A PRETTY MILKMAID

Thinks Peruna Is a Wonderful Medicine.

MISS ANNIE HENDREN.

MISS ANNIE HENDREN, Rocklyn, Wash., writes:

"I feel better than I have for over four years. I have taken several bottles of Peruna and one bottle of Manalin.

"I can now do all of my work in the house, milk the cows, take care of the milk, and so forth. *I think Peruna is a most wonderful medicine.*

"I believe I would be in bed to-day if I had not written to you for advice. I had taken all kinds of medicine, but none did me any good.

"Peruna has made me *a well and happy girl.* I can never say too much for Peruna."

Not only women of rank and leisure praise Peruna, but the wholesome, useful women engaged in honest toil would not be without Dr. Hartman's world renowned remedy.

The Doctor has prescribed it for many thousand women every year, and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for his advice, and especially for the wonderful benefits received from Peruna.

A Balloon Incline Railroad.

Consul William Bardel writes from Bambery that Engineer Balderaner, of Salsberg, has invented a balloon railroad, experiments with which are now being made in the mountains in the neighborhood of that German city. It consists of a stationary balloon, which is fastened to a slide running along a single steel rail. The rail is fastened to the side of a steep mountain, which ordinary railroads could not climb, except through deep cuts and tunnels. The balloon is to float about 35 feet over the ground, and a heavy, steel cable connects it with the rail. The conductor can, at will, make the balloon slide up and down the side of the mountain. For going up the motive power is furnished by hydrogen gas, while the descent is caused by pressure of water, which is poured into a large tank at the upper end of the road, and which serves as ballast. Suspended from the balloon is a circular car with room for ten passengers. The cable goes from the bottom of the balloon through the center of the car to a regulator of speed, which is controlled by the conductor. The inventor of this railroad claims that his patent will force all incline cable roads out of existence.

The Age of Greed.

"A few days ago, while walking down an Omaha street, I saw a man ahead of me drop a pocketbook. A messenger boy picked it up. Just then the man missed it and the boy returned it to him without looking inside. The man gave the boy a quarter. The boy accepted it, but was disgusted.

"'Is dat all I git for bein' honest?' he asked. 'Yer a pretty cheap guy.'

"'There's just three dollars in the pocketbook,' said the man.

"'Well, you oughter gimme a dollar, anyway,' the boy replied.

"Had I been the man I'd have been sorely tempted to add a kick to the quarter," concluded the traveling man. "And there are lots and lots of people just like that boy in this world."—Denver Post.

BACK TO PULPIT.

What Food Did for a Clergyman.

A minister of Elizabethtown tells how Grape-Nuts food brought him back to his pulpit: "Some 5 years ago I had an attack of what seemed to be La Grippe which left me in a complete state of collapse and I suffered for some time with nervous prostration. My appetite failed, I lost flesh till I was a mere skeleton, life was a burden to me, I lost interest in everything and almost in everybody save my precious wife.

"Then on the recommendation of some friends I began to use Grape-Nuts food. At that time I was a miserable skeleton, without appetite and hardly able to walk across the room; had ugly dreams at night, no disposition to entertain or be entertained and began to shun society.

"I finally gave up the regular ministry, indeed I could not collect my thoughts on any subject, and became almost a hermit. After I had been using the Grape-Nuts food for a short time I discovered that I was taking on new life and my appetite began to improve; I began to sleep better and my weight increased steadily; I had lost some 50 pounds, but under the new food regime I have regained almost my former weight and have greatly improved in every way.

"I feel that I owe much to Grape-Nuts and can truly recommend the food to all who require a powerful rebuilding agent, delicious to taste and always welcome."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. A true natural road to regain health, or hold it, is by use of a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream morning and night. Or have the food ade into some of the many delicious ishes given in the little recipe book found in pkgs.

Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts helps many. "There's a reason."

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm).

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The man with the rifle paused, then, under brows that met in a sinister bar, he demanded: "How are ye goin' to prove it would a done any hurt? How d'ye know the gun warn't aimed true?"

Sharp and clear rang the answer: "By the bullet in the post. See!" and the octoroon pointed to where, cheated of softer burial, the bit of lead lay firmly imbedded in the wood.

Winslow stepped alongside; it was just as high as his heart. All eyes were turned to the boatman, who met the stare unflinching. Somebody muttered: "She spoilt a d—d good shot;" and at this voicing of the general suspicion, an angry murmur rose.

But the huffy was undismayed. "Accidents will happen, he said, and coolly swaggered below.

CHAPTER X.

On arrival in St. Louis the Creighton's were met by Mr. Creighton, and at once proceeded to their place, near St. Charles.

Most of those who had come in the boat remained for a time in St. Louis, but all seemed waiting—expecting, they knew not what.

For Winslow, too, there was nothing to do but wait, although most eager to accept the Creighton's urged hospitality. The governor was absent in the south; it was therefore, impossible for Winslow to deliver the packet which Aaron Burr had intrusted to him. But in his anxiety to know the whereabouts and errand of Wilkinson, he made haste to call upon the deputy. To his surprise, he was refused admission. Twice later he was denied with insufficient reason. Had an ill wind preceded him with tidings which made his presence difficult?

One night he strode impatiently up and down the vine-covered porch in front of the tavern. Dreading failure of the plans of Aaron Burr, he was made still more lonely by the loss of companionship which had grown so dear, and turned into sweet the bitter of exile.

Suddenly there was a clamor of hoofs outside, and two men dismounted at the wicket.

A boy ran forward to hold the horses, and the riders entered the yard. With eyes upon Winslow, they walked with steady, business-like mien to where he stood. Then the taller threw aside a heavy cloak, displaying the dingy uniform of a sergeant. Laying a heavy hand upon Winslow's shoulder, he exclaimed: "You are my prisoner."

Charles stared and gave a long whistle. "Perhaps this is the custom of your settlement," he said, "to arrest all persons found stirring after nightfall. This must be a free translation of the curfew, for I plead guilty only to being awake."

But the would-be captor was not jocularly disposed. "You will soon

"YOU ARE MY PRISONER."

laugh out of the other side of your mouth, young man (if that gibbering deputy knows his business)," he added, under breath.

Then continued: "You're wanted for treason; come on!"

The old story! Winslow's patience exhausted, he flung off the soldier's grasp. "You are an ignorant ass to come to me at this hour with no warrant—no show of authority. What sent you?"

But the man gave only surly answers, and Winslow at last exclaimed, impatiently: "There is little satisfaction in talking to a deaf hireling. Take me to the deputy."

"Take you to h—l!" the sergeant retorted. "My orders are my orders, and that's all there is about it."

He did not explain how much it gratified his morose temper to show power over one whose small clothes, cambet, gentlemanly hose and air of quality, formed too light a figure against the dark background of his own greasy uniform and uncouth appearance.

However, he grudgingly indulged Winslow in his quest about the town for Gonzaga. Winslow thought the foreigner would vouch for him, and possibly assist him in obtaining his release.

But Gonzaga was nowhere to be found; it was said he had left the tavern for some near-by settlement.

Gone? To the settlement? Probably to St. Charles—to Lavender, was Winslow's first jealous fear.

For a little while he detained the chafing soldier, and penned a few lines. This done, he summoned Owatoga. The Indian's hound-like glance instantly took in all the occupants of the room. As Winslow handed him the note, it was intercepted by the sergeant with a swaggering air of command. Instinctively Winslow's hand sought his belt as if reaching for a sword, but he withdrew it at once with a shrug of disdain.

But the Indian had seen the significant action, and accepted its purpose literally. With the spring of a panther he was upon the soldier, pushing him to his knees. Brandishing a knife, he held it threateningly over him, then turned to Charles with an air of inquiry, which said as plain as words: "What shall I do with him?"

It was all done as a lightning flash. But at Winslow's sharp command the Indian relaxed his hold, permitting the terrified soldier to rise.

"Forgive the zeal of my friend here," Charles said, lightly; "only be careful to treat me well when he is about."

Turning to his champion he said, aside: "Take this note to her."

Then to the soldier: "I will not go with you tamely to some God-forsaken hole, there to rot through the stupidity of the law. Escort me first to your officer-in-chief, whoever he is. I want to inquire into this high-handed proceeding."

Cowed by his experience with the Indian, the sergeant consented without demur, and they went direct to the deputy's house.

Here they waited in a gloomy room where prevailed neither pioneer simplicity nor the real comforts of civilization, but an incongruous blending of both. Here were small barred windows that seemed rather to imprison the cold, damp air within than to afford opening for the sunlight. A few formal chairs mocked the visitor from a circle about a fireless hearth.

Announced by a cough, and a loud clearing of his throat, there entered the man temporarily in authority. Tall, military and aggressive in appearance, yet with good humor beaming in his kindly eyes, and around the corners of his childishly curved mouth. No American born, evidently; but a soldier of fortune whose skin was not more changed by many sums than his heart by service under many flags.

He acknowledged the sergeant's salute by a flourish of condescension, and addressed Winslow. "Bon soir, monsieur, the matter—what may it be?"

Winslow answered, hotly: "That is what I came here to find out, sir."

With a shrug the other said: "But I cannot give you light, monsieur. I am here only pour passer le temps, while the real deputy transacts himself elsewhere. M. le Gen. Wilkinson is absent."

It was on the point of Winslow's tongue to criticise the management which would leave the arrest of persons, innocent or guilty, to unfamiliar hands, but he refrained, and the officer said, his accent a curious mixture of French and Spanish: "I am told, however, that you are a dangerous man who comes here on service of—how you call him—M. Burr?"

The tone and manner was apologetic, but the words opened old sores. With fire in his eyes, his voice shaking with suppressed emotion, Winslow told his story frankly, concluding: "Now you know, sir, why I am beginning to feel like an Ishmaelite. I meant before to have disclosed my business, but was denied opportunity. It is evident some babbler has preceded me, prating to ears already prejudiced by political bias, against a man whom the nation should delight to honor."

From beneath elevated brows his hearer smiled. "There is verity in your remarks, monsieur, but until this expedition matter is settled our orders are to detain you. We will make it as pleasant as possible for you, monsieur," he hastened to add. "It is only that your presence with us seems desirable—for the present. I am not able to say that so distinguished a person should at once be free, though, sans doute, it should be so. May I have your parole d'honneur to remain with us in St. Louis until we have word from the powers that be?"

Winslow hesitated for an instant only, then his brow cleared. "You have my word of honor, your excellency" (and at the title the other coughed with gratified vanity), "and I must thank you for even this much courtesy. From the jail threatened by this man here (and he made a slight, disgusting gesture toward the sergeant), 'tis escape enough for the present. But by the way, monsieur, will you kind-ly tell me where Gen. Wilkinson is?"

The deputy coughed again—this time deprecatingly. In the south, making light upon the plans of your friend, Burr."

Winslow knitted his brows. "Doing what, monsieur?"

As well as his imperfect English, and vague knowledge permitted, the deputy explained the reason for Wilkinson's absence, but one fact alone was clear—the general was on an errand that boded no good to the plans of Aaron Burr. Indeed, from what little he could glean from the non-committal Frenchman, Winslow realized that Burr was mistaken in reckoning upon the friendship and cooperation of the general. To be sure, there might be a mistake on the part of the deputy, or he might, himself, mistake the latter's meaning. The deputy coughed again—this time deprecatingly. In the south, making light upon the plans of your friend, Burr."

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"YOU WILL GIVE IT TO THE WHITE MAIDEN—QUICK!" HE DEMANDED.

name of a future home was much in this unchristened wilderness.

There was the planter from New Orleans, the ruined player of many games; he must retrieve them in this new land, and St. Charles would do as well as another spot on which to try the dice of fortune.

The octoroon, faithful, followed him.

Senor Gonzaga, too, rode with him. Recognizing Owatoga, he attempted to open a conversation with him, but the Indian was unwilling—instinct told him where this man was going, and why. So he only responded by a curt: "I follow the sun," to the Spaniard's: "Whither bound, my friend?"

The travelers were encamped about a small spring, and Owatoga paused long enough to water his horse, and rode quickly on.

But Gonzaga overtook him, and spoke low. "You are bent on an errand for your master."

The reply to this was a surly grunt.

"You are the bearer of a note to Miss Creighton?" the questioner persisted.

The Indian touched his pocket significantly.

From the Spaniard's eyes flashed a smile of triumph, and emboldened by his success thus far, "perhaps I might deliver it to the lady, and save you the trouble?" he ventured.

At this the Indian frowned, and his ruddy face darkened. But only for an instant, then his hand sought the pocket again, and withdrew the note.

Handing it to Gonzaga. "You will give it to the white maiden—quick?" he demanded.

The elusive reply seemed to satisfy him, for putting spur to his pony Owatoga set off alone.

But at the end of a vista of budding trees he paused, and looked slyly over his shoulder. Then from his saddle-bag he pulled another note. Satisfied that it was the last one with which Winslow had intrusted him, he pushed it back with a grin of cunning, and rode on.

The Spaniard, too, smiled as he joined the more leisurely group. He read the note Owatoga had given him, then tore it into tiny pieces. Blowing these into the air, "Go, pretty words," he whispered, "bear my greeting to the robins. Tell them you will make a warm lining for their nests in summer. Yes, by all the gods, a warm lining!"

CHAPTER XI.

The smoke from a frontier cabin curled lazily out of the chimney, and mingled straight with the clouds. There was no breeze at this twilight hour when the world was still, waiting the set of sun. Slowly he sank, entangled in a network of trees—trees newly robed in the sparse yellow-green of April.

Some fowls pecking among the gravel, outside, scurried away as a woman came to the door, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked across the small clearing, and the road skirting it, to the forest beyond.

"Daughter, supper is ready." Her voice had a weary note, but she smiled at sight of Lavender perched on the top step of the stile. The girl was watching the sunset—subdued by the mystical beauty of the hour, she was oppressed by an intense eagerness to grasp and hold the glory; saddened by the effort to feel enough. To her exuberant soul, life seemed worthy of much more than grudging nature gave.

The sky was bathed in a flood of bronze and gold, with the tawny arms of the dying sun stretched to the zenith as in benediction on the world.

At one side of the stile stood a great pine—dead, but with here and there a faithful cone clinging to the branches.

A plowed field near showed an occasional bit of grass on its dark surface, as though the virgin sod were tired waiting for the tardy sowing of the farmer. On a mullein stalk a butterfly shook its trammeled wings free of the web which a guardian spider had spun over the rose that tempted this gay wooer.

"Lavender," Mrs. Creighton called, and, waving her bonnet at the butterfly, the girl jumped to the ground, and walked reluctantly to the house, with backward glances at the gorgeous obsequies of the sun.

(To Be Continued.)

THE WINNING STROKE

If more than ordinary skill in playing brings the honors of the game to the winning player, so exceptional merit in a remedy ensures the commendation of the well informed, and as a reasonable amount of outdoor life and recreation is conducive to the health and strength, so does a perfect laxative tend to one's improvement in cases of constipation, biliousness, headaches, etc. It is all important, however, in selecting a laxative, to choose one of known quality and excellence, like the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., a laxative which sweetens and cleanses the system effectually, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after effects, as it acts naturally and gently on the internal organs, simply assisting nature when nature needs assistance, without griping, irritating or debilitating the internal organs in any way, as it contains nothing of an objectionable or injurious nature. As the plants which are combined with the figs in the manufacture of Syrup of Figs are known to physicians to act most beneficially upon the system, the remedy has met with their general approval as a family laxative, a fact well worth considering in making purchases.

It is because of the fact that SYRUP OF FIGS is a remedy of known quality and excellence, and approved by physicians that has led to its use by so many millions of well informed people, who would not use any remedy of uncertain quality or inferior reputation. Every family should have a bottle of the genuine on hand at all times, to use when a laxative remedy is required. Please to remember that the genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale in bottles of one size only, by all reputable druggists, and that full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co., is plainly printed on the front of every package. Regular price, 50c per bottle.

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Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

The Newspaper Maker.

The newspaper maker is in honor bound to do good and sincere work. The whole community is his client, and is entitled to respect. Whatever may be advanced on his editorial page, the right to color the news to suit the purpose of any faction in the community is withheld. Otherwise the subscriber is not being treated with consideration or fairness. There must be the combination of brains, incessant energy, broad judgment and knowledge, with devotion to a high purpose, or the paper will fall short of achievement.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Yellowstone Park.

This is the grand tourist resort of the people and one of the most beautiful parts of the American Continent.

Only by a trip to this region can the tourist comprehend the endless variety and stupendous grandeur of the features embraced in this tract of country.

Very low round-trip rates to this resort have been put in effect this summer by the Union Pacific and its connections.

For full information in regard to rates, and Yellowstone Park folder, address W. G. Nelmyer, G. A., 120 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Sleepy Policeman's Mistake.

An urban councillor of Milton, Sittingbourne, England, got into a compartment at Barking in which a policeman and a prisoner were traveling.

Presently the policeman fell asleep and when the train reached Plaistow the prisoner, failing to arouse his custodian, quietly got out. When the policeman woke up he mistook the urban councillor for his prisoner and tried to force him out to the platform. The councillor resisted, and the train went on to Bromley-by-Bow.

Here the policeman succeeded in hauling the victim out and took him back to Plaistow by train. After a long cross-examination the councillor was liberated and reached home by cab in the small hours of the morning.

In a few days a letter dropped in the Chicago general postoffice fifteen or twenty minutes before the departure of trains for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, New Orleans, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Cincinnati, Buffalo, New York and the east will be aboard flyers on their way to those and hundreds of other points between the Lakes and the Gulf and the two oceans. The new fast work will be possible by the connection between the Chicago subway and the Illinois Central's mail rooms at the Park Row station, which is also used by the Michigan Central, Big Four and Wisconsin Central roads. The subway which runs under Wabash avenue has a spur in Thirteenth street to the south end of the big railway station. All sack mail to this station has been hauled by wagons. Now it will be dropped into waiting electrical cars in the subway under the postoffice and rushed to the Park Row station, where it will be dumped onto waiting elevators which will lift them to the doors of waiting mail cars.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, in the name of his father, and Alfred G., in the name of his mother, made application for membership in the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati as the representative of the Vanderbilt family. The society decided that Cornelius was the proper representative and he was elected with 15 others.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The girl with the money to burn usually has plenty of flames on hand.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"The best hearts are ever the bravest," said Sterne.

SOME BEDROOM DON'TS.

Don't lie in the same position all night if you can help it.

Don't cover your head with the bedclothes. Have your covers warm but light.

Don't go to bed hungry. Eat any light simple food that you wish if it agrees with you.

Don't sleep in a room that is too cold. From 55 to 60 degrees is the right temperature.

Don't go to bed with cold feet, but see to it that they are warm and comfortable before you get in bed.

Don't fill your bedroom with bric-a-brac and draperies, but have as little as possible in it to catch the dust.

Don't put your pillows in the sun, as it draws the oil out of the feathers. Sun the bed and bedding, but place the pillows out of the sunlight in a current of air.

Adam and Eve should have got along better than they did considering that there was never any dispute about one leaving no room in the closet for the other to hang his clothes.

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A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet. DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

This signature Allen S. Olmsted on every box.

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Libby's Ox Tongue

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All are selected meats, prepared for your table in a kitchen as clean as your own.

Ready to serve any time—fit to serve anywhere.

All are economical—and all are good. Whether your taste be for Boneless Chicken, Veal Loaf, Ox Tongue, Potted Ham, Dried Beef, there is no way you can qualify it so well as by asking for Libby's.

Try Libby's delicious cooked Ox Tongue for sandwiches or sliced cold.

Booklet free, "How to Make Simple Dishes Delicious."

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Along the line of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry in Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and Texas are vast areas of unimproved land not now yielding the crops of which it is capable. The same thing is a fact over vast areas of the Iowa, New Mexico and Arizona country reached. There are openings of all sorts for you. If you in any way are interested in the Southwest, I like to send you a copy of my free paper, "The Coming Country."

August 7th and 21st

you can make a trip Southwest exceptionally cheap. Round trip tickets, good thirty—30—days, will be sold by all lines in connection with the M. K. & T. Ry at not more than one fare plus $2.00, in many cases—from Chicago to San Antonio, e. g., the rate is $25.00, from St. Paul, $27.50, from St. Louis and Kansas City, $15.00—the rates are considerably lower. The tickets permit of stopovers in both directions, via M., K. & T. Ry. If your nearest railroad agent cannot give you the rates, write me for particulars.

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If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

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Preserved Purified and Beautified by

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The World's Favorite Emollient for rashes, blemishes, eczemas, itchings, irritations, and scalings. For red, rough, and greasy complexions, for sore, itching, burning hands and feet, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, is priceless.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home—in dining-room, sitting-room, kitchen, bedroom, stable, etc. Neat, cheap, convenient. Can be carried in pocket. Lasts all season. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Prevents contagious diseases. Saves its cost many times over. Sold by dealers, or sent prepaid for 30c. Extra fine, 40c. Extra large, 50c. Send for circular. HARRIS MFG. CO., 149 Bleecker St., New York.