

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration. If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

ADDED 'EM UP.



Hix—You said your gun would shoot 900 yards.
Dix—I know I did.
Hix—It's marked to shoot only 450 yards.
Dix—I know, but there are two barrels.

Order of Independents.

Larry O'Neil had no love of discipline save as he administered it. When he decided to "jine the prade," he breathed defiance with every order issued by the military leader. "Here, you! Look out for yer feet!" muttered the man next him. "Keep shtep, can't you?" "Get along wid yer sheeps" said Larry, turning on him. "I've a shtep o' me own, an' I'll take it or lave the prade to get on widout me."—Youth's Companion.

Sooner or later most of us get what we deserve.

A HIT

What She Gained by Trying Again.

A failure at first makes us esteem final success.

A family in Minnesota that now enjoys Postum would never have known how good it is if the mother had been discouraged by the failure of her first attempt to prepare it. Her son tells the story:

"We had never used Postum till last spring when father brought home a package one evening just to try it. We had heard from our neighbors, and in fact every one who used it, how well they liked it.

"Well, the next morning Mother brewed it about five minutes, just as she had been in the habit of doing with coffee without paying special attention to the directions printed on the package. It looked weak and didn't have a very promising color, but nevertheless father raised his cup with an air of expectancy. It certainly did give him a great surprise, but I'm afraid it wasn't a very pleasant one, for he put down his cup with a look of disgust.

Mother wasn't discouraged though, and next morning gave it another trial, letting it stand on the stove till boiling began and then letting it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, and this time we were all so pleased with it that we have used it ever since.

"Father was a confirmed dyspeptic and a cup of coffee was to him like poison. So he never drinks it any more, but drinks Postum regularly. He isn't troubled with dyspepsia now and is actually growing fat, and I'm sure Postum is the cause of it. All the children are allowed to drink it. They are perfect pictures of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border platoon, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The trail, continually skirting the high bluff and bearing farther away from the river, turned sharply into a narrow ravine. There was a considerable break in the rocky barrier here, leading back for perhaps a hundred yards, and the plainsman turned his horse that way, dismounting when out of sight among the boulders. He could rest here until night with little danger of discovery. He lay down on the rocks, pillowing his head on the saddle, but his brain was too active to permit sleeping. Finally he drew the letters from out his pocket, and began examining them. They yielded very little information, those taken from the older man having no envelopes to show to whom they had been addressed. The single document found in the pocket of the other was a memorandum of account at the Pioneer Store at Topeka, charged to John Sibley, and marked paid. This then must have been the younger man's name, as the letters to the other began occasionally "Dear Will."

They were missives such as a wife might write to a husband long absent, yet upon a mission of deep interest to both. Keith could not fully determine what this mission might be, as the persons evidently understood each other so thoroughly that mere allusion took the place of detail. Twice the name Phyllis was mentioned, and once a "Fred" was also referred to, but in neither instance clearly enough to reveal the relationship, although the latter appeared to be pleaded for. Certain references caused the belief that these letters had been mailed from some small Missouri town, but no name was mentioned. They were invariably signed "Mary." The only other paper Keith discovered was a brief itinerary of the Santa Fe trail extending as far west as the Raton Mountains, giving the usual camping spots and places where water was accessible. He slipped the papers back into his pocket with a distinct feeling of disappointment, and lay back staring up at the little strip of blue sky. The silence was profound, even his horse standing motionless, and finally he fell asleep.

The sun had disappeared, and even the gray of twilight was fading out of the sky, when Keith returned again to consciousness, aroused by his horse rolling on the soft turf. He awoke thoroughly refreshed, and eager to get away on his long night's ride. A cold lunch, hastily eaten, for a fire would have been dangerous, and he saddled up and was off, trotting out of the narrow ravine and into the broad trail, which could be followed without difficulty under the dull gleam of the stars. Horse and rider were soon at their best, the animal swinging unurged into the long, easy lope of prairie travel, the fresh air fanning the man's face as he leaned forward. Once they halted to drink from a narrow stream, and then pushed on, hour after hour, through the deserted night. Keith had little fear of Indian raiders in that darkness, and every stride of his horse brought him closer to the settlements and further removed from danger. Yet eyes and ears were alert to every shadow and sound. Once, it must have been after midnight, he drew his pony sharply back into a rock shadow at the noise of something approaching from the east. The stage to Santa Fe rattled past, the four mules trotting swiftly, a squad of troopers riding hard behind. It was merely a lumpy shadow sweeping swiftly past; he could perceive the dim outlines of driver and guard, the soldiers swaying in their saddles, heard the pounding of hoofs, the creak of axles, and then the apparition disappeared into the black void. He had not called off—what was the use? Those people would never pause to hunt down prairie outlaws, and their guard was sufficient to prevent attack. They acknowledged but one duty—to get the mail through on time.

The dust of their passing still in the air, Keith rode on, the noise dying away in his rear. As the hours passed, his horse wearied and had to be spurred into the swifter stride, but the man seemed tireless. The sun was an hour high when they climbed the long hill, and loped into Carson City. The cantonment was to the right, but Keith, having no report to make, rode directly ahead down the one livery street to a livery corral, leaving his horse there, and sought the nearest restaurant.

Exhausted by a night of high play and deep drinking, the border town was sleeping off its debauch, saloons and gambling dens silent, the streets almost deserted. To Keith, whose former acquaintance with the place had



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"Are You Goin' to Raise a Row, or Come Along Quietly?"

been entire; after nightfall, the view of it now was almost a shock—the miserable shacks, the gaudy saloon fronts, the littered streets, the dingy, unpainted hotel, the dirty flap of canvas, the unoccupied road, the dull prairie sweeping away to the horizon, all composed a hideous picture beneath the sun glare. He could scarcely find a man to attend his horse, and at the restaurant a drowsy Chinaman had to be shaken awake, and frightened into serving him. He sat down to the miserable meal oppressed with disgust—never before had his life seemed so mean, useless, utterly without excuse.

He possessed the appetite of the open, of the normal man in perfect physical health, and he ate heartily, his eyes wandering out of the open window down the long, dismal street. A drunken man lay in front of the "Red Light" saloon sleeping undisturbed; two cur dogs were snarling at each other just beyond over a bone; a movers' wagon was slowly coming in across the open through a cloud of yellow dust. That was all within the radius of vision. For the first time in years the East called him—the old life of cleanliness and respectability. He swore to himself as he tossed the Chinaman pay for his breakfast, and strode out onto the steps. Two men were coming up the street together from the opposite direction—one lean, dark-skinned, with black goatee, the other heavily set with closely trimmed gray beard. Keith knew the latter, and waited, leaning against the door, one hand on his hip.

"Hullo, Bob," he said genially; "they must have routed you out pretty early today."

"They shore did, Jack," was the response. He came up the steps somewhat heavily, his companion stopping below. "The boys raise hell all night, an' then come ter me ter straighten it out in the mawnin'. When did ye git in?"

"An hour ago; had to wake the 'chink' up to get any chuck. Town looks dead."

"Tain't over lively at this time o' day," permitting his blue eyes to wander up the silent street, but instantly bringing them back to Keith's face, "but I reckon it'll wake up later on."

He stood squarely on both feet, and one hand rested on the butt of a revolver. Keith noticed this, wondering vaguely.

"I reckon yer know, Jack, as how I generally git what I goes after," said the slow, drawing voice, "an' that I draw 'bout as quick as any o' the boys. They tell me ye're a gun-fighter, but it won't do ye no good ter make a play yere, fer one o' us is sure to git yer—do yer sabe?"

"Get me?" Keith's voice and face expressed astonishment, but not a muscle of his body moved. "What do you mean, Bob—are you fellows after me?"

"Sure thing; got the warrant here," and he tapped the breast of his shirt with his left hand.

The color mounted into the cheeks of the other, his lips grew set and white, and his gray eyes darkened. "Let it all out, Marshal," he said sternly, "you've got me roped and tied. Now what's the charge?"

Neither man moved, but the one below swung about so as to face them, one hand thrust out of sight beneath the tail of his long coat.

"Make him throw up his hands, Bob," he said sharply.

"Oh, I reckon that ain't goin' ter be no trouble," returned the marshal genially, yet with no relaxation of attention. "Keith knows me, an' expects a fair deal. Still, maybe I better ask yer to unhitch yer belt, Jack."

A moment Keith seemed to hesitate, plainly puzzled by the situation and endeavoring to see some way of escape; then his lips smiled, and he silently unhooked the belt, handing it over.

"Sure, I know you're square, Hicks," he said, coolly. "And now I've unlimbered, kindly inform me what this is all about."

"I reckon yer don't know."

"No more than an unborn babe. I have been here but an hour."

"That's it: if yer had been longer thar wouldn't be no trouble. Ye're wanted for killin' a couple o' men out at Cimmaron Crossin' early yesterday mornin'."

Keith stared at him too completely astounded for the instant to even speak. Then he gasped.

"For God's sake, Hicks, do you believe that?"

"I'm damned if I know," returned the marshal, doubtfully. "Don't seem like ye'd do it, but the evidence is straight 'nough, an' thar ain't nothin' fer me ter do but take ye in. I ain't no judge an' jury."

"No, but you ought to have ordinary sense, an' you've known me for three years."

"Sure I have, Jack, but if ye've gone wrong, you won't be the first good man I've seen do it. Anyhow, the evidence is dead agin you, an' I'd arrest my own grand-dad if they give me a warrant agin him."

"What evidence is there?"

"Five men swear they saw ye haulin' the bodies about, and lootin' the pockets."

from the steady gaze of the marshal, who had half drawn his gun fearing resistance, to the man at the bottom of the steps. Suddenly it dawned upon him where he had seen that dark-skinned face, with the black goatee, before—at the faro table of the "Red Light." He gripped his hands together, instantly connecting that sneering, sinister face with the plot.

"Who swore out that warrant?"

"I did, if you need to know," a sarcastic smile revealing a gleam of white teeth, "on the affidavit of others, friends of mine."

"Who are you?"

"I'm mostly called 'Black Bart.'" That was it; he had the name now—"Black Bart." He straightened up so quickly, his eyes blazing, that the marshal jerked his gun clear.

"See here, Jack," shortly, "are yer goin' to raise a row, or come along quiet?"

As though the words had aroused him from a bad dream, Keith turned to front the stern, bearded face.

"There'll be no row, Bob," he said, quietly. "I'll go with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JEW IN PLACE OF POWER

As Governor of Egypt, Sir Matthew Nathan Would Occupy Position Once Held by Joseph.

Should Sir Matthew Nathan, former governor of Natal, be appointed to succeed Sid Eldon Gorst as governor of Egypt, history will have taken one of those curious turns that set agog the discerners of signs and omens, for this appointment that is pending would place in supreme administrative control of Egypt the successor to Joseph of his race in the administration of a country that in the time of Pharaoh, who befriended Joseph, was the granary of the world, and in these later days is becoming one of the most significant countries of modern times.

Those who con the sacred scriptures for cues for the turns history may make will seize upon this incident as fulfilling one or another prediction or fancied prediction of the past, and much may be built upon it. In fact, it will be but a coincidence, but one of unusual interest, however. The practical import will be that Sir Matthew Nathan is reckoned a fine administrator and worthy of all honor.

An incentive.

"Now, my boy," said the head of the firm, "if you will attend strictly to your duties I will do something fine for you. I want you to always ask, when you answer the telephone, who it is before you let it be known whether I am here or not, and always be careful, when the people come here, to find out who they are and what they want before you come into the private office to learn whether I wish to see them or not."

"Yes, sir," replied the new office boy. "I understand. I had to do that where I worked before."

"Very well. See that you make no mistakes, and, as I have said, I will do something nice for you."

"What are you goin' to do for me if I give satisfaction—raise me wages?"

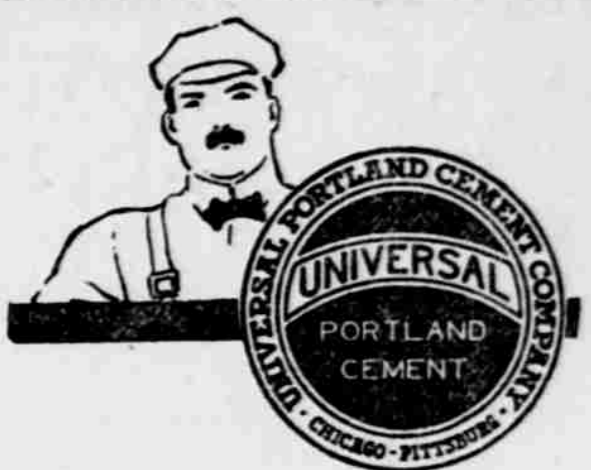
"Well, I can't promise that, exactly, but I'll bring you the score cards of the ball games and let you make an album of them if you tend to bustiness properly. I never miss a game."

Universal Race Congress.

In the official call for the first universal race congress, suggested by Prof. Felix Adler, at Eisenach, in July, 1905, the president, Lord Weardale, says: "Great is the historic pride of London. Great also are its manifold tragedies of squalor and poverty. This varied story will be distinguished in the summer of 1911 (July 26-29), by an episode both brilliant and unexampled. In London will assemble mankind in council. Representatives of all human groups will come from the four quarters, and lands that know the Pole star and regions that lie under the southern cross will meet each other in friendly intercourse, in the First Universal Race congress. The official congress languages will be English, German, Italian and French, though an oriental tongue may now and then announce the soul of Asia."

No Dust, No Light.

Diffusion of light through the atmosphere is due to thousands of millions of dust-atoms floating in it. The finest dust floats highest, and imparts the tint of blue to the heavens. Were it not for dust the sky by day would appear black, and the moon and stars would be visible. All shadows would then be inky black. Everything would appear differently. It is not "the light" we see, but simply reflections caused by notes of dust, as when a ray of sunlight enters a dark room through a hole in the shutters. Millions of dust particles catch the light, reflecting it back and forth from one another, so making the atmosphere luminous.



Cement Talk No. 6

Repairs are the bane of the property owner. Today it is new porch steps, tomorrow it will be a new sidewalk, soon it will be a well curb. Why not cut out bothersome patching? Why not build those things once and for all, using concrete? It will stand the frost, rain and sun for years, if you make it carefully. Use clean, coarse sand, well graded gravel or crushed stone and UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT and stop that repair nuisance. The best dealers sell UNIVERSAL and are proud of its record of successful work. Ask them for helpful leaflets and prices or write us.

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Sioux City Directory

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Floral emblems and cut flowers for all occasions. SIOUX CITY, IOWA

LOT WAS IMPROVED.



Fred—I love you a whole lot. Tess—Frank told me yesterday that he loved me a whole house and lot.

Lingering. "Did you have a trial before you hanged that horse thief?" "We sure did," replied Plute Pete. "He was a mighty bad man, and we wanted to give him all the unpleasant suspense possible."

A mule seldom kicks without cause, but a man is different.

A woman isn't self-made just because she makes her own complexion.

The Flavour of Post Toasties

Is so distinctly pleasing that it has won the liking of both young and old who never before cared much for cereal food of any kind. Served direct from the package—crisp and fresh, and—

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.