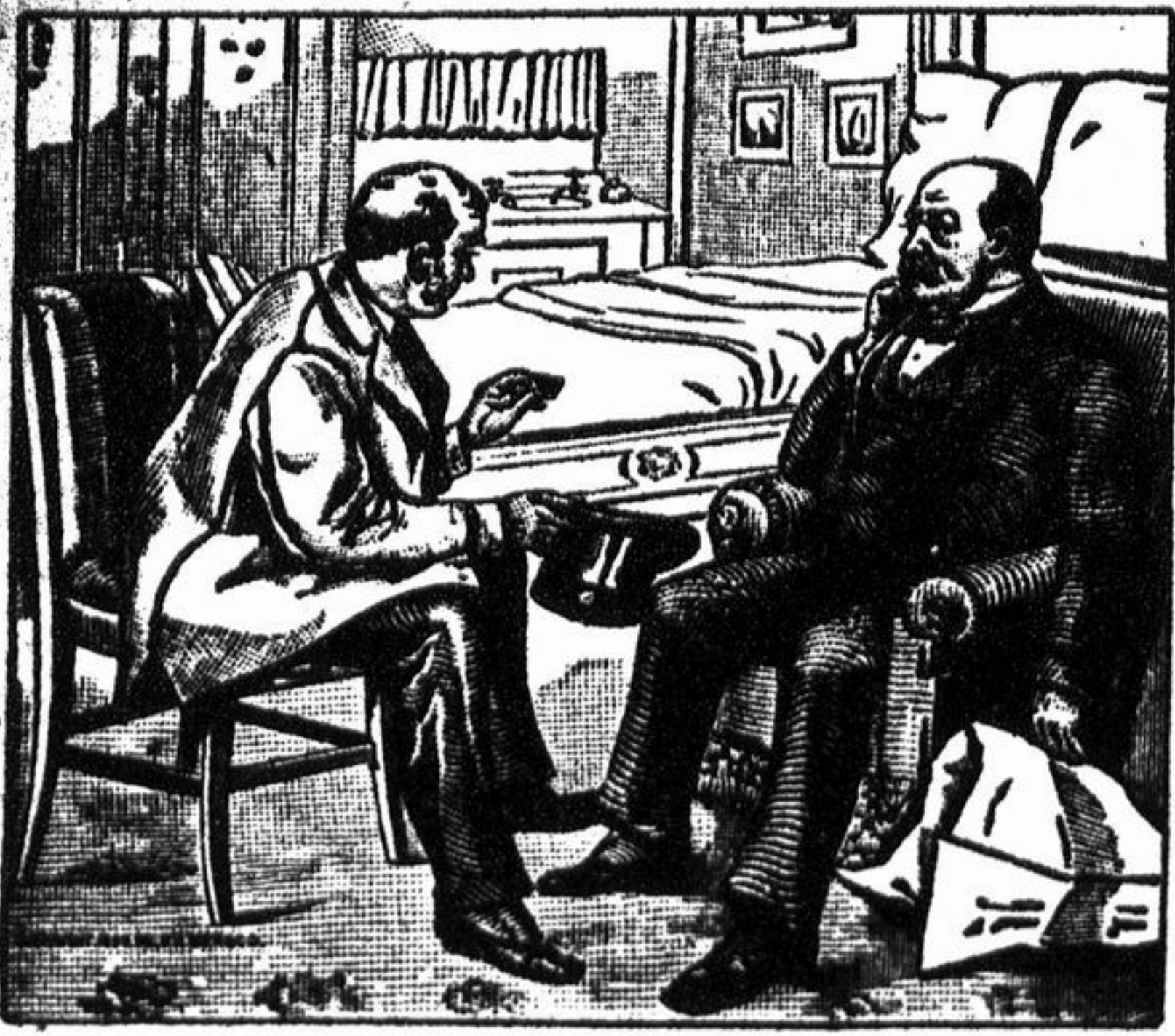


THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



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 for 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.

63 CENTRAL ST., MAZESON, MASS., Jan. 11th, 1904.

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it has become so severe and complicated that I entered a hospital and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time. I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water to-day and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition. I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am, Very truly yours, L. C. RICHARDSON."

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 eight and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-red 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, wormed 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, Dinghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Dinghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing, be sure to say that 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: St. and No.: City or Town: State: Mention this paper.

Save Your Thresh Bill

The ordinary old-style small cylinder wastes enough grain and time to pay your thresh bill.

Why not save the grain ordinarily put into the straw stack? Why not save the time which the ordinary threshing outfit wastes for you? This can be done by employing the RED RIVER SPECIAL.

It has the Big Cylinder, with lots of concave and grate surface. It has the Man Behind the Gun, that does most of the separating right at the cylinder. Besides these, it has all the separating capacity of other machines. It runs right along, saving your grain and saving time, regardless of conditions. There has come improvements in threshing machinery the same as in everything else.

As the modern self-binder is ahead of the old reaper of forty years ago, so is the Big Cylinder and Man Behind the Gun ahead of the small cylinder old-style threshers.

The old-style threshers with its small cylinder and limited separating capacity, has stood for years without improvement.

The RED RIVER SPECIAL is fully up with the times. It is built for modern, up-to-date work; to thresh well; to thresh fast; to save time and money for both the thresherman and farmer. It does it. There are reasons why. Send for our new book on threshing. It gives them and it is free.

Employ the RED RIVER SPECIAL, it is the only machine which has the Man Behind the Gun, and saves enough grain and time to pay your thresh bill.

NICHOLS & SHEPARD CO., Battle Creek, Mich. 50 YEARS IN BUSINESS. BRANCH HOUSES AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

FREE to WOMEN

A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Post-paid, enough to prove the value of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic.



Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water—non-poisonous and perfectly safe. It is a powerful antiseptic which kills all germs which irritate inflamed surfaces, and has a soothing property. The contents of every box makes one Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic Solution—keeps longer—has more germ-killing power than any other.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a vaginal wash for leucorrhoea, Prolapsus Cervicis, Nerve Exhaustion, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all sources of mucous membranes.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$4.00, \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.50. W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make.



W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make. The reason is, they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and have greater intrinsic value than any other shoes.

The LANKFORD HUMANE Horse Collar. It is cotton-filled, anti-chafing; it will positively cure and prevent pain and sore shoulders and do away with pads. Ask your dealer for them. Write for catalogue and receive our memorandum sent free from THE LANKFORD HUMANE CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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 XXII.—Continued. At this place they saw a few men sitting outside the door, calmly smoking—among these Sam, the liveryman, a merchant by name of Chapman, and a homesteader, who was known as One-eyed Pennyman.

Inside the house, playing cards with Curly, were four other men. Franklin noticed that they all were armed. They all appeared from their story, to have just dropped in to pass a little time with Curly. From time to time others dropped in, most of them remaining outside in the moonlight, sitting on their heels along the porch, talking but little, and then mentioning anything but the one subject which was uppermost in every one's mind. Yet though nothing was said, it might well be seen that this little body of men were of those who had taken the stand for law and order, and who were resolved upon a new day in the history of the town.

It was a battle of the two hotels and what they represented. Over at the great barroom of the Cottage, there was at the same time assembled a much larger gathering, composed chiefly of those transient elements which at that time really made up the larger portion of the population of the place—wide-hatted men, with narrow boots and broad belts at which swung heavy, blued revolvers with broad wooden butts—a wild-looking, wild-living body of men, savage in some ways, gentle in others, but for the most part just, according to their creed. All drank whisky, and drank it regularly. Up to ten o'clock the whisky had produced no effect.

At ten o'clock a big Texan raised his glass high above his head and smashed it upon the bar. "Law an' order be damned!" said he. "What kind o' law an' order is it to let a murderer's Greaser like that

and in front of the door there swept a dark and silent cordon. The leader of the invaders paused, but went straight forward.

"We want that man!" he said. "You know very well you can't have him."

"We don't know nothin' o' the sort. We want him, an' we're goin' to have him. Git out of the road!"

A second figure stood by the side of Franklin, and this man was recognized by the leader.

"Aw, now, Curly, what d-d foolhardiness is this here? Bring him out."

"You know I won't Jim," said Curly, simply. "We're tryin' him on the square. You ain't the Co'te. I kolu't give him to no one but the Co'te."

Silence fell for an instant, then from the rear of the party there came pushing and crowding and cries of "Burn the house—drive him out!" There was a rush, but it was met by a silent thickening of the line at the point assailed. Men scuffled with men, swearing and grunting, panting hard. Here and there weapons flashed dully, though as yet no shot was fired.

The rushers toward the house grew closer, so that assailants and besieged were now mingled in a fighting, swearing mass.

"You're no cowman, Curly," cried one voice, bitterly.

"You're a d-d liar!" cried Curly in reply, "whoever says that to me! I'm only a-keepin' o' my word. You kaint clean us out. I'll shoot the livin' soul out o' any man that touches that door! This here is the jail, an' I'm the deputy, and, by—! you'll not have my prisoner!"

"Quite right, me man," said a cool voice at Curly's side, and a hand fell on his shoulder as a tall form loomed sprang toward the building. The cries became savage, beastlike. It was no longer human beings who contended

over this poor, half-witted being, but brutes, less reasonable than he.

Juan left the door. He swept Franklin and Curly and Battersleigh aside as though they were but babes. It was his purpose to rush out, to strike, to kill. It was the moment of opportunity for the leader of the assailants. The whistle of a rope cut the air, and the noose tightened about the giant's neck with instant grip. There up in the crowd, "There's good material in you, me bully. Fair play's a jule, an' it's fair play we're goin' to have here."

Backed by a crowd of men whose resolution was as firm as their own, these three fell back in front of the door. Franklin felt his heart going fast, and knew that more was asked of him here than had ever been upon the field of battle. In a moment, he reflected, the firing would begin.

Suddenly the climax came. The door was thrust irresistibly open, not from without, but from within. Stooping, so that his head might clear its top, the enormous figure of Juan, the Mexican, appeared in the opening.

A roar of anger and excitement rose as the prisoner was seen standing there before them, though outlined only by the dim light of the sky. Every man in the assaulting party was a surge back upon the rope, a movement which would have been fatal for any other man, which would have been fatal to him, had the men got the rope to a horse as they wished, so that they might drag the victim by violence through the crowd.

But with Juan this act was not final. As the great bear of the foothills, when roped by the horseman, scorns to attempt escape, but pulls man and horse toward him by main force, so the giant savage who was now thus assailed put forth his strength, and by sheer power of arm drew his would-be captors to him, hand over hand. The noose about his own neck he loosened with one hand. Then he raised his hand and let it fall. The cester of the rope, his collar bone broken and his shoulder blade cracked across, fell in a heap at his feet as the swaying crowd made way.

There came, boring into the silence with horrible distinctness, the sound of one merciful, mysterious shot. The giant straightened up once, a vast black body towering above the black mass about him, and then sank gently, slowly down, as though to curl himself in sleep.

There was a groan, a roar, a swift surging of men thick, black, like swarming bees. Some bent above the

"I command you—in the name of the law!"

"Which of us'll be the next he'd kill?"

"Well," said a conservative, soothingly, "let's wait till to-morrow. Let's let the Co'te set another day, anyhow."

"Yes, I reckon that's right; yes, that's so," said others; "we'd better wait till to-morrow."

A brief silence fell upon the gathering, a silence broken only by tinklings or shufflings along the bar. Then, far off, over the prairie, there came a little fat, recurrent sound, or series of sounds, as of one patting his fingers softly together. It fell and rose and grew, coming rapidly nearer, until at length there could be distinguished the cracking and popping of the hoofs of running horses.

"It's the Bar O outfit, from the Brazos, coming in," said some one. The crowd pressed out into the air. It opened and melted slightly. The crowd at Curly's shanty increased slightly, silently. Inside, Curly and his friend still played cards. The giant prisoner lay asleep upon the floor.

The rattle of many hoofs swept up to the door of the Cottage, where the restive, nervous horses were left standing while the men went in, their leader, a stocky, red-mustached man, bearing with him the rope which he had loosened from his saddle. Having drunk, the leader smote upon the bar with a heavy hand.

"Come along, men," he called out. "The quicker we hang that d-d Greaser the better it will be."

He moved toward the door, followed by some silently, by others with steps that lagged. "Well, you see—" began one man.

"To h—I with all that!" said the newcomer, turning upon him fiercely. "We don't need no cowards!"

"No, that ain't it," resumed the first man, "but we got to respect the Co'te—just Co'te'ver did set here, you see. The feller, some o' 'em, thinks—some o' the jury thinks—that the feller's too crazy far to hang."

WOMEN'S WOES.

Much of woman's daily woe is due to kidney trouble. Sick kidneys cause back-ache, languor, blind headaches, dizziness, insomnia and urinary troubles. To cure yourself you must cure the kidneys. Profit by the experience of others who have been cured. Mrs. William W. Brown, professional nurse, of 16 Jane St., Paterson, N. J., says: "I have not only seen much suffering and many deaths from kidney trouble, but I have suffered myself. At one time I thought I could not live. My back ached, there were frequent headaches and dizzy spells, and the kidney secretions were disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and soon relieved me entirely of all the distressing and painful symptoms."



BOOK IV

The Day of the Plow

CHAPTER XXIII. The End of the Trail.

The Cottage Hotel of Ellisville was, singularly enough, in its palmy days conducted by a woman, and a very good woman she was. It was perhaps an error in judgment which led the husband of this woman to undertake the establishment of a hotel at such a place and such a time, but he hastened to repair his fault by amiably dying. The widow, a large woman, of great kindness of heart and a certain skill in the care of gunshot wounds, fell heir to the business, carried it on and made a success of it. All these wild ruffian men who came roistering up the Trail loved this large and kind old lady, and she called them all her "boys," watching over the wild brood as a hen does over her chickens. She fed them and comforted them, nursed them and buried them, always new ones coming to take the places of those who were gone. Chief mourner at over three-score funerals, nevertheless was Mother Daly's voice always for peace and decorum; and what good she did may one day be discovered when the spurred and booted dead shall rise.

There was yet no key to the Cottage bar when there came the unbelievable word that there was no longer a buffalo to be found anywhere on the range, and that the Indians were gone, beaten, herded up forever. Far to the north, it was declared, there were men coming in on the cow range who had silver-mounted guns, who wore gold and jewels and who brought with them raddles without horns. It was said, however, that these new men wanted to buy cows, so cows were taken to them.

Mother Daly looked upon this, and it was well. She understood her old boys and loved them. She was glad the world was full of them. She looked out over the wide, wind-swept plains, along the big white fall of hollowing bushes, at the white corral with its acres of raddled Nessens, and she was calm and happy. It was a goodly world.

It was upon one day that Mother Daly looked out upon her world; upon the next day she looked again, and all the world was changed. Far as the eye could reach, the long and dusty roadway of the cows lay silent, with its dust unstirred. Far, very far off, there was approaching a little band of strange, small-bleating, woolly creatures, to whose driver Mother Daly refused bed and board. The cattle chutes were silent, the corral was empty. At the Cottage bar the keeper had at last found a key to the door. Up and down the Trail, east and west of the Trail, all was quiet here and desolate. At some signal—some signal written on the sky—all the old life of Ellisville had taken up its journey into a farther land, into another day. The cowman, the railroad man and the gambling man had gone, leaving behind them the wide and well-perforated Cottage, the graveyard with its double street, the cattle chutes with well worn hairy walls. (To be continued.)

Senator Hoar's Advice Ill-Received.

A young man from Florida came to Washington to represent a newspaper in his state, says a correspondent of a New York paper. A few days after he arrived Senator Hoar introduced a bill referring to a lottery in Florida. The young reporter hastened to see the senator, with visions of a column interview with him concerning the bill and its effect and all that. The servant said the senator would see him.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Hoar, when the young man had been shown in.

"I want to ask you about the bill you introduced to-day?"

"What do you want to ask me about it?"

"Why, I am from Florida and represent a Florida paper, and I thought you might give me an explanation."

"Have you read the bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand it?"

"I think I do, sir."

"Well, if you do not, no explanation I could make would help you to. Good evening."

And that was another of those interviews never printed.

Beecher and the Medium.

While in England Henry Ward Beecher was entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism and was himself a medium, says the Argonaut. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the seance was over he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with the twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded: "All I have to say is that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my rather has, I shall be a stark naked fool."

Value of New York Aldermen.

Gen. "Dan" Sickles is coming to be regarded as the economist of the New York board of aldermen. At a meeting last week he objected to hiring a new stenographer at \$1,350 per year when "all the good stenographers needed can be had at \$800." The general pointed out that aldermen only get \$1,000 salary, "but then," he added on reflection, "perhaps that is more than we are worth to the city."

K. C. S. Almanac for 1904.

The Kansas City Southern Railway Company's Annual Almanac is now ready for distribution. It contains the usual monthly calendars, many useful household hints and information concerning the country in Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Texas and Louisiana. Write for a copy to S. O. Warner, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

Legs and Brains.

Senator Platt of New York, is about the same age as Mr. T. E. Roessle, proprietor of the Arlington hotel, where Senator and Mrs. Platt make their Washington home. The other evening Senator Platt came rather slowly and a bit painfully into the hotel lobby and met Mr. Roessle, silver haired and bearded, striding briskly across the floor. The two greeted each other.

Mrs. Hoar Roessle remarked apropos of nothing at all:

"Senator, I wish I had your brains."

"Hub!" returned Senator Platt, glancing at the firmly planted pedal extremities of his companion. "If I can have your legs you can have my brains."

Small Pay for Preachers.

The poverty of rural clergymen is traditional in this country, but in earlier days the people among whom they worked were as poor as they. Every body had land, and if the land was fertile the farmers' families had good and abundant food. The people in the parsonage did not eat poorer food or wear poorer clothes than the people of the congregation. The position of a rural clergyman was one of relative comfort as well as of dignity and honor. But for forty years at least the general level of expenditure has raised, while cash pays a larger part and barter and self-production a smaller one in the support of families even in the country. Yet in many cases the salaries of the country minister have not been raised, although the money of the minister of to-day will not go nearly so far as it would have done forty or fifty years ago.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOAKED IN COFFEE.

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time but about 2 years ago I went to visit a friend and got in the habit of drinking Postum."

"I have never touched coffee since and the result has been that I have been entirely cured of all my stomach and nervous trouble."

"My mother was just the same way, we all drink Postum now and have never had any other coffee in the house for two years and we are all well."

"A neighbor of mine a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day."

"I persuaded her at last to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and she has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side, in fact she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble."

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous Little Book, "The Road to Well-Being."