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Cholly—I wish you'd tell your father he's gotta quit kickin' me aroun'.—New York Sun.

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is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 40 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province showed other excellent results—such as 4,000 bushels of wheat from 120 acres, or 33 1-3 bu. per acre, 25, 30 and 40 bushel yields were numerous. As high as 132 bushels of oats to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1910.

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at the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grains, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

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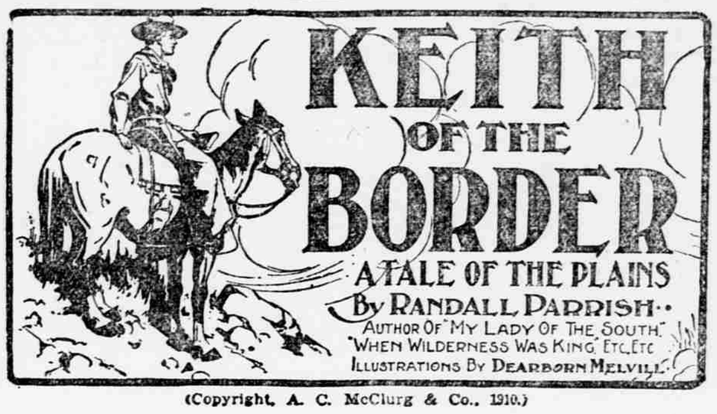

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80

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 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 Keiths 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. 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 Fort Learned, 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 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. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire 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 Maclaire. 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 repreesntations Black Bart has made to Christie Maclaire. Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the stage singer. Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie Maclaire and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while 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. General Waite appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance. Keith is informed that Christie Maclaire's real name is Phyllis Gale and that she is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"I did, Christie; you bet I did," broke in the delighted doctor, every nerve tingling. "I'd 'a' cleaned out that whole gang if you'd only said so, but I reckon now it was better to let them tell all they knew. It was like a thunder storm clearing the atmosphere."

"Oh, it was, indeed! Now I know who I am—who I am! Isn't that simply glorious? Sit down, Doctor Fairbain, there in the big chair where I can see your face. I want to talk, talk, talk; I want to ask questions, a thousand questions; but it wouldn't do any good to ask them of you, would it? You don't know anything about my family, do you?"

"Not very much, I am afraid, only that you have got an almighty pretty half-sister," admitted the man, emphatically, "and old Waite possesses the vilest temper ever given a human being. He's no blood kin to you, though."

"No, but he is awfully good underneath, isn't he?"

"Got a heart of pure gold, old Waite. Why, I've seen him cry like a baby over one of his men that got hurt."

"Have you known him, then, for a long while?"

"Ever since the Spring of '61. I was brigaded with him all through the war, and had to cut a bullet or so out of his hide before it ended. If there was ever a fight, Willis Waite was sure to get his share. He could swear some then, but he's improved since, and I reckon now he could likely claim the championship."

"Did—did you know my mother also?" and Christie leaned forward, her eyes suddenly grown misty. "I haven't even the slightest memory of her."

The doctor's heart was tender, and he was swift to respond, reaching forth and grasping the hand nearest him. He had made love before, yet somehow this was different; he felt half afraid of this woman, and it was a new sensation altogether, and not unpleasant.

"I saw her often enough in those days, but not since. She was frequently in camp, a very sweet-faced woman; you have her eyes and hair, as I remember. Waite ought to have recognized you at first sight. By Heavens! that was what made me so internally mad, the mulish obstinacy of the old fool. Your mother used to come to the hospital tent, too; one of the best nurses I ever saw. I thought she was a beauty then, but she's some older by this time," he paused regretfully. "You see, I'm no spring chicken, myself."

Her eyes were upon his face, a slight flush showing in either cheek, and she made no effort to withdraw her imprisoned hand.

"You are just a nice age," with firm conviction. "Boys are tiresome, and I think a little gray in the hair is an improvement. Oh, you mustn't imagine I say this just to please you—I have always thought so, since—well, since I grew up. Besides, fleshy men generally look young, because they are so good natured, perhaps. How old are you, Doctor?"

"It isn't the gray hairs I mind, either," he admitted hesitatingly, "but I'm too darned bald-headed. Oh, I ain't so old, for I was only thirty-five when the war broke out. I was so thin then I could hardly cast a shadow. I've changed some since," casting his eyes admiringly downward, "and got quite a figure. I was forty-three last month."

"That isn't old; that's just right."

"I've been afraid you looked on me as being an old fogy!"

"I should say not," indignantly. "Why should you ever think that?"

"Well, there were so many young fellows hanging about."

"Who?"

"Oh, Keith, and Hawley, and that bunch of officers from the fort; you never had any time to give me."

She laughed again, her fingers tightening in their clasp on his hand.

"Why, how foolish; Hawley is older than you are, and I was only playing with Keith. Surely you must know that now. And as to the officers, they were just fun. You see, in my profession, one has to be awfully nice to everybody."

"But didn't you really care for Hawley?" he insisted, bluntly probing for facts.

"You Know What I Mean—That I Love You."

"He—he interested me," admitted the girl, hesitatingly, her eyes darkening with sudden anger. "He lied and I believed him—I would have believed any one who came with such a story. Oh, Dr. Fairbain," and she clung to him now eagerly, "you cannot realize how hungry I have been for what he brought me. I wanted so to know the truth of my birth. Oh, I hated this life!" She flung her disengaged hand into the air, with a gesture expressive of disgust. "I was crazy to get away from it. That was what made the man look good to me—he—he promised so much. You will believe me, won't you? Oh, you must; I am going to make you. I am a singer in music halls; I was brought up to that life from a little girl, and of course, I know what you Western men think of us as a class. Hawley showed it in his whole manner toward me, and I resented it; just for that, deep down in my heart, I hated him. I know it now, now that I really understand his purpose; but some way, when I was with him he seemed to fascinate me, to make me do just as he willed. But you have never been that way; you—you have acted as though I was somebody—somebody nice, and not just a music-hall singer. Perhaps it's just your way, and maybe, deep down you don't think I'm any better than the other do, but—but I want you to think I am, and I am going to tell you the truth, and you must believe me—I am a good girl."

"Great God! of course you are," he blurted out. "Don't you suppose I know? That isn't what has been bothering me, lassie. Why, I'd 'a' fought any buck who'd 'a' sneered at you. What I wanted to know was, whether or not you really cared for any of those duffers. Can you tell me that, Christie?"

She lifted her eyes to his face, her lips parted.

"I can answer anything you ask."

"And you do not care for them?"

"No."

He drew his breath sharply, his round face rosy.

"Then you have got to listen to me, for I'm deadly in earnest. I'm an old, rough, bald-headed fool that don't know much about women—I never thought before I'd ever want to—but you can bet on one thing, I'm square. Anybody in this town will tell you I'm square. They'll tell you that whatever I says goes. I've never run around much with women; somehow I never exactly liked the kind I've come up against, and maybe they didn't feel any particular interest in me. I didn't cut much shine as a ladies' man, but, I reckon now, it's only because the right one hadn't happened along. She is here now, though, all right, and I knew it the very first time I set eyes on her. Oh, you roped and tied me all right the first throw. Maybe I did get you and that half-sister mixed up a bit, but just the same you were the one I really wanted. Hope's all right; she's a mighty fine girl, but you are the one for me, Christie. Could you—could you care for such a duffer as I am?"

Her lips were smiling and so were her eyes, but it was a pleading smile.

"I—I don't think it would be so very hard," she admitted, "not if you really wanted me to."

"You know what I mean—that I love you—wish you to be my wife?"

"I supposed that was it—that—that you wanted me."

"Yes, and—and you will love?"

Her head dropped slowly, so slowly he did not realize the significance of the action until her lips touched his hand.

"I do," she said; "you are the best man in the world."

Fairbain could not move, could not seem to realize what it all meant. The outcome had been so sudden, so surprising, that all power of expression deserted him. In bewilderment he lifted her face and looked into her eyes. Perhaps she realized—with the swift intuition of a clever woman—the man's perplexity, for instantly she led his mind to other things.

"But let us not talk of ourselves any more, tonight. There is so much I wish to know; so much that ought to be done." She sprang to her feet. "Why, it is almost shameful for us to stay here, selfishly happy, while others are in such trouble. Have they discovered Hope?"

"No; we scoured the whole town and found no trace. Now they are outside on the prairie, but there can be little chance of their picking up a trail before daylight."

"And Hawley?"

"He has vanished also; without doubt they are together. What do you suppose he can want of her? How do you imagine he ever got her to go with him? She isn't that sort of a girl."

She shook her head, shivering a little.

"He must have mistaken her for me—perhaps has not even yet discovered his mistake. But what it all means, or how he gained her consent to go with him, I cannot conceive."

She stood with hands clasped, staring out of the window.

"There is a little light showing already," she exclaimed, pointing. "See, yonder. Oh, I trust they will find her alive, and unhurt. That man, I believe, is capable of any crime. But couldn't you be of some help? Why should you remain here with me? I am in no danger."

"You really wish me to go, Christie?"

"Not that way—not that way," and she turned impulsively, with hands outstretched. "Of course I want you here with me, but I want you to help bring Hope back."

He drew her to him, supremely happy now, every feeling of embarrassment lost in complete certainty of possession.

"And I will," he said solemnly. "Wherever they may have gone I shall follow. I am going now, dear, and when I come back you'll be glad to see me?"

"Shall I?" her eyes uplifted to his own, and swimming in tears. "I will be the happiest girl in all the world, I reckon. Oh, what a night this has been! What a wonderful night! It has given me a name, a mother, and the man I love."

He kissed her, not in passion, but in simple tenderness, and as he turned away she sank upon her knees at the window, with head bowed upon the sill. At the door he paused and looked back, and she turned and smiled at him. Then he went out, and she knelt there silently, gazing forth into the dawn, her eyes blurred with tears—facing a new day, and a new life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wild Strawberries.

Strawberries have improved very much in flavor since the fifteenth century. Until then the only strawberries eaten were wild strawberries of a kind which would never find a market nowadays. By 148 , however, they were beginning to be cultivated. for Holinshed records under that date a particularly fine crop grown by the Bishop of Ely in the grounds of his palace, now covered by Hatton Garden.

He quotes the Duke of Gloucester as saying to the Bishop, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn. I require you to let us have a mess of them." This speech was copied almost verbatim by Shakespeare in "Richard III." Still, even the Bishop's fruit would not appeal much to modern connoisseurs, for the garden strawberries at that period were only transplanted wildlings, the plants being sold at about 4d. a bushel.—London Chronicle.

Raising Lions in Dublin.

The unique enterprise of raising lions for the trade is one practiced by the Zoological Garden in Dublin, where several hundred lions have been raised since the first experiments were made, more than thirty years ago. Curiously enough, the race to which these lions belong has disappeared from its original home in Natal, South Africa, while it has been perpetuated under artificial conditions in the Irish capital city. A few years ago the Zoological Society of Ireland extended its business of lion raising, and added male lions from Nubia to its stock, hitherto exclusively of Natal blood. The institution is now engaged in an attempt to interbreed the two varieties.

A True Son of the South.

A statue was unveiled at Sceaux to Clovis Hugues, poet and deputy, says the Paris correspondent of the London Standard. Clovis Hugues was a typical son of the south, and like all Marseillais he believed that the Paris boulevards would be a very fair imitation of the Cannabiere if there were only a bit of sea at the end of the street. One afternoon in Marseilles a Parisian ventured to claim some charm for Paris. "Absurd," said Clovis Hugues. "Paris cannot compare with Marseilles at all. Here, at least, we have the sun." "We have the sun in Paris, too," remarked his friend. "Ah, bah!" said Clovis Hugues; "your sun in Paris is only an old moon which Marseilles has no further use for."

Growth of Atlantic City.

Atlantic City was incorporated in 1854, the year when the first passenger train was run from the Delaware river to the Atlantic ocean. At that time the village consisted of half a dozen families which had increased to a population of 1,043, in 1870, according to the United States census. Ten years later it had grown to 5,477; in 1890 it was 13,055, and in 1900 there were 27,838 residents.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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Nothing excels this Cough Remedy. No opiates. Sample free. JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

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FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Poverty does not destrop virtue, nor does wealth bestow it.—Yriarte.

For constipation use a natural remedy. Garfield Tea is composed of carefully selected herbs only. At all drugstores.

Many a man with one foot in the grave does enough kicking with the other to make up for it.

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.

It doesn't require much inventive genius for a man to make a fool of himself.

Political economy may be all right, but political liberty counts for more about election time.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Ali Fresco.

"Why does that old maid use so much paint on her face?"

"She's making up for lost time."

Use Allen's Foot-Ease

The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for tired, tender, smarting, aching, swollen feet. It makes your feet feel easy and makes walking a Delight. Sold everywhere, 25c. For free trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Result.

Mrs. Howard—Did you give Johnny an unbreakable toy?

Mrs. Barker—Yes, but the trouble is that he has broken everything else with it.—Harper's Bazar.

Perpetual Worth.

"Why was it you never married again, Aunt Sallie?" inquired Mrs. McClane of an old colored woman in West Virginia.

"'Deed, Miss Ellie," replied the old woman earnestly, "dat daid nigger's wuth moah to me dan a live one. I gits a pension."—Lippincott's.

Exposing Children to Disease.

In an article on the treatment of sick children in the Woman's Home Companion the author, Dr. Roger H. Dennett, a famous New York specialist on the diseases of children, says:

"Never, never, never expose the child to any contagious disease in order that he may have it once and be done with it. Even the so-called simple children's diseases, such as measles or whooping cough, have a death rate that is appalling."

Financial Cripples.

They were taking the visitor from upstate around Manhattan, showing him the sights. The big automobile rolled past many wonderful buildings, all of which the host pointed out with some feelings of civic pride. At last they chanced to pass by the Municipal Lodging house.

"What's that place?" asked the rural visitor.

"Oh, that's one of New York's homes for cripples," was the reply.

"What kind of cripples?" was asked.

"Financial," was the reply, as the car sped on.—New York Herald.

NO WORDS WASTED

A Swift Transformation Briefly Described.

About food, the following brief but emphatic letter from a Georgia woman goes straight to the point and is convincing.

"My frequent attacks of indigestion and palpitation of the heart culminated in a sudden and desperate illness, from which I arose enfeebled in mind and body. The doctor advised me to live on cereals, but none of them agreed with me until I tried Grape-Nuts food and Postum.

"The more I used of them the more I felt convinced that they were just what I needed, and in a short time they made a different woman of me. My stomach and heart troubles disappeared as if by magic, and my mind was restored and is as clear as it ever was.

"I gained flesh and strength so rapidly that my friends were astonished. Postum and Grape-Nuts have benefited me so greatly that I am glad to bear this testimony." 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.