

Mrs. Joseph Lacelle, 124 Glenora Ave. Ottawa, East, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I suffered with backache and headache for over nine months and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable, halfdead, half-alive condition."

The Wretchedness of Constipation Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable —act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache,

Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature





He-She is so artificial. She-Yes, artificiality seems natural

Too Late to Change. "A man can no more change his reputation than he can change his face or his arms," said Senator La Follette

"There was once a wicked old Madison millionaire who took his pastor aside and said: "'I am going to devote the re-

at a banquet in Madison.

mainder of my life to doing good.' "Dr. Thirdly, outspoken man, retorted:

"'Do you mean John H. Good, the wealthy farmer, or young Sam Good, the Socialist millionaire?""

## A Cross-Reference.

Mistress-Have you a reference? Bridget-Foine; Oi held the poker over her till I got it.-Harper's Bazar.

When a cyclone gets busy with a man's property it's an awful blow.

SHIFT If Your Food Fails to Sustain You, Change.

One sort of diet may make a person despondent, depressed and blue and a change to the kind of food the body demands will change the whole thing.

A young woman from Phila, says: "For several years I kept in a runlown, miserable sort of condition, was depressed and apprehensive of trouble. I lost flesh in a distressing way and nightmare No one serious disease showed, but the 'all-over' sickness was

"Finally, between the doctor and father, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have a nourishing food that the body could make use of.

over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, yet it came with a rapidity that astonished me.

"During the first week I gained in weight, my spirits improved, and the world began to look brighter and more worth while.

"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of Grape-Nuts for only a few weeks, I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." 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 gravine, true, and full of human



SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a borer 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. He goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, for-merly an officer in the Confederate army. The plainsman and Neb escape from the cell, and later the two fugitives become lost in the sand desert. They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith recognizes as a linger he saw at Carson City.

## CHAPTER IX .- (Continued.)

"I have been a perfect brute," he ac-Miss Maclaire."

Her eyes smiled. a little confidence-that nothing else | could not hope to bear her south to | me here rode away south." and listen?"

Keith nodded, his eyes full of inter. ed for such a journey; he dared not est, searching her face.

"Whoever I may be, Mr. Keith, and really that seems only of small importance, I came to Fort Larned seeking some trace of my only brother. whom we last heard from there, where he had fallen into evil companionship. On the stage trip I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a man who told me he knew where I could meet Fred, but that the boy was hiding because of some trouble he had lately gotten into, and that I should have to proceed very carefully so as not to lead the officers to discover his whereabouts. This gentleman was engaged in some business at Carson City, but he employed a man to bring me to this place, and promised to get Fred, and meet me here the following day. There must have been some failure in the plans, for I have been here entirely alone now for three days. It has been very lonesome, and -and I've been a little frightened. Perhaps I ought not to have come, and I am not certain what kind of a place this is. I was so afraid when you came, but I am not afraid now."

"You have no need to be," he said soberly, impressed by the innocent candor of the girl, and feeling thankful that he was present to aid her. "I

could not wrong one of the South." "My father always told me I could trust a Southern gentleman under any circumstances. Mr. Hawley was from my own State, and knew many of our old friends. That was why I felt such unusual confidence in him, although he was but a traveling acquaintance."

"Mr. Hawley?" "The gentleman whom I met on the

"Oh, yes; you said he was in business in Carson City, but I don't seem to remember any one of that name."

"He was not there permanently; only to complete some business deal.' "And your brother? I may possibly

have known him." She hesitated an instant, her eyes dropping, until completely shaded by the long lashes.

"He-he was rather a wild boy, and ran away from home to enlist in the army. But he got into a bad set, and -and deserted. That was part of the trouble which caused him to hide. He enlisted under the name of Fred Willoughby. Mr. Hawley told me this much, but I am afraid he did not tell knew who this man Hawley was, his to trust you. Captain Keith." me all."

"And he said you would meet him | tection could he and Neb prove, alone

here?" Keith gazed about the bare sur- flashed through his mind in an instant, roundings wonderingly. What was leaving him confused and uncertain. this place, hidden away in the midst of the desert, isolated in a spot where answer to her query. "But it is rather not even Indians roamed. Could it be a strange mix-up all around, and I cona secret rendezvous of crime, the fess I fail to comprehend its full seemed in a perpetual sort of dreamy headquarters of desperadoes, of cat- meaning. It is hardly likely your tle rustlers, of the highwaymen of the friends will show up to-night, and by Sante Fe Trail-a point to which they | morning perhaps we can decide what could ride when hard pressed, cer- is best to do. Let me look around tain of hiding here in safety? He be- outside a moment. gan to suspect this, but, if so, who then was this Hawley, and with what through the door into the darkness; object had he sent this girl here? then her head dropped into the sup-Every way he turned was to confront pert of her hands. There was silence "The wonderful change that came | mystery, to face a new puzzle. What- except for the crackling of the fire, ever she might be-even the music until Neb moved uneasily. At the hall singer he believed-she had been sound the girl looked up, seeing clearinveigled here innocently enough. ly the good-natured face of the negro.

"Yes," she replied, "he said that this was one of the stations of a big ranch he said soberly, "so long as Massa on which Fred was employed, and that | Jack done 'greed to look after yo'." he would certainly be here within a

day or two." "You met Hawley on the stage Ebber sence befo' de wah. Why I coach? How did you become acquaint-

"We were alone for nearly fifty was a lively youngster, but mighty miles," her voice faltering slightly, good hearted to us niggers." "and-and he called me what you did."

"Christie Maclaire?" "Yes; he-he seemed to think he truth. knew me, and I needed help so much that I let him believe so. I thought be-a Virginia gentleman?" it could do no harm, and then, when I found he actually knew Fred, I didn't days was in Neb.



(Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910.)

He Flung Both Coat and Hat Down With the Intention of Remaining.

mean his own arrest, leaving her in his grasp, looking down into her eyes.

He laughed.

derstanding.

are unarmed."

ammunition."

"Yes," she said softly, "I am going

"Captain, hey? You must have been

talking with that black rascal there."

her hands remained imprisoned.

The swift color flooded her face, but

"I just done tol' her who de Keiths

was down in ol' Virginia, sah," burst

in Neb indignantly. "I sho' don't

want nobody to think I go trapsin'

The gray eyes and the brown, gaz-

"Oh, well," Keith acknowledged,

genially, "I cannot say I am sorry

you know something of my past glo-

ries; if one can't have a future, it is

some source of pride to have a past to

remember. But now about the pres-

ent. We're not much protection to

a holster in the other room," she an-

swered, "and a short, sawed-off gun

of some kind, but I don't know about

"Most certainly," and she threw

"May we investigate?"

ing into one another, smiled with un-

'round wid any low white trash."

worse condition than ever. If he only

purpose, and plans! Yet what pro-

here, and without arms? All this

"I hope not," he managed to say in

Her eyes followed him as he stepped

"Yo' don't nebber need cry, Missus,"

"Have-have you known him long?"

done knowed Massa Jack when he

wan't more'n dat high. Lawd, he sho'

She hesitated to question a servant,

"Who is he? Is he all he claims to

All the loyalty and pride of slavery

and yet felt she must uncover the

"Has I knowed him long, honey?

think of anything else, only how foris anything wrong?"

posture. The more he delved into the finer man ebber libed. He was done situation to be. He knew all those ranches lying south on the Canadian, and was aware that this was no outstation. No cattle ever came across done fought all through de wah, an' that sandy desert unless driven by dey say Ginral Lee done shook hands had been frequent robberies along the Massa Jack, Missus." trail, and he had overheard tales of Larned and Carson City. Could it be the door securely behind him. that he had now, accidentally, stumbled upon the rendezvous of the gang? this thought sent his heart beating. He knew enough to realize what such a gang would naturally consist ofknowledge frankly, "with no thought deserters, outlaws, rustlers; both In-"I am so very glad to have any one out all he suspected. Yet why should able both ways?" here—any one—in whom I feel even he? What good could it do? He greatly matters. Can you both eat, the "Bar X" Ranch, for the ponies were already too thoroughly exhaust- self to my care?"

"He sho' am, Missus; dar ain't nuthtunate I was to thus meet him. Surely in' higher in ol' Virginia dan de something serious must have happen- Keiths. Dey ain't got much money ed, or he would have been here before sence the Yankees come down dar, this. Do you-do you suppose there but dey's quality folks jest de same.

I was done born on de al' Co'nel's Keith did not smile nor change plantation, and I reck'n dar wan't no an' Lawdy, but he did look scrumstuous when he first got his uniform. He The negro's voice had scarcely ceas-

mysterious disappearances in both ed when Keith came in again, closing

"All quiet outside," he announced, speaking with new confidence. "I He was not a man easily startled, but wanted to get an understanding of the surroundings in case of emergency," he explained, as if in answer to the questioning of the brown eyes gravely unlifted to his face. "I see there is except for myself. Hunger was my dians and whites, no doubt, combined quite a corral at the lower end of this master, and I ask your forgiveness, under some desperate leadership. Gaz- island, safely hidden behind the fringe ing into the girl's questioning eyes he of cottonwoods. And a log stable could scarcely refrain from blurting back of the house. Is the creek ford-

"I think so; the man who brought

"And are you going to trust your

She came around the table with turn north with her, for that would hands extended. He took them into



CHAPTER X.

Mr. Hawley Reveals Himself. A fragment of candle, stuck tightly into the neck of an empty bottle, appeared on a low shelf, and Keith lighted it, the girl returning the lamp to its former position on the front room matter, the more serious he felt the killed in de wah. An' Massa Jack he table. Investigation revealed a dozen was a captain; he rode on hossback, cartridges fitting the revolver, but no ammunition was discovered adapted to the sawed-off gun, which Neb had already appropriated, and was dragging about with him, peering into companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says account for this isolated hut. There ter know him. You kin sutt'nly tie to The two were still busily employed at account for this isolated hut. There | ter know him. You kin sutt'nly tie to | The two were still busily employed at this, when to their ears, through the stillness of the night, there came the unexpected noise of splashing in the water without, and then the sound of a horse stumbling as he struck the bank. Quick as a flash Keith closed the intervening door, extinguished the

dim flame of the candle, and grasping

the startled negro's arm, hushed him

into silence.

Crouching close behind the door, through a crack of which the light streamed, yielding slight view of the interior, the plainsman anxiously awaited developments. These arrivals must certainly be some of those connected with the house; there could be little doubt as to that. Nevertheless, they might prove the posse following them, who had chanced to stumble accidentally on their retreat. In either case they could merely wait, and earn. Some one swore without, and was sharply rebuked by another voice, which added an order gruffly. Then the outer latch clicked, and a single man stepped within, immediately closing the door. Keith could not see the girl through the small aperture, but he heard her quick exclamation.

"Oh, is it you? I am so glad!" The man laughed lightly.

"It is nice to be welcomed, although perhaps, after your time of loneliness any arrival would prove a relief. Did you think I was never coming, Chris-

"I could not understand," she replied, evidently with much less enthusiasm, and to Keith's thinking, a shade resentful of the familiarity, "but naturally supposed you must be unexpectedly delayed."

"Well, I was," and he apparently flung both coat and hat on a bench, with the intention of remaining. "The marshal arrested a fellow for a murder committed out on the Santa Fe Trail, and required me as a witness. But the man got away before we had any chance to try him, and I have been on his trail ever since."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNCLE CAL GOOD REASONER

Fired Question at Camp Fire Astronomer That Probably Was Hard to Answer.

"The late George Cary Eggleston was in the Confederate army," said a New York editor, "and, as Memorial day approached, he would narrate at the Authors' club many a memory of war times.

"I liked to hear his yarns about the child-like minds of slaves. He once told me, for example, about a grizzled slave named Uncle Cal, body servant to his colonel.

"As Eggleston sat before a camp fire one coolish autumn evening, watching Uncle Cal mend the colonel's coat, the crimson and gold glory of the autumn sunset turned the talk to astronomy, and Eggleston said:

"'You see, Uncle Cal, the world is round, like an apple, and it goes round, too-round and round it goes all the time.'

"'Hit's round an' hit goes round," said Uncle Cal, skeptically. 'But what I want to know is, what holds it up?" "'Why, you see, Uncle Cal,' said Eggleston, 'the world goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up-by at-

traction, you know.' "Uncle Cal glanced from his coat mending to Eggleston with a patronizing smile.

"'Honey,' he said, 'Ah reckon yo' hain't gone far 'nough in you' reasonin'. Fo', if yo' surmisation wuz correct, what would keep de world up when the sun went down? Answer me dat, hon!""

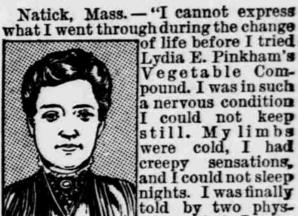
Chateaubriand's Early Struggles.

A new discovery has been made about Chateaubriand: nothing less than that he once sold stockings on any one, the way we're fixed, as we commission. It was in 1790, when he was still an officer in the royal serv-"There is a big revolver hanging in ice. He had a debt of honor, amounting to £200. He wrote to a distant relative, one La Morandais, who manufactured stockings in Switzerland, appealing for help on the ground that he must either pay that debt or blow his brains out.

La Morandais, instead of sending open the intervening door. As the two stepped into the other apartment | him money, send him 169 pairs of she held the lamp in aid of their stockings, offering him a liberal comsearch. "There is the revolver on the mission if he would sell them among wall, and the gun is in the opposite his distinguished friends. He gratecorner. Isn't it strange you should fully accepted the offer and succeeded be out in this country without arms?" in disposing of the merchandise. There "We left Carson in something of a is reason to believe that he managed hurry. I'll tell vou the story to-mor- to plant a good deal of it on the stores department of his own regiment.



Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. Mylimbs were cold, I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also

had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."—Mrs. NATHAN B. GREATON, 51 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

A REAL REGRET.



Editor-I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry,

Poet-But what? Editor-The management insists upon my declining all poems that way,

you know. Successful Economy in Baking.

Most housewives assume when they buy big can of baking powder at a low price that they have been economical. They have to a slight extent-but when they use that cheap "big can" baking powder, and find it so uneven in quality, or so unreliable that the baking falls, there isn't so much economy in it after all, for the wasted materials far outweigh the few cents saved in the price. SUCCESSFUL economy, is in the reach

of every woman that desires it. She has only to order Calumet Baking Powder, and use it according to instructions. Then, she will achieve economy. For not only does Calumet sell at a reasonable price-25c per pound-but it is so carefully made by experienced chemists that failure is impossible. Only the best materials are used and the proportions of the ingredients are so exact and so uniform that EVERY baking comes from the oven, light, sweet, and beautifully raised. Calumet guarantees you against failure, and that is what constitutes real economy in Why not use Calumet, a baking powder

that you can always rely upon? You can get no better at any price, for at the World's Pure Food Exposition, Calumet

Is of Scotch Origin.

Ellen Key, who has written a number of books and has had much to do with molding public opinion in Sweden, is descended from a Scotch highlander, Colonel McKey, who fought under Gustavus Adolphus. In 1880 her father lost all his money and Miss Key went to work as a teacher. She then gave lectures and has for 20 years been lecturer on the history of civilization at the Popular University of Stockholm.

Rivalry. "Does your automobile go faster than your neighbor's?"

"No," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But my danger signal makes a much more disagreeable noise than his."

A man may consider himself truly famous when he has five-cent cigars and yellow dogs named after him.

A dollar saved is often a dollar loaned.

As a rule, a few doses of Munyon's Cold Remedy will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. Price 25 cents at any druggist's, or sent postpaid.

If you need Medical advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail, absolutely free.

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