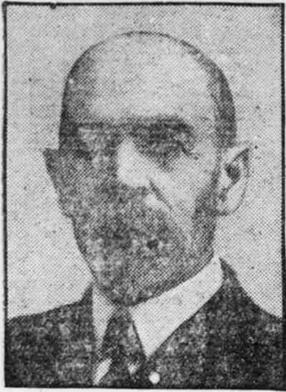


LIUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat —Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Fols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:

"Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna.

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack.

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."—C. W. Bowman.

Pe-ru-na Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why Peruna has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Lane's Tea" or

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it to day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

HAVE YOU COWS?

If you have cream to separate a good Cream Separator is the most profitable investment you can possibly make. Delay means daily waste of time, labor and product. DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS save \$10.00 per cow per year every year of use over all gravity setting systems and \$5.00 per cow over all imitating separators. They received the Grand Prize or Highest Award at St. Louis.

Buying trashy cash-in-advance separators is penny wise, dollar foolish. Such machines quickly lose their cost instead of saving it.

If you haven't the ready cash DE LAVAL machines may be bought on such liberal terms that they actually pay for themselves.

Send today for new catalogue and name of nearest local agent.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
Randolph & Canal Sts. 74 Cortlandt Street
CHICAGO NEW YORK

\$100 Weekly Easily Made

Writing health and accident insurance; experience unnecessary. Write Bankers' Accident Co., Des Moines, Ia.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

Modern Hunting.

In shooting, as in other sports, thorough luxuriousness is now regarded by modern shooters as a prime necessity of enjoyment. They have their loading done for them, their birds are driven to them and in greatly increased numbers, their luncheon hours are devoted to the best in many courses of food and wine and they get home by motor as quickly as possible after shooting is over.—London Country Gentleman.

First Trade in the World.

Two blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening, and quoted from Genesis: "Adam was put into the Garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." "Ay, John," retorted the other, "but had stood up for his own trade, 'who had made the spades?'"

Produces Most Mica.

India is the leading producer of mica and supplies about one-half the world's requirements.—London Engineer.

Some fellows seem to think they are not being well treated unless they are being treated every ten minutes.

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER
Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Anita," etc.
Copyright, 1905, by Morris C. Butler.

CHAPTER I.

Jim Denver, the Detective, and His Great Scheme.

"I believe this is Louis Lang?"

"It is."

"Well, how are you to-day?"

"Oh, fairly well," replied the young man addressed as Lang. He was sitting before a small table in one of the secluded corners of a high-class saloon on Clark street, Chicago.

When first accosted, the youth looked up quite surprised at being spoken to, and saw a very gentlemanly-looking personage standing before him. "You certainly have the advantage of me," he replied, cautiously, eyeing his interrogator enquiringly. "Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

The gentleman smiled, and drew up a chair beside the youth. "I am Jim Denver, lately from New York," he replied somewhat harshly, then in an undertone he added abruptly, "who once arrested you on suspicion of having committed a murder!"

It was a cruel stab, and Lang was flustered for a moment, an angry flush spreading over his face. A shudder seemed to pass through his frame, that passing, he composed himself almost immediately. "Well, what's your 'lay' now?" he inquired.

"Still have hard feelings against me, I see," said the detective, as if surprised at the bitter tone of the youth.

"I have no love for you, certainly—and as far as that goes, no grudge against you, either," answered Lang. "The arrest was made in the line of your duty—but I was innocent! You can bet that you will have no further cause to 'take' me!" The subject was very painful to Lang. He fidgeted around in his chair as if sitting on a red-hot gridiron.

"Keep on in the way you are go-

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Haven't the least idea in the world."

"Are you open to a business proposition?"

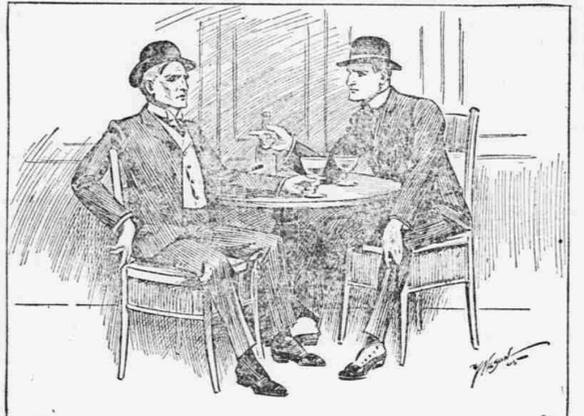
"I most certainly am."

The detective arose. "Now that we have a foundation to work on, I think that I can interest you. Let us retire to a private room where we will not be disturbed."

"Very well."

Jim Denver was a noted New York detective. Recently, while engaged in hunting down a noted forger, he had been brought to Chicago where the case ended. Becoming interested in the windy city, and realizing the possibilities there for more rapid advancement than he had enjoyed in his home city under municipal employment; attached himself to the staff of one of the leading private detective agencies, and settled down to private business. Five years before, when in New York, he had arrested Lang on suspicion of having committed murder. He had been attracted to the young man since meeting him in Chicago, and imagined that he could use him to good advantage, the stain upon the youth's name being more of a desirable quality than hindrance in the case he had in view.

Louis Lang is about twenty-five years of age. A broad-chested, medium built German-American; fair of face and features, save where the marks of dissipation had begun to show upon him. A few years before, while in a saloon carousing with a number of his associates, he became involved in a drunken brawl. In the melee one of the participants was killed, and Lang had been arrested for the crime. At the trial, Lang admitted the possibility of his having killed the man; if he had, it was in self-defense. It was proven that the mur-



"I have a scheme to rob a colony of thieves of over a million dollars in gold."

dered man had first drawn a knife upon Lang. Lang in his defense claimed to only have wrested the knife away from his antagonist. He might have accidentally wounded the man, but was sure he had not struck a blow which would have caused death.

Lang's early association with the rougher and tougher element of New York society, made it extremely hard for him to prove the correctness of his assertion; but after a year of incarceration in the Tombs, with the liberal spending of his brother's and his father's fortunes, he was liberated by a jury, who brought in the old Scotch verdict of "Discharged for lack of evidence to convict." This was not a vindication, and the stain on his reputation remained. Being unable to face the ordeal of taunts and sneers which met him on every hand, the only thing left him to do was to leave the scenes of his early youth, and amid strange surroundings, attempt to live down his ignominious past. By a strange course of circumstances very recently he had been enabled to prove his entire innocence, by discovering the true murderer.

"Your vindication was a pretty shrewd piece of detective work," said Denver, as he took his seat before a table in the little private room allotted to their use. "I think you are the right kind of a man to make a good detective of."

"If there is anything that I can do to aid you, you can depend on me," earnestly replied Louis.

"You would have no fear, then of losing your life?"

"Not if the object to be gained was worth the risk. I think I would be willing to attempt almost any desperate scheme to prove my worth to the world. But, of course, you do not expect me to promise to do something blindly—to run into danger without fully realizing of what the danger consists?"

By way of answer, Denver replied: "Suppose a million dollars was the reward—what would you do for a million?"

"Anything!" exclaimed the young man. "Anything save to kill a man in cold blood! I draw the line there! No amount of money could tempt me to have the blood of an innocent man on my hands!"

"You would have no conscientious scruples against retaining any valuable plunder recovered from a thief, providing you did not know the owner?"

"Not at all. But why all these queries?" the young man rather im-

patiently asked. "If you are not sure of me, why do you approach me on a subject of such vital importance?"

"I am getting at it," the detective replied calmly. He arose from his seat, making sure that no one was listening at the door, then he leaned over the table and looked his companion in the eye:

"I have a scheme to rob a colony of thieves of over a million dollars in gold!" he finally said.

CHAPTER II.

The Theory of the Convict Country.

"A colony of thieves?" questioned Lang.

"Yes! A colony of thieves!" said the detective. "No doubt you have often wondered where all of our rich defaulters and criminals go to in order to keep from falling into the hands of the law?"

"It is commonly supposed that they take up their residence in Canada or other foreign countries."

"I have every reason to believe that there exists a colony composed of 'escaped' or 'wanted' criminals—not in Canada, but right here in this free and enlightened republic! More than one have hinted at the possibility of the existence of such a place, and it seems to me more than reasonable. How else can we account for the many complete disappearances of such men as Snell's murderer (with \$50,000 on his head) and the mutilator of Amelia Olsen? I would not be surprised if it could be proven that they there rest secure from the law they have outraged. Bombthrowers, murderers, thieves—these are the colonists."

"A select gathering," said Lang. "And you imagine, because these gentry cannot be traced to Canada or Mexico, that they have formed a colony in some secluded part of the United States. Barring the lions of the law in their dens, as it were."

"That's my idea exactly. And the thing which is most to my liking," exclaimed Denver, "is the fact that these colonists must have a world of gold money in their possession!"

"Where did you get your idea?"

"From a dying criminal, who confessed to having a knowledge of such a place, though he could not tell me where it was located. It was described as a barricaded town. For a certain sum of money prisoners or accused persons are assisted to escape from custody, and taken to this place to live. The sum demanded as an admission fee is so large that none but criminals of renown and wealth become 'colonists,' and as they can hardly have use for money in a place undoubtedly supported by co-operative effort, I estimate that they must have accumulated about this sum of money. Even if this is not so, a vast fortune could be made by capturing or killing ten or twenty of those rascals for whom extra large rewards are offered, Tascott, for instance, and the abductor of young Cudahy, there's a hundred thousand dollars right there for some brave man to pick up. I want you to help me discover this place."

"These 'colonists' must have a powerful clique on the outside—agents in every city of importance in the United States," said Lang, "to recruit the colony in the way described by you."

(To be continued.)

Sereno Payne's Snore.

Representative Sereno E. Payne, the Republican floor leader in the House, has claims to fame which are not mentioned in any of his official biographies. According to those of his colleagues who have accompanied him on sundry junkets to funerals, foreign lands in search of Congressional information and even on campaign trips, he can snore longer and louder than any man in the United States. Nor is Mr. Payne at all bashful of his accomplishment, nor sensitive when his talents in this direction are exploited. He takes the pokes in good part and now he never interferes with the plans of his colleagues when they seek to find him isolated in the sleepers or on shipboard. Mr. Payne gets annually several hundred cures for the malady of snoring. He has nostrums sent to him which are warranted to cure after one trial. Most of the gifts come from members of Congress who have spent sleepless nights as Mr. Payne's traveling companions.

An "Ade" to Digestion.

Among the many attempts to play upon George Ade's surname, the one here given is, perhaps, one of the best. A man from northern Wisconsin, who met the humorist some time ago, told him how his writings had made existence more tolerable for him in lonely country home.

"I was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia," said he, "but I read that laughing was helpful to the digestive organs, so when I went to the city next time, I stepped into a book store and told them I wanted something 'smoozin'." They give me some of your books, and after meals I had my old woman read to me from 'em. And say, it don't make no difference how much they criticize your books, you're an aid to digestion, anyway."—Success Magazine.

Uncertainty of Life.

"Young man," said the clerical looking passenger, addressing the beardless individual across the aisle, "do you ever consider when you lie down at night that you may never see the sun rise again?"

"No," replied the party at whom the query had been fired, "I can't say that I do; but every morning when I wake up I realize that I may not live to see another sunset."

"You do?" queried the surprised c. l. p.

"I do," answered the young man. "You see, I'm a baseball umpire."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TRAIN STRIKES DYNAMITE

Western Express on Pennsylvania Runs Into Two Cars of Explosive.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—An express train on the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a freight train in which there were two cars loaded with dynamite, at 1:10 o'clock Thursday morning in South Harrisburg, near the plant of the Paxtang Light, Heat and Power company.

Three terrific explosions that broke windows all over the city followed and the two trains were completely wrecked and took fire. It was estimated at 3 o'clock that fifty persons were killed and 100 injured, though these figures may be too small.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of fatalities because the wreckage is still ablaze and unapproachable, in which many of the passengers and some members of the train crews are pinned, and many small explosions occurred continually.

Immediately after the wreck all the passengers who could do so ran from the scenes of horror to safety from the incessant small explosions. The agonizing cries of the unfortunates were heartrending.

With practically no clothing many women and children from the train were compelled to wander about the fields, as there are few houses in the immediate vicinity of the wreck.

The train was the second section of No. 19. There were 169 passengers in the train and the latest estimate is that fifty were killed. The hospital is crowded to the doors and the hotels are being opened for the care of the injured. It may be necessary for the authorities to seize one of the hotels and turn it into a temporary hospital.

LATER—Twenty persons are known to be dead and more than 100 others were injured in the railroad wreck and dynamite explosion which occurred yesterday on the Pennsylvania railroad in the southern part of this city. That not more persons were killed is considered remarkable by the Pennsylvania officials, as a box car full of dynamite exploded directly at the middle of the heavy express train.

The train carried a number of prominent persons and most of them escaped with only slight injuries. The wrecked train was the second section of the Cleveland and Cincinnati express, leaving Philadelphia at 11:05 Wednesday night. It consisted of a combination baggage and smoking car, one day coach and six sleepers.

The scene of the wreck was visited by probably more than 50,000 persons. There were at least 5,000 persons constantly at the place. They came from all towns within fifty miles.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—Two more victims of the wreck of the Cleveland and Cincinnati express on the Pennsylvania railroad at South Harrisburg Friday, are dead, bringing the total number of victims to twenty-two. Two others are in a critical condition. Sixteen of the dead have been identified. The bodies of the others are so horribly charred and burned that it is doubtful if they will ever be positively identified.

AMERICANS LOSE SEVENTEEN.

Fierce Fighting Reported on the Island of Jolo.

MANILA—Fierce fighting has been going on the past two weeks on the island of Jolo between the outlaw Moro chief, Pala, with 600 well-armed followers, and troops under the personal command of Major General Leonard Wood. Pala's forces lost 400 killed, while the losses of General Wood are seven killed and nineteen wounded. Pala and his remaining followers, in accordance with Moro tradition, prefer death to capture.

General Wood, with detachments from the Fourteenth cavalry, the Seventeenth, the Twenty-second, the Twenty-third infantries and the constabulary scouts, have chased Pala and his followers into a swamp, which is surrounded. Pala was a noted slave trader and warrior when the Americans occupied the island. Later he escaped with his followers to the island of Pula Sekar, near Borneo. One of Pala's leaders deserted and took refuge in the British settlement at Lahad. Pala larded with a following and demanded of the British magistrate that he turn the deserter over to him.

NEW YORK WANTS FARMERS

State Agricultural Department Will Endeavor to Get Them.

ALBANY, N. Y.—With the view of attracting to this state desirable immigrant farmers and farm laborers, the State Department of Agriculture is preparing to collect and disseminate information of the farm and dairy advantages which New York state offers. One of the several handicaps with which the farmers of this state have to contend is the scarcity of farm laborers.

For many years the State Agricultural department has observed that foreign farm hands and small farmers seldom settle in the east, but travel straight through to the west.

Speck Can't Go to Boat Race.

WASHINGTON—Important engagements will prevent Baron Speck von Sternberg, the German ambassador, from going to New York next Tuesday to witness the start of the Atlantic race for the emperor's cup. He will be represented by his counsellor and first secretary, Baron von Dem Bische-Haddenhausen, who left Washington Sunday night, accompanied by Second Secretary Robert Scheller-Steinwartz and Otto von Etzel, the military attaché. Commander Hans-Georg Hebbenas is now in New York.

Somebody Says That—

When a woman asks a number of questions she is possessed of idle curiosity. When a man asks a number he is animated by a keen desire to improve his mind and enlarge his sphere of knowledge. That is just another one of the little differences between the sexes which ought to show a woman the utter impossibility of ever hoping to attain equality with man.

All the Letters in a Sentence.

All the letters of the alphabet are contained in the sentence: "John P. Grady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size." Temperance typewriters will, of course, prefer it to the old standby: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." If neither suits they can try: "The quick, brown dog jumps over the lazy fox."

Elephant Turned the Tables.

Sir Frederick Saunders and a friend were out elephant shooting in Ceylon, when the friend, being surprised by his quarry, dropped his rifle and made for a tree. The elephant, being wounded, seized the abandoned weapon in a transport of rage. The rifle went off and shot its owner in the ankle.

Were Good for Both.

Paulding, Miss., May 15th.—(Special)—In this neighborhood men and women alike are telling of the great benefit they have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills and it frequently happens they are the means of curing members of both sexes in the same family. Take the case of Mr. and Mrs. F. Erly. The latter voices the sentiment of both when she says:

"My lips cannot express too much praise for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I suffered with Backache and Female weakness for four or five years and I feel that I have been wonderfully helped by Dodd's Kidney Pills. My husband, too, was a sufferer for five years from a weak bladder and they also cured him."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys. Healthy kidneys mean pure blood and good health all over the body. No woman with healthy kidneys ever had female weakness.

Plea for Light in Houses.

Another mistake is to have too little light. Why darkness and gloom should be sought in any portion of a house where people must live, has always been to be an unsolved problem. Mysterious corners are in order in a cobwebbed attic or an underground cellar, but they are seriously out of place in a pleasant room into which visitors are ushered, and which is supposed to be a rallying spot for the family.—Exchange.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOR.

Lady Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura—Scratched Day and Night.

"My scalp was covered with little pimples and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. Now my head is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since, and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 309 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J."

Many Towns Named Washington.

Almost every state has a Washington. Washington, Ky., is one of the oldest towns in the state and almost contemporaneous with Washington, D. C. Its old court house was erected in 1794.

Private Car Lines.

The railroads seem very willing to have the private car lines brought under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A railroad president is authority for the statement that lines are paid mileage, without discrimination, and the question of excessive charges is a matter for the shipper to settle with the car lines, so long as there is no law to govern their rates. Car mileage paying has been decided to be as legal as the payment of rental for property.

If a man has no dust his name is usually mud.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. The cause of deafness is caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A woman's cleverness seldom extends to her heart.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At All Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Friendship's funeral-baked meats are cold shoulders.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

English Idea of Humor.

When two well-to-do English men or women laugh, it is obvious that a misfortune has happened to a third.