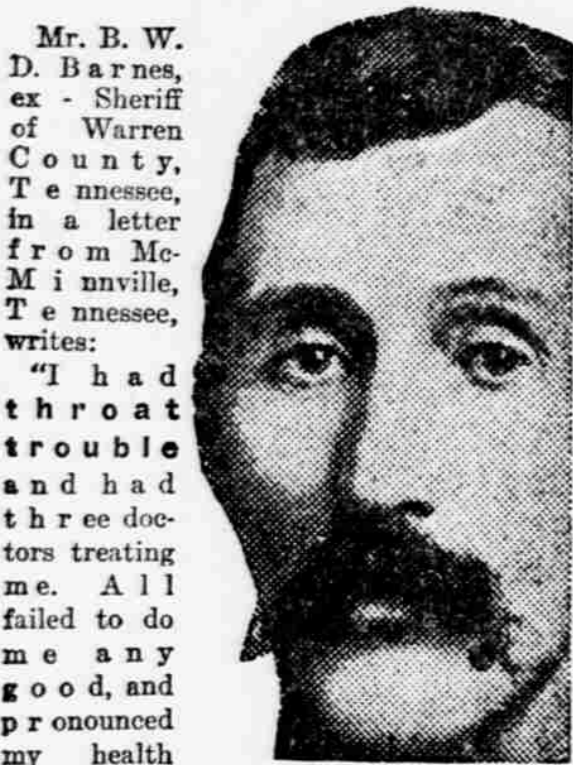


# Doctors Said Health Gone

Suffered with Throat Trouble



Mr. B. W. D. Barnes.

Mr. B. W. D. Barnes, ex-Sheriff of Warren County, Tennessee, writes: "I had throat trouble and had three doctors treating me. All failed to do me any good, and pronounced my health gone. I concluded to try Peruna, and after using four bottles can say I was entirely cured."

Unable to Work.

Mr. Gustav Himmelreich, Hochheim, Texas, writes: "For a number of years I suffered whenever I took cold, with severe attacks of asthma, which usually yielded to the common home remedies. 'Last year, however, I suffered for eight months without interruption so that I could not do any work at all. The various medicines that were prescribed brought me no relief. 'After taking six bottles of Peruna, two of Laupia and two of Manalin, I am free of my trouble so that I can do all my farm work again. I can heartily recommend this medicine to any one who suffers with this annoying complaint and believe that they will obtain good results."

A DRAW.



Old Grouch—So you had a fight with Clarence. He claims he licked you. Cholly—Oh! the boast! It's true he manupled my cwavat dreadfully, but when it was all ovah his collah was frightfully wilted. Explained. "Heigho!" sighed Mrs. Stoutly. "You used to sit with your arm around my waist, John, but you never do it any more." "I'm sorry, dear," replied Stoutly. "but there are some things that are beyond my reach."—Harper's Weekly. Most men would rather give their wives credit for what they do than to give them money.

## THE CARELESS GROCER Blundered, and Great Good Came of It.

A careless grocer left the wrong package at a Michigan home one day and thereby brought a great blessing to the household. "Two years ago I was a sufferer from stomach troubles, so acute that the effort to digest ordinary food gave me great pain, and brought on a condition of such extreme nervousness that I could not be left alone. I thought I should certainly become insane. I was so reduced in flesh that I was little better than a living skeleton. The doctors failed to give me relief and I despaired of recovery. "One day our groceryman left a package of Grape-Nuts food by mistake, so I tried some for dinner. I was surprised to find that it satisfied my appetite and gave me no distress whatever. The next meal I ate of it again, and to be brief, I have lived for the past year almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. It has proved to be a most healthful and appetizing food, perfectly adapted to the requirements of my system. "Grape-Nuts is not only easily digested and assimilated, but I find that since I have been using it I am able to eat anything else my appetite fancied, without trouble from indigestion. The stomach trouble and nervousness have left me, I have regained my plumpness and my views of life are no longer despondent and gloomy. "Other members of my family, especially my husband, (whose old enemy, the 'heart-burn,' has been vanquished) have also derived great benefit from the use of Grape-Nuts food and we think no morning meal complete without it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# 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 MELVILLE



"Som'ting 'Bout a Gal, Massa Jack—an' a Law Suit."

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)  
A group was gathered about the body in the rain, a single lantern glimmering. Two or three men had started down the passageway, and Keith met them, revolvers drawn and suspicious. "Who are you?" snapped one sharply. "Were you doing all that shooting yonder?" Keith recognized the voice, thankful that he did so. "I fired at the fellow, but he got away onto the prairie. I reckon you couldn't have done any better, Bill." "Jack Keith!" and Hickock's voice had a new tone, his hand dropping on the other's shoulder. "Never was gladder to meet a fellow in my life. Boys, this is an old deputy of mine down in Dodge. When he gives up chasin' a murderer there isn't much use our tryin'. Let's go back, and find out how bad the fellow is hurt. While we're feelin' our way, Jack, you might tell us what you know about this affair." "It was just the flash of a gun, and the man dropped," Keith explained, briefly. "I was ten or a dozen feet behind, and the fellow fired from under the wagon there. He must have been laying for some one—I reckon, maybe, it was me." "You? Then it's likely you have some notion who he was?" "Well, if I have, Bill," and Keith's lips were set tight, "I'm not liable to tell you. If it's the lad I think likely, I'll attend to the case myself. You understand—this is my personal affair." Hickock nodded, his hand again pressing the other's shoulder. "Sure, Jack, if you feel that way. There's enough doing here in Sheridan to keep a marshal reasonably busy, without dipplin' into private matters. I rather reckon you can take care of yourself, but if you need me, old boy, I'm always right here on the job. You know that." "I do, Bill, and appreciate it." The group about the motionless body fell away, and made room for the marshal, the last man to rise saying soberly: "He's dead all right, Hickock. I guess he never knew what hit him. Good shootin', too, dark as it is here." "Had the range fixed, likely," returned the marshal. "That's what makes it look like it was arranged for." He bent down, striving to distinguish the dead man's features turned up to the drizzle, but the night revealed only the faintest outline. "Anybody know him?" There was no response, only a shuffling of feet in the mud. "Here, you man with the lantern, hold it over where I can see. There, that is better. Now, you fellows take a look, and see if some of you can't name the poor devil." They glanced down, one after the other, over Bill's shoulder, shading their eyes from the rain so as to see clearer. The light of the flickering lantern streamed full on the ghastly face, but each man shook his head, and passed on. Keith hung back, hoping some one would identify the body, and not make it necessary for him to take part in the grewsome task. It was not likely to be any one he knew, and besides, he felt the man had died in his stead, and he dreaded to look upon the stricken face. When the last of the group had drifted back out of the radius of light, Hickock looked up and saw him. "Here, Jack," he said, gravely, "you better try—you might know him." Keith bent over and looked down. As he did so his heart seemed to rise choking into his throat, and a blur obscured his sight. He swept a hand



still lingering on the horizon, the little party slowly wended their way back, down the steep trail into the one long street of Sheridan. At the hotel! Neb was waiting, the whites of his eyes shining with excitement, his patomime indicating important news. As soon as he could leave Hope, Keith hurried down to interview his dusky satellite, who appeared about to burst with restrained information. As soon as uncorked that individual began to flow volubly: "I sho' done seed 'em, Massa Jack; I done seed 'em both." "Both? Both who?" "Massa Waite, sah, an' dat black debble dat we was huntin' for. It was a mos' surprisin' circumstance, sah—a mos' surprisin' circumstance." "Well, go on; where did you see them? Do you mean they were together?" The negro took a long breath, evidently overcome by the importance of his message, and unable to conjure up words wholly satisfactory to his ideas. "It sho' am de strangest t'ing, Massa Jack, ebber I prognosticated. I was jest comin' rou'n' de corner ob Sheeny Joe's shebang, back dar by de blacksmith shop, when—de Lawd save me!—yere come ol' Massa Waite, a ridin' long on a cream col'd pinto just as much alibe as ebber he was. Yas, sah; he's whiskers was blowin' round, an' I could eben yeh him cussin' he boss, when he done yah at a man what got up sudden like from a cart-wheel he was settin' on. I done took one look at dat secon' fellar, and seed it was dat black debble from down Carson way. Den I ducked into de blacksmith shop out 'er sight. I sho' didn't want Mister Hawley to git no chance at dis nigger—I sho' didn't." "Did they speak to one another?" Keith asked, anxiously. "Did you hear what was said?" "Sho' dey talked, Massa Jack. I sorter reckon dey was dar for dat special purpose. Sutt'nly, sah, dey went right at talkin' like dey had som'ting on dey minds. Ol' Massa Waite was a sittin' straight up on de hoss, an' dat black debble was a standin' dar in front ob him. Ol' Massa Waite he was mad from de first jump off, an' I could heah most ebery'ting he said, but Mr. Hawley he grin de same way he do when he deal fero, an' speaks kinder low. De ol' man he swear fine at him, he call him ebery'ting—a damn liar, a damn scoundrel—but Mr. Hawley he jest grin, and say ober de same ting." "Wh't was that, Neb?" "Som'ting 'bout a gal, Massa Jack—an' a law suit—an' how de ol' man better settle up widout no fightin'. I jest didn't git de whole ob it, he talked so low like." "What did Waite say?" "Well, mostly he jest cussed. He sho' told dat black debble 'bout what he thought ob him, but he didn't neber call him Hawley—no, sah, not once, he done call him Bartlett, or somethin' or odder like dat. But he sutt'nly read dat man's pedigree from way back to de time of de flood, I reck'n. An' he done swore he'd fight for whatebber it was, papers or no papers. Den Hawley, he got plumb tired ob de ol' man swearin' at him, an' he grabbed a picter out ob his pocket, an' says, 'Damn you; look at dat! What kind ob a fight can yo' make against dat face?' De ol' man stared at it a while, sorter chokin' up; den he say softer like: 'It's Hope; where did yo' ebber get dat?' and de black debble he laughed, an' shoved de picter back into he's pocket. 'Hope, hell!' he say, 'it's Phyllis, an' I'll put her before any jury yo're mind to get—oh, I've got yo' nailed, Waite, dis time'—"

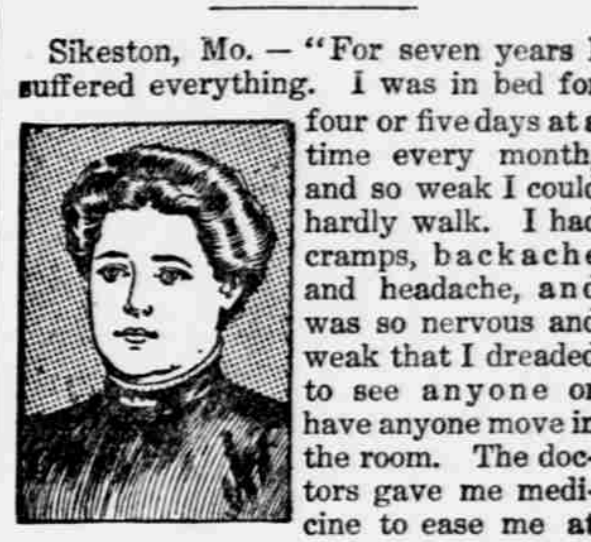
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Mapping the Nation

More than one-third of the area of the United States has been surveyed and mapped by topographers of the United States geological survey in connection with the preparation of a detailed topographic atlas of the country. The maps represent areas called quadrangles, and show by a system of contour lines all topographic features, giving elevations as determined by the survey's spirit level work. The quadrangles are areas limited by parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude, and differ in size with the latitude of the areas and with the scales of the maps. Topographic work has been completed in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia, and will be finished in Maryland during the next

# SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

How Mrs. Bethune was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I had cramps, backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband's told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do all my own household work, and can walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the week. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl, and tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that tearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?

# PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE  
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

STUDY, ANYHOW.



"Yes, she had to give up her part." "Was it a case of overstudy?" "No; understudy." He ought to get it. "On what grounds do you seek a divorce from your wife?" asked the lawyer. "Simply because of a pun," replied the long suffering husband. "You see, she's a sufferer, and it gets on my nerves to hear her remark twenty times a day, 'Will you love me when I mold?'" Deep-Sea Version. Tommy Cod—What is it they call a pessimist, pa? Pa Cod—A pessimist, my son, is a fish who thinks there is a hook in every worm.—Puck.

## Like a Pleasant Thought

# Post Toasties

with cream.

Sweet, crisp bits of white Indian corn, toasted to an appetizing, golden brown. A delightful food for breakfast, lunch or supper—always ready to serve instantly from the package.

## "The Memory Lingers"

For a pleasing variation sprinkle some Grape-Nuts over a saucer of Post Toasties, then add cream. The combined flavour is something to remember.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Michigan