

MR. MEEKS' PRISONER.

He said his name was Meeks, and it struck thoughtful ones in Buffalo Horn that the patronymic was singularly appropriate; for the gentleman himself was a mild-eyed, "sandy-lookin'" little man, with a self-deprecatory air that suggested a standing apology on his part for presuming to exist. He floated into town quietly, and so unobtrusive and modest was he that it was several days before his presence began to be noticed, and then only on account of a rumor that had gained circulation to the effect that he was an officer of the United States Secret Service. Then Buffalo Hornites smiled. Of course, like all Western people, they understood that it is not best to judge from appearances; but, oh! what a chump Uncle Sam must be to send a wee bit of a man like this to arrest an Oklahoma malefactor!

To be sure, nobody had the temerity to suggest this to Mr. Meeks. There are communities in which the one who presumes upon appearances is taking very long chances, and Buffalo Horn was one of these. Therefore, Mr. Meeks was treated with great show of respect by all the leading citizens, who squared things with themselves by privily "giving him the horse-laugh." And, all unconscious, Mr. Meeks kept on his way, or, rather, stayed where he was and lay in wait for some certain criminal who was wanted for violating a score, more or less, of the Federal statutes.

In strictest confidence, and with child-like faith, he had imparted more or less information concerning his mission to Mart Winslow, the landlord of the little hotel where he was staying—and Mart being, after the manner of his kind, an inveterate gossip, soon spread what information he had gleaned from the stranger, thereby causing a broid grin to appear whenever his guest was mentioned.

"Oh, but ain't 'e easy?" chuckled Mart to a couple of friends, one day, where Mr. Meeks was engaged in "ettin' 'em up" to the ever-ready crowd. "Dy'e ever see such a sucker? Come yere an' 'xp'ose th' duck's layin' ter' 'lope right intah th' camp an' give 'isself up. I 'pose; so yere's stays, diggin' up fifteen a week 'r board an' spendin' copious at th' bar. Oa, I can stand it awhile."

"Gawd! 'Sposin' th' man sh'd come in, all of a sudden?" said Jim Wylie, the city marshal. "Say, I bet 'e'd die 'o scare!"

"What is it th' little fellow wants, Mart?" asked someone sitting by the window. "Sh-b-h! Easy, Frank! * * * Oh, I do, not now. But I'll bet ye one thing—'tain't nobody he's goin' to 'etch right off!"

It came to be rumored, within a day or two, that "Kingfisher" Williams was the man Mr. Meeks was after, this rumor being based upon the fact that the little man had been—very quietly of course—making inquiries concerning that notorious person, whose numerous county and national officers were more or less anxious to meet. He was not known personally to any one in Buffalo Horn, but Mr. Wylie assured the little man that Kingfisher Williams was a very bad man, indeed, that it Mr. Meeks effected his capture it would be a great feather in his cap—whereupon the little man swelled up considerably and invited Mr. Wylie to join him at the bar.

It was about a week after this conversation that the secret-service officer and the city marshal were standing in the bar-room, discussing some question or other, when the door opened and a stranger entered and walking up to the bar, called for whisky. Mr. Meeks was looking earnestly upward into the big marshal's face as the stranger entered, but withdrew his gaze for a moment to glance at the new-comer. Then he reached for his revolver.

"There's my man!" he remarked, calmly, in an undertone, to the marshal. "Get back from the bar, please."

Wylie, dumfounded, did as he was bidden, in time to see the stranger look up just as Mr. Meeks got him covered.

"Hands up, Mr. Williams!" commanded the little man. "I want you."

With an oath, the other "drew," and for a few seconds there was a confusion of shots in which the city marshal could take no part by reason of his revolver getting stuck and refusing to come forth. Then the stranger threw up both hands, in token of surrender.

"Have you—er—a pair of handcuffs, Mr. Wylie?" asked Mr. Meeks. "Put 'em on him, please. Sorry, Mr. Williams, but I can't take any chances with you."

Williams did not answer, but growled angrily under his breath as he submitted to being handcuffed.

"I'll get you for this!" he said to Wylie, as the latter stepped back after finishing the operation.

"Oa, ye will, will ye? Wait ontill my friend, Mr. Meeks, gits through 'ith ye, Mr. Williams," was the cheerful reply.

"Wan' 't put 'im in th' cooler?" asked the marshal, presently.

"No, thanks. He'll bunk with me to-night, and to-morrow we leave. Much obliged, all the same."

It was not more than an hour before every one in Buffalo Horn knew that little Mr. Meeks had, single-handed, captured the notorious Kingfisher Williams, after a short batle in which nobody was hurt; and the general sentiment was of the "Well, I'll be doggoned!" variety.

That night Mr. Meeks had a levee and blushing received the congratulations of the best citizens of Buffalo Horn during a period of two hours, while his new staunch friend, Jim Wylie, obligingly guarded his desperate prisoner. Had he been a less temperate man, he might have retired somewhat the worse for liquor, as did most of the citizens of Buffalo Horn; but he kept his wits about him and was as sober as his prisoner when they turned in.

Next morning, a half-score of leading citizens had sufficiently recovered from the night's revelries to accompany him and his prisoner to Four-mile Creek. This honor was modestly protested against by the little man, who seemed not to see that he had

done anything remarkable, but he was hooted down, and when they reached Four-Mile his escort parted from him with three rousing cheers and a volley of revolver-shots by way of salute.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when an excited, hatless man, mounted on a panting horse that dripped with perspiration, dashed up to the Hotel Windsor in front of which a number of citizens were sitting discussing the events of the day and night previous, and hoarsely announced: "Kingfisher—he's killed 'im!"

"What? Who?" asked Winslow. "What ye talkin' about, man?"

The stranger was gasping for breath, but presently managed to explain that, twenty miles south, he had been resting under a tree by a stream, when a little man and a big man, whom he had known in Kingfisher as "Kingfisher" Williams, sneaked up behind him and struck him down with his handcuff. After this, said the stranger, he saw Williams take the keys from the little man's pocket and unlock his handcuff. Then he shot the insensible victim with the latter's own gun, mounted, and rode away; and the new-comer hurried into Buffalo Horn the faster because Williams caught sight of him as he was leaving and took a few shots at him.

"W'y didn't ye shoot back—'r else git th' drop on 'im w'en he hit little Meeks w' th' bracelets?" asked Jim Wylie, fiercely.

"Cause, in the first place, I didn't think 'e'd kill th' man. Second—and the stranger eyed Wylie quizzically—"I reckon ye hain't real well acquainted 'ith Kingfisher Williams, be ye?"

In less than hour the little town was practically depopulated of men, all but the cashier of the local bank and a few bartenders having gone on the warpath to catch and hang Kingfisher Williams for the murder of Mr. Meeks. The stranger did not accompany them, his horse being blown and himself not being anxious to meet Mr. Williams. However, it made no difference, as every one knew the ford which the stranger said was the scene of the tragedy.

Thus, nearly every one being gone southward to meet the "so-called murderer of Mr. Meeks," it was really child's play for that gentleman and Mr. Williams, emerging from their hiding-place in the hills just north of the town, and joining the stranger who had brought the news to lock the bank, three o'clock, the hotel, and every saloon in the place, and to get safely away on fresh horses at least three hours before the pursuit could be organized.

And that is why every officer whose business takes him into Buffalo Horn and neighboring towns is looked upon with suspicion until his credentials are approved—Lester Ketchum, in the S. N. Francisco Argonaut.

THE OLD MADE YOUNG.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS MAY STILL BE THE PORTION OF SUFFERERS
ADVANCED IN YEARS. THE
NEW INGREDIENT IS
WORKING WON-
DERS.

People who get past middle life are apt to think that their days of usefulness are almost gone when they are seized with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sciatica or some other dread disease, they consider their days are numbered and pain and suffering will be their lot for the few remaining years of their sojourn on earth.

With the advent of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient, a new hope has been opened up for aged sufferers. Its action in driving away the aches and pains which Rheumatism and Sciatica, two of the commonest diseases to which the old are subject, has made many an aged one rejoice.

As an example of what great things Kootenay is doing for old people we might mention the case of Mrs. Catherine Burgess, 165 Jackson St. E., Hamilton, who states under oath that she is seventy-three years of age, that for two years she was afflicted with Rheumatism and Sciatica, had severe pains in her back and kidneys and broke out with Erysipelas. Since taking "Kootenay" she has been free from pain, has no eruption, a splendid appetite, sleeps well and is a hearty woman in every respect.

Then we might mention the cases of Mr. Patrick Ryder, a retired farmer, 69 years of age, living at 940 Lorne Ave., London, Ont., who swears that he suffered 36 years from Rheumatism, tried hundreds of local applications, but got no relief till he took Ryckman's Kootenay Cure which banished his rheumatism and restored his health.

Mr. John Hyde, of 141½ McNab St., Hamilton, Ont., under oath testifies that he is 72 years of age, suffered from Dyspepsia and Constipation for 35 years and was cured by Kootenay Cure.

No need to multiply instances of how this wonderful remedy has befriended the aged and given them a new lease of life. If you are anxious to know more of this marvellous Kootenay Cure, address the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and full information will be sent you free. One bottle lasts over a month.

The odor from the heating of a new iron vessel is very unpleasant, and it may be avoided in this manner: Place the kettle in the yard at a safe distance from anything inflammable and put into it a cloth saturated with kerosene; drop a lighted match upon the cloth and let the oil burn out. When the kettle is again cold wash it in a hot solution of strong soda water. After this treatment the vessel may be used in the house without any disagreeable odors.

WONDERFUL.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barbers' itch, and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

BEST FOR WASH DAY

SURPRISE SOAP

BEST FOR EVERY DAY

FOR YOU! FOR ALL!

The Great Life-giver.

Paine's Celery Compound Removes Every Load and Burden.

It Is Foremost As a Spring Medicine.

IT MAKES WONDROUS CURES.

The promise of a new and happier existence is personal and general. It is for you! It is for all!

Men and women, young and old, enter into the spring season with a variety of diseases that arise from a faulty or impaired nervous system. These ailments cause more sufferings and early death than all others, and that is why so much attention and prominence has been given to Paine's Celery Compound.

Of all medicines, Paine's Celery Compound stands first as a rapid and sure cure for all nerve diseases such as nervous debility, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Sleeplessness, nervousness and dyspepsia originate from an imperfect condition of the nervous system, and a perfect and permanent cure can be only looked for from Paine's Celery Compound.

In the spring season, when the blood is impure, thin and impoverished, Paine's Celery Compound is the agent of life that quickly cleanses and purifies the bloodstream bringing strength, vigor and robustness.

The use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly convince the sufferer that he or she has truly laid hold of a spring medicine that leads to health and a new life. Thousands in the past have thrown aside their ills and troubles; you may do the same if you get the medicine that cures. Paine's Celery Compound, and it alone, can meet your expectations. Take no other medicine from your dealer no matter how strongly he may recommend it.

NEWSPAPERS IN ATHENS.

They are up to Date in Some Things and Odd in Others.

The Greek is a great reader of newspapers. At present 152 newspapers are published in Greece, with an aggregate circulation of 175,000. The political journals number 82; literary, 12; commercial, 16; scientific, 28; satirical, 6; legal, 6; and medical, 2. Newspapers are to be found in almost every town in Peloponnesus, the mainland, and the islands.

The Greek newspapers of today are written in a language which anyone who has studied "Xenophon" will have no difficulty in understanding. The directors are generally men of culture and learning, and many of them have been travelers. The members of the staff are usually graduates of the National University of Athens or of the colleges, who have taken a special course of instruction to fit them for newspaper work. There are ten first-class dailies in Athens, but no official organ. Of these ten the following are the semi-official organs: The Morning (Proia), Regeneration (Palingenesia), and New Journal (Nea Ephemeris). The opposition journals are the Journal, Times, and Advance. These were, until the Grecian trouble arose, arrayed against the present Premier, Deliyannis. The independent newspapers are the Acropolis, which is supposed to have the largest circulation viz., 12,000, and the Asty, both of which are in some measure antagonistic to the Premier.

The price of a newspaper in the streets of Athens is one cent a copy, American money, excepting the Acropolis, which sells for two cents. The only afternoon newspapers in Athens are the Hestia and Regeneration; the other dailies are issued in the morning.

The entire staff of a Greek newspaper, including business, editorial, and typesetting departments, usually consists of twenty-five to thirty men. This editorial, and city departments seldom have more than seven to ten men. The salary paid to an editor-in-chief or managing editor is \$40 to \$60 per month. Associate editors and reporters receive \$20 to \$35 each a month, living expenses being very much lower in Greece than in this country. The composers get one holiday a week, but the

editors and reporters have no holidays except Christmas, New Year's day, Easter, and one day in July, dedicated as a holiday to the typographical union.

Of late years interviewing has grown in favor in Greece. At first it did not find much favor with those in high places, but they finally yielded, and the Athenian reporter uses his privilege in a manner calculated to give him the highest importance in the eyes of the individual he is interviewing. Nothing is more dreaded by the foreign Ministers at Athens than the interviewing reporter. If a reporter is sent to get information from a foreign Minister or any conspicuous foreigner he is sure to succeed, for if the person he is to interview happens to be out the reporter takes a chair and sits outside of his room in the hotel or, if necessary, sleeps in the chair all night. Many words have been coined in Greece as translations of "reporter," and though they are all correct and proper, the newspapers stick to the English word.

The Greeks have not yet come to understand the importance of advertising in the newspapers. It is not uncommon, however, to see a brief letter in a newspaper addressed to the editor from a father, expressing his thanks to a physician for his skill in curing his son or daughter of a disease which baffled the skill of other physicians. Such letters are written, and paid for by the physicians commended.

Two of the most conspicuous Athenian journalists are George Soares, editor of the satirical newspaper, the Romeos, and Aristides Rookas, editor of the Daily Journal. They were the first to raise their voices as to the duty of the Greek Government in the present crisis. Mr. Soares was born in Syria, and at an early age he went to Athens and studied literature. Mr. Soares astonishes all who know him by the rapidity with which he can write verse—verse of no ordinary style—for the truths, suggestions, and hints given under cover of his verses have often materially influenced the policy of the nation's representatives. His Romeos is issued weekly. His editorial and reportorial staff consists of himself alone. It appears on Saturday evenings, but it is not until Saturday morning at about 7 o'clock, when Mr. Soares is sitting in front of the coffee house, Hellas, sipping his coffee and refreshed by the breeze from Hymattus, that his wife sends from the house the girl to remind him that it is the day on which the newspaper is issued. He then leisurely proceeds home and at one sitting he fills the eight columns of Romeos. At 2 o'clock the boy from the printer's office calls for the copy.

At 3.30 o'clock Mr. Soares proceeds to the printing office and reads the proofs, and at 6 o'clock Romeos is on the street. The weekly sells rapidly, and Mr. Soares is left to rest from his labors until the following Saturday. During six or eight weeks of the summer the weekly suspends publication. The days on which it stops and resumes publication depend on the state of mind of the editor.

As soon as the dog days commence the editor of Romeos, finding it more pleasant to breathe the sea air than to fill his lungs with Athenian dust, moves to his summer residence on the bay of Phaleron, where he remains until the hot days are over. No newspaper is missed so much by an Athenian as is Romeos during the few weeks its publication is suspended, and its reappearance is anxiously awaited.

GRIEF AND WORRY.

Cause Heart Troubles.

A well and favorably known lady of Mitchell gives an account of her sufferings: "Grief at the death of near and dear relatives a few years ago caused nervous trouble and general debility. Prior to that time I was in excellent health, quite stout and very strong. With my said bereavements I became excessively nervous, my appetite failed, I lost flesh and strength, and my mind and nerves were in such a state that I found it almost impossible to compose myself to sleep. When I did drop into slumber I would wake up in short time trembling violently and in a cold perspiration, and could not get to sleep again that night. My memory became clouded and fickle. I had great pain through my temples and my heart frequently seemed to stop its pulsations. Then again I had fainting spells so that my friends thought I was a hypochondriac. Fortunately I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from S. A. Hodge, the well known druggist of this place, and commenced taking them last spring. To my gratitude they performed a complete cure. My appetite is now good. I have gained in flesh, health and strength, and feel cheerful and happy. I sleep well, and have now no trouble with my heart or nerves whatever. These pills are a great cure for heart and nerve troubles as well as a splendid tonic for the entire system, and I am very glad to recommend them to all sufferers from similar complaints (Signed) Miss W. Miserschmidt, Mitchell, Ont.

Laxa Liver Pills cures constipation, biliousness, and sick headache; 25c.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

LIFE ON A RAILROAD CONDUCTIVE TO DISEASE.

Mr. Wm. Taylor of Kentville, Attacked With Kidney Trouble—So-Called Cures Proved Useless, But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored His Health.

From the Kentville Advertiser.

There are very few employments more trying to the health than that of a railway engineer. The hours of labor are frequently long, meals irregular, and rest and sleep hurriedly snatched between runs. One of the troubles which very frequently attack railway trainmen is kidney disease, which up to a late period has been looked upon as a disease difficult, if not impossible to totally cure. Although there exist numerous remedies claimed to be cures, the truth is that nothing had been found to successfully cope with this terrible disease until the advent of the now world-famed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Chancing to hear one day that Mr. Wm. Taylor, a resident of this town, had been cured of kidney trouble through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter called upon him at his home to hear from him personally what



he thought of his cure. Mr. Taylor is an engineer on the Dominion Atlantic Railway his run being between Halifax and Kentville, and he is one of the most popular drivers on the road. When asked by the reporter concerning his illness he said: "It was in the spring of 1896 that I had a severe attack of kidney trouble, brought on by continuous running on the road and I suppose it is caused by the oscillation of the locomotive. It affected me but slightly at first, but gradually grew worse. I consulted a doctor and then tried two or three varieties of so-called cures. Some helped me for a time, but after stopping the use of them I grew worse than ever. I had noticed numerous testimonials in the papers concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and reading of one cure that was almost identical with my own I decided to give them a trial, and purchased four boxes at a cost of \$2. But it was \$2 well spent for I was completely cured by the use of the pills, and have not been troubled with my kidneys since. I can therefore recommend them to others similarly afflicted."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Fresh Fish.

In many places in warm climates it is customary to keep fish alive until they are sold. It would otherwise be impossible to keep them from spoiling, except by too expensive refrigerating. The marketman is likely to be the fisherman himself, and to keep his catch in a well on his boat or in a slatted box in the water. The buyers look over the fish and picks out the one he wants, and the seller then kills the fish with a blow on the head with a club, or with a knife. It is a common thing to kill the fish in the presence of the customer. Fish are sold in this way at, for instance, Key West, Havana, and Genoa.

KIDNEY PAINS.

John Snell, of Wingham, Ont., Was in a Maelstrom of Pain and Agony from Diseased Kidneys—South American Kidney Cure was the Welcome "Life Preserver"—It Relieved Instantly and Cured Surely.

"Five years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe which affected my kidneys and caused intense pains in my back and urinary organs. I suffered untold misery, at times I could not walk, and any standing position gave me intense pain. I became worse so rapidly that my family became alarmed. Just at this time I noticed South American Kidney Cure advertised. Although I had little faith left in any remedy—having tried so many worthless ones—but a drowning man will grasp at a straw, and I procured a bottle. In a few days it had worked wonders, and before half a bottle was taken I was totally relieved of pain and two bottles entirely cured me."