

### The Fount of Life IS THE PURE RED BLOOD THAT COURSES THROUGH THE BODY.

If the Blood is Impure and  
Stagnant, Disease  
Holds Sway.

### Paine's Celery Compound PURIFIES, ENRICHES AND VITALIZES EVERY DROP OF BLOOD.

The majority of intelligent people know that rich, pure and highly vitalized blood alone can give health and build up the tissues that have been worn out. New and fresh blood carries all the materials for restoring wasted and worn-out part of the body, and gives to the brain other materials for making nerve matter.

Paine's Celery Compound cleanses and purifies the blood and furnishes appropriate food for every part of the system. It increases the appetite, perfect digestion, gives nervous energy and increased strength.

If your blood is impure, if the skin has spots and eruptions, if you have an unhealthy pallor or yellow appearance, and if the eyes are showing yellow whites, you should use Paine's Celery Compound without delay to cleanse the blood and regulate the liver and kidneys of the strain that is brought upon them whenever impure blood pours through their substance.

Mr. M. D. Arthur, Chelmsford, Ont., writes as follows:

"I was laid up with scars all over my face and neck, the result of blood-poisoning. While in that condition I could not sleep at night, had no appetite, and could not attend to my work. The doctors in my district and their medicine did not benefit me. My aunt advised me to use Paine's Celery Compound. In two weeks I was so much better that I could go out, and in three weeks I was able to work again. I bless the day I commenced with Paine's Celery Compound."

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We sell a large tin, 3 lb. Baked Beans for 10 cents a can . . . . .

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Our Lines are  
All Right.

Why pay high prices for a name when we give you Quality at low prices?

Gents' Box Calf, lace, Goodyear welt---

\$2.80

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Gents' Box Calf, Black and Tan, Goodyear welt---

\$2.75.

Gents' Box Calf, Black, double sole, Goodyear welt, rubber heel, best value in the city---

\$4.00.

### J. H. BELL

The Popular Shoe

## Ray's Recruit

.....BY.....

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.!

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

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(Continued.)

"Did he say Merriweather could go?" asked the major, glancing up at Ray's sunshiny face. "I wouldn't, if I were in his place."

"He wasn't overwilling at first," was the answer. "However, my fellows will all be wishing themselves back in the field before they've been home a fortnight—small blame to them."

"What's the reason you're so down on garrison life, Ray?"

"I'm not down on it exactly, major, but if it weren't for the wife and boys I'd be glad if we were forever in the field," answered Ray. "Men get killed in this Indian business, but they—keep out of trouble. There's Merriweather, now. He was a tiptop sergeant in the Sioux campaign. He was one of the best all round troopers and noncommissioned officers in the regiment all through the campaigns that followed in the next three years, and he's been running down steadily ever since he fell in love with that flibbertigibbet of Freeman's. Garrison life and girls spoil many a good cavalryman," he concluded oracularly.

"Don't dare me to tell that to Mrs. Ray as your sentiments," grinned the major.

"Oh, everything depends on the girls, of course," said Ray, growing instantly grave. "Blakey and I—well, I, at least, owe everything to my wife," he finished almost reverently. Then presently he spoke again. "But what chance has the average trooper? What manner of woman has he to mate with, if he mate at all? Next batch of recruits I get should be anchorites, so far as women are concerned."

"Sailors are just as bad as soldiers," said Mainwaring sagely, whereat Blakey ducked his head under his blanket in convulsions of delight.

"I know, sir," said Ray, glancing venomously at the constrictions of the worn gray slumber robe and biting his own lip hard to repress the bubbling fun. "What I mean is that I'd like to get the troop full of fellows that couldn't be twisted around a woman's finger."

"You never will, Ray," said Mainwaring, thereby proving that he knew human nature, if not books. "You can take your pick of this gang that Ransom's bringing out with him or any of the men that offer themselves at Ransom, and I'm willing to bet that the next man you enlist will be woman driven from the word go."

#### CHAPTER II.

The night express was 30 minutes late already, and engine 753, waiting at the Junction with her snowplow set, was hissing and rumbling impatiently. The big brown building, embracing hotel and waiting rooms, ticket and station master's office, loomed up against the star dotted sky. The switch lights glared in crimson, green and dazzling white here, there and everywhere along the glinting rails. Blearly lamps were burning in frost covered windows, and tiny sparks fluttered from the pipe of the solitary biped on the platform, a burly man in the toil stained garb of a locomotive engineer, a sturdy fellow who limped as he stamped up and down the creaking planks of the platform, his hands in his pockets, his eyes everywhere. To him came forth his fireman, splitting his mouth with a wedge of bilious looking pound cake. He strove to speak, but, finding articulation impossible, jerked backward his head and pantomimed the process of serving himself with a cup of comforting drink—coffee, presumably—for he was fresh from the lunch counter.

"What's the matter with you, you're a recruit?" asked Long suspiciously.

"As much as you did when you quit soldiering, and no more, wherein we have much in common, Mr. Long, but here's where the difference comes in. You quit soldiering to take to the railroad; I quit the road to take to soldiering."

"Oh, I see. Then, you're an officer?" queried Long, his accustomed lips framing the little word "sir" and almost resenting his enforced omission of the once familiar monosyllable. Long said "sir" to no one under the division superintendent now.

"I? Devil a bit," was the laughing answer. "I'm not even a lance—not even a recruit. Man, I haven't signed my papers yet."

"Then take a fool's advice and don't sign them," interposed Long. "You've got no call to go soldiering. Such as you come in only when it's whisky or women or cards."

"Say it's all three if you like," was the half laughing answer. "I heard of you as one of the old cavalrymen at the

"Come, swallow the rest of that—now, and be lively with your oil can. We can't wait two minutes after she once gets in. No," he continued as the younger repeated his persuasive pantomime, "I had my tea at home, and that's enough. You'll die of overeating, first thing you know. Do your best now. We've got an extra Pullman and a car-load of greenhorns to haul up to Butte this night of all others, and I'm betting it's snowing in the mountains now."

So saying, the engineer turned and gazed anxiously westward, where even the stars seemed blotted from sight, then quickly whirled about and bent his ear.

"Coming at last," he muttered. "That's old Coyote's yelp for the cross-roads. D—d little wind for whistling has she left either. No wonder No. 3's late, with nothing better than that limping carcass to drag it. She ought to be in the bonnyard—ought to 'a' be there a year ago. But here's the beauty," said he to himself, as he turned and laid a loving hand on the massive driving rod of the huge machine. "Lively, Scout," he added. "Three's coming."

Scot was descending from the cab as a cat comes down a tree backward. "What'n 'ell they takin recruits to Ransom for now?" he asked. "The war's over."

"It's to fill the gaps made when the war wasn't over, young man, and mighty hard they'll find it to fill some of 'em too. Jim Strang, that was killed at Cave Springs, was corporal with me in Bate's troop eight years ago, and there wasn't a better sergeant in all the cavalry. Lo loves a shining mark, or I'd never get hit twice in one day."

"Would you go back to soldierin if you could, Mr. Long?" asked the fireman, tilting up his long necked can as he thrust the nozzle deep in between the spokes of a massive driver.

"I? Give me back the legs I had before the Sioux made a sieve of my skin, and it isn't the rail I'd be riding, but the best sorrel in Billy Ray's troop, and with the best office in it, and that's first sergeant."

"It's takin chances to be in the cavalry these days," said he of the oil can, listening to the low, faraway rumble of the coming train. "Do you see her headlight yet?"

"She isn't through the cut," was Long's answer. "As to taking chances, they've done nothing but take chances in that regiment ever since the war, yet there isn't a day of our lives we don't take chances, and bigger chances, right here on this mountain division."

A tall young fellow in traveling cap and ulster had come out from the lunch-room and was strutting over toward the hissing engine. He stopped and listened as Long spoke, then seemed to be pondering over the words and looking to the engine man for explanation.

"How do you mean?" asked Scot, pausing in his work and looking up. "We haven't had a 'hold up' on the road for over a year."

"Neither have we had a head on collision, nor spreading rails, nor a plunge from a trestle, but they are only three of the things likely to occur any minute, especially when trains are running behind as we are tonight—all on account of that one eyed coyote that's peeping at you down yonder."

It was the headlight of No. 3, just dawning on the view at Mile End Crossing, to which the engineer referred.

"Watch how slowly she comes," he added. "The old maid is about worn out. Here's the girl that can shake that train up grade as though 'twas made of handboxes. I'll bet you we make Butte by 7 o'clock."

"I'll bet you don't, if you'll let me in," was the cool interjection of the young man ulster clad; "for Butte's my objective point."

"What do you know about it, or about railroadin?" asked Long suspiciously.

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barracks and the stranger had ded care—his shoulder in the direction of the port, established long years before the road was being built. "It's the cavalry, not infantry."

The engineer looked the speaker over in surprise. Away down the track the headlight of the incoming train was growing bigger every moment and the rumble of the bulky approach could be plainly heard.

"You don't look like a man who had to take to soldiering," he said.

"Oh, I'm not!" was the prompt, good natured reply. "I do it simply because I've a hankering that way—and no other," he added under his breath. "Perhaps you can tell me something of the regiment at Ransom?"

"Enough about it to talk from here to Frisco, but there's no time now. We've got to pull out with that train the moment their engine gets out of our way. But you're the first man I ever met out here who would openly say he was going to enlist. They all come up shamefaced like, as though it was the last thing they wanted people to know."

"Oh, I never found it paid to sail under false colors," was the answer in a tone of gay good humor, not unmixed with a dash of reckless disdain. "I've nothing to lose. But I would like to ask you something about the troop commanders there at Ransom. Can't you give me a lift in the cab? I've a pocketful of better weeds than you get out this way if that's any inducement."

And, so saying, he reached down into the deep pocket of his ulster and brought out a handful of cigars.

Mr. Long's manner changed in an instant. "Gainst orders," said he briefly, gazing suspiciously into the stranger's face as he spoke. "Better get your ticket if you're going to Butte."

And, swinging himself up to his perch, he grasped the reversing lever with one hand and the throttle with the other. Scot laid hold of the cord and set the big bell to swinging warning of their coming. The huge machine began slowly to move rearward as the much maligned and belated coyote came hissing by on the fireman's side, and that begrimed young man availed himself of the chance to chaff his fellow workers in the flitting cab. He took no heed, therefore, of the stranger's parting hail, but Long was eying him closely and listening for any word.

"I've got tickets all right," said the lonely man on the platform, "but I'd rather sit up in a cab than sleep in a Pullman. It's all right, though. I have a smoke anyhow." And with lavish hand he tossed half a dozen cigars into the cab as he walked beside the moving engine. Then, with a cordial wave of his hand, he turned aside to the lunch-room, into the doorway of which a half score of hungry passengers from the arriving train were eagerly pushing.

"Only three minutes, gents," sung out the conductor. "We've got to make up time before we reach the Rockies—can't do it there." And he darted into the train dispatcher's office to register and receive his orders.

Meantime Scot, still clinging to the bellcord with one hand, was scooping up cigars with the right. "That fellow's a prince," said he. "Just look at that for a seagor." And he held it admiringly up to Long to see and was amazed at the gleam in his companion's face. "Why, what's up?" he asked.

"What's up?" repeated the engineer, as he slowed down on nearing the forward end of the mail car. "A hold up, unless I'm mistaken, and the fewer of them cigars you stick in your month the more trains you'll have left in the morning." With a sharp click the heavy coupling pin was driven home, and Long sent the reversing lever over to the front, then poked his head out of the side of the cab and shouted to a train hand he saw hurrying by, "Where you got them recruits, Bill?"

(To be Continued.)

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