

**SECRET OF PASTORS' SUCCESS**

Writer Is of Opinion That Proper Manner Has Much to Do With the Matter.

The reason why a good many ministers of fair ability are out of a job is because they do not want to visit, because they are looking for a church that will fit their own notions rather than trying to fit themselves to the needs of a church. It is true that a good many men do not know how to call, they do not know how to behave when they get into a house, they do not like it and will shirk it every chance they get. Yet calling is the secret of success in almost every parish today—not the same kind of calling in all places, but some kind in every place—and if our seminaries had wisdom they would fit their students to do their work in the best way, in the only way in which it can be done in the country at least. Give one year to sermon-making and three years to making gentlemen in the truest sense of that word. Thus send out men who can adapt themselves to the needs of the place where they are called, and can thus serve human souls, who, being as they are, want to be better. The problem of the country church is to be solved by the pastor rather than the preacher.—University Leader.

**Suburban Sobriquets.**

Everybody else had lived in the summer colony long enough to name his home for whatever tree or shrub grew most abundantly in the front or back yard. Up and down the road were cottages labeled the Elms, the Wisteria, the Lilacs, and so on through the horticultural guide book. The newcomer had no name for her house, but after studying the tactics for a week she took a survey of the premises and thenceforward dated her correspondence the Rhubarbs.

**Not All Smoked.**

L. White Busbey, secretary to former Speaker Cannon, was explaining that the speaker did not smoke so much as people thought he did. "My understanding," suggested one of the party, "is that he gets away with about 20 cigars a day." "Oh, well," said Busbey, "but he eats half of 'em."—Sunday Magazine.

**TOMMY MURPHY,**

The great horseman who is winning most of the big races for fast trotters with that farm horse, "R. T. C.," record 2:28 1/4 says: "SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE is the best remedy for all forms of Distemper and cough I have ever known. I have used it a number of years." All druggists or send to manufacturers, 50c and \$1 a bottle. Spohn Medical Co., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

**Ready for It.**

"Young man, have you made any preparations for the rainy day?" "Oh, yes," replied the son of the prominent millionaire. "In addition to my roadster, I have a corking good limousine that will easily hold six girls."

**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. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Few of us can do more than one thing well. Many a man who has no difficulty in making money is a dismal failure as a spender.

The Pure Food Law stopped the sale of hundreds of fraudulent medicines. They could not stand investigation. Hamlin's Wizard Oil has stood the test of investigation for nearly sixty years.

When a woman calls for her husband to "come here a minute," he knows she has a two hours' job for him.

**HERE'S THE LIGHT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!**

**LOOKING FOR A KEROSENE LAMP BURNER** that will make your home light, bright and cheerful. Gives a large, clear, white flame, smokeless and odorless. There's no longer any reason for using dim, smoky, unsatisfactory lamps in your home or place of business. No reason for groping in the dark in your barn, nor driving in pitch darkness from town, nor our Lantern Burner lights the highway like a search light. Sizes No. 1 and No. 2 Lamp Burners and No. 3 Lantern Burners. Price \$1c each, by mail, postage prepaid. Write for them today. Give your name and address plainly. **AGENTS WANTED** NATIONAL LIGHT CO. No. 8 The Scottwood, Toledo, O.

If afflicted with **Thompson's Eye Water** (save eyes, use)

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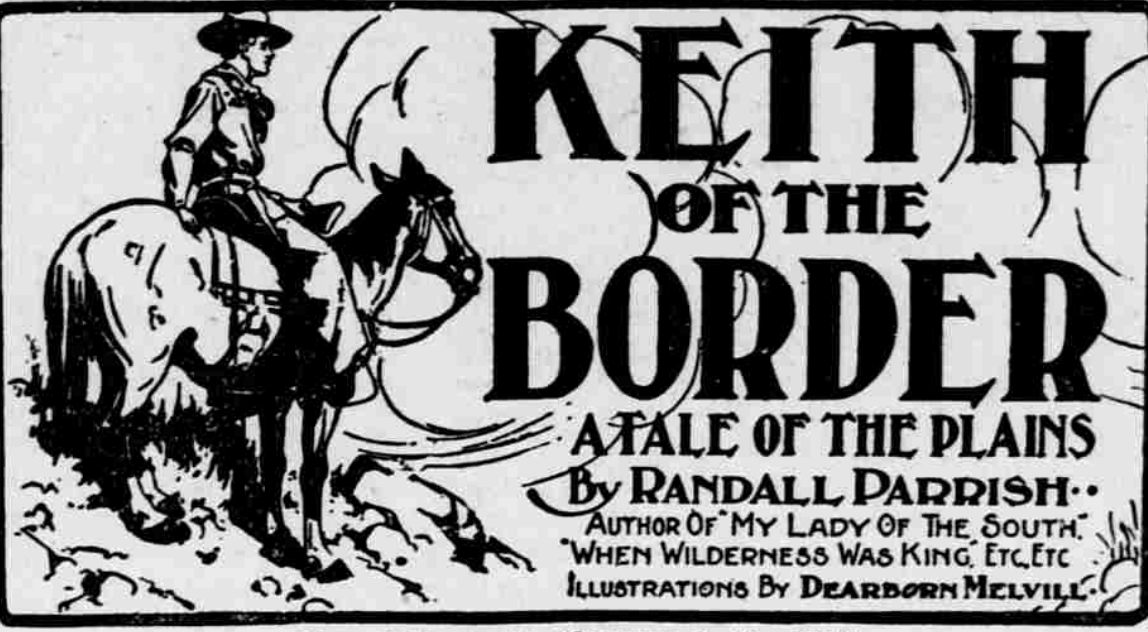
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**SYNOPSIS.**

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, 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. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart.

**CHAPTER IV.**

**An Old Acquaintance.**

The Carson City lock-up was an improvised affair, although a decidedly popular resort. It was originally a two-room cabin with gable to the street, the front apartment at one time a low groggery, the keeper sleeping in the rear room. Whether sudden death, or financial reverses, had been the cause, the community had in some manner become possessed of the property, and had at once dedicated it to the commonweal. For the purpose thus selected it was rather well adapted, being strongly built, easily guarded, and on the outskirts of the town. With iron grating over the windows, the back door heavily spiked, and the front secured by iron bars, any prisoner once locked within could probably be found when wanted. On the occasion of Keith's arrival, the portion abutting upon the street was occupied by a rather miscellaneous assembly—the drunk and disorderly elements conspicuous—who were awaiting their several calls to appear before a local justice and make answer for various misdeeds. Some were pacing the floor, others sat moodily on benches ranged against the wall, while a few were still peacefully slumbering upon the floor. It was a frowsy, disreputable crowd, evincing but mild curiosity at the arrival of a new prisoner. Keith had barely time to glance about, recognizing no familiarity of face amid the mass peering at him, as he was hustled briskly forward and thrust into the rear room, the heavy door closing behind him with the snap of a spring lock.

He was alone, with only the faintest murmur of voices coming to him through the thick partition. It was a room some twelve feet square, open to the roof, with bare walls, and containing no furniture except a rude bench. Still dazed by the suddenness of his arrest, he sank down upon the seat, leaned his head on his hands, and endeavored to think. It was difficult to get the facts marshalled into any order or to comprehend clearly the situation, yet little by little his brain grasped the main details, and he awoke to a full realization of his condition, of the forces he must war against. The actual murderers of those two men on the trail had had their suspicions aroused by his actions; they believed he guessed something of their foul deed, and had determined to clear themselves by charging the crime directly against him. It was a shrewd trick, and if they only stuck to their story, ought to succeed. He had no evidence, other than his own word, and the marshal had already taken from his pockets the papers belonging to the slain man. He had not found the locket hidden under his shirt, yet a more thorough search would doubtless reveal that also.

Even should the case come to trial, how would it be possible for him to establish innocence, and—would it ever come to trial? Keith knew the character of the frontier, and of Carson City. The inclination of its citizens in such cases was to act first, and reflect later. The law had but slender hold, being respected only when backed by the strong hand, and primitive instincts were always in the ascendency, requiring merely a leader to break forth in open violence. And in this case would there be any lack of leadership? Like a flash his mind reverted to "Black Bart." There was the man capable of inciting a mob. If, for some unknown reason, he had sufficient interest to swear out the warrant and assist in the arrest, he would have equal cause to serve those fellows behind him in other ways. Naturally, they would dread a trial, with its possibility of exposure, and eagerly grasp any opportunity for wiping the slate clean. Their real security from discovery undoubtedly lay in his death, and with the "Red Light" crowd behind them they would expect no trouble in getting a fol-

lowing desperate enough for any purpose.

The longer Keith thought the less he doubted the result. It was not then a problem of defence, but of escape, for he believed now that no opportunity to defend himself would ever be allowed. The arrest was merely part of the plot intended to leave him helpless in the hands of the mob. In this Hicks was in no way blamable—he had merely performed his sworn duty, and would still die, if need be, in defence of his prisoner. He was no fool, but only an instrument they had found means of using.

Keith was essentially a man of action, a fighter by instinct, and so long accustomed to danger that the excitement of it merely put new fire into his veins. Now that he understood exactly what threatened, all numbing feeling of hesitancy and doubt vanished, and he became instantly alive. He would not lie there in that hole waiting for the formation of a mob; nor would he trust in the ability of the marshal to defend him.

He had some friends without—not many, for he was but an occasional visitor at Carson—who would rally to Hicks's assistance, but there would not be enough on the side of law and or-

der to overcome the "Red Light" outfit, if once they scented blood. If he was to be saved from their clutches, he must save himself; if his innocence was ever established it would be by his own exertions—and he could accomplish this only out yonder, free under the arch of sky.

He lifted his head, every nerve tingling with desperate determination. The low growl of voices was audible through the partition, but there was no other sound. Carson City was still resting, and there would be no crowd nor excitement until much later. Not until nightfall would any attack be attempted; he had six or eight hours yet in which to perfect his plans. He ran his eyes about the room searching for some spot of weakness. It was dark back of the bench, and he turned in that direction. Leaning over, he looked down on the figure of a man curled up, sound asleep on the floor. The fellow's limbs twitched as if in a dream, otherwise he might have deemed him dead, as his face was buried in his arms. A moment Keith hesitated; then he reached down and shook the sleeper, until he aroused

sufficiently to look up. It was the face of a coal-black negro. An instant the fellow stared at the man towering over him, his thick lips parted, his eyes full of sudden terror. Then he sat up, with hands held before him as though warding off a blow.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake," he managed to articulate finally, "am dis sho' yo', Massa Jack?"

Keith, to whom all colored people were much alike, laughed at the expression on the negro's face. "I reckon yer guessed the name, all right, boy. Were you the cook of the Diamond L?"

"No, sah, I nebber cooked no di'onds. I'se o' Neb, sah."

"What?"

"Yes, sah, I'se de boy dat libbed wid o' Missus Caton durin' de wah. I ain't seen yo', Massa Jack, sence de day we buried yo' daddy, o' Massa Keith. But I knowed yo' de berry minute I woke up. Sho' yo' members Neb, sah?"

It came to Keith now in sudden rush of memory—the drizzling rain in the little cemetery, the few neighbors standing about, a narrow fringe of slaves back of them, the lowering of the coffin, and the hollow sound of

house clah to de groun'; de ol' Missus was in Richmond den, an' de few niggers left jest natchally took to de woods. I went into Richmond huntin' de ol' Missus, but, Lawd, Massa Jack, I nebber foun' nuthin' ob her in dat crowd. Den an' officer man done got me an' put me diggin' in de trenches. Ef dat's what wah am, I sho' don't want no mo' wah. Den after dat I jest natchally drifted. I reckon I libbed 'bout ebberywhar yo' ebber heard ob, fo' dar want no use ob me goin' back to de East Sho'. Somebody said dat de West am de right place fo' a nigger, an' so I done headed west."

He dropped his face in his black hands, and was silent for some minutes, but Keith said nothing, and finally the thick voice continued:

"I tell yo', Massa Jack, it was mighty lonely fo' Neb dem days. I didn't know whar any ob yo' all was, an' it wan't no fun fo' dis nigger bein' free dat away. I got out ter Independence, Missouri, an' was roustaboutin' on de ribber, when a couple ob men come along what wanted a cook to trabel wid 'em. I took de job, an' dat's what fetched me here ter Carson City."

"But what caused your arrest?"

"A conjunction ob circumstances, Massa Jack; yes, sah, a conjunction ob circumstances. I got playin' pokah ober in dat 'Red Light,' an' I was doin' fine. I reckon I'd cleaned up mo'n a hundred dollars when I got sleepy, an' started fo' camp. I'd most got dar w'en a bunch ob low white trash jumped me. It made me mad, it did fo' a fact, an' I reckon I carved some ob 'em up befo' I got away. Ennyhow, de marshal come down, took me out ob de tent, an' fetched me here, an' I ben here ebber sence. I wan't goin' ter let no low down white trash git all dat money."

"What became of the men you were working for?"

"I reckon dey went on, sah. Dey had 'portent business, an' wouldn't likely wait 'round here jest ter help a nigger. Ain't ennybody ben here ter see me, nohow, an' I 'spects I'se eradicated from dey mem'ry—I 'spects I is."

**CHAPTER V.**

**The One Way.**

Keith said nothing for some moments, staring up at the light stealing in through the window grating, his mind once again active. The eyes of the black man had the patient look of a dog as they watched; evidently he had cast aside all responsibility, now that this other had come. Finally Keith spoke slowly:

"We are in much the same position, Neb, and the fate of one is liable to be the fate of both. This is my story"—and briefly as possible, he ran over the circumstances which had brought him there, putting the situation clear enough for the negro's understanding, without wasting any time upon detail. Neb followed his recital with bulging eyes, and an occasional exclamation. At the end he burst forth:

"Yo' say dar was two ob dem white men murdered—one an' of man wid a gray beard, an' de odder 'bout thirty? Am dat it, Massa Jack, an' dey had fo' span ob mules, an' a runnin' hoss?"

"Yes."

"An' how far out was it?"

"About sixty miles."

"Oh, de good Lawd!" and the negro threw up his hands dramatically. "Dat sut'nly am my outfit! Dat am Massa Waite an' John Sibley."

"You mean the same men with whom you came here from Independence?"

Neb nodded, overcome by the discovery.

"But what caused them to run such a risk?" Keith insisted. "Didn't they know the Indians were on the war path?"

"Sho'; I heard 'em talkin' 'bout dat, but Massa Waite was jest bou' foh to git movin'. He didn't 'pear to be 'fraid ob no Injuns; reck'ned dey'd nebber stop him, dat he knowed ebbery chid on de plains. I reck'n dat he died, too."

"But what was he so anxious to get away for?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Best Wood for Violins.** Stunted maple trees, grown in mountainous regions, where the winters are long and severe and the snowfall considerable, furnish the best wood for violins, in the opinion of the German makers.

ber the names of the places where my children were born, nor their ages exactly. We don't bother ourselves about such things." What can you do with people so astutely ignorant?

**Lucid Explanation.**

Little Fred was telling his father about a stone he had found in the garden.

"How big was it?" asked papa.

"Oh, I guess about as big as a good sized small apple," was the innocent explanation.

**SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED**

This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid



Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me."

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



**THE DECEIVER.**  
Sergeant—"Alt! Take Murphy's name for talkin' in the ranks."  
Corporal—"W'y, sergeant, 'e weren't talkin'."  
Sergeant—"Wasn't 'e? Well, cross it hout and put 'im in the guard room for deceivin' me."—The Tattler.

**Unfortunate Man.**  
A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee once had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yarned about hard times for 15 minutes at a stretch. "Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make lots of money shipping green corn to the northern market." "Yes, I orter," was the sullen reply. "You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed." "Yes, I guess so." "Then why don't you go into the speculation?" "No use, stranger," sadly replied the cracker; "the old woman is too lazy to do the plowin' and plantin'."

**Play It or Raise It!**  
A German composer has written an altisonant piece of music called "Hell." There will be any number of people in this country able to play it at a glance.—Houston Post.

**Easy Breakfast!**  
A bowl of crisp **Post Toasties** and cream—the thing's done!  
Appetizing Nourishing Convenient  
Ready to serve right out of the package.  
"The Memory Lingers"  
POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

**PERSECUTION OF THE GIPSY**

Forty-five Executed in Hungary in 1728 on the Charge of Being Cannibals.

The persecution of Gypsies recalls the old belief that the Gypsies were cannibals, and the methods by which judicial confirmation of the belief was sometimes obtained. In 1728 45 Hungarian Gypsies were executed on this charge. First racked until they confessed to murder, they were

taken to the place where their victims were supposed to be buried and racked again. No bodies were discovered. Therefore they confessed to eating them, and were duly executed. Joseph II. sent a commission down to investigate the case later, and the entire innocence of the Gypsies was proved, but history does not say what happened to the witnesses for the prosecution.

Gypsies are still more or less "persecuted," though in our milder modern sense of the word. And no wonder. A

couple of years ago it was stated on official authority that in Hungary most of the serious crimes—murders, kidnapping and robberies—were committed by Gypsies, and very few of the offenders were caught. Gypsies are mighty difficult customers to tackle. When it was proposed in France that all nomads should have identity cards, to be checked at each stopping place, one of them said to a *Matin* reporter: "But I can't read, and I can't write, and I don't know how old I am, nor where I was born, and I don't remem-