

**THE SAFE LAXATIVE FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE**

Most elderly people are more or less troubled with a chronic, persistent constipation, due largely to lack of sufficient exercise. They experience difficulty in digesting even light food, with a consequent belching of stomach gases, drowsiness after eating, headache and a feeling of lassitude and general discomfort.

Doctors advise against cathartics and violent purgatives of every kind, recommending a mild, gentle laxative tonic, like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, to effect relief without disturbing the entire system.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the perfect laxative, easy in action, certain in effect and, withal, pleasant to the taste. It possesses tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels and is a remedy that has been for years the great standby in thousands of families, and should be in every family medicine chest. It is equally as valuable for children as for older people.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and he will be very glad to send a sample bottle for trial.

**Suspicious.**

When the four-and-twenty blackbirds which had been baked in the pie began, immediately the latter was opened, to sing, the king grew suspicious.

"How," demanded his majesty, "were you so remarkably preserved?" The blackbirds, visibly disconcerted, offered no reply.

"Was it by the use of benzoate of soda?" thundered the king, thoroughly aroused.—Puck.

**A LEAKAGE THAT CAN BE EASILY STOPPED.**

How many people who read this article, realize the weighty influence of one little necessity of life—baking powder—on the cost of living.

Yet it is a leakage that can easily be stopped if the housewife will only pay a little more attention to the choice of her baking powder. Some think there is economy in buying the cheap "Big Can" Baking Powder. These Baking Powders are not always uniform, and sometimes produce failures in the baking, and the result is that more is lost in one or two spoiled bakings than you spend on baking powder in the whole year. The cheap "Big Can" Baking Powders should be avoided.

On the other hand, many housewives feel that a baking powder is of no value unless they pay 50 cents a pound for it—the price charged for the high priced "Trust" brands. This is a mistake, as the best baking powder that can be made can be sold for 25c. per pound if the manufacturer is satisfied with a reasonable profit. There is one brand on the market that meets these requirements. It is CALUMET BAKING POWDER, recommended by leading physicians and chemists; used in millions of homes; and given the Highest Award at the World's Pure Food Exposition.

If you can't marry the one you love, try to love the one you marry.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A few weeks of matrimonial training will enable a man to predict brainstorms in advance.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.** Your druggist will tell you if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Nothing pleases some people more than the opportunity to spread bad news about their neighbors.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

If a woman still has faith in her husband after reading what the opposition says of him when running for office, her loyalty is the real thing.

**CREAM OF RYE**

For health and energy eat it for breakfast. Reduces cost of living. Free Silver Spoon in every package. Ask your grocer for a package.

**A Pioneer.**

"Why was Jonah thrown overboard?" "I'm not sure, but I've always thought he was the first man to rock a boat."

**Woman's Way.**

"A woman's convention, eh? What do women know about enthusiasm? Now, at the last national convention we men cheered our candidates for an hour." "That's all right," said his wife. "We threw kisses at ours for sixty-seven minutes by the clock."

**The Father of Him.**

Census Taker—Give the ages of your five children. Father—All right. Mary will be thirteen in September—thirteen, yes, that must be right; and John is—John—ahem—he's going on eleven, I guess; then Helen—wait a minute, I never could remember how old she is—but Fred is—let me see—and Archie—heavens, man! my wife will be back at half-past five—can't you come again then?—Woman's Home Companion.

**FREE**

I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free package of my **MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS**. I want to prove that they positively cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Wind, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and are an infallible cure for Constipation. To do this I am willing to give millions of free packages. I take all the risk. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a box. For free package address, Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.



**KEITH OF THE BORDER**  
A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
By RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH  
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC., ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE



**SYNOPSIS.**

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team 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 pocket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder. His accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Foley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the Carson City singer.

**CHAPTER XXI. (Continued.)**

He shouldered his way through the collected crowd, the other following. Hope endeavored to speak, to explain to Fairbain who she actually was, realizing then, for the first time, that she had not previously given him her name. Amidst the incessant noise and confusion, the blaring of brass, and the jangle of voices, she found it impossible to make the man comprehend. She pressed closer to him, holding more tightly to his arm, stunned and confused by the fierce uproar. The stranger steadily pushing ahead of them, and opening a path for their passage, fascinated her, and her eyes watched him curiously. His name was an oddly familiar one, associated in vague memory with some of the most desperate deeds ever witnessed in the West, yet always found on the side of law and order; it was difficult to conceive that this quiet-spoken, mild-eyed, gently smiling man could indeed be the most famous gun fighter on the border, hated, feared, yet thoroughly respected, by every desperado beyond the Platte and the Canadian. Beyond the glare and glitter of the Metropolitan Dance Hall the noisy crowd thinned away somewhat, and the marshal ventured to drop back beside Fairbain, yet vigilantly watched every approaching face.

"Tommy appears unusually lively to-night, Bill," observed the latter gravely, "and the boys have got an early start." "West end graders just paid off," was the reply. "They have been whoopin' it up ever since noon, and are beginning to get ugly. Now the rest of the outfit are showing up, and there will probably be something interesting happening before morning. Wouldn't mind it so much if I had a single deputy worth his salt."

"What's the matter with Bain?" "Nothing, while he was on the job, but 'Red' Haggerty got him in 'Pony Joe's' shebang two hours ago; shot him in the back across the bar. Ned never even pulled his gun."

"I'm sorry to hear that; what became of Haggerty?" "The marshal let his eyes rest questioningly on the doctor's face for an instant.

"Well, I happened to be just behind Ned when he went," he said gently, "and 'Red' will be buried on 'Boots Hill' to-morrow. I'm afraid I don't give you much chance to show your skill, Doc," with a smile. "If they all shot like you do, my profession would be useless. What's the matter with your other deputies?" "Lack of nerve, principally, I reckon; ain't one of 'em worth the powder to blow him up. I'd give something just now for a fellow I had down at Dodge—he was a man. Never had to tell him when to go in; good judgment too; wasn't out hunting for trouble, but always ready enough to take his share. Old soldier in our army, Captain, I heard, though he never talked much about himself; maybe you knew him—Jack Keith."

"Well, I reckon," in quick surprise, "and what's more to the point, he's here—slept in my room last night."

"Keith here? In Sheridan? And hasn't even hunted me up yet? That's like him, all right, but I honestly want to see the boy. Here's your hotel. Shall you need me any longer?"

"Better step in with us, Bill," the doctor advised, "your moral influence might aid in procuring the lady a decent room." "I reckon it might." They passed together up the three rickety steps leading into the front hall, which latter opened directly into the cramped office; to the left was the wide-open bar-room, clamorous and throbbing with life. A narrow bench stood against the wall, with a couple of half-drunk men lounging upon it. The marshal roused them out with a single, expressive gesture.



"Any Other Room You Could Conveniently Assign Mr.—ah—Montgomery to Tommy?"

"Wait here with the lady, Fairbain," he said shortly, "and I'll arrange for the room."

They watched him glance in at the bar, vigilant and cautious, and then move directly across to the desk. "Tommy," he said genially to the clerk. "I've just escorted a lady here from the train—Miss Maclaire—and want you to give her the best room in your old shebang."

The other looked at him doubtfully. "Hell, Bill, I don't know how I'm going to do that," he acknowledged. "She wrote in here to the boss for a room; said she'd be along yesterday. Well, she didn't show up, an' so to-night we let a fellow have it. He's up there now."

"Well, he'll have to vamose—who is he?" "Englishman—waiter Spotteswood Montgomery," consulting his book. "Hell of a pompous duck; the boys call him 'Juke Montgomery.'"

"All right; send some one up to rout his lordship out lively." Tommy shuffled his feet, and looked again at the marshal; he had received positive orders about that room, and was fully convinced that Montgomery would not take kindly to eviction. But Hickock's quiet gray eyes were insistent.

"Here, 'Red,'" he finally called to the burley porter, "hustle up to '15,' an' tell that fellow Montgomery he's got to get out; tell him we want the room for a lady."

Hickock watched the man disappear up the stairs, helped himself carelessly to a cigar out of the stand, tossing a coin to the clerk and then deliberately lighting up.

"Think Montgomery will be pleased?" he asked shortly. "No; he'll probably throw 'Red' down stairs."

The marshal smiled, his glance turning expectantly in that direction. "Then perhaps I had better remain, Tommy." And he strolled nonchalantly over to the open window, and stood there looking quietly out, a spiral of blue smoke rising from his cigar.

They could distinctly hear the pounding on the door above, and occasionally the sound of the porter's voice, but the straight, erect figure at the window remained motionless. Finally "Red" came down, nursing his knuckles.

"Says he'll be damned if he will—says he's gone to bed, an' that there ain't a cussed female in this blasted country he'd git up for," he reported circumstantially to the clerk. "He told me to tell you to go plumb to hell, an' that if any one else come poundin' round there to-night, he'd take a pot shot at 'em through the door. 'Fifteen' seemed a bit peevish, sir, an' I reckoned if he was riled up much more, he might git rambunctious; his language was sure fierce."

"Did you clearly inform Mr.—ah—Montgomery that we desired the room for the use of a lady?" he questioned gently, apparently both pained and shocked.

"I did, sir." "It surprises me to find one in our city with so little regard for the ordinary courtesies of life, Tommy. Perhaps I can persuade the gentleman."

He disappeared up the stairs, taking them deliberately step by step, the cigar still smoking between his lips. "Red" called after him.

"Keep away from in front of the door, Bill; he'll shoot sure, for he coked his gun when I was up there." Hickock glanced back, waved his hand.

"Don't worry—the room occupied by Mr.—ah—Montgomery was '15,' I believe you said?"

Whatever occurred above, it was over with very shortly. Those listening at the foot of the stairs heard the first gentle rap on the door, an outburst of profanity, followed almost instantly by a sharp snap, as if a lock had given way, then brief scuffling mingled with the loud creaking of a bed. Scarcely a minute later the marshal appeared on the landing above, one hand firmly gripped in the neck-band of an undershirt, thus securely holding the writhing, helpless figure of a man, who swore violently every time he could catch his breath.

"Any other room you could conveniently assign Mr.—ah—Montgomery to, Tommy?" he asked pleasantly. "If he doesn't like it in the morning, he could be changed, you know."

"Give—give him '47.'" "All right. I'm the bell-boy temporarily, Montgomery; easy now, my man, easy, or I'll be compelled to use both hands. 'Red,' carry the gen-

tleman's luggage to '47—he has kindly consented to give up his old room to a lady—come along, Montgomery."

It was possibly five minutes later when he came down, still smoking, his face not even flushed.

"Montgomery is feeling so badly we were obliged to lock him in," he reported to the clerk. "Seems to be of a somewhat nervous disposition. Well, good-night, Doctor," he lifted his hat. "And to you, Miss, pleasant dreams."

Hope watched him as he stepped outside, pausing a moment in the shadows to glance keenly up and down the long street before venturing down the steps. This quiet man had enemies, hundreds of them, desperate and reckless; ceaseless vigilance alone protected him. Yet her eyes only, and not her thoughts, were riveted on the disappearing marshal. She turned to Fairbain, who had risen to his feet.

"I wish I might see, him, also," she said, as though continuing an interrupted conversation.

"See him? Who?" "Mr. Keith. I—I knew him once, and—and, Doctor, won't you tell him I should like to have him come and see me just—just as soon as he can."

**CHAPTER XXII.**

An Interrupted Interview. Miss Christie Maclaire, attired in a soft lounging robe, her luxuriant hair wound simply about her head, forming a decidedly attractive picture, gazed with manifest dissatisfaction on the bare walls of her room, and then out through the open window into the comparative quiet street below. The bar-tender at the "Palace," directly opposite, business being slack, was leaning negligently in the doorway. His roving eyes caught the fair face framed in the window, and he waved his hand encouragingly. Miss Christie's brown eyes stared across at him in silent disgust, and then wandered again about the room, her foot tapping nervously on the rag carpet.

"It's my very last trip to this town," she said decisively, her red lips pressed tightly together.

Miss Maclaire had indeed ample reason to feel aggrieved over her reception. She had written to have the best apartment in the house reserved for her, and then, merely because she had later been invited out to Fort Hays, and was consequently a day behind in arrival, had discovered that another woman—a base impostor, actually masquerading under her name—had been duly installed in the coveted apartment. Driving in from the fort that morning, accompanied by two of the more susceptible junior officers, conscious that she had performed most artistic work the evening before in the spacious mess-hall, and feeling confident of comfortable quarters awaiting her, it had been something of a shock to be informed by the perturbed clerk that "15" was already occupied by another. "A lady what come in last night, and I naturally supposed it was you."

In vain Miss Maclaire protested, ably backed by the worshipful officers who still gallantly attended her; the management was obdurate. Then she would go up herself, and throw the husky out. Indeed, too angry for bantering further words, Christie had actually started for the stairs, intending to execute her threat, when the perspiring Tommy succeeded in stopping her, by plainly blurting out the exact truth.

**(TO BE CONTINUED.)**

**Uplift in Russia.** Even the submerged Russians are lifting their heads to the better fruits of the industries of civilization. In fifteen years savings banks' holdings have risen from \$35,000,000 to \$550,000,000. Little by little, too, the Russian bonds, which had been sold abroad, are flowing back to the subjects of the czar.

**SYSTEMIC CATARRH RELIEVED BY PERUNA.**

My Husband Also Uses Peruna.



**Stomach Trouble**  
Mrs. Wilson Robinson, 704 Nessel St., Toledo, Ohio, writes: "I feel like a new person. I have no more heavy feelings, no more pain, don't belch up gas, can eat most anything without it hurting me. I want to be working all the time. I have gained twenty-four pounds." "People that see me now and saw me two months ago seem astonished. I tell them Peruna did it. I will say it is the only remedy for spring and all other ailments." Ask Your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1912.

**PISO'S REMEDY**  
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.  
**FOR COUGHS AND COLDS**

**THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**  
Quickly relieves eye irritation caused by dust, sun, or wind. Brought from JOHN L. THOMPSON'S SONS CO., Troy, N. Y.

**SACRIFICE** 1500 acres, worth \$20 for \$15; loan, no sand, good as Iowa land, northern Texas, investigate, J. C. FERNBERGER, Owner, Schuyler, Neb.

**VERDICT A FAVORABLE ONE**

Small Girl's Pretty Answer to Stupid Question of Inquisitive Busybody.

She was a pretty little tot, and everybody who knew her took pleasure in pausing to ask her some kind of a question, merely to show an interest and for the pleasure of hearing the musical cadence of her voice. Some of the questions were what might be termed leading, but for all she invariably had some kind of an answer. Among these latter inquiries was one from an intrusive busybody, who was old enough to know better, but who belonged to a class of persons who never learn. Knowing that the little girl had only recently become the possessor of a young and attractive stepmother, with a curiosity inborn she asked her very frankly: "Well, Pollykins, how do you like your stepmother?" The child raised her blue eyes gravely, and with her face glowing with happiness replied: "Oh, very much, indeed, Mrs. Skillington. We fit very nicely, considering that she got us ready made."—Judge.

A silly man is easily convinced that he possesses more wisdom in one day than the late Mr. Solomon did in all his years.

A man knows more at twenty-one than he may be able to forget at fifty.

**The Promise Of a Good Breakfast**

is fulfilled if you start the meal with

**Post Toasties**

Sweet, crisp, fluffy bits of toasted corn—ready to serve direct from the package with cream and sugar

Please Particular People

"The Memory Lingers"  
Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.



**Room That is Sound-Proof**

Remarkable Chamber at University of Utrecht That Was Constructed for Scientific Experiments.

The Physiological institute of the University of Utrecht possesses one of the most remarkable rooms in the world, a chamber about seven and a half feet square, which is said to be absolutely noiseless, as far as the entrance of sounds from outside is concerned. This room is situated on the top story of a laboratory building, and is an inside room, but so arranged that it can be ventilated and illuminated

with sunshine. The walls, floors and ceiling each consist of half a dozen layers of different substances, with air spaces and interstices filled with sound deadening materials.

Some persons when in the room experience a peculiar sensation in the ears. While every effort has been made to exclude sounds that are not wanted, of course the object of constructing this singular room was to experiment with phenomena connected with sound. Some of the sounds employed are made in the room itself; others are introduced from outside by means of a copper tube, which is plugged with lead when not in use.