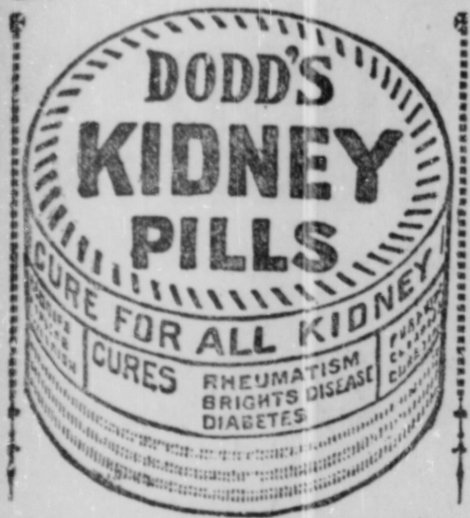


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Fight With the Afghans "Lord Roberts's Famous March to Kandahar" and "The Storming of Pelwarotal" a noted Afghan stronghold, produced by over two hundred British soldiers and officers from the Garrison, a number of whom actually took part in the Afghan War of Fireworks Galore. Magnificent Display Every Evening.

For Prize List and all information apply to J. E. WOOD, Man. and Secy

NOTICE:

The board of Fire Wardens, Souris, offer for contract the building of 4 tanks as per specifications to be seen at the office of the secretary; also the sinking of 4 wells. Tenders to be in by Sept 15th. marked tenders for tanks, wells. Good security required. C. C. CARLTON, JR., Secy-Treas

THE TALK STICK.

By MARY HARTWELL GATHERWOOD.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

A flare of yellow light from tin torches lighted the corn sheds. There were two long sheds, each covering its mountain ridge of green corn ears, at the bases of which the busy huskers worked. A surf of shucks was thrown up behind the huskers faster than constantly moving carts could sweep it away. The canning factory was making a night run. It glowed with lights, like a huge steamer. The smokestack towered against a moon whitened sky, machinery clanked and voices shouted across its roar, and the bathroom vapor turned one entire side of the building to mist.

All the huskers were unskillful poor people of the town, old men and women, boys and girls and widows with dirty broods playing or drowsing among the sweet cornhusks and taking their chances among hoofs and cart wheels.

One widow in particular had more than her share, for besides four skinny, dark limbed children bearing her cast of features she had nested down by her measuring box a pink and white plump little girl, 4 years old and golden haired, who held between the thumb and two fingers of her right hand a stunted red ear of corn. The torch flame flared and smoked above her head, showing how wrapped she was in her own play and how unconscious of the hum of the mill and the noises smiting the night all around her. Her cheeks and chin were curved with dimpling smiles, and her curls and short nose were tipped and defined by glints of light as she focused her attention upon the ear of corn and talked to imaginary creatures.

"Good evening, Mrs. Seventeen; it is a very fine day. I brought my baby along because it isn't very well. The lightning rod struck my baby, and I was so scared I didn't know what to do. So I took her to the doctor, and he said, 'Give her some me'sson.' I gave her some me'sson and she never made a face, because she was trained to a system."

"What on earth is that youngster talking about?" inquired a cart driver as he forked up husks beside the widow.

"She's talking to her talk stick," replied that hurried automaton, never pausing an instant from stripping green ears. "She'll take something in her hands that way and play and talk for hours and never trouble nobody. It's a good thing she does, for if she was pestering at my heels I don't know how I could keep her."

"Isn't she your'n, then?" "No; she's a child that was brought along here a spell back. Seems like she was with her grandmother, and her grandmother died sudden on the train. My son's a brakeman, and he fetched the little girl to 'r house till her folks'd have time to send. But she ain't been sent for, and it discourages a body when they have such a hard time to get along."

"Didn't anybody know her grandmother?" continued the cart driver, forking steadily.

"Pears not," said the widow, making the husks fly. They both had to pitch their voices by the key of the machinery. "She was buried here at the county's expense. Some says if they's me they'd take the child to the supervisor, but I ain't done it yet."

The widow grasped her full box and tugged it to a side door of the factory where the marker stood on his platform.



Cinderella's fairy god-mother, with one touch of her magic wand, transformed the maiden's rags and tatters into the richest silks and satins. There are thousands of young women to-day who need a fairy god-mother who will touch them with the wand of health. A girl's best gift is her health. Every girl may be a healthy girl and become a healthy wife.

and a capable mother, if she will but take the proper care of herself in a womanly way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine for ailing women, young or old. It strengthens and invigorates the organs distinctly feminine. It promotes regularity of their functions. It allays irritation and inflammation. It checks unnatural and exhausting drains. It puts the whole organism concerned in wifehood and motherhood into perfect condition.

Almost all of the ills of womankind are traceable to some form of what is known as "female complaint." Troubles of this kind unfit a woman for wifehood and motherhood. Thousands of grateful women have been rendered healthy and happy by the use of this marvelous medicine. At their own request, the experience and testimony of many of them have been included in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" is sold by all good dealers and an honest dealer will not try to induce you to take an inferior substitute for the sake of extra profit.

Mrs. G. A. Conner, of Alleghany Springs, Montgomery Co., Va., writes: "My daughter, aged 15 years, had a goitre coming on her neck and it disfigured her very much. I am happy to say that it has disappeared after the use of one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

In paper covers, 31 one-cent stamps; cloth binding, 50 cents. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Address Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

of her head. She did not feel hurt, but cried a few moments with terror. On second thought she felt like cuddling down and being still, for a twig cracked here and there, and the darkness seemed to breathe directly in her ears.

The next thing she knew it was broad morning, moist and sunny, and the whole woods rang with bird songs. Minty stood up in the cart, and the talk stick tumbled from her lap, shattering some of its grains on the floor. She nibbled at some tender kernels on the cob and held the talk stick off earnestly declaiming like some diminutive orator in a humble pulpit.

"Ob, Mrs. Seventeen was so hungry she didn't know what to do! 'What makes you cry so?' said the man. 'Because,' said Mrs. Seventeen, 'I feel so sad where my dinner ought to be.'"

Now it happened that a boy was coming along the road directly toward Minty's cart, and being a silent boy he ran almost against it without noise of shouting or singing and recoiled, bulging his big shy eyes at her. He was barelegged, having his trousers rolled

up to the very hem of his calico apron. A dun colored wool hat covered the back of his head, and he swung a tin pail in his warty fist.

"Why, Minty?"

"You can see her often as you want to. Will you go with me, Minty?"

"He'll give you lots of good milk to drink at his house, I'll be bound," suggested the widow, shredding silks away from the glistening white grain.

"Yes, we've got cows on our farm, and we've got pretty little calves," said the driver.

"I'll go along with her," volunteered the widow's Arablike second son, advancing his lean little face up the man's knee.

"You're going along home to bed," decreed his mother. "That's where you're going. Git the other children in a bunch together, and then you put out with them."

The cart driver jogged along the prairie road with Minty sitting beside him. He had folded his coat to cushion her backless seat, and he protected her with his left arm. The moonlight glinted upon hedgerow leaves which had the rich dark green of holly and showed great brick homesteads here and there on billows of the rolling land. Behind them steadily receded the town and the canning factory's booming, and spurts of dampened dust flew from the horse's hoofs as he jerked the cart along.

Minty held the shriveled ear of red corn in her hand, and feeling exhilarated by the motion she poised it betwixt her face and the prairie horizon.

"Mrs. Seventeen went to ride in her carriage, with white shine to polish it."

"Who's Mrs. Seventeen?" inquired the driver.

Minty looked down, disturbed as a humming bird would be if some one interferred with its boring a rose.

"Oh, she's Mrs. Seventeen that I talk to with my talk stick."

"Can't you talk without a talk stick?"

"I can't have a nice play," explained Minty, "or talk to Mrs. Seventeen."

"Well, out to my house," said the cart driver. "You can have posies for talk sticks. And I'll take you down to the pippin tree first thing in the morning and give you more apples than you can eat."

But he never did. His horse's jog was broken by a sudden fright. Now they were plunging by the side of the road and now they were being hurled along a rough track leading to the timber. The cart driver had thrown Minty between his knees, and he leaned back dragging the lines with all his might. Out of the light prairie and under the dark branches they went, down through a creek with a mighty splash, then up over a stump which sent the cart driver out on his head. He struck a log and lay there until next day, when his anxious wife found him and took him home to be nursed until his broken bones were knit. His lamed horse and the principal pieces of his cart were duly returned to him. But he never saw Minty again, and was distressed about her before her story sifted back through time and space to him, as stories still do in this world if you can but wait for them.

Minty found herself sitting in the bed of the cart in the dark sweet smelling woods. The bouncing wheels and the horse were gone, like a buzzing out

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Ordinary paint will not do to paint floors. It will neither look well nor wear well. A special paint is needed. It must be ready-mixed, ready for use. It must flow easily, have a bright, glossy finish, dry quickly and must not blister, crack, peel or rub off. It must have a hard surface combined with unusual elasticity, to stand being walked on—the hardest kind of wear. Just such a paint is

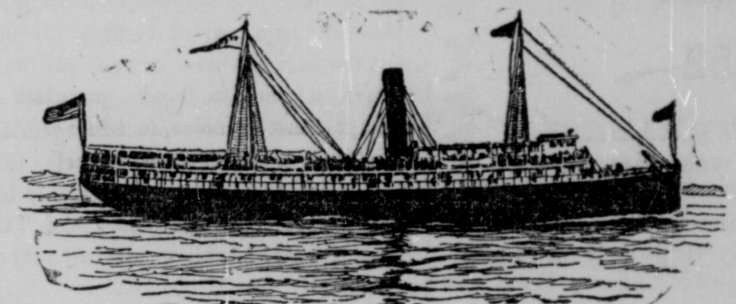
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Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is the discovery of the author of Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, whose portrait and signature to an every box of the genuine.

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