

A TRULY IDEAL WIFE

HER HUSBAND'S BEST HELPER
Vigorous Health, is the Great Source of the Power to Inspire and Encourage—All Women Should Seek It.

One of the most noted, successful and richest men of this century, living in the world I owe all to my wife. From the day I first knew her she has been an inspiration, and the greatest helpmate of my life.

Mrs. Bezie Anisley

To be such a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, to inspire him, to make the most of himself, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headaches, bearing-down pains, nervousness, whiteness, irregularities or the blues, she needs a tonic to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Ever since my husband was born I have suffered, as I hope you women over here, in connection with my health, backache and nervousness. It affected my system so I could not make my usual work, and half my time was spent in bed.

Special Hearse for Giant.
A hearse had to be specially made at Rawlston, England, for the burial of James Nuttall, the Englishman in Lancashire. The coffin, which was six feet four inches long, three feet wide and two feet deep, was carried by twelve bearers.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN
What Mrs. Ford Says Concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

I wish I could help other women get rid of certain physical troubles as completely as I have succeeded in getting rid of mine. Mrs. B. F. Ford, of Pashamata, Miss., recently writes: "You know," she continues, "that a woman's health depends chiefly on the regularity of just one function. If she fails to keep that properly regulated she has no end of physical misery. I suffered from that one cause for two wretched years, during one of which I was kept in bed all the time by the best medicines enough to cure any illness, but nothing gave me the slightest benefit. I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They cured me. Why, I was suffering all the time practically from sickness of the stomach, dizziness or swimming in my head and pain in my back. Now I am entirely free from discomfort of that sort. I am not only able to keep on my feet, but to do my work as a teacher, and to enjoy the pleasures that come through the possession of sound health."

Wish you were like me? Begin with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I experienced such relief that I knew they were adapted to the needs of my system. After using them for a short while longer I would not have been able to remain as well as I am. Now I am entirely free from discomfort of that sort. I am not only able to keep on my feet, but to do my work as a teacher, and to enjoy the pleasures that come through the possession of sound health.

Have You a Father or Mother
Who are advanced years have caused a general feeling of weakness, helplessness, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, sluggishness of liver or impoverished blood, this remedy is the wide world that will take up the burden of your age. It is the only medicine that will give you the strength and vitality that you need.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.
Solely by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

OR FIGHTING FOR A MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER
Author of "The Revolver of Pipers," "The Terminal Tragedy," "The Hawk," etc.
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CHAPTER XXVII.
Jim Denver on Deck.
Before Denver left the vessel carrying the boat Jim fitted himself out in regular western style, purchased a good serviceable saddle and pack horse, and set out on his journey over land. If he had not fallen into the hands of a band of prairie outlaws, and been robbed and left for dead upon the prairie, he would have beaten the party overland. As it was, however, he arrived at a frontier town, more dead than alive, a little too late to see the emigrants off.

Here it became necessary for him to wait for a remittance from Chicago in order to purchase a second outfit. He employed this time in resting up, and taking notes on all the rumors he heard in connection with the party he was in search of. It became assured that he was following the right trail. While waiting he fell in with an adventurer, Col. Hanchett, one of those bold, hard-boiled men who risk everything for gain. The colonel had been brought up on the plains and was a man used to border warfare. At this time Hanchett was acting as a scout and had quite a company of rangers under his command.

As Jim Denver talked to Hanchett, he seemed to be quite well acquainted as to the doings of the convicts (or rather a colony of persons whom Denver had met on the way) in the proposition to the ranger which was readily accepted. Of course, the journey to Paradise was not made direct, because out of the way of Hanchett's regular patrol, and, during the journey, owing to the slowness of the march, Denver often made excursions along his own line of travel, so these lengthy journeys Denver ran

was Pearl Huntington.
across the spot where the skirmish took place between Long Rope and the emigrants. Up to this time Denver had not run across the trail—that is to say, he had not seen any sign of private signal which had been left between Lang and Denver to be left a letter in cipher, giving in detail the history of the fight, a post driven into the ground.

From here the journey was made as follows: following the trail as far as would have it, before reaching the protected strip, on the borders of the convict colony, Denver ran into the occupying Dr. Huntington. From him he learned of all the deeds performed by Lang, the lay of the country, and best of all the tunnel entrance into the convict city. This was comparatively easy for the detective and his partner to approach undiscovered and make their abode in its secret entrance to the "city."

Noise of the discharge of cannons! The rattle of musketry! That was what woke Jim Denver, as he lay following the arrival of the troops into the mouth of the tunnel leading to Paradise. "What is the matter?" he asked. "What does this mean?" asked Denver of Col. Hanchett.
"Fretty hard to say, unless your friend Lang has started the bombardment."

"How is the passage in the front of you?"
"Well guarded. Two men can hold the entrance against the attack of hundreds," answered Hanchett.
"How is the tunnel in the rear of you?"
"I have explored it."

leave you and your men to handle the bags as fast as they are brought to this. Take particular care of Mrs. Lang and see that she is taken care of her, no matter what happens to us. I will lead the party. I feel that I must lead you out here. These Jim took the lead, with Wilson, for a return to the treasury.

When the commissioners, led by Denver, arrived at the place where the streamers were found by Lang, everything was quiet. So quiet, in fact, that Jim Denver, who had been noted for his foresight, stopped before the door was opened, and cautioned his men to be prepared for a surprise.

The part of the tunnel where the Wilson and Denver parties stood, as has been said before, was about twenty feet square, and was the mouth of the tunnel proper. From the door, it was necessary to pass along a narrow ledge in zigzag fashion, between rocks on one side and the running river on the other. Wilson, to facilitate matters, and to avoid being compelled to have his men tread in single file, going around the ledge, had blown open one side of the treasury, and thrown an improvised bridge over the narrow stream. The boys and Jim Denver, consequently were directly in front of the tunnel door.

Jim, in his character of a careful man, and not knowing what might have taken place on the other side of the door and in the treasury, drew up his men in a compact mass, so that when the doors swung back, none would be in direct line with a fire from any gang who might be in position in the vault. All were well protected but the man who would have to spring the lock, as the door swung back, and a zigzag line of men were passing back and forward in a hand-to-hand struggle. While they stood debating as to the cause, the ground trembled and seemed to roll and titter. Rocks and patches of dirt came tumbling down across their path, while dull rumblings were heard. As if huge bombs were being blown into space only to fall back to earth with great force.

As Jim Denver never asked an assistant to do anything that he was afraid to do himself, he sprang the door, and swung the hand through the darkness of the tunnel poured a ray of brilliant light. For a moment Jim was blinded with the light, and when he became accustomed to the light, he saw before him several armed men, and standing side by side in the doorway of the vault, King Schiller and Jack Regan!
Denver stood in the doorway, seeing that along his hand, he was surprised to all alike. Regan, who was on guard, while his companions were to rob the vault, was the first to reach the door. He had a revolver in his hand containing a revolver, and pointing it directly at Jim's heart, said:
"Throw up your hands, Jim Denver. Do not let me recognize his enemy at a single glance."
(To be continued.)

JOKE TURNED ON THE JOKERS.
Workman Got Tobacco Arked Flood, but Ours Were the Best.

A few years ago Arked Flood of the Manchester locomotive works had a man working for him who was a little better than the others. His name was Jim Sim, says the Boston Herald. A fellow-workman asked him for a chew of tobacco one day. Sim said he didn't know as the other man could smoke the kind of tobacco he did, but if he could he was welcome to it. The other man went to his room and got out a "Don't Blood" furnish you with tobacco? He gives us fellows a pound a month."

The next time Mr. Blood was at the foundry Sim went for him for his pound of tobacco. Mr. Blood, rather gruffly, asked: "What tobacco?"
"Sign," Sim told him that the proprietor gave them a pound a month, and that he had been there three months and hadn't had a pound of tobacco. "Go to work and you shall have your tobacco."

A few days afterward Mr. Blood asked Sim what the country was like and found that the only new man in this country was the one who had just come from your coat. (See our advertisement.)
The world-wide reputation of the "TOWER" brand of "DON'T BLOOD" is the result of the positive work of the "TOWER" brand of "DON'T BLOOD."
Sylvanus Cobb's Hens and Cops.
In the early forties there lived in Waltham, Mass., a noted Universalist minister, Sylvanus Cobb, who is well known for his ready wit. He kept hens, and he was not particular where they roamed.
A certain neighbor was much annoyed by the frequent visits of these hens, and one day, after he had observed them scratching up his newly planted corn, he complained to Cobb. The clergyman listened to the tale, and then slowly gave reply: "I did not know that corn would hurt hens."

The neighbor was so taken aback by this answer to his complaint that he had not a word to say, and quietly withdrew, remarking on what he had just heard, with the result that, on arriving home, he placed a good quantity of powder in his shotgun and got up a handful of corn.
He had not long to wait for the return of the minister's hens, when he fired, killing two of the flock. When the legs together, he carried the dead fowl to the minister's door, with this slight attack: "Not bad, you know, that you did not know that corn would hurt hens, but here are two of yours that have been killed by corn."

UNCLE SAM—A Remedy That Has Such Endorsements Should Be in Every Home.



Only Restraint by the Law.
Farmer Johnson was a lifelong resident of Bennington county, Vt., and a typical Yankee. One summer he was not able to get a competent man to help in haying, and so hired two boys instead. They were, as he said, "as good as a disappointment," and gave him one day of trouble.
One day he lost patience with them entirely, and complained to his son's wife of their playing, fighting and shirking any work. She said: "Why don't you kill them?" He replied: "It wouldn't be no sin more than to kill a living cat, but there is a law agin it."

Living Mummies.
Living mummies exist in Tibet in small caves in the solid rock, each built up in front with stones and mortar. They have padlocked doors, traps, and small holes, just sufficient for a man to pass his hand through. In these cells men are buried for life with the idea of thus attaining merit. One inserted there in an extreme case, never seen again by mortal eye. Their death is only known when they fall for several days to stretch out the hand for food.

Lots of hands wouldn't amount to much without the hand that directs. Exercise consistently and get lots of fresh air.

Election Returns That Interest All Parties.
The modest can help a girl out with her wedding gown, but not with her divorce bill.

Important to Mothers.
Be sure to get every baby CASTORIA safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and so that it

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES
Do not buy \$5.00 Logo Line shoes cannot be equaled at any price.

W. L. DOUGLAS MARKS AND SELLS ANY OTHER BRAND OF SHOES THAT COSTS MORE TO BUY THAN \$10.00
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 shoes have by their quality, achieved the largest sale of any shoe made in any factory and those of other makes, you would understand why Douglas shoes are made to make a shoe last longer, it better, wear longer, and are all made in the U. S. A. by the best workmen in the world.

Free Sample Package
Pillsbury Dept. F, Minneapolis, Minn.

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FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA.
Magnificent climate—farming yields in their shirt sleeves the middle of November.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure
The Lung Tonic
The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

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