easition, to five ladies in of the following states: Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas and Miswho will send in the largest maker of trade marks cut from a m-cent, 16-ounce package of Defsee cold water taundry starch. This same from your own home, anyhere in the above named states. Those trade marks must be mailed and received by the Defiance tarch Co., Omaha, Nebr., before Sepbee 1st, 1994. October and Novemwill be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Definos is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get methird more starch for the same may than of any other kind, and defiance never sticks to the iron. The ickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th furch for sale by all dealers.

alaer's Earliest Cane. Another new thing. Can be cuf six men during a season and sprouts gain with lightning rapidity. Next to alse a Tepsinte it will make more reen fodder than anything else; cheap dirt and grows everywhere.

Of Salzer's Renovator Grass Mixture, ust the thing for dying out pastures nd mendaws, Mr. E. Rappold, East Ga., writes, "I sowed Balzer's trass Mixture on soil 'so poor two men ould not raise a fuss on it, and in orty one days after sowing I had the andest stand of grass in the county. iner's Grass Mixtures sprout quickand produce enormously." 100,000 grels choice Seed Potatoes. SALZER'S NEW NATIONAL OATS.

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the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La rosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed

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are settled and nettling on the Grain and seting Lands, and are prosperous and satisfied. He Willifed Leurier recently said: "A new star him on the horizon, and it is toward it that intenderant who leaves the land of his ances to come and seek a home for himself now his game—Camada. There is

Room for Millions.

Amrebee, Ratiways, Markets, Climate, serything to be desired.

For a descriptive Atlan and other information, spir to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Carr

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INGLE BINDER SOMT BE CIGAR

daid an' buh'ied, an' flowers growin oveh his grave, yeahs 'n yeahs. An apon a sod heap, resting her chin upon | you never wuz mahied toe him. An you wan't nothin' but a gal. Chile, you ter hand and looking fixedly at the girl, who still stood leaning against don't know nothin' 'bout lovin' yit Now, I says toe you, whut's ther use Thass hit, Miss Ma'y Ellen, whut ther use?"

HOUSE

HE GIRL AT THE

STORY OF THE PLAINS

BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY

Capprighted, 1908, by D. Appleton & Company, New York

Electron Marine Marine

CHAPTER XVI.--Continued.

the post.

about that

asked.

Aunt Lucy came over and sat down

"Er-Miss Ma'y Ellen-" she began

"Does you know who's jess erbout

ther fines' and likelies' man whut lives

Mary Ellen stopped tossing bits

of bread to the chickens. "No, Aunt

Lucy," she said. "I hadn't thought

"Yes, you has!" cried Aunt Lucy,

"Yes you has, an' yes you

rising and shaking a bodeful fore-

does! An' you don' 'preshuate him,

thass whut. Him a wushshippin' you!"

Mary Ellen began tossing bread

"How does I know?--law me, jes

listen to thet chile! How does I know?

Ain' he done tole me, an' yo' An' Liz-

sie, an' Majah Buford-an' you? Ain'

he done tole you a dozen times? Don'

everybody know hit? An' he's a gem-

man, too, mo'oveh; he's a gemman!

bestes' man fer a real lady to choosen

-bestes' in all this yer lan'. Uh-huh!"

"I never thought of him-not in that

way," said Mary Ellen, not quite able

to put an end to this conversation.

again. "How do you know that?" she

in all these yer pahts erroun' yer?"

"Yes, What is it, Lucy?"

CHAPTER XVII.

En Voyage. "I wish, Sam," said Franklin on morning as he stopped at the door of the livery barn-"I wish that you would get me up a good team. I'm thinking of driving over south a little way to-day."

"All right, Cap," said Sam. "I reckon we can fix you up. How far you

"Well, about twenty-five or thirty miles, perhaps."

"Which will bring you," said Sam meditatively, "just about to the Halfway House. Seein' it's about there you'll be stoppin', I reckon I better give you my new buggy. I sort of keep it, you know, for special 'casions."

He disappeared within the barn, whence presently arose sounds of tu-Reckon I knows quality! Yas, sir, mult. The "span" emerged with one Cap'n Franklin, she shoh'ly am the half of its constituent parts walking on its hind legs and lashing out viciously in front.

> "Well, I don't know about that black," said Franklin critically. "He's a bit bronco, isn't he?"

"What, him?" said Sam. "Naw, he's "Miss Ma'y Ellen," said Aunt Lucy solemnly, "I'se wukked fer you an' all right. You don't suppose I'd run yo' fam'ly all my life, an' I hates to in any wild stock on you, do you? He's say ary woh'd what ain't fitten. But | been hitched up several times, an' he's i gotto to tell you, you ain' tellin' the | plumb gentle. May rare up a little at trufe to me, toe yo' old black mammy, first, but he's all right. Of course, right now. I tells you, an' I knows | you want to have a little style about it, tha' hain't nary gal on earth ever you, goin' down there."

done look at no man, I don't care who I Franklin got into the buggy, while



"No. Aunt Lucy, I hadn't thought about that."

Holently in the vehemence of her ineredulity.

Mary Ellen's face sobered with a trace of the old melancholy.

"Aunt Lucy," she said, "you mean kindly, I am sure, but you must not talk to me of these things. Don't you remember the old days back home? Can you forget Master Henry Aunt Lucy-can you forget the daysthose days-?"

Aunt Lucy rose and went over to Mary Ellen and took her hand between her own great black ones, "No. I doesn't fergit nothin', Miss Ma'y Ellen." she said, wiping the girl's eyes as though she were still a baby. doesn't fergit Mas' Henry, Gord bless him! I doesn't forgit him any mo'n you does. But now listen toe yo' old black mammy, whut knows a heap mo'n you does, an' who is a-talkin' toe you because you ain't got no real mammy o' yer own no mo'. Now, I done had fo' husban's, me. Two o' them done died, an' one distapeart in the wah, an' one he turn out no 'count. Now, you s'pose I kain't love no otheh

Mary Ellen could not restrain a smile, but it did not impinge upon the earnestness of the other.

"Yas'm, Miss Ma'y Ellen," she continued, again taking the girl's face between her hands. "Gord, he say, it hain't good fer man toe be erlone. An' Gord knows, speshul in er lan' like this yer, hit's a heap mo' fitten fer a man toe be erione then fer a 'coman. Some wimmen-folks, they's made fer grievin', afl there time, fer frettin', an' worr'in', an' er-mopin' 'roun'. Then, agin, some is made for lovin'-I don' say for lovin' mo'n one man to er times for ther ain't no good 'coman ever did thet. But some is made fer lowin'. They sech er heap o' no 'count | as though you had forsaken us. It cerfolks in ther worl', hit do seem like a tainly is a comfort to see a gentleman shame when one o' them sort don' love nobody, an' won't let nobody love.

not quite may the world to stop the old servant's garrulity, and the latter

cestly looking into the

he wuz, 'thout thinkin' 'bout him, an' | Sam held the head of the "plumb gen-'cidin' in her min', one way er otheh | tle" borse. When cast loose the latwhetheh she like fer to mah'y that ter reared again and came down with ther man er not! If er 'coman say his fore feet over the neck yoke. Nimshe do different f'om thet, she shoh'ly bly recovering, he made a gallant atfergettin' o' the trufe, thas all! Ain' tempt to kick in the dashboard. This do this and in the end all of the pi' i thought o' him! Go 'long!" Aunt stirred up his mate to a thought of were abandoned. A drainage commis-Lucy wiped her hand upon her apron former days, and the two went away pawing and plunging. "So long!" cried Sam, waving his hand. "Good

Franklin was for a time busy in keeping his team upon the traft, but soon they settled down into a steady, shuffling trot, to which they held for a mile over the hard prairie road. An hour's drive from the town, and the traveler seemed in a virgin world. A band of antelope lined up on the crest of a ridge and stood staring steadfastly. A gray winged hawk swept wide and easily along the surface of the earth on its morning hunting trip. Near by the trail hundreds of cheerful prairie dogs barked and jerked their ceaseless salutation. An ancient and untroubled scheme of life lay all around him, appealing in its freshness and its charm.

ly in the midday sun, as though tantalizing any chance traveler of that wide of the pipe was pushed down to a land with a prospect alluring yet imstation now loomed large and dark, now sank until they seemed a few broken dots and dashes just visible the bog was drained. The land has upon the wide gray plain. Yet soon these seemed to grow closer, and Franklin found himself again at the spot with which he was already so well acquainted that every detail, simple method. Care must be taken every low building and gnarled bit of | not to permit the well to fill up with wood, was tabulated surely in his rubbish, which might impede the mind. The creak of the windmill presently came to his ears as a familiar sound, but rasping and irritating on his strong nerves as the croak of the elder Fate.

Buford met him in the yard, and the two together busied themselves in taking care of the team, the former apologizing that he still had no servant for such work. "I'm mighty glad to see you again, captain, for it looked like yourself once in a while. We meet plenty of cowmen and movers, decent folk enough but they have a Mary Blien was silent. She could lack, sir, they have a fack. I maintain, sir, that no gentleman can flourish without that intelligent social in tercourse with his kind which is as much a part of his livin, his as the eatin' of his daily bread. Now,

est general that the world ever sawfar greater than Grant, who was in command of resources infinitely su-

perior. Now, then-" "Oh, uncle, uncle!" cried a voice behind him. "Have you begun the war over again so soon? You might at least let Mr. Franklin get into the house."

Mary Ellen stood at the door of the dugout, just clear of the front, and upon the second step of the stair, and her hand half shading her eyes. The sun fell upon her brown hair, changing its chestnut to a ruddy bronze, vital and warm, with a look as though it breathed a fragrance of its own. A little vagrant lock blew down at the temple, and Franklin yearned, as he always did when he saw this small truant, to stroke it back into its place. The sun and the open air had kissed pink into the cheek underneath the healthy brown. I'he curve of the girl's chin was full and firm. Her tall figure had all the grace of a normal being. Her face, sweet and serious, showed the symmetry of perfect and well-balanced faculties. The vision of her standing there caused Franklin to thrill and flush. Unconsciously he drew near to her, too absorbed to notice the one visible token of a possible success; for, as he approached, hat in hand, the girl drew back, as though she feared.

There was something not easily to be denied in this tall man, his figure still military in its self-respect of carriage, with the broad shoulders, the compact trunk, the hard jaw, and the straight blue eye of the man of deeds. me looked so fit and manly, so clean of heart, and so direct of purpose as he came on now in this forlorn hope that Mary Ellen felt a shiver of selfdistrust. She stepped back, calling on all the familiar spirits of the past. Her heart stopped, resuming at double speed. It seemed as though a thrill of tingling warmth came from somewhere in the air-this time, this day, this hour, this man, so imperative, this new land, this new world into which she had come from that of her earlier years! She was yet so young! Could there be something unknown, some sweetness yet unsounded? Could there be that rest and content which, strive as she might, were still missing from her life? Could there be thisand honor?

Mary Ellen fled, and in her room sat down staring in a sudden panic. She needed to search out a certain faded picture. It was almost with a sob that she noted the thin shoulders, the unformed jaw, the eye betokening pride rather than vigor, the brow indicative of petulance as much as sternness. Mary Ellen laid the picture to her cheek, saying again and again that she loved it still. Poor girl, she did not yet know that this was but the maternal love of a woman's heart, pitying, tender and remembering to be sure, but not that love over which the morning stars sang together at the beginning of the world.

(To be continued.)

Mine Drainage Planned. Mine drainage operations in South Staffordshire, England, by which 40,-000,000 tons of coal may be won from flooded pits, are now contemplated. These mines have been flooded for a quarter of a century. The coal area has been split up into various ownerships, and before a drainage commission came into existence each owner was supposed to pump the water from his own pits. Some of them failed to sion has obtained power to pump out the pits and has secured a loan o \$500,000 to do it with. The project is an extensive and difficult one, but mining experts declare that it offers no obstacles which modern engineering resources are unable to conquer. The re-starting of the mines means a large access of property to a district that stands in urgent need of it, and the prospect of restoring this long abandoned industry has created great interest in the neighborhood.

Digging Well to Drain a Bog. An ingenious Yankee who lives on the west coast of Florida adopted a novel method to drain a bog on his plantation. He put down a four-inch well in the middle of his bog deep enough to tap the water bearing gravel. A nice flow of water was encoun-Lifting and shimmering mysterious- tered, which rose in the well nearly to the surface. As soon as the top level with the bottom of the bog, the possible, the buildings of the Halfway | water in the pond rushed down into the well and passed off through subterranean channels. In a few hours since been plowed and is now a valuable truck farm. Scientists declare that wet lands in many sections of the country can be drained by this ingress of the water.

Plenty of Raw Material. "Grandpa," said the children, "tell us another story about the time when you were a young man and traveled with the show."

"Well," said Grandfather Dutton, when I was with Nixon & Kemp's circus, forty or fifty years ago, one of my great acts was to get a boy to put an apple on top of his head and then I would stand ten paces away and shoot a rifle ball through it."

"But didn't you sometimes miss the apple and shoot the boy?" "Not often, but it happened once in

while, of course." "What did you do then?" they asked breathlessly.

"Do?" said Grandfather Dutton, shrugging his shoulders, "Why, sometimes I had to wait two or three minutes before I could find another boy, but not often. There are always plenty of boys."



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period --- how to avoid pain and suffering and remove the cause by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"To Young Women: - I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy." - Miss Agnes Miller, 25 Potomao Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention. Fifty thousand letters from women prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regulates menstruction and makes those periods painless.

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> FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN. Remember, every woman is cordially

invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given to every alling woman who asks for it. Her advice has restored to health more than one hundred thousand women. Why don't you try

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\$5000 FORFEST if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

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