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Comparative Values.  
"My wife can make a tart reply."  
"My wife can do better than that. She can make a pie speak for itself."

Great System.  
"This winter air is nice and fresh," said the brisk citizen.  
"That's where you are wrong," replied the man from Chicago. "It's the same old air; it only seems fresh because it has been in cold storage."

A Believer.  
Gifford Pinchot, at his brother's house, in Park avenue, New York, listened quizzically to a political story that was being submitted to him for verification by a political reporter.

When the reporter finished his narrative Mr. Pinchot laughed and said: "I'll reply to that as the old Italian peasant replied to the statement that his fellow-countryman loved birds too well ever to eat them:

"Well, I don't mind believing that myself," the old man said, "but there's a good many who wouldn't."

Altogether Too Late Now.  
A lady who was anxious to obtain a good general servant applied at an intelligence office and was assured by the proprietor that she had just the person to suit. A raw-boned Irish woman some fifty years of age came forward.

"Well," said the lady, after a short conversation, "I would be very glad to engage you, but—"  
"But what, pray?"  
"Well, you see I wanted one who is—who is rather younger."  
"An 'indade!" exclaimed the woman, folding her arms and glaring indignantly, "it's a pity the good Lord didn't make me in the yare to suit your convenience."

### COFFEE HURTS One in Three.

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is a poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

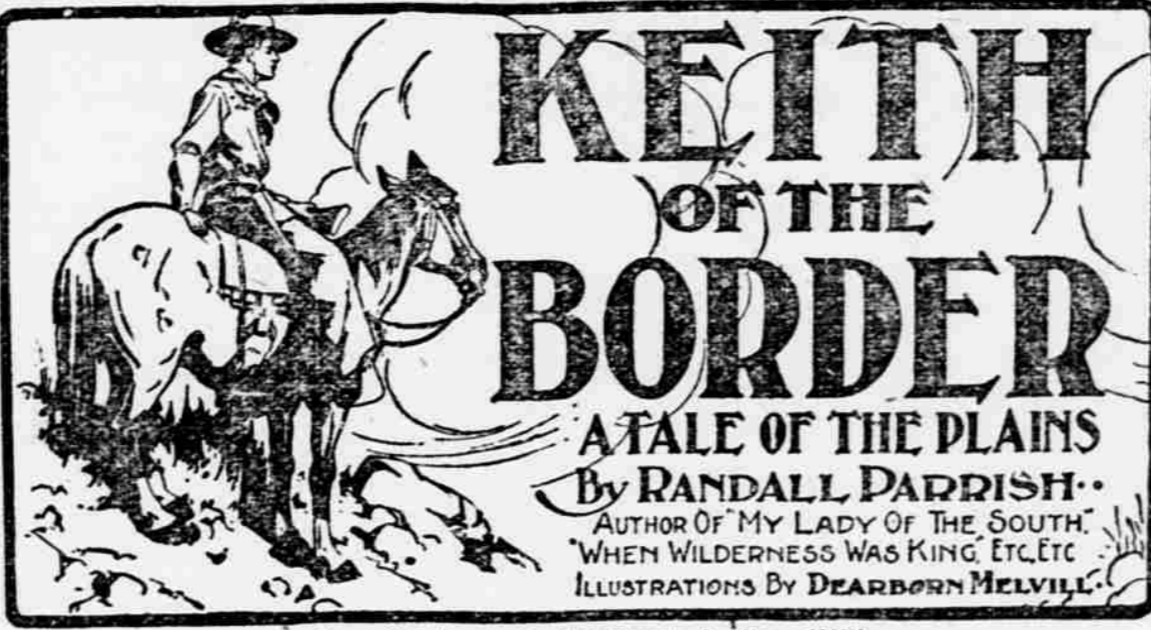
A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffer from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse."

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was injuring me?"

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken to Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change."

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum. '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.



### SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border platoon, 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. Keith's 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 platoon comes 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 terrible battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victorious. 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 Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbairn. Keith meets the brother of Hope, who is 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 the daughter of General Waite. Keith meets the real Christie MacLaire, who is the daughter of General Waite. 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 platoon finds Hope Waite and 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 MacLaire. Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the stage singer. Dr. Fairbairn 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. Dr. Fairbairn avows his love for Phyllis and she accepts him. Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart. They find Hope has been taken back to the old cabin.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

"Eight horses in that," he announced soberly; then turned to Keith. "Say, Jack, what do you figure this shebang to be, anyhow? You don't reckon it's old Sanchez's outfit, do yer?"

"Likely as not, Joe, though I never saw him around here."

Joe filled his cheek with tobacco, staring about through the darkness.

"Well, if that of cuss is yere now we 'uns is sure in fer a fight," he commented positively.

They rounded the corral fence on hands and knees, crawled into a bunch of bushes somewhat to the rear of the silent, desolate-appearing cabin, and lay down flat behind a pile of saddles, from which position they could plainly discern the rear door.

"Had their camp over there in the corner of the corral when I was here before," he said in a whisper. "Where do you suppose they can be now?"

The wary scout lifted his head, sniffing into the darkness like a pointer dog.

"West o' ther cabin thar, out o' ther wind, most likely. I smell tobacco."

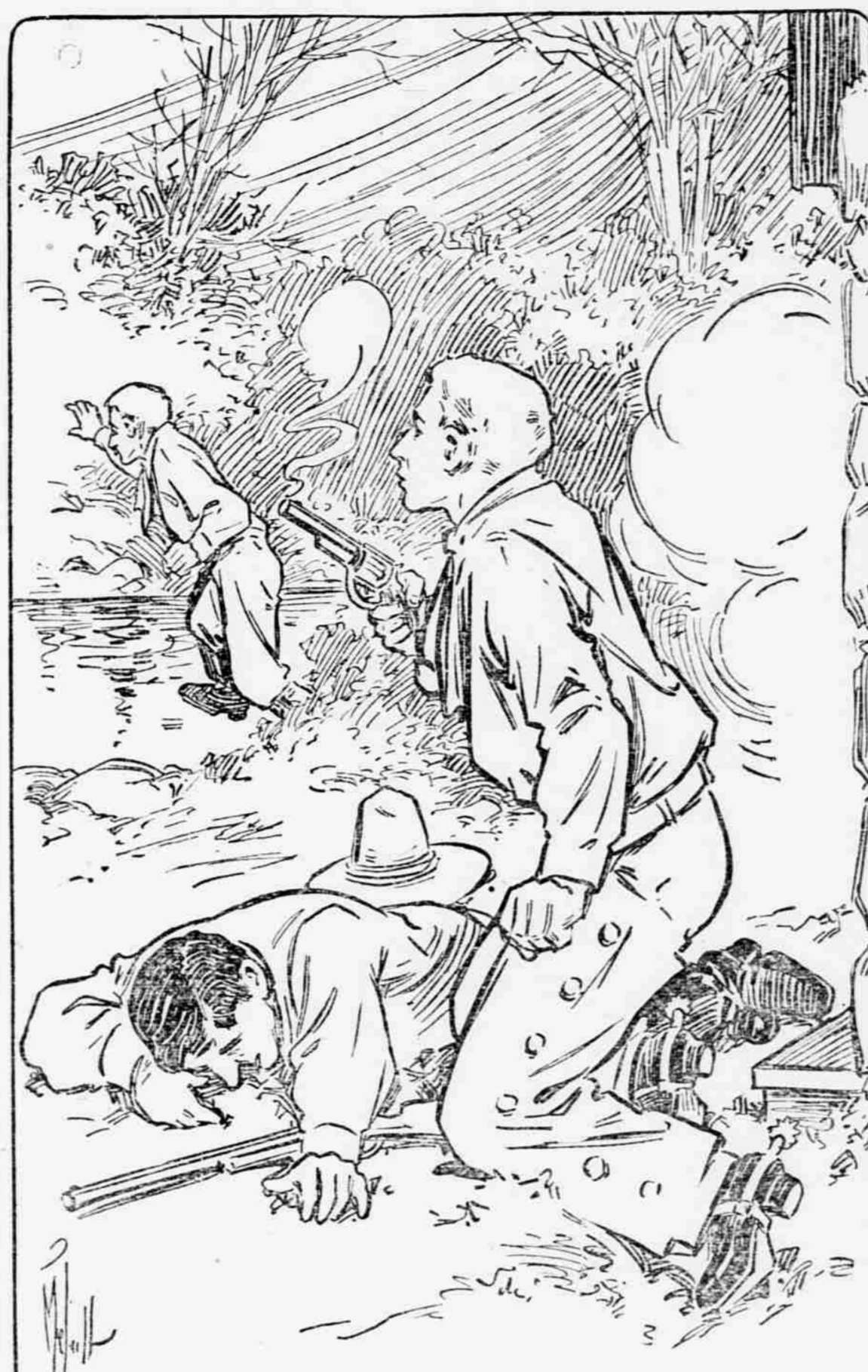
Even as the words left his lips a man came sauntering slowly around the eastern corner, his outlines barely visible, but the red glow of a pipe bowl showing plainly. He stopped, directly facing them, yawning sleepily, and then turned the other corner. Another moment and they distinctly heard a voice:

"Hustle up thar now, Manuel, an' turn out; it's your watch; wake up, dam yer—maybe that'll bring yet ter life."

The remedy applied to the sleeper must have been efficacious, as, an instant later, another figure slouched into view, the new arrival rubbing his eyes with one hand, the other clutching a short-barreled gun. From the high peak of his hat it was evident this new guard was a Mexican. He walked to the corner, glanced along the east side wall toward the front of the cabin, and then, apparently satisfied the coast was clear, started toward the stream, shuffling along with in a foot of where Keith lay flat on the ground. A moment later the man heard him splashing softly in the water, and Keith rolled over, his lips at Bristow's ear.

"Slip down there, Ben," he whispered, "and quiet that fellow. I'll find out how many are on the west side. Do the job without any noise."

He waited until the scout had disappeared like a snake, not even a rustling leaf telling of his passage, and then silently crept forward himself, yet with less caution, until he was able to peer about the corner of the cabin and dimly distinguish the blanketed forms of several men lying close in against the side wall. They rested so nearly together it was difficult to separate them in that darkness, stars giving the only light, but he finally determined their number at five. Five; the Mexican would make six, and there would surely be another guard posted out in the front—seven. But there were eight horses down



Rising to His Knees, he Saw a Man Already Half Across the Stream.

there in the corral. Then the eighth man—Hawley, without doubt—must be in the cabin. At the thought Keith's teeth clinched, and he had to struggle to control his passion. But no; that would never do; he must discover first exactly where the girl was located; after that they would attend to the curs. Before creeping back to the others, he made quick examination along the rear of the cabin, but could find no visible point of weakness. He tried to recall from memory the nature of the lock on that back door, but could remember nothing except an ordinary wooden latch. If he could insert a knife into the crack that might very easily be dislodged. He drew his hunting knife for the attempt, and, first glancing about, perceived a man creeping toward him. It proved to be Bristow.

"Fixed the greaser all right, cap, and I reckon he'll be quiet for an hour or two. Look whar he slashed me; struck a pack o' playin' keards, er I'd a got my ticket." The front of his blouse was cut wide open, and Keith thought he perceived a stain of blood. "Pricked you as it was, didn't he?"

"Opened the skin. Thought the cuss had given up, an' got careless. What's round to the west?"

Keith's lips closed, his hand shutting hard on the knife.

"Five, and another out in front; that leaves the eighth man inside. Bring our fellows up closer, and post them where they can cover those fellows asleep, while I make an effort at breaking in here."

Bristow crawled back like a snail, and confident the others would do their part, Keith thrust his knife blade deep into the narrow crack and began probing after the latch. In spite of all caution this effort caused a slight noise, and suddenly he started back at the sound of a woman's voice:

"What do you want? I am armed, and will fire through the door if you do not go away!"

His heart leaping with exultation, Keith put his lips close to the crack.

"Hope," he exclaimed as loudly as he dared. "This is Keith; open the door."

He could hear a little smothered cry break from her lips, and then the sound of a bar being hastily removed. An instant, and the door opened silently, just wide enough to permit her slender figure to slip through. She grasped him with her hands, turning his face to the light of the stars, and he could feel her form tremble.

"Oh, I knew you would come! I knew you would come!" she sobbed, the words barely audible.

The man's lips set firmly, yet he held her close to him, begging her not to break down now.

"It's all right, little girl," he said pleadingly, "we've got you safe, but there is a fight to be attended to. Come with me; I must ask you a question or two."

He drew her back into the fringe of bushes, placing her safely behind the

stack of saddles. She was not crying any more, just clinging to him, as though she could never again bear to let him go.

"Oh, Jack, it is so good just to feel you near again."

"Yes, dear," soothingly, "and it is good to hear you say Jack, but tell me one thing—is any one else in the cabin? Is Hawley here?"

"No, no! He left us early the first morning. I haven't either seen or heard of him since. The men have left me alone since we got here; have had the cabin all to myself until tonight. I have not suffered, only mentally—from dread of what they intended doing with me—until tonight. Three men rode in here just before sundown—two Mexicans and an Indian. One of them was an awful looking old man, with a scar on his cheek, and a face that made me shudder. He didn't see me, but I saw him through the window, and he had such strange eyes. All the men acted as though they were afraid of him, and I heard him say he didn't care what Hawley's orders were, he was going to sleep inside; if the girl didn't like it she could take the other room. I didn't know what to do—oh, I was so afraid of him; but what he said gave me an idea, and I went into the back room, and put up a bar across the door. When he came in he tried the door; then he spoke through it, but I never answered; and finally he lay down and went to sleep. I sat there in the dark so long, and when I heard you—I thought it must be some of the others."

He stroked her hair, whispering words of encouragement.

"That is all done with now, Hope, and we'll have those fellows at our mercy in another half-hour. I can trust you to remain right here?"

"Yes." He was bending over, and her eyes were upon his face. Suddenly he clasped her to him.

"Sweetheart," he whispered softly. He could not hear her answer, but her arms were about his neck.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Cabin Taken.

His heart beating with new happiness, yet conscious of the stern duty still confronting him, Keith joined the others, giving them, in a whisper, a hurried account of Hope's release from the cabin, and of what she had to report.

"It's old Juan Sanchez in the front room, boys," he added soberly, "and there is ten thousand dollars reward out for him, dead or alive."

Joe of the "Bar X" drew in his breath sharply.

"It'll sure be dead then," he muttered, "that cuss will never be got no other way."

They went at it in the grim silent manner of the West, wasting little time, feeling no mercy. One by one the unconscious sleepers were aroused, each waking to find a steel barrel

pressing against his forehead, and to hear a stern voice say ominously, "Not a move, Johnny; yes, that's a gun; now get up quietly, and step out here." Resistance was useless, and the five, rendered weaponless, were herded back toward the corral. They all belonged to Hawley's outfit; one, a black-whiskered surly brute Bristow remembered having seen in Sheridan. There was no time to deal with them then, and a "Bar X" man was placed on guard, with orders to shoot at the slightest suspicious movement.

The Indian, then, would be guarding the front of the house, and Sanchez sleeping inside. Well, the former could be left alone; his chance of escape would be small enough with Fairbairn and Neb on the opposite bank. Old Sanchez was the villain they wanted—dead or alive. With this in view, and anxious to make a quick job of it, the three entered the back room, and, revolvers in hand, groped their way across to the connecting door. As Hope had described, this had been securely fastened by a stout wooden bar. Bristow forced it from the sockets, not without some slight noise, and Keith, crouching down at one side, lifted the latch.

"Keep down low, boys," he cautioned, "where he can't hit you."

With one quick push he flung the door wide open, and a red flash lit the room. There were two sharp reports, the bullets crashing into the wall behind them, the sudden blaze of flame revealing the front door open, and with it the black outline of a man's figure. Two of the men fired in instant response, leaping recklessly forward, but were as quickly left behind in the darkness, the outer door slammed in their faces. Outside there was a snarl of rage, another shot, a fierce curse in Spanish; then Keith flung the door wide open, and leaped down the step. As he did so he did so he struck a body and fell forward, his revolver knocked from his hand. Rising to his knees, the dim light of the stars revealed a man already half across the stream. Suddenly two sparks of fire leaped forth from the blackness of the opposite bank; the man flung up his hand, staggered, then went stumbling up the stream, knee deep in water. He made a dozen yards, reeling as though drunk, and fell forward, face down across a spit of sand. Keith stared out at the black, motionless shape, felt along the ground for his lost gun, and arose to his feet. Bristow had turned over the dead body at the foot of the steps, and was peering down into the upturned face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Anti-Suicide Fence.

One of the strangest fences on record is that which the common council of Yonkers, N. Y., has just ordered built. It will be a fence to keep sulcid aces away.

Several times in recent years despondent persons have shuffled off the mortal coil by leaping into the Fort Field reservoir, one of the reservoirs supplying Yonkers with water. Sometimes the bodies have been recovered quickly, but on a few occasions the corpses were in the water for a day or so. The loss of water in draining the reservoir is a big item and is especially to be guarded against since the city found it necessary to husband every drop of its supply. So the council has appropriated \$4,000 to build a wire netting fence around the reservoir. When it is completed any one on a suicide bent will find a barrier nine feet high between him and eternity.

When is an Old Maid?

"Some day the marriageable age for women will be advanced from 20 to 30, and the old maid line will be changed from 30 to 40. When that time comes there will be surprisingly few divorcees. The husband of whom we dream at 20 is not at all the type of man who attracts us at 30. The man I married at 20 was a brilliant, morbid, handsome, abnormal creature, with magnificent eyes and very white teeth and no particular appetite at meal time. The man whom I could care for would be the normal, safe and substantial sort who would come in at 6 o'clock, kiss me once, sniff the air twice, and say, 'Mm! What's that smells so good, old girl? I'm as hungry as a bear. Trot 't out. Where are the kids?'"—From "Dawn O'Hara," by Edna Barber.

Cold Comfort.

Douglas Jerrold's wit made it difficult for him to be the "ministering angel" that a man of less humor might have been to friends in trouble. The writer, George Huddle, went to Jerrold one day to tell him of difficulties into which he had fallen. "I want you to help me," he said. "The Morning Gazette has dismissed me." "You don't say, my dear George, they've had a gleam of intelligence at last." "Don't joke," returned Huddle. "I really want your advice. I'm thinking of going into the coal trade." "Capital!" said Jerrold. "You've got the sack to begin with!"—Youth's Companion.

## WHAT WILL CURE MY BACK?

Common sense will do more to cure backache than anything else. "I will tell you whether the kidneys are sore, swollen and aching. It will tell you in that case that there is no use trying to cure it with a plaster. If the passages are scant or too frequent, proof that there is kidney trouble is complete. Then common sense will tell you to use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy."

### A TYPICAL CASE—

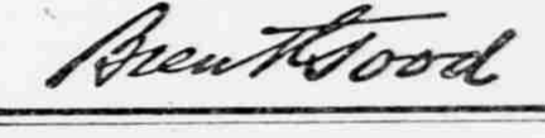
James C. Hardin, Weatherford, Tex., says: "My feet and limbs became numb and I had terrible pains through my back. Kidney secretions caused untold annoyance and I began to think there was no hope for me. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have not had the slightest trouble since."



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