NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman

Author of Whispering Smith

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DE SPAIN BARELY ESCAPES DEATH FROM AMBUSH AND HE LEARNS MORE ABOUT HIS ENEMIES — NAN SHOWS HER CONTEMPT FOR HIM

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountain mining country, is infested with stage robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hang-out is in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat, and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Thief river mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the Mountain division, decides to break up the depredations of the bad men and appoints Henry de Spain general manager of the stage line. De Spain goes to Calabasas with John Lefevre as his assistant. Trouble starts when Sassoon of the gang cuts the throat of Elpaso, a coach driver. De Spain goes to Morgan gap with Lefevre and Bob Scott, an Indian, at night and arrest Sassoon. The gang threatens to kill De Spain. Sassoon escapes jail. Lefevre tells Henry he will have to keep up his reputation as a gunman bent on breaking the Morgans.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Meaning, that in this country you can't begin on a play like pulling Sassoon out from under his friends' noses without keeping up the pace—without a second and third act. You dragged Sassoon by his hair out of the gap; good. You surprised everybody; good. But you can't very well stop at that, Henry. Such a feat by itself doesn't insure a permanent reputation, Henry. It is, so to say, merely a 'demand' reputation—one that men reserve the right to recall at any moment. And the worst of it is, if they ever do recall it, you are worse off than when before they extended the brittle bauble to you."

"Jingo, John! For a stage blacksmith you are some spieler." De Spain added an impatient, not to say contumelious, exclamation concerning the substance of Lefever's talk. "I didn't ask them for a reputation. This man interfered with my guard—in fact, tried to cut his throat, didn't he?"

"Would have done it if Frank had been an honest man."

"That is all there is to it, isn't it?"

Lefever tapped the second finger of one fat hand gently on the table. "Practically; practically all, Henry, yes. You don't quite understand, but you have the right idea."

"What do you want me to do—back a horse and shoot two guns at once up and down Main street, cowboy style?"

Lefever kept his patience without difficulty. "No, no. You'll understand."

"Scott advised me to run down to Medicine Bend for a few days to let the Morgans cool off."

"Right. That was the first step. The few days are a thing of the past. I suppose you know," continued Lefever, in as well-modulated a tone as he could assume to convey information that could not be regarded as wholly cheerful, "that they expect to get you for this Sassoon job."

De Spain flushed. But the red anger lasted only a moment. "Who are 'they'?" he asked after a pause.

"Deaf Sandusky, Logan, of course, the Calabasas bunch, and the Morgans."

De Spain regarded his companion unamiably. "What do they expect I'll be doing while they are getting me?"

Lefever raised a hand deprecatingly. "Don't be overconfident, Henry; that's your danger. I know you can take care of yourself. All I want to do is to get the folks here acquainted with your ability, without taking unnecessary chances. You see, people are not now asking questions of one another; they are asking them of themselves. Who and what is this newcomer—an accident or a genuine arrival? A common squib or a real explosion? Don't get excited," he added, in an effort to sooth De Spain's obvious irritation. "You have the idea, Henry. It's time to show yourself."

"I can't very well do business here without showing myself," retorted De Spain.

"But it is a thing to be managed," persisted Lefever. "Now, suppose—since the topic is up—we 'show' in Main street for a while."

"Suppose we do," echoed De Spain ungraciously.

"That will crack the debut ice. We will call at Harry Tenison's hotel, and then go to his new rooms—go right to society headquarters first—that's my theory of doing it. If anybody has any shooting in mind, Tenison's is a quiet and orderly place. And if a man declines to eat anybody up at Tenison's, we put him down, Henry, as not ravenously hungry."

"One man I would like to see is that sheriff, Druel, who let Sassoon get out."

"Ready to interview him now?"

"I've got some telegrams to answer."

"Those will keep. The Morgans are in town. We'll start out and find somebody."

It was wet and sloppy outside, but Lefever was indifferent to the rain, and De Spain thought it would be undignified to complain of it.

When, followed by Lefever, he walked into the lobby of Tenison's hotel a few moments later the office was empty. Nevertheless, the news of the appearance of Sassoon's captor spread. The two sauntered into the billiard hall, which occupied a deep room adjoining the office and opened with large plate-glass windows on Main street. Every table was in use. A fringe of spectators in the chairs, ostensibly watching the pool games, turned their eyes toward De Spain—those that recognized him distinguishing him by nods and whispers to others.

Among several groups of men standing before the long bar, one party of four near the front end likewise engaged the interest of those keener loafers who were capable of foreseeing situations. These men, Satterlee Morgan, the cattleman; Bull Page, one of his cowboys; Sheriff Druel, and Judge Druel, his brother, had been drinking together. They did not see Lefever and his companion as the two came in through the rear lobby door. But Lefever, on catching sight of them, welcomed his opportunity. Walking directly forward, he laid his hand on Satt Morgan's shoulder. As the cattleman turned, Lefever, genially grasping his hand, introduced De Spain to each of the party in turn.

Morgan threw the brim of his weather-beaten hat back from his tanned face. He wore a mustache and a chin whisker of that variety designated in the mountains by the appropriate name "Spinach." But his smile, which drew his cheeks into wrinkles all about his long, round nose, was not unfriendly. He looked with open interest from his frank but not overtrustworthy eyes at De Spain. "I heard," he said in a good-natured, slightly nasal tone, "you made a sunrise call on us one day last week."

"And I want to say," returned De Spain, equally amiable, "that if I had had any idea you folks would take it so hard—I mean, as an affront intended to any of you—I never would have gone into the gap after Sassoon. I just assumed—making a mistake as I now realize—that my scrap would be with Sassoon, not with the Morgans."

Satt's face wrinkled into a humorous grin. "You sure kicked up some alkali."

De Spain nodded candidly. "More than I intended to. And I say—without any intention of impertinence to anybody else—Sassoon is a cur. I supposed when I brought him in here after so much riding, that we had sheriff enough to keep him." He looked at Druel with such composure that the latter for a moment was nonplussed. Then he discharged a volley of oaths, and demanded what De Spain meant. De Spain did not move. He refused to see the angry sheriff. "That is where I made my second mistake," he continued, speaking to Morgan and forcing his tone just enough to be heard. Druel, with more hard words, began to abuse the railroad for not paying taxes enough to build a decent jail. De Spain took another tack. He eyed the sheriff calmly as the latter continued to draw away and left De Spain standing somewhat apart from the rest of the group. "Then it may be I am making another mistake, Druel, in blaming you. It may not be your fault."

"The fault is, you're fresh," cried Druel, warming up as De Spain appeared to cool. The line of tipplers backed away from the bar. De Spain stepping toward the sheriff, raised his hand in a friendly way. "Druel, you're hurting yourself by your talk. Make me your deputy again some time," he concluded, "and I'll see that Sassoon stays where he is put."

"I'll just do that," cried Druel, with a very strong word, and he raised his hand in turn. "Next time you want him locked up, you can take care of him yourself."

The sharp crack of a rifle cut off the words; a bullet tore like a lightning-bolt across De Spain's neck, crashed through a mahogany pilaster back of the bar, and embedded itself in the wall. The shot had been aimed from the street for his head. The noisy room instantly hushed. Spectators sat glued to their chairs. White-faced players leaned motionless against the tables. De Spain alone had acted; all that the bartenders could ever remember after the single rifle shot was seeing his hand go back as he whirled and shot instantly toward the heavy report. He had whipped out his gun and fired sidewise through the window at the sound.

That was all. The bartenders breathed and looked again. Men were crowding like mad through the back doors. De Spain, at the cigar case, looking intently into the rainy street, lighted from the corner by a dingy lamp. The four men near him had not stirred, but, startled and alert, the right hand of each covered the butt of a revolver. De Spain moved first. While the pool players jammed the back doors to escape, he spoke to, without looking at, the bartender. "What's the matter with your curtains?" he demanded, sheathing his revolver and pointing with an expletive to the big sheet of plate glass. "Is this the way you build up business for the house?"

Those close enough to the window saw that the bare pane had been cut, just above the middle, by two bullet holes. Curious men examined both fractures when De Spain and Lefever had left the saloon. The first hole was the larger. It had been made by a high-powered rifle; the second was from a bullet of a Colt's revolver; it was remarked as a miracle of gun-play that the two were hardly an inch apart.

In the street a few minutes later, De Spain and Lefever encountered Scott, who, with his back hunched up, his cheap black hat pulled well down over his ears, his hands in his trousers pockets and his thin coat collar modestly turned against the drizzling rain, was walking across the parkway from the station.

"Sassoon is in town," exclaimed Lefever with certainty after he had told the story. He waited for the Indian's opinion. Scott, looking through the water dripping from the brim of his seasoned derby, gave it in one word. "Was," he amended with a quiet smile.

"Let's make sure," insisted Lefever. "Supposing he might be in town yet, Bob, where is he?"

Scott gazed up the street through the rain lighted by yellow lamps on the obscure corners, and looked down the street toward the black reaches of the river. "If he's here, you'll find him in one of two places. Tenison's—"

"But we've just come from Tenison's," objected Lefever.

"I mean, across the street, upstairs; or at Jim Kitchen's barn. If he was hurried to get away," added Scott reflectively, "he would slip upstairs over there as the nearest place to hide; if he had time he would make for the barn, where it would be easy to cache his rifle."

Lefever took the lapel of the scout's coat in his hand. "Then you, Bob, go out and see if you can get the whole story. I'll take the barn. Let Henry go over to Tenison's and wait at the head of the stairs till we can get back there."

De Spain found no difficulty in locating the flight of marble stairs that led to the gambling rooms. It was the only lighted entrance in the side street. No light shone at the head of the stairs, but a doorway on the left opened into a large room brilliantly lighted by chandeliers. Around three sides of this room were placed the keno layouts, roulette wheels, faro tables and minor gambling devices. Off the casino itself small cardrooms opened.

The big room was well filled for a wet night. De Spain took a place in shadow near one side of the doorway facing the street door and at times looked within for the loosely jointed frame, crooked neck, tousled forehead, and malevolent face of the cattle thief. He could find in the many figures scattered about the room none resembling the one he sought.

A man entering the place spoke to another coming out. De Spain overheard the exchange. "Duke got rid of his steers yet?" asked the first.

"Not yet."

"Slow game."

"The old man sold quite a bunch this time. The way he's playing now he'll last twenty-four hours."

De Spain, following the newcomer, strolled into the room and, beginning at one side, proceeded in leisurely fashion from wheel to wheel and table to table inspecting the players. Few looked at him and none paid any attention to his presence. At Tenison's table the idlers crowded about one player whom De Spain, without getting closer in among the onlookers than he wanted to, could not see.

Tenison, as De Spain approached, happened to look up wearily. He spoke in an impassive tone across the intervening heads: "What happened to your red tie, Henry?"

De Spain put up his hand to his neck, and looked down at a loose end hanging from his soft cravat. It had been torn by the bullet meant for his head. He turned the end inside his collar. "A Calabasas man tried to untie it a few minutes ago. He missed the knot."

Tenison did not hear the answer. He had reverted to his case. De Spain moved on and, after making the round of the scattered tables, walked again through the doorway, only to meet, as she stood hesitating and apparently about to enter the room, Nan Morgan.

CHAPTER VII.

The Gambling Room.

They confronted each other blankly. To Nan's confusion was added her embarrassment at her personal appear-



He Whirled and Shot Instantly Toward the Heavy Report.

ance. Her hat was wet, and the limp shoulders of her khaki jacket and the front of her silk blouse showed the wilting effect of the rain. In one hand she clutched wet riding gloves. Her cheeks, either from the cold rain or mental stress, fairly burned, and her eyes, which had seemed when he encountered her, fired with some resolve, changed to an expression of dismay.

This was hardly for more than an instant. Then her lips tightened, her eyes dropped, and she took a step to one side to avoid De Spain and enter the gambling room. He stepped in front of her. She looked up, furious. "What do you mean?" she exclaimed with indignation. "Let me pass."

The sound of her voice restored his selfpossession. He made no move to get out of her way, indeed he rather pointedly continued to obstruct her. "You've made a mistake, I think," he said evenly.

"I have not," she replied with resentment. "Let me pass."

"I think you have. You don't know where you are going," he persisted, his eyes bent uncompromisingly on hers.

She showed increasing irritation at his attempt to exculpate her. "I know perfectly well where I am going," she retorted with heat.

"Then you know," he returned steadily, "that you've no business to enter such a place."

His opposition seemed only to anger her. "I know where I have business. I need no admonitions from you as to what places I enter. You are impertinent, insulting. Let me pass!"

His stubborn opposition showed no signs of weakening before her resolve. "One question," he said, ignoring her angry words: "Have you ever been in these rooms before?"

He thought she quailed the least bit before his searching look. She even hesitated as to what to say. But if her eyes fell momentarily it was only to collect herself. "Yes," she answered, looking up unflinchingly.

Her resolute eyes supported her defiant word and openly challenged his interference, but he met her once more quietly. "I am sorry to hear it," he rejoined. "But that won't make any difference. You can't go in tonight."

"I will go in," she cried.

"No," he returned slowly, "you are not going in—not, at least, while I am here."

They stood immovable. He tried to reason her out of her determination. She resented every word he offered. "You are most insolent," she exclaimed. "You are interfering in something that is no concern of yours. You have no right to act in this outrageous way. If you don't stand aside I'll call for help."

"Nan!" De Spain spoke her name suddenly and threateningly. His words fell fast, and he checked her for an instant with his vehemence. "We met in the gap a week ago. I said I was telling you the exact truth. Did I do it?"

"I don't care what you said or what you did—"

"Answer me," he said sharply; "did I tell you the truth?"

"I don't know or care—"

"Yes, you do know—"

"What you say or do—"

"I told you the truth then, and I am telling it now. I will never see you enter a gambling room as long as I can prevent it. Call for help if you like."

She looked at him with amazement. She seemed about to speak—to make another protest. Instead, she turned suddenly away, hesitated again, put both hands to her face, burst into tears, and hurried toward the stairs. De Spain followed her. "Let me take you to where you are going?"

Nan turned on him, her eyes blazing through her tears, with a single, scornful, furious word: "No!" She quickened her step from him in such confusion that she ran into two men just reaching the top of the stairs. They separated with alacrity, and gave her passage. One of the men was Lefever, who, despite his size, was extremely nimble in getting out of her urgent way, and quick in lifting his hat. She fairly raced down the flight of steps, leaving Lefever looking after her in astonishment. He turned to De Spain: "Now, who the deuce was that?"

De Spain ignored his question by asking another: "Did you find him?" Lefever shook his head. "Not a trace; I covered Main street. I guess Bob was right. Nobody home here, Henry?"

"Nobody we want."

"Nothing going on?"

"Not a thing. If you will wait here for Bob, I'll run over to the office and answer those telegrams."

De Spain started for the stairs. "Henry," called Lefever, as his companion trotted hastily down, "if you catch up to her, kindly apologize for a fat man."

But De Spain was balked of an opportunity to follow Nan. In the street he ran into Scott. "Did you get the story?" demanded De Spain.

"Part of it."

"Was it Sassoon?"

Scott shook his head. "Deaf Sandusky. That man Sandusky,"—Bob smiled a sickly smile—"doesn't miss very often. He was bothered a little by his friends being all around you."

The two regarded each other for a moment in silence. "Why," asked De Spain, boiling a little, "should that d——d hulking brute try to blow my head off just now?"

"Only for the good of the order, Henry," grinned the scout.

"Nice job Jeff has picked out for me," muttered De Spain grimly, "standing up in these Sleepy Cat barrooms to be shot at. Is he the fellow John calls the butcher?"

"That's what everybody calls him, I guess."

The two rejoined Lefever at the head of the stairs and the three discussed the news. Even Lefever seemed more serious when he heard the report. Scott, when asked where Sandusky now was, nodded toward the big room in front of them.

Lefever looked toward the gambling tables. "We'll go in and look at him." He turned to Scott to invite his comment on the proposal. "Think twice, John," suggested the Indian. "If there's any trouble in a crowd like that, somebody that has no interest in De Spain or Sandusky is pretty sure to get hurt."

"I don't mean to start anything," explained Lefever. "I only want De Spain to look at him."

But sometimes things start themselves. Lefever found Sandusky at a faro table. At his side sat his partner, Logan. Three other players, together with the onlookers, and the dealer—whose tumbled hair fell partly over the visor that protected his eyes from the glare of the overhead light—made up the group. The table stood next to that where Tenison, white-faced and impassive under the heat and light, held the chair.

Lefever took a position at one end of the table, where he faced Sandusky, and De Spain, just behind his shoulder, had a chance to look the two Calabasas men closely over. Sandusky again impressed him as a powerful man, who, beyond an ample stomach, carried his weight without showing it.

De Spain credited readily the extraordinary stories he had heard of Sandusky's dexterity with a revolver or a rifle. That he should so lately have missed a shot at so close range was partly explained now that De Spain perceived Sandusky's small, hard, brown eyes were somewhat unnaturally bright, and that his brows knit every little while in his effort to collect himself. Sandusky's brown shirt sprawled open at the collar, and De Spain remembered again the flashy waistcoat, fastened at the last buttonhole by a cut-glass button.

At Sandusky's side sat his crony in all important undertakings—a much smaller, sparer man, with aggressive shoulders and restless eyes. Logan was the lookout of the pair, and his roving glance lighted on De Spain be-



"Answer Me," He Said Sharply. "Did I Tell You the Truth?"

fore the latter had inspected him more than a moment. He lost no time in beginning on De Spain with an insolent question as to what he was looking at. De Spain, his eye bent steadily on him, answered with a tone neither of apology nor pronounced offense: "I am looking at you."

Lefever hitched at his trousers cheerily and, stepping away from De Spain, took a position just behind the dealer. "What are you looking at me for?" demanded Logan insolently.

De Spain raised his voice to match exactly the tone of the inquiry. "So I'll know you next time."

Do you believe that De Spain is foolhardy in hunting for trouble with the gangsters? And hadn't he better be minding his own business instead of trying to flirt with Nan Morgan?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAVE MANY STRANGE BELIEFS

British Soldiers in the Trenches Confess That Superstition Has a Strong Hold on Them.

Of all the superstitions in the British army—and they are many—the most popular has to do with the jar that contains the ration of rum. German bullets, the men have it, swerve instinctively towards the nearest rum jar. A few stray shots have helped to strengthen the superstition, and the conviction holds firm that the man who carries the rum jar runs a double risk of being hit.

Mascots and talismans hold an important place in the soldier's life. One man used to carry in his pack a rosary that he had picked up in one of the streets of Ypres. One day his leg was fractured in two places by a large piece of a trench mortar bomb, but in spite of his suffering he refused to be taken down to the dressing station until his rosary had been produced. "If I don't take it with me," he said, "I'd get hit again on the way down." Nearly every man at the front has a mascot of some sort—a rosary, a black cat, a German button, a lucky elephant, or a weird sign—which is supposed to keep him safe.

Their superstitions, too, are many in number. One man is convinced that he will be killed on a Friday; another man would rather waste a dry—and therefore valuable—match than light three cigarettes; another will think himself lucky if he can see a cow as he marches up to the trenches; a fourth will face any danger, volunteer for any patrol, go through the worst attack without a qualm, simply because he has "got a feeling that he will come through it all unhurt." And he generally does.

Seek Substitute for Rubber.

That the future, even more than the past, is to be the scientist's opportunity is illustrated by the serious thought already being given by the nations of the world to the problem of maintaining a supply of rubber, or of a suitable substitute, adequate to the growing demands of industry.

Ever since the world was young, tribes and nations have fought for possession of one or another of the supposed indispensable materials of comfort and luxury.

Once it was for flint for arrowheads, once for metal for utensils, again for fuel, sometimes for salt, and as the demands of mankind became more complex, for a hundred other things about which the aboriginal had not even heard. Just now, owing to a certain peculiarly rapid development of the automobile in transportation, rubber is taking a leading place.

Veracity.

Veracity is a term which must be regarded as including something more than the simple avoidance of direct falsehood.—Lecky.

Sorrow is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it.

FARM LOAN ACT.

IV. From the Point of View of the Investor.

(By Frank R. Wilson, federal loan bureau, Washington, D. C.)

Farm lands have always been regarded as the safest security in the world. But loans made against farm lands have generally exacted a higher interest rate than loans on other good security.

There are several reasons for this. Such loans are not readily transferable, i. e., marketable. Farm loans are usually desired for long periods. A loan for less than five years is usually of little value to the farmer. If the loan is made for the purpose of buying land the farmer's chance to pay it off is to make the money out of the land. It is against reason to expect that land will pay for itself in five years.

Well-managed commercial banks cannot make a business of lending money on farms and carrying the loans themselves. It is not good banking. It ties up their funds in permanent investments and if persisted in continually would ruin any bank. This fact limits the supply of local money for farm loans, and partially accounts for high interest rates on them.

Provides Needed Agency.

The farm lands of the United States constitute a great mass of valuable assets against which money ought to be borrowed at fair rates of interest. But it has been a chaotic mass of value. No agency has ever undertaken to assemble this mass of assets into negotiable form so that it could be readily handled as a marketable security.

Now the government steps in and provides this agency. It says to the farmer who wants to use his land as security:

"You join a national farm loan association and contribute your mortgage to a great federal land bank pool of mortgages. We have provided the machinery for this purpose and adopted rules for its operation so that the interest of all will be safeguarded. When your mortgages are massed together, a federal land bank will take these mortgages and issue bonds against them; sell the bonds to investors, and re-lend the money to farmers. The pooled mortgages of the farmers of the United States will be security for every bond. The high character of this security means that people who have money to invest will jump at the chance to put their savings up against your security at a low rate of interest. We will let you have this money at actual cost to us, plus not to exceed 1 per cent to cover the cost of operating this money-assembling and money-lending machinery."

Attractive to the Investor.

Then Uncle Sam turns to the investor and says:

"We have enabled the farmers of the United States to give us their massed mortgages. We are offering you bonds which are in reality first mortgages against the farms of all who join this pool. It is the best security in the world, because every dollar a farmer borrows is represented by $2 worth of land plus the stock each farmer has purchased in his local association. To make these bonds even more attractive, so as to eventually give the farmer a lower interest rate, we have exempted them from all forms of taxation. Even Uncle Sam will not collect any tax from them, nor from the income upon them. No state or municipality may tax them. We have made these bonds in small denominations from $25 upward so their purchase will be easy among people with small savings, and we will have the bonds printed and engraved by the government bureau of engraving and printing to protect them against counterfeiting, and the United States secret service will watch over them."

So the farm loan act, in addition to providing money for land purchase and farm development, provides a new form of security which ought to become one of the most popular in existence, because it is based on the land values of the entire country.

Mill Employee at Eighty-Nine.

Lawrence, Mass., boasts of an eighty-nine-year-old mill worker, the Boston Globe states. His name is George Ainsworth. He has been a mill operative in one capacity or other for 79 years. At ten years old he entered one of the big mills in Yorkshire, England, where he was born.

He came to America when he was twenty-three, and has worked in different mills in New England as a first-class weaver. For many years he was an overseer. At present Mr. Ainsworth is employed in the Washington mill of the American Woolen company as a warp twister.

Mr. Ainsworth's eighty-ninth birthday anniversary was celebrated by a full day's work, as usual, from seven o'clock in the morning to six o'clock at night.

Cause for Hilarity.

"Jim Simpson was sitting at a table near me the other day with another man, who was telling the most tiresome stories, and Jim nearly laughed himself into convulsions."

"No wonder. The man was his rich uncle."

His Idea.

Bachelor—What would you suggest for a distinctive costume for married men?

Benedick (of 25 years' standing)—Chain-mail.—Puck.

Second Choice.

"I'm writing a story for one of the leading magazines," remarked Scribson, with a lofty air. "Indeed," replied his caustic friend. "And which one of the inferior magazines do you think will publish it?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Dealing With Life's Tasks.

Take things as they come if you know what to do with them when they come. If not, make them come in the manner or quantity that you can handle them.

MADE $5,000 OUT OF HOGS

On His Western Canadian Farm.

It is getting to be a long drawn out story, the way that Western Canadian farmers have made money. Many of them a few years ago, came to the country with little more than their few household effects, probably a team of horses and a cow or two, and sufficient money to do them for a few months, until they got a start. Hundreds of such can be pointed out, who today have splendid homes, well equipped farms, the latest machinery and an automobile. Here is the case of A. E. Merriam, formerly of Devil's Lake, N. D. He didn't leave there because the land was poor, or farming not a success, for all who know that country are aware that it is an excellent country. He wanted to expand, to take advantage of the cheap land that Western Canada offers. And that same story has appealed to hundreds of others who have had like success with Mr. Merriam. But his story, and he signs it, too, is:

"I came to Alberta in the Spring of 1909 from Devil's Lake, North Dakota, locating on my farm near Dalroy.

"I arrived with six head of horses and two head of cattle and about $1,500. Since then, I have increased my live stock to seven head of horses, four head of cattle, and about one hundred head of hogs, a four-roomed house, good barn with all modern improvements, a feed grinder, elevator, chopper, fanning mill, etc. I have increased my original capital at least four times more since coming here.

"From the feeding of hogs during the last year, I had a gross return of $5,000.

"I first started grain farming, but during the past four years I have made hogs my specialty, and you may see by the foregoing statement for 1916 that I have not done so badly.

"Land has increased at least twenty per cent in value during the past few years, now selling for from $25 to $35 per acre, with nominal taxes of about $27 a quarter section yearly.

"The climate here is better than Dakota in that we do not have so much dry wind; the winters are similar to Dakota.

"As for farming in general, the growing and feeding of live stock is more sure than the grain farming, if continued year after year, and if every farmer follows this he will be ahead of the grain growers in the long run. Taking everything into consideration, I feel satisfied with my success in Alberta."

(Sgd.) A. E. MERRIAM.

Dalroy, Alberta, Jan. 12th, 1917.

There will be the greatest demand for farm labor in Western Canada during the early spring, and, in fact, all season until November, and the highest wages will be paid. There is an absolute guarantee by the Canadian Government that those who go to Canada for this purpose need have no fear of conscription.—Advertisement.

His Change.

"This is a world of change."

"Yes; and, by the way, have you got any with you?"

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is ofttimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

In the Four Hundred.

Caller—Is my wife home?

Maid—Who may I say called?—Puck.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

When it comes to coddling imaginary wrongs the average man is a faithful nurse.

Sneer not at the imperfections of others. It is doubly cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutch.

Pimples, boils, carbuncles, dry up and disappear with Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In tablets or liquid. —Adv.

The widow's mite is used too often as an excuse for small contributions.

The Oklahoma-Kansas field leads in the production of oil.

Take care of your health and wealth will take care of you. Garfield Tea promotes health.—Adv.

When a little man wants to make an impression he wears a silk hat.

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