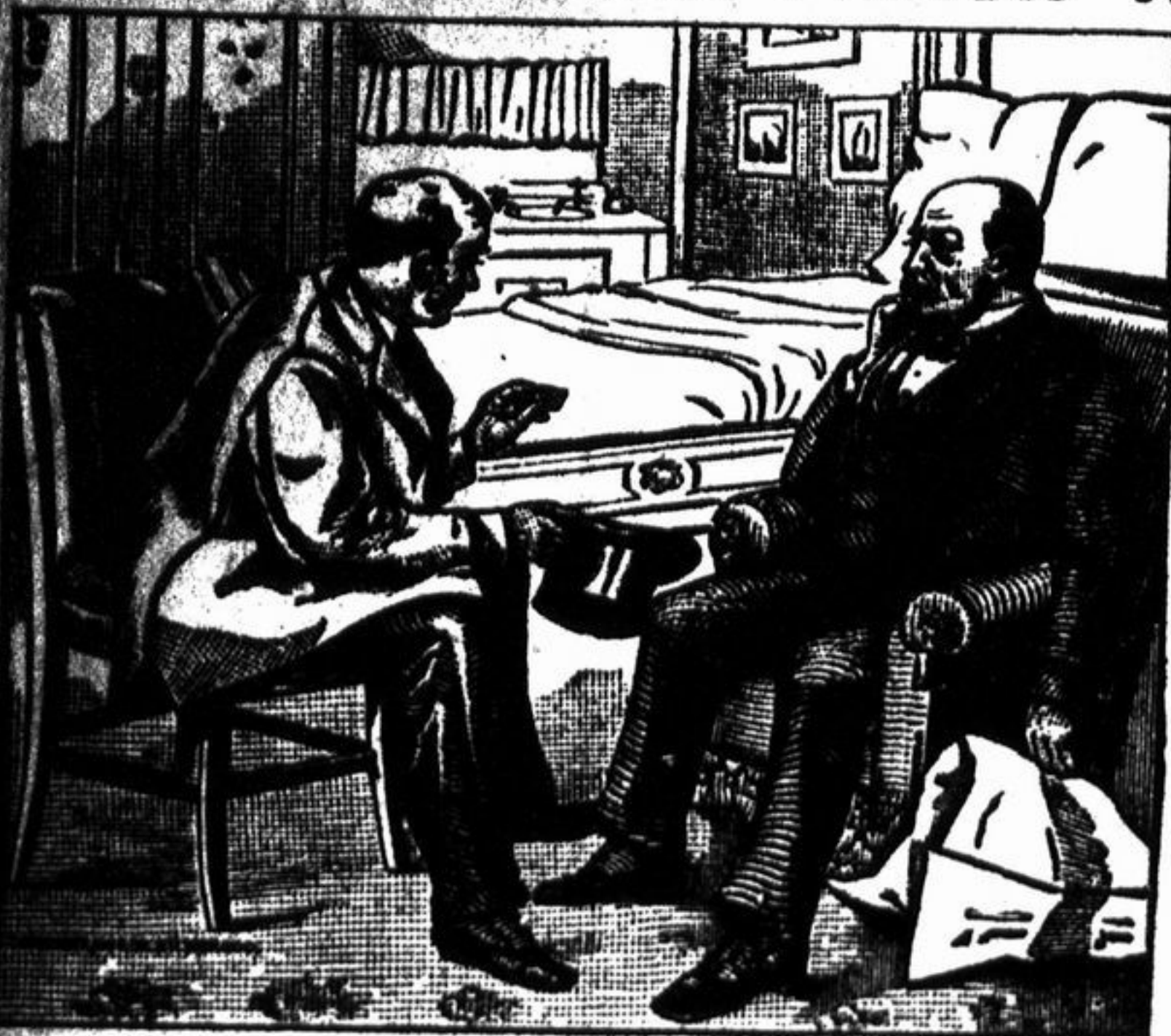


THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of this paper May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest of its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

14 East 12th St., New York City. Oct. 15th, 1903. I had been suffering severely from kidney trouble. All symptoms were on hand; my former strength and power had left me; I could hardly draw myself along. Even my mental capacity was slipping out, and when I wished to die, it was then I saw an advertisement of yours in a New York paper, but would not have paid any attention to it, had it not promised a sworn guarantee with every bottle of your medicine, asserting that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable, and does not contain any harmful drugs. I am seventy years and four months old, and with a good conscience I can recommend Swamp-Root to all sufferers from kidney troubles. Your members of my family have been using Swamp-Root for four different kidney diseases, with the same good results. With many thanks to you, I remain, Very truly yours, ROBERT BERNER.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, being obliged to pass

your water frequently night and day smarting or irritation in passing, bricks, dust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease. If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale at drug stores the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—So successful is Swamp-Root in promptly curing even the most distressing cases of kidney, liver or bladder troubles, that to prove its wonderful merits, you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say

you read this generous offer in this paper.

COUPON.

Please write or fill in this coupon with your name and address and Dr. Kilmer & Co. will send you a Free Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root the Great Kidney Remedy.

Name.....
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THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

A STORY OF THE PLAINS BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY Copyrighted, 1903, by D. Appleton & Company, New York

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

One morning Battersleigh was at work at his little table, engaged, as he later explained, upon the composition of a letter to the London Times, descriptive of the agrarian situation in the United States of America, when he was interrupted by a knock at his door.

"Come in, come in, Ned, my boy," he exclaimed as he threw open the door and recognized his visitor.

"What's the news this mornin'?" "News?" said Franklin gaily, holding his hands behind his back. "I've news that you can't guess—good news."

He held up a small bag before Battersleigh's face.

"It's not potatoes, Ned?" said Battersleigh in an awed tone of voice. Franklin laughed.

"No better than that," he said. Battersleigh approached his face to the bag and sniffed at it once, twice, thrice, as though his senses needed confirmation. He straightened up and looked Franklin in the face.

"Ned," said he, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, "it's—it's apples!"

"Right," said Franklin. "And isn't that news?"

"The best that could be, and the hardest to believe," said Battersleigh. "Where'd you get them, and how?"

"Never mind that," answered Franklin. "Tell me, do you know how to make a pie?"

"Ned," said Battersleigh, looking at him with an injured air, "do you suppose I've campaigned all my life and not learned the simplest form of cookin'?" Pie, indeed, is it?"

"Well," said Franklin, "you take some risks, but we'll chance it. Go ahead."

Battersleigh bustled himself about the little box which made his cupboard and soon had out what he called his "ingraydeyntin."

"Of course, you've to take a little

The others watched him eagerly as he removed the hot tin from the oven and set it upon the bare table. Curly drew his clasp knife from his pocket and cut into the portion assigned to him. Franklin was reserved, but Curly attained enthusiasm at the second bite.

"Rile Irish," said he, "I'm not so sure you're such a h—l of a military man, but as a cook you're a burnin' success. You kin sign with our outfit to-morrow if you want to."

The pie, startling as it was in some regards, did not long survive the determined assault made upon it. Curly wiped his knife on the leg of his "chaps," and his mouth on the back of his hands.

"But say, fellers," he said, "I plumb forgot what I come over here for. They're goin' to be a dance over to town, an' I come to tell you about it. O' course you'll come."

"What sort of a dance can it be, man?" said Battersleigh.

"Why, a plumb dandy dance; regular high steppin' outfit; mucha baile; best thing ever was in this settlement."

"I'm curious to know where the ladies will come from," said Franklin.

"Don't you worry," rejoined Curly. "They's plenty o' women-folks."

"And when does this all happen, Curly, boy?" asked Battersleigh.

"Why, night after to-morrow night, to the big stone hotel. They're going to clean out the dinin' room for us. Three niggers, two fiddlers, an' a 'cordion—oh, we'll have music all right! You'll be over, of course?"

"That we will, me boy," responded Battersleigh. "Man, we'll be the first."

"Now, as to a ball, Battersleigh,"

"Well, then, so long, fellers," said Curly. "I got to be movin' along a little. See you at the dance, sure."

said Franklin, argumentatively, when they were alone, "how can I go? I've



And there ye are, done."

four," he said, "that's for the obscure structure, so to speak. You've to add a little grease of some sort, lard or butter, an' we've neither; the bacon fat'll do, methinks. Of course there's the bakin' powder. And, lastly, makin', as I may say, the roundin' out of the muscular and adipose tissue of the creature, as the soul of the pie we must have the apples. Now, thin, over the top of the whole I sprid this thin blanket of dough, thus. And now I dint in the shirconference with me thumb, the same as July Trelawney did in the Ould Tint. And there ye are, done, me pie, an' may God have mercy on your soul!—Ned, build up the fire."

They sat at the side of the little stove somewhat anxiously waiting for the result of Battersleigh's labors. Every once in a while Battersleigh opened the oven door and peered in.

As they sat for a moment silent there came the sound of approaching hoof-beats, and presently the cracking and popping of the feet of a galloping horse fell into a duller crunch on the hard ground before the door, and a loud voice called out, "Whoa-hope, Bronch! Hello, in the house!"

"Come in, Curly," cried Battersleigh. "Come in. We've business of importance this mornin'."

Curly sat down on the edge of the bed, under whose blanket the newspapers rattled to the touch. "Seems like you all mighty busy this mornin'," said he.

"Yes," said Franklin. "You can't guess what we're cooking."

"No; what?"

"Pie."

"Go long!"

"Yes, sir, pie," said Franklin firmly. Curly leaned back on the bed upon his elbow, respectful but very incredulous. "Was you sayin' I'm in on this here pie?"

"Certainly you are. You wait. It'll be done now pretty soon," said Franklin.

"If ye can poke a straw into them, they're done," said Battersleigh oracularly. "Curly, hand me the broom."

Curly passed over the broom, and the two, with anxiety not unmixed with cynicism, watched Battersleigh as he made several ineffectual attempts to penetrate the armor of the pie.

"Stop lookin' at me like a brace of evil-minded hyenas," protested Battersleigh. "Ye'd make the devil himself nervous. Standin' one so like a subject of suspicion. Mind ye, I'm

not the first decent thing to wear to such a place." "Tut, tut!" said Battersleigh. "There speaks the coxcombry of youth. You're able to pull out your blue uniform, I know, an' big'd! the uniform of an officer is full dress the world over!"

Franklin grinned amiably. "Thank you for the suggestion about the uniform, at least," he said. "Now, if we can fix you up as well."

Battersleigh came and stood before him, waving a long forefinger. "Listen to me, Ned," he began, "an' I'll lay down to ye a few of the fundamental rules of conduct and apparel."

"A gentleman never lies; a gentleman never uses unseemly haste; a gentleman is always ready for love and ready for war—for, Ned, my boy, without love and war we'd miss the only two joys of life. Thereto, a gentleman must shoot, fence, ride, dance, and do any of 'em like a gentleman. But if ye found yerself a bit low in kit, as Batty is this day, what would ye say, Ned, me boy, was the first salient—what is the first essential in the dress of a gentleman, me boy?"

"Linen," said Franklin, "or is it gloves?"

"Ned," said Battersleigh, solemnly, laying a hand upon his shoulder, "white, white, me boy, is the first color of a gentleman! White, to show the integrity of his honor and the clearness of his merit roll. A touch of white at neck and wrist anny gentleman must show who presents himself at a ball."

"But, now, how?"

Grasping his companion by the arm, Battersleigh stepped outside the house, and strode off with long steps across the prairie. "Come," he said. Franklin followed for a quarter of a mile. Then, bending his gaze in the direction of the march, he saw afar, fluttering like a signal of distress in the engulfing sea about, a little whipping flag of white, which was upheld by the gaunt hand of a ragged sage bush. This, as he drew near, he discovered to be a portion of an old flour sack, washed clean and left bleaching in the sun and wind.

Battersleigh made dramatic approach. "There!" said he, pointing with triumphant dignity to the fluttering rag.

"Yes, I see," said Franklin, "but what do you want of this piece of sack?"

"Back!" cried Battersleigh, offended. "Back!" say you, but I say

"White!" A strip of this at me neck and at me wrist; me hat, an' me saber and me ridin' whip—I r-ride to the dure. I dismount. I throw me rein to the man. I inter the hall and place me hat and gloves in order as they should be. I appear—Battersleigh, a gentleman, appears, standin' in the dure, the eyes of all upon him. I bow, salutin', standin' there, alone, short on allowance, but nato and with me own self-respect. Battersleigh, a bit low in kit and in allowance, with white at neck and wrist, bows, and he says, 'Ladies and gentlemen, Battersleigh is here!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

The First Ball at Ellenville.

The wife of the section boss sat in conscious dignity, as became a leader of society. Below her in order of station came Nora, the head waiter, and the red-headed waiter girl, and the littlest waiter girl, and the wife of the new grocery man. These sat silent and unhappy at one part of the long row of chairs that lined the side of the hall. Opposite to them, equally silent and equally unhappy, sat a little row of men.

It was the beginning of the ball. These were the first arrivals. At the head of the hall, far off, sat three musicians, negroes alleged to play violins and an accordian, and by that merit raised to a bad eminence.

After a vast hiatus the door at the main entrance was pulled cautiously open, a little at a time. Evidently some one was looking in. At length the door opened and two figures entered, a man and a woman.

Harbor and sank down, wiping his face and passing his hand across his mouth uncertainly.

The door opened again and yet again. Two or three engineers, a rod-man, a leveler and an axeman came in, near behind them more cattlemen. From among the guests of the hotel several came, and presently the clerk of the hotel himself. The line of men grew steadily, but the body upon the opposite side of the room remained constant, immobile, and unchanged.

"Say, Curly," whispered Del Hickman hoarsely to his neighbor, "ef somethin' don't turn loose right soon I'm due to die right here. I'm thirater'n if this here floor was the Staked Plains."

"Same here," said Curly in a muttered undertone. "But I reckon we're here till the round-up's made. When she do set loose, you watch me rope that littlest waiter girl. She taken my eye, fer shore."

Sam, the driver, was sitting rapt, staring mutely across the great gulch fixed between him and Nora, the head waiter. As she sat, the light glinting upon her glasses, her chin well upheld, her whole attitude austere and commanding, Sam felt his courage sink lower and lower, until he became abject and abased. Fascinated wnone the less, he gazed, until Curly poked him sharply and remarked:

"Which 'un you goin' to make a breaker fer, Sam?"

"I—I d-d-don't know," said Sam, startled and disturbed.

"Reckon you'd like to mingle some with Nory, hey?"

"W-w-w-well—" began Sam, defensively.

"But she don't see it that way. Not in a hundred. Why, she'll be dancin' with Cap Franklin, or Batty, er some folks that's more in her line, you see. Why in h—I don't you pick out somebody more in yer own bunch, like?"

Curly was meaning to be only judicial, but he was cruel. Sam collapsed and sat speechless. He had long felt that his ambition was presumption.

(To be continued.)

WAIL OF THE PESSIMIST.

Change of Belief Result of Visit to the Dentist.

"Bah!" snorted my friend the Optimist, "what's love but the imbecile desire of some lunatic to spend \$2 on a girl for every dollar he spends on himself? Don't talk to me of such foolery!"

"And, friendship, too," he growled. "What's it but a man scheming to have some place where he can borrow money without paying interest on the loan? This talk about friendship gives me a severe shock."

"And truth and integrity," he went on, growing more excited. "There's loads and loads of truth and integrity scattered around, ain't there? Read the papers, look at our courts, observe the legislatures, glance at congress, do business with any man, and figure up how much truth and integrity you've bunted into."

"And honor," continued the Optimist, sneering until his nose looked like a section of copper sheathing. "Honor? What is it? Where'll you find it? Have you ever seen a specimen of it in man, woman or child? Go talk metaphysics to an ass, but don't talk about honor to me."

I had always found the Optimist's cheerful outlook upon things in general so hopeful and rosy that I was aghast at these morbid sentiments, so I looked imploringly at his wife for some explanation.

"Oh, you mustn't mind John tonight," she responded. "The dentist put a wedge between two of his teeth to-day."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Commerce of United Kingdom. The United Kingdom has increased its export trade about 7 1/2 per cent since 1872. Its population has increased 20 per cent in the same time. It exported to the United States and Germany \$580,000,000 worth of goods in 1872, and only \$385,000,000 in 1902.

Aged Colored Woman Dying. Mrs. Julia Haley, aged 106 years, the oldest inhabitant of Cincinnati, is lying dangerously ill at her home. She was born in Kentucky and was a slave up to about fifty years ago, when she was liberated by her master, who considered her too old to be of further service.

Kaffirs' Enormous Stealings. It is estimated that the Kaffirs in the diamond mines at Kimberley, South Africa, steal £250,000 worth of diamonds a year.



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lillydale, N.Y., Grand Worthy Wise Templar, and Member of W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can to-day thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of my troubles. My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female trouble, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. ELIZABETH H. THOMPSON, Box 105, Lillydale, N.Y.—\$10000 for trial of above letter giving genuineness cannot be produced.

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