's," and the "M's" were threading through and through the "W's," so that, as it seemed, in one wild moment, the dreaded, the tragic, mix-up was as complete as the mix-up of a well-shuffled pack of cards.

Lew Madden rode over to where May stood leaning against a pine, cry-



By Evening They Were Well Up Into the Foot-Hills.

ing. The rest had all run up the ridge chasing the sheep toward the meadow. Lew got off his horse and was close to her before she saw him.

"Oh, it was mean of you," she declared, with wet cheeks and flaming eyes. "Mean, mean!"

"This mix-up?" he said, smiling softly. "Oh, I don't know. They can stay mixed for all I care. It's all right."

"Why, what makes you say that?" she cried, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. "We can't separate them until the end of the season. Unless," she added a little more hopefully, "we could rig up a corral and a foot-gate here somewhere. I wonder if we could?"

"But I don't want," said he. "It would take a month's work, and it isn't worth while anyway."

"Well," she said, with forced firmness. "I'll do it then."

"But you don't want to either."

"Why don't I want to?"

"Because you're going to marry me. Little Bopeep hasn't lost her sheep. They've just strayed in among her lover's. And they are going to stay there and never be separated. Come! I am yours and so are all my sheep!" He held out his arms to her. Never had she seemed so weak in the face of his presence. But she summoned the protesting word at last though it came out faintly.

"No!"

"Come!"

"I won't do it!"

He came nearer and put his great arms about her.

"You're taking me for granted after all. You're just as mean as—"

"No; I'm taking you for a dear, angelic little creature, who loves me very much."

"There you are! You said it! I'll not be taken for granted that way." She struggled to free herself.

"How will you be taken, then?"

"Not at all. You don't understand—you don't deserve—you're just as mean as—"

But he stopped her words with a kiss, and, after a little struggle her head nestled down upon his shoulder.

Uri, hunting for his mistress, espied her sitting on a rock beside Lew, and scrambled back to Zeke.

"There's another mix-up over there," he said, grinning and pointing toward the pines. "Guess them sheep'll all be a-wearin' 'M's' next season."

The Evolution of Household Remedies.

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, bitters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as pinks, which was aloe and quassa, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter bark. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old-time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Menonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Menonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

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