your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, cover-ings, everything, whether wool, slik, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes" — no other kind—then perfect

results are guaranteed.
Druggist has "Diamond
Dyes Color Card"—16 rich colors. Adv.

Freakishness in art subsists on the acquiescence of hosts who don't care one way or another,

It's all right to issue a free book-let on how to save coal, but it would prove far more useful to learn how

An eastern man had his spine replaced with the rib of a cow. That was an item in the cost of living col-

"I can read Reggie like a book."

You shouldn't waste your time of such stupid literature.



Soak % envelope CHALMERS' Grant nates URLATINE in 2 lablespoons cold water;
11b. eugar, 2 oz. chocolate, 2 tablespoons bu
3 cup milk, pinch eaki na new fir ha ha
until sugar dissolves. Add Gelatine and
without extring until grapp forms firm ba
cold water, Set pan in water, when cold
1 tesspoon vanilla, ett mult sift, pour on p
rinsed with cold water and cut in squares. "PURITY"...

To abort a cold and prevent complications take

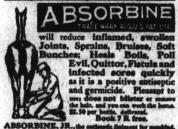


The purified and refined d tablets that are aless, safe and sure.

GET HEALTH HAVE HAPPINESS

DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS.
If your Bowels are not works

Dr.Tutt's iver Pills



ThirtyRunning Sores

Remember, I stand back of every box. Every druggist guarantees to refund the purchase price (30 cents) if Feterson's Obstment doesn't do all I claim.

I guarantee it for eczems, old sores, rumning sores, sait rheum, ulcers, sore nipples, broken breasts, itching skin, skin diseases, blind, bleeding and itching piles as well as for chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sunbur?

"I had 30 rumning sores on my leg for il years, was in three different hospitals. Amputation was advised. Skin grating was tried. I was cured by using Peterson's Ointment."—Mrs. F. E. Root. 237 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. J. Mail orders filled by Feterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. J.



WEBSTER-MAN'S MAN

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

By PETER B. KYNE

Copyright by Peter B. Hyne

MAN'S MAN_BUT HE REFORMS.

Presently a pink-jowled, well curried, flashily dressed big man, of about Webster's age, passed in the corridor, going toward the head of the train. An instant later a woman's voice said very

"I do not know you, sir; I do not wish to know you, and it is loathsome of you to persist in addressing me. If you do not stop your annoying attentions, I shall call the conductor."

"Ah! Beauty in distress," John Stuart Webster soliloquized. 'I look so much like an Angora goat I might as well butt in." He stepped to the door of his stateroom. A girl stood in the vestibule, confronting the man who had just passed Webster's door. Webster

"Madame, or mademoiselle, as the case may be," he said, "unlike this other male biped, my sole purpose in presuming to address you is to suggest that there is not the slightest necessity for taking this matter up with the conductor. I am here and very much at your service.

The girl turned-and John Stuart Webster's heart flopped twice in rapid succession, like a trout newly grassed. She was as lovely as a royal flush. Her starry glance began at his miner's boots, traveled up his old sciled, whipcord trousers, over his light blue chambray shirt and found the man behind the whiskers. She favored him with a quick, curious scrutiny and a grave, sweet smile. "Thank you so much, sir," she answered, and passed down the corridor to the

Well, that's the way they met. Webster was just coming out of Death Valley. He'd made his pile, but he looked like a hobo. He was dreaming of happiness—unending baths, silk pajamas and unlimited ham and eggs. Thirty-nine, he's slways been shy of the girls. Then he meets her and his romance begins.

In Denver he turns down a \$25,000-a-year job as a consulting engineer to answer a call of adventure from an old pal who has struck pay dirt in Central America. And when he gets there—behold, the girl of the train is there also. And right off quick there is a revolution on, with Webster and the girl in the thick of it. Follows some gorgeous fighting and thrilling adventure—and everything.

Oh, yes: "Webster—Man's Man" is by Peter B. Kyne. That's—gouch. He's the originator of Canpy Ricks, you know, and he wrote

Oh, yes; "Webster-Man's Man" is by Peter B. Kyne. That's enough. He's the originator of Cappy Ricks, you know, and he wrote "The Valley of the Giants." And he's as confirmed a globe-trotter as Jack London ever was and uses his local color with equal ability incidentally, he's considerable of a man's man himself—he is a veteran of the Philippine scrap and in the Great War he won his double shoulder bars at the fighting front.

CHAPTER I.

When John Stuart Webster, mining engineer and kicker-up-of-dust on distant trails, flagged the S. P., L. A. & S. L. Limited at a blistered board station in Death valley, California, he had definitely resolved to do certain things. To begin, he would invade the dining car at the first call to dinner and order approximately twenty dol-lars worth of ham and eggs, which der is, as all who know will certify, the planacle of epicurean de-light to an old sour-dough coming out of the wilderness with a healthy bankroll and a healthier appetite.

Following the ham and eggs, Mr. Webster planned to saturate himself from soul to vermiform appendix with nicotine, which he purposed obtaining from tobacco with nicotine in it. It was a week since he had smoked any-thing with an odor even remotely like tobacco, for the August temperature in Death valley is no respecter of moisture in any man or his tobacco. Upon arrival in Salt Lake City his spree would really begin. Webster designed chartering a taxicab and proceeding forthwith to a hotel where he would engage a sunny room with a bath, fill the bathtub, climb blithely in and soak for two hours at least, for it was nearly eight months since he had had a regular bath and he purposed making the most of his opportunity. His long-drawn abiutions at length over, he slippers, order up a barber and prowhiskers to upholster an automobile. and upon the completion of his ton sorial adventures he would encase his person in a suit of mauve-colored silk pajamas, climb into bed and stay there for forty eight hours, merely waking long enough to take another bath, order up periodical consignments ham and eggs, and incidentally, make certain that a friendly side-winder or chuckwalla hadn't crawled under the blanket with him.

So much for John Stuart Webster's plans. Now for the gentleman himself. -not even the Pullman porter shrewd judge of mankind that he was could have discerned in the chrysalis that flagged the Limited the butterfly ebony George raised the vestibule plat-form, opened the car door and looked out, he had no confidence in the lean, sun-baked big man standing by the train. Plainly the fellow was not a first-class passenger but a wandering ector, for he was dog-dirty, a ruly of rags and hairy as a tarantula. The only clean thing about him was a heavy-calibered automatic pistol of the army type, swinging at his hip.

"Day coach an' tourist up in front." the knight of the whiskbroom an-nounced in disapproving tones and started to close down the piatform.

"Bo I perceived," John Stuart Web-ster replied blandly, "I also observed that you failed to employ the title 'sir' when addressing a white man. Put that platform back and hop out here with your little stool, you saddle-colored see of Senegambia, or I'll make you a hard porter to catch."

"Tamah, yamah!" the porter sput-

tered, and obeyed instantly. Mr. Webster handed him a disreputable-looking sultcase and stepped aboard in state only to be informed that there wasn't vacant first-class berth on the train.

"Yes, I know I'm dirty." the late arrival announced cheerfully, "but still, as Bobby Burns once remarked, 'a man's a man for a' that'—and I'm not unsanitary."

"I'm very sorry," the conductor replied perfunctorily and endeavored to pass on, but Webster secured a firm grip on his lapel and frustrated the es-

"You're not sorry," the ragged wan-derer declared, "not one little bit. You're only apprehensive. However, you needn's be. There is no wild life on me, brother, I assure you.'

"But I tell you, the train is full up. You'll have to roost in the day coach or the tourist. I'm very sorry-

"Nevertheless, despite your deep grief, something, tells me you're spoofing, so while I must, of necessity, accept your suggestion, said acceptance will be but temporary. In about two hours, young fellow, you're going to make the alarming discovery that you have bats in your beifry." And with a whiskery grin which, under the circumstances, was charming in its absolute freedom from malice, Mr. Webster departed for the day coach.

Two hours later the conductor found him in the aforementioned day coach, engaged in a mild game of poker with a mule-skinner, a Chinaman, an aged prospector, and a half-breed Indian, and waited until Mr. Webster, on a ob tolled flush bluffed the Chine out of a dollar-and-a-half pot.

"Are you Mr. John S. Webster?" "Your assumption that I am that person is so eminently correct that it would be a waste of time for me to

dispute it," Webster replied quizzical-"However, just to prove that you're not the only clairvoyant on this train, I'm going to tell you something about yourself. In your pocket you have a telegram: it is from Chicago. where your pay-check originates; it is short, sweet and comprehensive, containing an order which you are go to obey. It reads somewhat as fol-

"'My friend, John S. Webster, wire me from Blank that he boarded train at Blank and was refused first-class accommodation because he looked like a hobo. Give him the best you have in stock, if you have to throw somebody off the train to accommodate him

Signed, 'Sweeney.' "Do I hit the target?" The conductor nodded. "You win, Mr. Webster," he admitted.

"No offense, Mr. Webster, no offense can let you have a stateroo "That's trading talk. I'll take it."

"Occasionally I lose, old timer.

The conductor gave him his receipt and led him back to the stateroom in the observation car. 'At the door Webster handed him a five-dollar bill, "For you, son," he said gently, "just to take the sting out of what I'm about to tell you. Now that I possess your receipt and know that ten men and a boy can-not take it away from me, I'm going to tell you who Sweeney is."

"Who is he?" the conductor queried.

Already he suspected he had been out-

"Sweeney," said Mr. Webster, "Is the chief clerk in one of Chicago's most pretentious hotels and a young man who can find all the tangles of a situation without working it out in loga-rithms. I wired him the details of my predicament: he heard the Macedonian

The conductor grinned. "I hate to take your money," he declared. "Don't, Just at present I'm very yearling burro up to his ears in alfalfa and the only use I have ever found for money is to make other people happy with it, thereby getting some enjoyment out of it myself. When I'm broke

I'll make some more."

And Mr. Webster retired to his hardvon sanctuary, where he removed as much alkali and perspiration as he ers, manicured his finger nails with a five minutes of industry for George with his whiskbroom and brush, set himself patiently to await the first call to dinner.

Presently a pink-jowled, well curried, flashily dressed big man, of

about Webster's age, passed in the corridor, going toward the head of the train. An instant later a woman's voice said very distinctly:

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"Well, old-timer," Webster greeted the fellow who had been annoying her, "how about you? What do you think we ought to do about this little af-

"The sensible thing would be to do -nothing. You might start something you couldn't finish."

"That's a dare," Webster declared brightly, "and wasn't it the immortal Huckleberry Finn who remarked that anybody that'd take a dare would suck eggs and steal sheep?" He was silent a few seconds, appraising his man. "I suppose you commenced operations by moving into her section and asking if open and enjoy the fresh air. She re buffed you, but being a permistent devil, you followed her into the observation car, and in all probability you ogled her at luncheon and ruined her appetite. And just now, when you met her in this vestibule, you doubt-less jostled her, begged her pardon and without waiting to be introduced asked her to have dinner with you this evening."

"Well?" the fellow echoed belliger-

"It's all bad form. You she try to make a mash on a lady. I don't know who she is, of course, but she's not common and for the sake of the mother that bore me I always respect and protect a good woman and whale
h—out of those that do not."

He reached inside his stateroom and pressed the bell. The porter arrived on

"George," said Mr. Webster, "In a few minutes we're due at Smithville. If my memory serves me aright, we five minutes for water and

"Yassah."

"Remain right here and let me off as soon as the train comes to a stop."

When the train slid to a grinding halt and the porter opened the car door, Webster pointed. "Out!" he said. "This is no nice place to pull off a scrap."

"See here, neighbor, I don't want to have any trouble with youow it. All the same, you're go

ing to have it—or come with me to that young lady and beg her pardon." "All right. I'll apologize," and he started forward as if to pass Webster in the vestibule, on his way to the ob-

ervation car, whither the subject of his annoying attention had gone. Two steps brought him within striking dis tance of his enemy, and before Web-ster could dodge, a sizzling right-handed blow landed on his jaw and set him back on his haunches in the ves-

It was almost a knockout -a.

but not quite. As Webster's body struck the floor the big automatic came out of the holster; swinging in a weak circle, it covered the other.

"That was a daisy," Webster mum-bled. "If you move before my head clears, I'll put four bullets into you be fore you reach the corridor.' He waited about a minute, then with

the gun he pointed to the car door and the masher stepped out. Webster hand ed the porter his gun and followed; two minutes later he returned, drag-ging his assailant by the collar. Up the steps he jerked the big battered hulk and tossed it in the corner of the vestibule, just as the girl came through the car, making for the diner up ahead.

Again she favored him with that calm, grave, yet vitally interested gaze nodded appreciatively, made as if to pass on, changed her mind, and said very gravely: "You are—a very court-ly gentleman. sir."

He bowed. There was nothing else to do, nothing that he could say under the circumstances. To use his chivalry as a wedge to open an acquaintance never occurred to him—but his whiskers did occur to him. Hastily he backed into his stateroom and closed the door, presently he rose and surveyed himself critically in the small mirror over the washstand.

"No, Johany," he murmured, "we can't go into the diner now. We're too blamed disreputable. We were bad mough before that big swine hung the shanty on our right eye, but whatever our physical and personal feelings, far be it from us to parade our iridescent orb in public. Be queen is enough to do us for the reond look, minus a proper introduction, would only drive us into a suicide's grave." He sighed, rang for the porter



"You Are a Very Courtly Gentleman."

and told him to send a waiter for his fast in the privacy of dis stateroom. order, such was Mr. Webster's mental perturbation that ham and eggs were furthest from his thoughts. He or dered a steak with French fried po

John Stuart Webster passed a restless night. Sleep came to him in hour-ly installments, from which he would rouse to ask himself whether it was worth while to continue to go through the motions of living, or alight at the next station, seek a lonely and unfre quented spot and there surrender to outrageous fortune. It was altogether damnable. In a careless moment, Fate had accorded him a glimpse of the only woman he had ever met and desired to meet again-for Webster was essentially a man's man, and his pro-fession and environment had militated against his opportunities for meeting extraordinary women; and extraordi nary women were the only kind that could hope to challenge his serious attention. Fate had accorded him a signal opportunity for knightly combat in the service of this extraordinary woman, and in the absence of a formal introduction, what man could desire a finer opportunity for getting acquainted! If only their meeting had but been deayed two weeks, ten days, a week! Once free of his ugly cocoon of rags and whiskers, the butterfly Webster would not have hesitated one brief in-stant to inform himself of that young lady's address, following his summary disposal of her tormentor. But in all things there is a limit,

and John Stuart Webster's right eye constituted a deadline beyond which, as a gentleman, he dared not venture so with a heavy heart he bowed to the inevitable. Brilliant and mysterious as a meteorite she had flashed once across his horizon and was gone. In the privacy of his stateroom Webster had ham and eggs for breakfast. He was lighting his second eight when the perter knocked and entered with an envelope.

"Lady in the observation car asked me to deliver this to you, sah," he an nounced importantly.

It was a note, freshly written on the train stationery. Webster read;

"The distressed lady desires to

thank the gentleman in stateroom A for his chivalry of yesterday. She is profoundly sorry that in her service the gentleman in stateroom A was so

unfortunate as to acquire a red eye

with blue trimmings." John Stuart Webster swore his mightlest oath, "By the twelve apoetles, Simon, Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James, Jude and Simon, and not omitting Judas Iscariot, the scaly scoundrel who betrayed his Lord and Master !" .He searched through an old wallet until he discovered a fairly clean professional card, across the bottom of which he wrote, "Thank you.
J. S. W." and sent it to the no-longer-

distressed lady. "The most signal adventure of ray life is now over," he soliloquized and turned to his cigar. "For the sake of my self-respect, I had to let her know I'm not a hobo! And now to the task of framing up a scheme for future acquaintance. I must learn her name and destination; so as a preliminary

He did and under the ameliorating influence of a five-dollar bill the con-ductor bent a respectful ear to the

Websterian message.
"In Car Seven," he began, "there is a young lady. I do not know what seetion she occupies, neither do I know her name and destination. I only know what she looks like,"

The conductor nodded. "And you want to ascertain her name and des-"I do."

"All right. I have the unused portion of her transportation to return to her before we hit Salt Lake; her name is on the ticket and the ticket indicates her destination. I'll make a mental note of both as soon as I've identified her ticket.",

A few hours later the conductor came to Webster's stateroom and handed him a card upon which was

"Dolores Ruey. From Los Angeles, via San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, to Salt Lake City. Denver & Rio Frande to Denver, Burlington to St Louis, Illinois Central to New Orleans.

Stop-over at Denver."

John Stuart Webster studied the name after the conductor withdrew. "That's a Spanish name," he solilo-quized, "but for all that, she's not a parakeet. All things considered, I guess I'll take a chance and investi-

CHAPTER II.

Webster's dreams of bliss had, with very slight variations, come true as per schedule. In Sait Lake City he abandoned the beefsteak on his damaged eye for two businesslike leeches, which quickly reduced the nocturne effect around his orb, enabling him, the third day, to saunter forth among his fellowmen. By the end of the week he was a being reincarnated, and so he packed a huge new wardrobe-trunk with his latest purchases and journeyed on to Denver. Coincident with his arrival there, we again take up the thread of our story.

One hour after his trunk arrived the gentleman from Death valley might have been observed standing before cheval glass looking long and earnestly at the reflection of his middle-aged person, the while he marked the fit of his new raiment. John Stuart Webster was all dressed up for the first time in three long, labor-ridien years, and was tremendously glad of it. He lighted a cigar and stepped forth into Seventeenth street, along which he strolled until he came to a certain building, into the elevator of which he entered and was whisked to the twelfth floor, where he alighted and found himself before a wide portal which bore in gold letters the words; "Engineers' Club."

The Engineers' club was the closes approach to a home that John Stuart Webster had known for twenty years, and save for the slight lob of kalsomining which Father Time had done on the edges of the close-cropped Websterian mustache, the returned prodigal might have stepped out of the club but yesterdad. He would not have taken the short end of a modest bet that even a fresh log had been placed on the fire or that the domino-players over against the wall had won or lost a drink or two and then resumed playing-although perchance there were a few more gray hairs in the thickly thatched head of old Neddy Jerome sitting in his favorite seat by the window and turning the cards in his eternal game of solitaire, in blissful ignorance that John Stuart Webster stood within the portals of home and awaited the fatted calf.

"Keep a light in the window for your old Jack-Pardner."

CTO BE CONTINUED.

Noble birth is one thing and a



tirely eradicated such distressing ments as women are prone to. In now sold by druggists in tablet to as well as liquid.

NEWBERRY, S. C.—"After using Do Pierce's Favorite Prescription I feet a new woman. My friends all tell slook so much better. I am more to lease with the result. I know the can't praise any one of Dr. Pierce's redies too highly. I always keep then hand in order to keep well."—IL LELIA SUFER. ROUTE.

Appetite Keen and Bowels Relieved

You can relish your meals without for stomach if you will put your faith in CARIERS Lives Fulle. Foul accumulations that poleon the blood are expelled from the bowels axid headed distinces and sallow akin are relieved.



Bad Colds

WET, stormy weather, ex-posure, sniffles, and the heavy cold is on. Dr. King's New Discovery breaks it up quickly and pleasantly. Head cleaned up, cough relieved and you feel better. At your druggists, 60c and \$1.20 a bottle

For colds and coughs Dr.King's New Discovery

Bowels Begging for Help?
Dr. King's Pills will bring you the
happiness of regular, normal bowels
and liver functioning. Keep feeling
fit and ready for work or play. Mild
and comfortable to take but always
reliable. Same old price, 25 cents.

Prompt/ Won't Grips Dr.King's Pills

NEURALGIA Go to your druggist or dealer

and ask for a package of WHITE CAP

and get relief, with no bad after effects. You can depend upon White Caps. They contain narcotic or prohibitive drugs Trial Size 10 cts. — Regular Size 25 cts.

New Life for Sick Man

Eatonic Works Magic

"I have taken only two boxes of Eatonic and feel like a new man. Is has done me more good than anything else," writes C. O. Frappir.

Eatonic is the modern remedy for acid stomach, bloating, food repeating and indigestion. It quickly takes up and carries out the acidity and gas and enables the stomach to digest the food naturally. That means not only relief from pain and discomfort but you get the full strength from the foot you eat. Big box only costs a triffs with your druggist's gurantee.

IF YOU ARE A GROCKBYRAN, DEPOSISES OR OWN A 1 AND 16 CENT ON VARIETY BROKE, and are vicinly interested in rode in your continue your overfaced and beautifying your COMMENT, a property of the write to BOX 200 COMMENT, a property of the continue of the comments of the com