

# COLDS BREED CATARRH

Her Terrible Experience Shows How Peruna Should Be in Every Home to Prevent Colds.

Mrs. C. S. Sagersen, 1311 Woodland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I feel it a duty to you and to others that may be afflicted like myself, to speak for Peruna. My trouble first came after a gripe eight or nine years ago, a gathering in my head and neuralgia. I suffered most all the time. My nose, ears and eyes were badly affected for the last two years. I think from your description of internal catarrh that I must have had that also. I suffered very severely. "Nothing ever relieved me like Peruna. It keeps me from taking cold. "With the exception of some deafness I am feeling perfectly cured. I am forty-six years old. "I feel that words are inadequate to express my praise for Peruna."



Mrs. C. S. Sagersen.

WILLING TO BELIEVE HIM.



De Wealth—It is a generous and helpful world.  
De Witte—Indeed?  
De Wealth—Yes. When it was announced that I desired to die a comparatively poor man there was a general movement to assist me in the enterprise.

What Travelers Needed.

A traveler's outfit 300 years ago was somewhat different from the present day. In "Touring in 1600," by E. S. Bates, the following list is given: "First among requisites is a book of prayers and hymns effective for salvation without being so pugnacious, doctrinally, as to cause suspicion. Next, a notebook; a watch, or a pocket sundial; if a watch, not a striker, for that warns the wicked you have cash; a broadrimmed hat, gaiters, boots, breeches (as if his friends would let him start without any), gloves, shoes, shirts, handkerchiefs, etc."

Relationship.

Facetious Conductor—Young woman, is this your sister?  
Prim Little Miss (with large doll)—No, sir; she's my adopted daughter.

To Be Pleasant In the Morning

Have some Post Toasties with cream for breakfast. The rest of the day will take care of itself. Post Toasties are thin bits of White Indian Corn—cooked and toasted until deliciously crisp and appetizing. "The Memory Lingers" Sold by Grocers Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



## KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
By RANDALL DARRISH  
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH, WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN HILVILL

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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 massed and are departing. He searches the victims for papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderer. 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 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 one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly 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 an cabin and find its lone occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith recognizes as a singer he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. A Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith overcomes Black Bart.

### CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"The action has only really begun," he assured her, still retaining his hold upon her hand. "This was merely a preliminary skirmish, and you must prepare to bear your part in what follows. We have settled Mr. Hawley for the present, and now must deal with his gang."  
"Oh, what would I have done if you had not been here?"  
"Let us not think about that; we were here, and now have a busy night before us if we get away safely. Give me the rope first. Good! Here, Neb, you must know how to use this—not too tight, but without leaving any play to the arms; take the knife out of his belt. Now for the cloth, Miss Maclaire."  
"Please do not call me that!"  
"But you said it didn't make any difference what I called you."  
"I thought it didn't then, but it does now."  
"Oh, I see; we are already on a new footing. Yet I must call you something."  
She hesitated just long enough for him to notice it. Either she had no substitute ready at hand, or else doubted the advisability of confiding her real name under present circumstances to one so nearly a stranger.  
"You may call me Hope."  
"A name certainly of good omen," he returned. "From this moment I shall forget Christie Maclaire, and remember only Miss Hope. All right, Neb; now turn over a chair, and sit your man up against it. He will rest all the easier in that position until his gang arrives."  
He thrust his head out of the door, peering cautiously forth into the night, and listening. A single horse, probably the one Hawley had been riding, was tied to a dwarfed cottonwood near the corner of the cabin. Nothing else living was visible.  
"I am going to round up our horses, and learn the condition of Hawley's outfit," he announced in a low voice. "I may be gone for fifteen or twenty minutes, and, meanwhile, Miss Hope, get ready for a long ride. Neb, stand here close beside the door, and if any one tries to come in brain him with your gun-stock. I'll rap three times when I return."  
He slipped out into the silent night, and crept cautiously around the end of the dark cabin. The distinct change in the girl's attitude of friendship toward him, her every evident desire that he should think well of her, together with the providential opportunity for escape, had left him full of confidence. The gambler had played blindly into their hands, and Keith was quick enough to accept the advantage. It was a risk to himself, to be sure, thus turning again to the northward, yet the clear duty he owed the girl left such a choice almost imperative. He certainly could not drag her along with him on his flight into the wild Comanche country extending beyond the Canadian. She must, at the very least, be first returned to the protection of the semi-civilization along the Arkansas. After that had been accomplished, he would consider his own safety. He wondered if Hope really was her name, and whether it was the family cognomen, or her given name. That she was Christie Maclaire he had no question, yet that artist's embellishment was probably merely assumed for the work of the concert hall. Both he and Hawley could scarcely be mistaken as to her identity in this respect, and, indeed, she had never openly denied the fact. Yet she did not at all seem to be that kind, and Keith mentally contrasted her with numerous others whom he had somewhat intimately known along the border circuit. It was difficult to associate her with that class; she must have come originally from some excellent family East, and been driven to the life by necessity; she was more to be pitied than blamed. Keith held no puritanical views of life—his own experiences had been too rough and

niciously to an ideal of womanhood which could not be lowered. However interested he might otherwise feel, no Christie Maclaire could ever find entrance into the depths of his heart, where dwelt alone the memory of his mother.  
He found the other horses turned into the corral, and was able, from their restless movements, to decide they numbered eight. A fire, nearly extinguished, glowed dimly at the farther corner of the enclosure, and he crawled close enough to distinguish the recumbent forms of men sleeping about it on the ground. Apparently no guard had been set, the fellows being worn out from their long ride, and confident of safety in this isolated spot. Besides, Hawley had probably assumed that duty, and told them to get whatever sleep they could. However, the gate of the corral opened beside their fire, and Keith dare not venture upon roping any of their ponies, or leading them out past where they slept. There might be clippers in the cabin with which he could cut the wires, yet if one of the gang awoke, and discovered the herd absent, it would result in an alarm, and lead to early pursuit. It was far safer to use their own ponies. He would lead Hawley's horse quietly

by any trail, and even that little would be quickly obliterated by the first puff of wind. As they drew in toward the river valley this plain would change into sand dunes, baffling and confusing, but no matter how hard they pressed forward, it must be daylight long before they could hope to reach these, and this would give him opportunity to spy out some familiar landmark which would guide them to the ford. Meanwhile, he must head as directly north as possible, trusting the horses to find footing.  
It was plains instinct, or rather long training in the open, which enabled him to retain any true sense of direction, for beyond the narrow fringe of cottonwoods along the stream, nothing was visible, the eyes scarcely able even to distinguish where earth and sky met. They advanced across a bare level, without elevation or depression, yet the sand appeared sufficiently solid, so that their horses were forced into a swinging lope, and they seemed to fairly press aside the black curtain, which as instantly swung shut once more, and closed them in. The pounding hoofs made little noise, and they pressed steadily onward, closely bunched together, so as not to lose each other, dim, spectral shadows flit-

"I possess a passing acquaintance," he answered, uncertain yet how much to tell her, but tempted to reveal all in test of her real character. "Few do not who live along the Kansas border."  
"Do you mean he is a notoriously bad character?"  
"I have never heard of his being held up as a model to the young, Miss Hope," he returned more soberly, convinced that she truly possessed no real knowledge regarding the man, and was not merely pretending innocence. "I had never heard him called Hawley before, and, therefore, failed to recognize him under that respectable name. But I knew his voice the moment he entered the cabin, and realized that some devilment was afoot. Every town along this frontier has his record, and I've met him maybe a dozen times in the past three years. He is known as 'Black Bart,' is a gambler by profession, a desperado by reputation, and a cur by nature. Just now I suspect him of being even deeper in the mire than this."  
He could tell by the quick clasping of her hands on the pommel of the saddle the effect of his words, but waited until the silence compelled her to speak.  
"Oh, I didn't know! You do not believe that I ever suspected such a thing? That I ever met him there understanding who he was?"  
"No, I do not," he answered. "What I overheard between you convinced me you were the victim of deceit. But your going to that place alone was a most reckless act."  
She lifted her hand to her eyes, her head drooping forward.  
"Wasn't it what he told me—the out-station of a ranch?"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Easy Manner in Which She Rode Relieved Him of Anxiety.

through the water, and they could mount on the other shore. This plan settled, he went at it swiftly, riding the captured animal while rounding up the others, and fastening the three to stunted trees on the opposite bank. Everything within the cabin remained exactly as he had left it, and he briefly explained the situation, examining Hawley's bonds again carefully while doing so.  
"He'll remain there all right until his men find him," he declared, positively, "and that ought to give us a good six hours' start. Come, Miss Hope, every minute counts now."  
He held her arm, not unconscious of its round shapeliness, as he helped her down the rather steep bank through the dense gloom. Then the two men joined hands, and carrying her between them, waded the shallow stream. The horses, not yet sufficiently rested to be frisky, accepted their burdens meekly enough, and, with scarcely a word spoken, the three rode away silently into the gloom of the night.

### CHAPTER XII.

Through the Night Shadows.  
Keith had very little to guide him, as he could not determine whether this mysterious cabin on the Salt Fork lay to east or west of the usual cattle trail leading down to the Canadian. Yet he felt reasonably assured that the general trend of the country lying between the smaller stream and the valley of the Arkansas would be similar to that with which he was already acquainted. It was merely a wild stretch of sandy desolation, across which their horses would leave scarce-

ly through the night, a very part of that grim desolation surrounding them. No one of the three felt like speaking; he gloomy, brooding desert oppressed them, their vagrant thoughts assuming the tinge of their surroundings; their hope centered on escape. Keith rode, grasping the rein of the woman's horse in his left hand, and bending low in vain effort at picking a path. He had nothing to aim toward, yet sturdy confidence in his expert plainscraft yielded him sufficient sense of direction. He had noted the bark of the cottonwoods, the direction of the wind, and steered a course accordingly straight northward, alert to avert any variation.  
The girl rode easily, although in a man's saddle, the stirrups much too long. Keith glanced aside with swift approval at the erectness with which she sat, the loosened rein in her hand, the slight swaying of her form. He could appreciate horsemanship, and the easy manner in which she rode relieved him of one anxiety. It even caused him to break the silence.  
"You are evidently accustomed to riding, Miss Hope."  
She glanced across at him through the darkness, as though suddenly surprised from thought, her words not coming quickly.  
"I cannot remember when I first mounted a horse; in earliest childhood, surely, although I have not ridden much of late. This one is like a rocking chair."  
"He belonged to your friend, Mr. Hawley?"  
She drew a quick breath, her face again turned forward.  
"Who—who is that man? Do you know?"

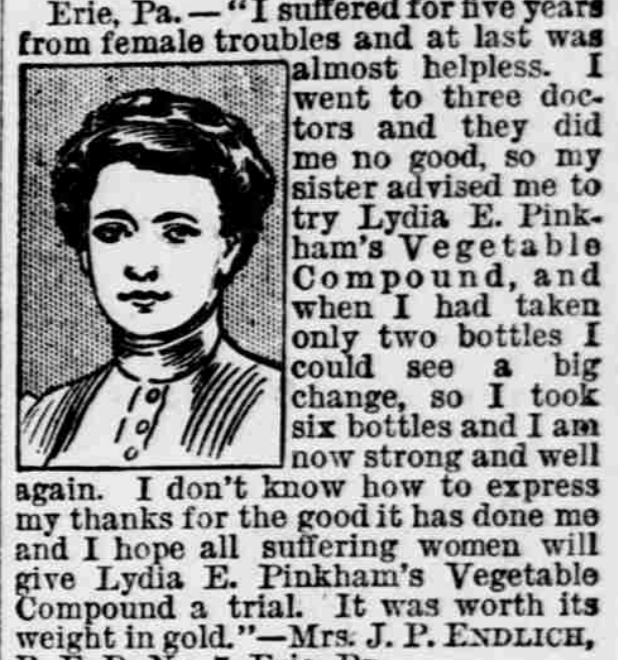
"Oh, I didn't know! You do not believe that I ever suspected such a thing? That I ever met him there understanding who he was?"  
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"Wasn't it what he told me—the out-station of a ranch?"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### TRAINING IN GOOD MANNERS

Begin When Boy Is Young, and Politeness Is Bound to Become Second Nature.  
Long before I had any sons of my own I made up my mind that, if I ever had the training of a boy, I should begin, as soon as he could understand anything, to teach him the small things that constitute good manners. So many boys I have known, and men, too, who at heart are good and kind and really refined, yet lack so large a part of the little courtesies that it is hard to believe they have been well brought up. In most cases it is the fault of the mother. She feels that it is much more important to form the character of a little boy, that his manners can wait till he is older. The result is that one sees boys and men who rarely forget to be polite outside of their homes, and yet seem to think it unnecessary to treat their own mother in the same way.  
My view is that there is no need to neglect the character because you pay attention to the manners. I think I have succeeded. As soon as my first little boy wore trousers I taught him that he must take off his hat as soon as he came into the house or when a lady spoke to him in the street. That he must rise from his chair when I came at the dining table, must never walk out of the room before a lady, and all the other little polite ways we like to see in men. It has never been any trouble to keep him up to these things; he learned so young that it soon became second nature.—Harper's Bazar.

# SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENDLICH, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.  
If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it is free and always helpful.

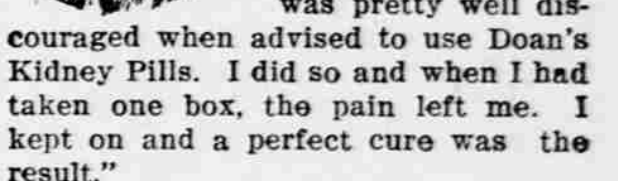
### DOESN'T STOP TO CHEW.



Gentle Willie—Does that bull terrier of yours ever bite?  
Mrs. Subbubs—No, he generally swallows everything whole.

### IN HOSPITAL NINE MONTHS.

Awful Tale of Suffering From Kidney Trouble.  
Alfred J. O'Brien, Second St., Sterling, Colo., says: "I was in the Baltimore Marine Hospital nine months. The urine was in a terrible state and some days I passed half a gallon of blood. They wanted to operate on me and I went to St. Joseph's Hospital at Omaha, putting in three months there without any gain. I was pretty well discouraged when advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and when I had taken one box, the pain left me. I kept on and a perfect cure was the result."



"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c a box at all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### No More Room.

The railway carriage was crowded, but a very fat old gentleman who sat by the window calmly ignored the ominous looks of the passengers for taking up so much room.  
A boy selling buns poked his head in at the window and inquired:  
"Buns, sir?"  
The old gentleman was slightly deaf, and, not noticing the buns, thought the boy wanted a seat in the already packed carriage; so he remarked:  
"Full up, my boy! No more room inside!"  
A roar of laughter followed his reply, and the old gentleman innocently wondered as to the cause of their merriment.—London Tit-Bits.  
Lots of men who sit around on dry goods boxes and growl about hard times would consider it on insult if anyone were to offer them a job.  
It is by no means sufficient to make an auditor grin with laughter.

# COLDS Cured in One Day

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.  
Address Professor Munyon, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Very Taking Platform.**  
Governor Dix, at a dinner in the Hotel Manhattan in New York, said of politics:  
"Sneering at politics, the Goncourts once said that no party could ever lose office if it gave the people free fireworks every night and free vaudeville every day."  
"But I heard of a candidate in the south who went the Goncourts one better."  
"Fellow citizens," he shouted from the stump, "my platform is just this: First, no pay for any elected candidate. Second, pensions for all voters."

**On Ice.**  
"Yes," said Alkali Ike, "a couple of cow punchers indulged in a very pretty scientific scrap down at Bad Buck's yesterday."  
"It is wonderful how cool those fellows keep under the circumstances," remarked the eastern tourist.  
"Yaas, they certainly have to be kept cool, stranger. I believe for some reason or other, their funerals ain't to be for a couple o' days yet."

**Mistaken Affability.**  
"What made our pirate chief compel the prisoner to walk the plank so hastily?" asked the pirate.  
"He was one of those cheery and familiar ready-made humorists. The first thing he said when he saw the chief was: 'Oh, you Captain Kid!'"

**His Trade.**  
"A dentist in a way holds life together, doesn't he?"  
"In what way?"  
"He fills the gaps of time."