



HEALTH FOR THE CHILD.

The careful mother, watching closely the physical peculiarities of her children, soon learns that health is in a great measure dependent upon normal, healthy, regular bowel action. When the bowels are inactive, loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder are soon apparent.

Keep the bowels free and clear and good health is assured. At the first sign of constipation give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at bed-time and repeat the dose the following night, if necessary. You will find the child will quickly recover its accustomed good spirits, and eat and sleep normally.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is far preferable to salts, cathartics and purgative waters which are harsh in their action. Syrup Pepsin acts upon the bowels easily and naturally, yet positively, and causes no griping or discomfort. Its tonic properties build up the stomach, liver and bowels, restoring their normal condition.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried this remedy, send for a sample to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. He will gladly send a trial bottle without any expense to you whatever.

Awful.

"Is my hat on straight?"
"No. One eye shows."—Life.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Occasionally a bachelor thinks he will marry a certain girl until he discovers that she thinks likewise, also.

The simple life is best. Let your only medicine be Garfield Tea, the pure and proven remedy. All druggists.

A Match.

"The big prizes in life are few."
"So are the big winners."—Baltimore American.

Talented.

"Dubsley would have a brilliant career on the stage."
"Why do you think so?"
"He can wiggle his ears and imitate a cow to perfection."

Unrealized Idyl of a King.
King Arthur had just invented the round table.

"Can you invent a bureau that a man's wife will let him have two drawers of?" we asked.

Her Opportunity.
Edith—Isn't Alice the lucky girl? Just as she had decided to throw Jack over her broke the engagement.

Tom—Well, now she's going to sue him for breach of promise.

Shot With a Knife.
Years ago in a stock performance of a famous old melodrama, the villain, Charles Wolcott, suddenly discovered that he had left his revolver in the dressing room. In much confusion, he fumbled in his pocket and found a penknife which, he figured, would do just as well for the bloody deed. Imagine his consternation when, after plunging the blade into the hero's breast, that player failed to change his lines and screamed at the top of his voice: "Heaven forgive you! I'm shot."

FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY
Where the Winters Are Cold and the Snows Deep.

Writing from the vicinity David Harum made famous, a man says that he was a habitual coffee drinker, and, although he knew it was doing him harm, was too obstinate to give it up, till all at once he went to pieces with nervousness and insomnia, loss of appetite, weakness, and a generally used-up feeling, which practically unfitted him for his arduous occupation, and kept him on a couch at home when his duty did not call him out.

"While in this condition Grape-Nuts food was suggested to me, and I began to use it. Although it was in the middle of winter, and the thermometer was often below zero, almost my entire living for about six weeks of severe exposure was on Grape-Nuts food with a little bread and butter and a cup of hot water, till I was wise enough to make Postum my table beverage."

"After the first two weeks I began to feel better and during the whole winter I never lost a trip on my mail route, frequently being on the road 7 or 8 hours at a time.
"The constant marvel to me was how a person could do the amount of work and endure the fatigue and hardship as I did, on so small an amount of food. But I found my new rations so perfectly satisfactory that I have continued them—using both Postum and Grape-Nuts at every meal, and often they comprise my entire meal."

"All my nervousness, irritability and insomnia have disappeared and healthy, natural sleep has come back to me. But what has been perhaps the greatest surprise to me is the fact that with the benefit to my general health has come a remarkable improvement in my eye-sight."

"If a good appetite, good digestion, good eye-sight, strong nerves and an active brain are to be desired, I can say from my own experience, use Grape-Nuts and Postum." 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 genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A Cruel Thrust.
He—Old age has no terrors for me.
She—It needn't have if it's true that brainy men live long.

Ornamental penmanship is also a flourishing industry.

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

Davidson Bros. Co., Sioux City, Ia.

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For Sale by Your Lumberman

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Express paid one way.
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Without Hypodermic Injections by the Neal Method

Write for Indorsements and Booklets.
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SIoux CITY IOWA
RHODY BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS

SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He seizes 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 locket 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 Keith in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, 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. Hawley is appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with 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, his one 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 MacLaure, the Carson City singer. Keith meets the real Christie MacLaure and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life, which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie MacLaure. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation. Keith finds Willoughby shot dead. Hope is told of the death of her brother. Keith fails to learn what representations Black Bart has made to Christie MacLaure. Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the stage singer. Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie MacLaure and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage. Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart, who, thus deceived, tells Hope that General Waite has suspected his plans and that they must fly. Hope, greatly alarmed, demurs.

CHAPTER XXX.

In Christie's Room.

Keith swept his glance up and down the street without results. Surely Hawley and his companion could not have disappeared so suddenly. They had turned to the right, he was certain as to that, and he pushed through the crowd of men around the theater entrance, and hastened to overtake them. He found nothing to overtake—nowhere along that stretch of street, illumined by window lights, was there any sign of a man and woman walking together. He stopped, bewildered, staring blindly about, falling utterly to comprehend this mysterious vanishing. What could it mean? What had happened? How could they have disappeared so completely during that single moment he had waited to speak to Fairbain? The man's heart beat like a trip-hammer with apprehension, a sudden fear for Hope taking possession of him. Surely the girl would never consent to enter any of those dens along the way, and Hawley would not dare resort to force in the open street. The very thought seemed preposterous, and yet, with no other supposition possible, he entered these one after the other in hasty search, questioning the inmates sharply, only to find himself totally baffled—Hawley and Hope had vanished as though swallowed by the earth. He explored dark passage-ways between the scattered buildings, rummaging about recklessly, but came back to the street again without reward.

Could they have gone down the other side, in the deeper shadows, and thus reached the hotel more quickly than it seemed to him possible? There was barely a chance that this could be true, and yet Keith grasped at it desperately, cursing himself for having wasted time. Five minutes later, breathless, almost speechless with anxiety, he started the clerk.

"Has Miss Waite come in? Miss Hope Waite?"

"Blamed if I know," retorted the other, indifferently. "Can't for the life of me tell those two females apart. One of them passed through 'bout ten minutes ago; Doc Fairbain was with her. Another party just went upstairs hunting Miss MacLaure, and as they haven't come down, I reckon it must have been her—anything wrong?"

"I'm not sure yet," shortly. "Who was this other person?"

"Old fellow with white hair and whiskers—saw like a pirate—had the sheriff along with him."

It came to Keith in a flash—it was Waite. Perhaps Christie knew. Perhaps the General knew. Certainly something of importance was crystallizing in the actress' room which might help to explain all else. He rushed up the stairs, barely waiting to rap once at the closed door before he pressed it open. The sight within held him silent, waiting opportunity to blurt out his news. Here, also, was tragedy, intense, compelling, which for the instant seemed to even overshadow the fate of the girl he loved. There were three men present, and the woman. She stood clutching the back of a chair, white-faced and open-eyed, with Fairbain slightly behind her, one hand grasping her arm, the other clinched, his jaw set pugnaciously. Facing these two was

Waite, and a heavily built man wearing a brown beard, closely trimmed. "You'd better acknowledge it," Waite snapped out, with a quick glance at the newcomer. "It will make it all the easier for you. I tell you this is the sheriff, and we've got you both dead to rights."

"But," she urged, "why should I be arrested? I have done nothing."

"You're an adventuress—a damn adventuress—Hawley's mistress, probably—a—"

"Now, see here, Waite," and Fairbain swung himself forward, "you drop that. Miss MacLaure is my friend, and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff."

Waite glared at him. "You old fool," he snorted, "what have you got to do with this?"

"I've got this to do with, you'll find—the woman is to be treated with respect or I'll blow your damned obstinate head off."

The sheriff laid his hand on Waite's shoulder.

"Come," he said, firmly, "this is no way to get at it. We want to know certain facts, and then we can proceed lawfully. Let me question the woman."

The two older men still faced one another belligerently, but Keith saw Christie draw the doctor back from between her and the sheriff.

Keith straightened up, looking directly into the fierce questioning eyes.

"You may ask me anything you please," she announced, quietly. "I am sure these gentlemen will not fight in my room."

"Very well, Miss MacLaure. It will require only a moment. How long have you known this man Hawley?"

"Merely a few days—since I arrived in Sheridan."

"But you were in communication with him before that?"

The pleasant voice and quiet demeanor of the sheriff seemed to yield the girl confidence and courage.

"Yes, he had written me two or three letters."

"You met him here then by appointment?"

"He was to come to Sheridan, and explain to me more fully what his letters had only hinted at."

"You possessed no previous knowledge of his purpose?"

"Only the barest outline—details were given me later."

"Will you tell us briefly exactly what Hawley told you?"

The girl's bewildered eyes wandered from face to face, then returned to the waiting sheriff.

"May—may I sit down?" she asked. "Most certainly; and don't be afraid, for really we wish to be your friends."

She sank down into the chair, and even Keith could see how her slender form trembled. There was a moment's silence.

"Believe me, gentlemen," she began, falteringly, "if there is any fraud, any conspiracy, I have borne no conscious part in it. Mr. Hawley came to me

saying a dying man had left with him certain papers, naming one, Phyllis Gale, as heiress to a very large estate in North Carolina, left by her grandfather in trust. He said the girl had been taken West, when scarcely two years old, by her father in a fit of drunken rage, and then deserted by him in St. Louis."

"You—you saw the papers?" Waite broke in.

"Yes, those that Hawley had; he gave them to me to keep for him."

She crossed to her trunk, and came back, a manila envelope in her hand. Waite opened it hastily, running his eyes over the contents.

"The infernal scoundrel!" he exclaimed, hotly. "These were stolen from me at Carson City."

"Let me see them." The sheriff ran them over, merely glancing at the endorsements.

"Just as you represented, Waite," he said, slowly. "A copy of the will, your commission as guardian, and memoranda of identification. Well, Miss MacLaure, how did you happen to be so easily convinced that you were the lost girl?"

"Mr. Hawley brought me a picture which he said was of this girl's half-sister; the resemblance was most startling. This, with the fact that I have never known either father or mother or my real name, and that my

eyes of the sheriff turned to Fairbain, whose face grew redder than usual, as he shifted his gaze toward Keith.

"That was a lie," he confessed, lamely. "I—I was told to say that."

"Just a moment, Sheriff," and Keith stood before them, his voice clear and convincing. "My name is Keith, and I have unavoidably been mixed up in this affair from the beginning. Just now I can relieve the doctor of his embarrassment. Miss Hope Waite and I have been associated together in an effort to solve this mystery. This evening, taking advantage of the remarkable resemblance existing between herself and Miss MacLaure, Miss Hope decided upon a mask."

"What's that," Waite broke in excitedly. "Is Hope here?"

"Yes, has been for a week; we've had all the police force of Sheridan hunting you."

The old man stared at the speaker, open-mouthed, and muttered something about Port Hays, but Keith, paying little attention to him, hurried on with his story.

"As I say, she decided upon impersonating Christie here, hoping in this way to learn more regarding Hawley's plans. We had discovered that the two were to meet at the evening performance at the stage door of the Trocadero. I escorted Hope there, dressed as near like Miss MacLaure as possible, and left her inside the vestibule waiting for 'Black Bart' to appear. At the head of the alley I ran into Fairbain, told him something of the circumstances, and persuaded him to escort Miss Christie back to the hotel. He was not very hard to persuade. Well, Hawley came, and Hope met him; they went out of the alleyway together arm in arm, talking pleasantly, and turned this way toward the hotel. The doctor and I both saw and heard them. I was delayed not to exceed two minutes, speaking a final word to Fairbain, and when I reached the street they had disappeared. I have hunted them everywhere without finding a trace—I have even been through the resorts. She has not returned to the hotel, and I burst in upon you here hoping that Miss MacLaure might have some information."

She shook her head, and Waite, glaring impatiently at the two of them, swore sharply.

"Good God, man! my girl! Hope, alone with that damn villain. Come on, Sheriff; we've got to find her. Wait, though!" and he strode almost menacingly across the room. "First, I want to know who the devil you are?"

Keith straightened up, looking directly into the fierce questioning eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thoughts are things that men with brains work with.

Slowly Waite turned about and



Keith Straightened Up, Looking Directly Into the Fierce Questioning Eyes.