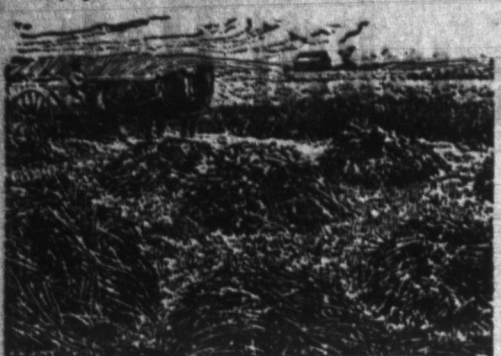


THE COLONEL'S GOLD MINE

Out in Gregory County, South Dakota, lives Colonel Johnson, the famed Alkali King of that great section.

About thirty years ago he left Wisconsin for that domain. All he had was willing hands, a clear brain and a bright vision. Today he is the owner of thousands of acres, president of several banks.



He has found a veritable gold mine in his thousand-acre Alkali field, and what is of particular interest to you and me is that his first Alkali Seed, twenty-five years ago or more, was purchased from the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

The Colonel says: "The best paying crop in hay, or grass, or pasture food is Alkali. It outranks everything in money value."

Salzer's Alkali is good on your own farm, for three to five tons of rich hay per acre, and with the aid of "Nitrogen" (see my catalog) its growth is absolutely certain.

For 10c in Postage

We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, "The Oatland Wonder," Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats "The Prize Winner," Billion Dollar Grass, Teosinte, the Silo Filler, Alkali, etc., etc.

Or Send 12c

And we will mail you our big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Or send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 700, La Crosse, Wis., twenty cents and receive both above collections and their big catalog.

Ambition and Humility.

The highest ambition is the parent of the truest humility; it makes one realize that our ultimate aim is so high that we need a power far beyond our own for the accomplishments of so transcendent a work; that if we are truly to be co-workers with Almighty God himself in the working out of the great scheme that rules the universe, the task is far too great for our unaided efforts, and we may confidently rely upon a power divine to help us in all our needs.

U. S. GOV. LAND FREE

Under special act of Congress the agricultural land of the U. S. Forest reserve of Arkansas can now be homesteaded in tracts not to exceed 160 acres to each person, free of cost. 1,000,000 acres free pasturage range where cattle, hogs and sheep fatten eight months in year without grain. No overflood lands. Country very healthy, and well watered with running streams. We select these agricultural lands, take applicant to lands and locate you. Send 25 cents for State map showing location of Reserve and copy of Special Act to A. V. Alexander, Locating Engineer, Little Rock, Ark.—Adv.

His Mistake.

"John," she said to her husband, who was grumbling over his breakfast, "your love has grown cold."

"No, it hasn't," he snapped; "but my breakfast has."

"That's just it! If your love hadn't grown cold you wouldn't have noticed that your breakfast had."—Stray Stories.

SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and inflammation of the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had Diabetes and that my heart was affected. I suffered for four years and was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dods' Kidney Pills, and I cannot say enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Diamond Dinner Pills cured me of Constipation."

Dods' Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dods' Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Some Hint.

"Hello, Blank! Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To the post office to put up a kick about the wretched delivery service."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, that check you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Use Murine Eye Medicine. No Smearing—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Sore Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practices for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 50c and 10c. Write for Book of the Eye Free. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, Adv.

Some family trees need frequent spraying—Toledo Blade.

JUST A CHICKENFOOT

By IDA SPEED.

(Copyright.)

It was the romance belt of the Southwest which that tenderest of tenderfoots, Chick Saunders, struck.

Farther West is the land of the outlaw and desperado; back East commercialism makes 'em eat folks alive, and up on the North plains the cold grips a man's soul and makes him kinder brutal.

But we take things easy here and jog along, everybody friendly amongst themselves, givin' all the joshin' and raw remarks for the fellow from back East that busts in on our peace and goodwill.

Chick Saunders blew into Floretta off a west-bound passenger one bleak November day, which havin' only fifteen cents in his pocket he couldn't have rode but five miles further anyhow.

As that would have set him down in the middle of the prairie, he alights at Floretta, which is only redeemed from bein' in said middle by a half-dozen cottages, a general store and post office, a two-story frame hotel, a lumber yard minus the lumber, and just such a school buildin' as you'd have to come to Texas to see.

All this was south of the railroad track.

On the roof of a big barn a quarter of a mile north, painted in bold letters, Chick saw "Bar C Ranch," and he hotfooted it thereto, inquired timid-like if old man Cranch was in, got the laugh from a bunch of cowboys that was standin' around the door, it bein' chuck time, then walked in and got a job.

That job was to cut wood. Old man Cranch, the owner, had just looked out the window and observed that there was winter comin' on, a regular blizzard of a norther blowin' and no wood out.

Chick was the man of the hour. The boy's name on the pay roll was set down as Willie Saunders, but we're too uncertain out here about whether a fellow gives his right name or not, to put ourselves out to call him by it, so him bein' such a rank chickenfoot, we just christen him Chick from the start.

He'd crawl on any horse you told him to, but he'd almost be whimperin' from fear.

We thought he'd leave when he went down some day to get a drink on the train, as quick as he got paid off; but no, he was here to stay if it killed every animal in the pasture, includin' of himself.

Every spare minute he had, he hung around the Hotel Dalhart, for little Elsie Delhart and her mother showed him all the humane treatment he found, and it turned out he told them about his folks and read letters to 'em that he got from home, and let himself be known to them in a way us fellows knew nothing of.

And Elsie! You put a wild rose amongst a bouquet of American Beauties in some hothouse, and I guess it wouldn't be noticed much; but out here on these wind-swept plains we ain't spectin' to see even a wild one, and they look awful good to us.

And, by the way, the thorns wasn't missin' neither. Elsie was the pride of this country, but she wouldn't stand for no foolishness of us cowpunchers if she was the queen there-of.

She was one of those outdoor girls, though she helped her ma faithful around the house and kitchen.

In summer she wore them sailor-collared, polka-dotted affairs that look so well where they roll back from a soft, girlish throat. And any time of year there was a golden curl or two that bobbed around her face, and the eyes that kinder peeped out at you from beneath the long-lashes made you want to dig your spurs in the brone' you was ridin' and wish to the kingdom come he'd pitch and run so you could show how good you could ride. We all felt that away, but she was Mexico Charlie's girl.

At least he said so, and folks didn't dispute Mexico's word, him bein' of a different temperament from us other buttons, and his word bein' about all the law there was around Floretta way.

After eight months Chick begun to look different. He got him a full cow-puncher outfit, a swell California saddle, a Navajo of gorgeous reds and greens, big rattlin' spurs, and 30 foot of rope.

He had to accumulate them things as he got hold of money, and this was slow at first. But after he got to gamblin' it was the rest of us that couldn't lay up a cent.

It seemed like he just couldn't lose, whether he was shootin' craps or matchin' money, playin' cards or just plain bettin' on how much a steer would weigh.

This was powerful aggravatin' to Mexico, and he made us assist frequent in standin' Chick on his head to see if his hoodoo wouldn't fall out of his pockets.

It was at the Fourth of July celebration at Floretta that Chick Saunders come out in his complete costume, wearin' a big white Stetson hat and replacin' his worsted shoes and leather gaiters with a pair of shop-made boots which shore becom' the looks of his underpinnin', for his legs was long and thin and his feet was too big to look pretty.

He rode up to a bunch of us standin' around the grand stand, which had been put up temporary for the ladies to set in and watch the ropin' and

brone' ridin', and it bein' covered with tow sacks was shore cool and shady. "Look at the boots!" says Mexico loud. "It costs Chick as much to buy 'em as it does a cat to get life insurance. Both bein' nine times what they ought to be."

Everybody laughs and Chick rides off bashful toward the Hotel Dalhart, and I see Mexico's eyes narrow to two dark slits when Elsie bounds out on the gallery with one of them polka-dot effects on, and gives Willie the glad hand.

Even this far off you can tell she's braggin' on his clothes the way she stands back and looks at him, her head on one side and her hands clasped in front of her.

And all day Chick stayed by her. Not engagin' in the cigar race and contests of various kinds, he just stayed by Elsie's side, and took her from stand to stand buyin' her everything in sight.

Mexico Charlie always took first money on these occasions, him bein' the star-roper and rider in these parts; but today he couldn't win nothin', and when at last a bronc' throwed him, he got up with a wicked look, and never even smiled when Elsie rushed over to ask if he was hurt.

Just before sundown when it was all over but the billey, which was to be in the schoolhouse that night, the crowd had dispersed and a little bunch of three or four cow-punchers in front of the hotel was all there was in sight.

Chick was leanin' against a post listenin' to the rest of us auger, when Mexico Charlie walks out of the hotel and stands on the gallery lookin' down at Chick's feet.

"Fellows," he says short, "do you know why I got throwed today?"

Course we didn't.

"Some low-lived son-of-a-gun swapped his dull spurs for my sharp ones," he says, "and there they are," he says, pointin' to Chick's feet. "You all know 'em."

Nobody says a word, for shore enough Chick is wearin' different spurs from the ones he bought down at Headwater about a month before, and shore enough they're just like Mexico's.

Chick looks up at Mexico to see what kind of a joke it is, then he crooks one leg and begins to spin the rowel around foolishly.

"These here," he says, "are my spurs. I traded for 'em today with Wild Cat Mike."

"And Wild Cat Mike's gone home, I suppose," says Mexico suggestive.

"Yes, he's gone home," answers Chick still twirlin' the spur.

Mexico steps down and forces Chick to look at him.

"I'm goin' for my gun," he says furious. "I'll fix you for this." And he rushes off toward the store.

Chick looks at us kinder bewildered.

"Now what did he mean?" he asks innocent.

Then we all explain at once, for we know this Mexico of old and that's why nobody else has ever throwed in too much with Elsie.

"Have you got a gun?" I asks excited.

Chicks puts down his foot and reached back to his hip pocket.

"Yes," he says, drawin' out, not a .45, but a sack of tobacco and a book of cigarette papers.

"Heavens, man," says Johnny Carlton, "where is it?"

"In my pocket," says Chick, cool as a refrigerator. "I guess I'll have time to roll a cigarette before he gets back," he adds in his injured tone. "I've got a date with Elsie for the dance, too," he says regretful.

Well, we all looked foolish.

This was the coward we had laughed at, and tortured, now ready to face the Bad Man of Floretta in the worst of his moods!

The whole group sauntered off a bit from the hotel, for there were ladies inside and they must not be disturbed. It was only a step to the store, and Mexico was comin' back now. Nobody made a move while he walked up to within twenty steps of where we stood, his back to the hotel gallery.

Chick spat out his cigarette.

Mexico whipped out his gun, and I glanced at the tenderfoot.

It was all over so quick, and a man can't see everything at once. I remember Chick had his gun—then I saw the wildest look of misery come into his eyes. Almost at the same moment came the sound of a sharp step on the gallery, there was a whirl of polka-dots, and then I heard the report of Mexico's gun.

Chick had failed to shoot.

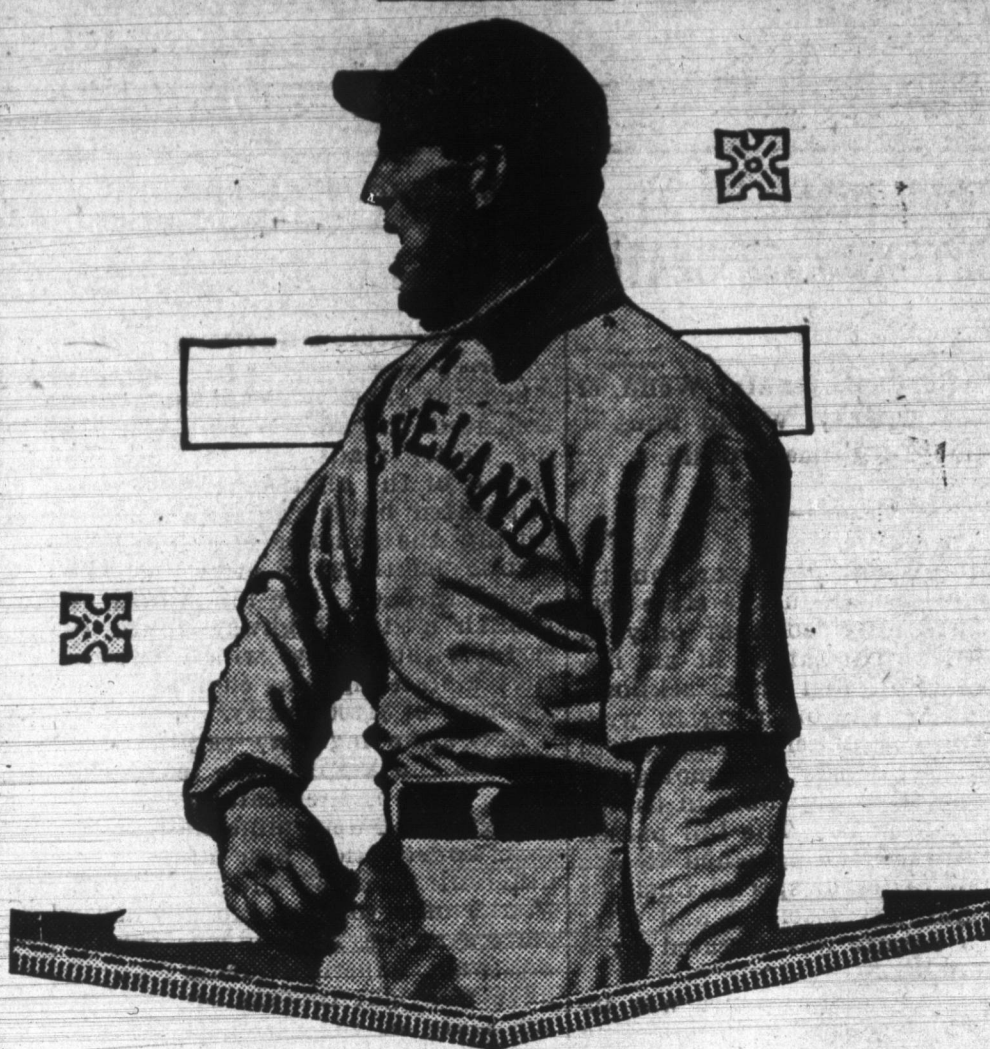
We all looked from one of the combatants to the other, too dazed to speak, for there stood Chick unhurt, while Mexico was lookin' at a place on his right arm from which we could see the blood was tricklin', him havin' the sleeves of his shirt rolled up.

Little Elsie Dalhart was standin' there. A pair of spurs was in her hand.

"Here's your spurs, Mr. Mexico Charlie," she was sayin'. "I'm sorry I cut your arm, but it only serves you right. Between the mattress and the spring," she says contemptuous, "is no place for a pair of spurs. I cut my own hand on 'em while puttin' on the clean sheets," she says, puttin' her hurt hand to her lips like a woman does when she burns, or cuts, or scratches it.

Way down the track we heard the whistle of the evenin' passenger goin' west. It was the only sound there was. "Supper's ready," says Elsie, kinder peevish. And we all turned and went in the house like bad boys that'd been caught stealin' green apples. All that is, except Mexico Charlie. I ain't never seen him since.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR THE ATHLETICS



Larry Lajoie, Natural Slugger, Now With Connie Mack's Champions.

(By FRANK G. MENKEL.)

The acquisition of Larry Lajoie makes it seem certain that the Athletics will be in the 1915 pennant fight all the way. Don't be surprised if they get away in the front and lead the parade to the wire, despite efforts of the dangerous Red Sox to do the overhauling stunt.

It seems to be the proper thing just now to spoof the pennant chances of the Athletics simply because Eddie Collins, Charles Bender, Eddie Plank and Jack Coombs no longer have their names enrolled in the lineup. But it seems that the spoofing is somewhat uncalled for.

The loss of Collins seemed to be a terrific blow at first, but the purchase of Lajoie to fill his boots changes the aspect of things. Lajoie is old and he isn't as speedy as Collins. But despite his forty years he still is good a felder as Collins. He can't run bases like Collins, but in all the years up to last he could hit like Collins—and hit beyond Collins.

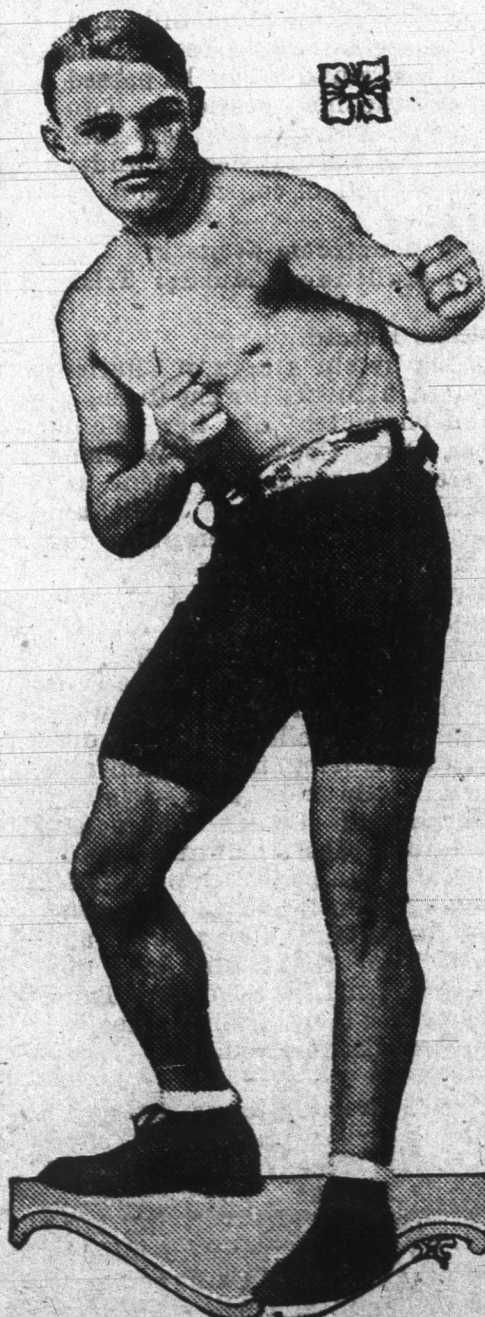
Lajoie slumped to .258 in 1914. But he'll hit .300 or better in 1915 or we'll miss our guess. And that's about as good as might be expected from Collins.

Lajoie isn't through as a hitter, even though he is nearing his fortieth year. He's a natural slugger and he'll do a "come back" this year. Great hitters are great hitters as long as they are able to hold a bat. During the coming season Lajoie will be working under a manager who will appreciate him and encourage him. Last year he worked under the fiery Birmingham, and he worked with a team that was torn by internal strife. He worked under conditions where a man could not do his best.

FIGHTER HAS FEW FRIENDS

Bantamweight Champion Williams Has Remarkably Slim Following—He is a Very Clever Boxer.

Considering his great work in the ring and since winning the bantamweight championship, Kid Williams has made remarkably few friends. It



Kid Williams, Bantamweight Champion.

is hard to account for this. According to all precedent, the Baltimore Viking should have the flat world at his feet, for he is the only champion who

The Athletics aren't going to miss Bender and Plank as much as some folks think. They won't miss Coombs at all because during the past two or three years Coombs has pitched only a few games.

Connie Mack has a squad of youthful hurlers to throw into the breach made by the loss of Bender and Plank, and they look able enough to fill it—and fill it acceptably.

Bob Shawkey looks like one of the best pitchers in the American League. He was worked regularly last year and it gave him confidence. Also it gave him a chance to correct his only fault—wildness. "Rube" Bressler, the port side flinger that Mack secured last year, looks like one of the best youngsters that has busted into the national pastime in many years. He ought to be able to fill the place of Eddie Plank.

Wyckoff and Pennock have been with the Mackmen for several seasons. They haven't worked to any great extent because Connie depended largely upon his veteran pitchers, but when they did work they showed they had everything necessary. This season they will get their chance.

Leslie Bush is a good pitcher. He's cool-headed, has a good arm, and he is brainy. He will be one of Connie's regulars this season and great things are expected of him.

In addition to these twirlers, Connie has several other youngsters, who can answer the call of duty and answer it well.

So Connie isn't worrying about 1915.

Would you worry if you were outfitted with ball players like those who will fight under the White Elephant banner in 1915?

CRICKET CLUBS ARE LOSERS

Alarming Deficit Shown by Many Clubs as Result of Dampener on Sport by Outbreak of War.

Most of the prominent professional cricket clubs in England show an alarming financial deficit for the season as a result of the dampener which war put on the sport after August 1.

The Lancashire Cricket club, with an annual income of about \$40,000, had a loss of \$6,500. The Northamptonshire club was able to finish its season only through the receipt of a gift of \$2,500 from Lord Lilford, an enthusiastic follower of the sport.

The club has decided to abandon the game for the year 1915 and assess all members a sum sufficient to enable the organization to start the 1916 season free of debt.

The Hampshire County club, after beginning the year with a large surplus, finds itself at the end of the season with a deficit of \$4,500. Exact figures are not available for the other prominent clubs, but it is known that all have suffered severely.

War Threatens English Classic.

The annual eight-oared crew race between Oxford and Cambridge may be called off next year owing to the large number of absentees among the athletes of both universities.

Johnny Evers Has a Grouch.

Johnny Evers is dead against the suggestion that the National League get back to the one umpire system for purposes of retrenchment. Evers says any chump can ride one umpire.

Delicate Intimation.

"I'll show them I can do more things than sit on a stool and look pretty."

"Come to think of it, you can sit on a stool."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Out of the Frying Pan.

David Starr Jordan, at a peace meeting at the Hotel Astor in New York, said to a reporter:

"Half the world at war, and the counsel we are getting is that we must arm more heavily. That counsel reminds me of the African kings."

"An African king feasted a white explorer royally. Then, at the end of the feast, 300 girls were led forward."

"Choose from among these 300," said the king, "a wife."

"But the explorer blushed and stammered:

"Oh, but if I took one, then the remaining 299 would be jealous."

"That is easily remedied," the king answered. "Take all."

The silos are being built underground extensively through the western part of the United States.

Don't Give Up!

Nowadays deaths due to weak kidneys are 72% more common than 20 years ago, according to the census. Overwork and worry are the causes. The kidneys can't keep up, and a slight kidney weakness is usually neglected.

If you have backache or urinary disorders, don't mistake the cause. Fight the danger. More care as to diet, habits, etc., and the use of Doan's Kidney Pills ought to bring quick relief.

An Illinois Case

Mrs. Narcissa Waggoner, Missouri Ave., Cartersville, Ill., says: "For ten years I had terrible backaches and headaches along with dizzy and nervous spells. I was restless and mornings I felt so tired I could hardly do my housework. I stood and got worse and during one attack was unconscious. Doctors said that nothing could be done. The first and last box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. I now feel stronger than I have for years."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature *Wm. Wood*

There is no need to suffer the annoying, excruciating pain of neuralgia; Sloan's Liniment laid on gently will soothe the aching head like magic. Don't delay. Try it at once.

Hear What Others Say

"I have been a sufferer with Neuralgia for several years and have tried different Liniments, but Sloan's Liniment is the best Liniment for Neuralgia on earth. I have tried it successfully; it has never failed."—F. H. Williams, Augusta, Ark.

Mrs. Ruth C. Claypool, Independence, Mo., writes: "A friend of ours told us about your Liniment. We have been using it for 18 years and think there is nothing like it. We use it on everything, sores, cuts, burns, bruises, sore throat, headaches and on everything else. We can't get along without it. We think it is the best Liniment made."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT is the best remedy for rheumatism, backache, sore throat and sprains. At all dealers, 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low priced, trash, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen because they prevent where other venereal fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. If four boxes, Blackleg Pills \$1.50. 10-day supply, Blackleg Pills \$3.50. (See folder for full particulars.) The superiority of Cutter's products is due to over 15 years of specialization in venereal and venereal only. Based on Cutter's. It is unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratories, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.