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The Warning of Mr. Geo. C. Fox Is One That Should Be Heeded by All.

Few men on the road are better known than genial George Fox, whose friends throughout the West are legion. In the following letter he expresses gratitude for signal services rendered by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. He goes on to say: "Until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills and experienced their wonderful mildness and curative power, I estimated the value of every pill by its activity. Talking about this to a well-known physician I met on the train the other day, he explained there are different kinds of drugs that act upon the bowels, the most active being known as drastic. Except in extreme cases where the life of the patient depends upon speedy evacuation of the bowels, pills should never be drastic. Purgatives cause catarrh of the bowels and inflammation; their dose must be increased, causing even more harm. With such a clear explanation I could see why Dr. Hamilton's Pills are curative and not irritating, why they are mild, yet most searching. "From my experience I recommend everyone that takes pills to give up the old-fashioned harsh, purging pill, and, instead, to use Dr. Hamilton's. They cure headache, biliousness, constipation, bad stomach, and keep the system in perfect condition." Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills; sold for 25c. all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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## Fate In the Desert

It Proved Itself a Kindly One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

After hours of thundering over the gray prairies without a stop the long train suddenly slowed down and came to a puffing standstill. The front door of the coach was opened and the brakeman thrust in his head and yelled something that sounded like "Pollock!"

Pollock was Agatha Waite's station, and without further inquiry she grasped her small leather satchel and left the train. Several of the passengers looked curiously after her tall, graceful form in its well fitting traveling coat, her golden hair crowned by a most becoming little hat. Quite unassisted Agatha reached the ground, stared about her doubtfully as there came the warning sound of "Board!" from the front of the train. Then the train moved on, leaving her standing there, waiting to cross the tracks to reach the station that must be on the other side of the train and where Linda Cowley's husband was probably waiting for her with the buckboard and team of grays that they had written about.

But there was no station there—that is, not enough of a station to be dignified by such a name. There was a tiny building set in the sagebrush beside the track, and a sun dried individual was rolling up a little signal flag. He stared curiously at the mo-



"I HOPE I HAVEN'T MADE A MISTAKE."

dishly attired young woman, who was watching the smoke of the departing train with dismay.

"I hope I haven't made a mistake," she called to the man as she crossed the tracks.

"Depends upon where you think you're at," he smiled grimly.

"Isn't this station Pollock?"

"Pollock! Not by thirty miles, ma'am. This is Hotbox. It's a flag station."

"I thought he said Pollock," admitted Agatha, genuinely frightened at her dilemma. "Aren't there any houses or hotels around here?"

"Not within fifteen miles. There ain't another train, neither, till tomorrow morning."

"What can I do?" demanded Agatha.

"Why, I dunno, ma'am. I come down here to stop the train so Hen Larabee could get aboard and go to Pollock, but I've got a wagon here; I can drive you as far as I go."

"Is it anywhere near a house?" Agatha was almost tearful.

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"Of course it is, but you wouldn't want to stop there, ma'am. We only keep bachelor quarters."

"Of course not," agreed Agatha hastily. "But there must be some place where there's a woman?"

"Over to Piedmont ranch—why, you are fixed all right, ma'am! There's Jim, now!" He put his hands to his lips and vigorously shouted to the man who was driving in a buckboard a short distance away. Horse and rider were the only living things in the expanse of gray sagebrush that melted into a gray horizon.

The vehicle turned from its direct course and came toward them. Agatha saw that the driver was a large, lean, bronzed individual, young and far from ill looking. Under the broad brim of his hat she caught a glimpse of dark blue eyes before they were turned questioning on the flagman.

"You want me, Irvins?" he drawled.

"Yep. This here lady got off the train here by mistake. Thought they called 'Pollock' instead of 'Hotbox.' There ain't another train till tomorrow; can't you put her up over to your place?"

"Certainly," said the stranger quickly, and he jumped down from his seat and gave Agatha a hand. In the other hand he held his hat, thus hiding a mop of chestnut hair. "My mother will be very glad to welcome you," he said rather shyly as they drove off.

"Thank you," replied Agatha gravely. Agatha Waite believed she had had her share of trouble when she had lost both parents in early girlhood. She had been brought up in the home of an ambitious aunt, who had planned a brilliant marriage for her rich and beautiful niece, but somehow Agatha did not want to make a brilliant marriage. What she had always wanted was a place she could call home, a spot that would shelter her as a beloved occupant because she was herself, not because she was rich. To Agatha love and marriage meant the foundation of a real home. Her aunt's house had been merely a gathering place for fashionable people, and Agatha was weary of it all.

That was one reason she had left New York and was on her way to the home of an old college friend, a classmate who had married a ranchman and settled in a wilderness of the west whose nearest railroad station was at Pollock. Agatha's mistake in getting off at the flag station was an unlooked for adventure in the monotony of her journey.

Another reason for her departure into the wilderness was that a year before Agatha Waite had met a man who loved her and who possessed all the qualities of mind and heart that her own heart recognized as its true mate. Agatha loved Jim Fenton in return, and yet such was her fright when he actually declared his love that she begged for time to consider. This he granted reluctantly and, as it proved, fatally for their little romance.

Agatha's aunt had overheard a bit of Jim Fenton's confession and was prepared to tell him a few minutes later, when she found him moodily alone, that Agatha's heart and hand were already disposed of. Angered at Agatha's apparent deception, Fenton had flung himself away and betaken himself to his home in Chicago without one word of explanation between them.

So here was Agatha Waite riding over an unknown prairie in the most unexpected manner. Surely her new existence was beginning with adventures.

What made it more of a real adventure and indeed lifted it into the realms of actual romance was the fact that the large, lean, brown man with the sparkling blue eyes was none other than Jim Fenton himself.

What was he doing here in the far west? He had spoken of his mother—was it his mother that she was to meet in a short time, the mother of whom he had spoken so often in those brief blissful days of wooing, when she had not realized it was love that was at last creating a new world for her? His sudden disappearance the day after his declaration of love was a horrible mystery to her. She shuddered now whenever she thought of the days and nights of agony that followed. She told herself rather triumphantly. She could treat him as distantly and coldly as a stranger, as his conduct deserved. Nevertheless she wondered what had made the lines of suffering about his lips. They had not been there before.

Suddenly he spoke, and his voice smote the heavy silence like a deep toned bell:

"We shan't get home till just after sunset."

"Yes," she returned in a strained voice.

"I suppose—I suppose Sir Robert will be anxious about your absence. If you like, I can drive over to the telegraph office at Piedmont and send a message for you." His calm, even tones did not falter as he thus acknowledged their former acquaintance.

Agatha, whose eyes had been fixed on the sun dropping behind a bank of blue black clouds, turned toward him and spoke with genuine surprise.

"Sir Robert?" she repeated haughtily.

"I understood your aunt, Mrs. Morgan Waite, to say that—that you were to marry the Englishman," said Fenton slowly. "Perhaps I am premature in assuming that it has already happened."

"You are premature indeed." Agatha's voice shook with realization of what had happened to blight her romance. "I have never entertained the idea of marrying Sir Robert—or any one." She looked away with quivering lips. The sun had set now and the prairie was dimming with an early twilight. Away in the distance twinkled the lights of a ranchhouse. They neared it rapidly as the man sank into silence.

At last he spoke again, this time sternly.

"Then your aunt—led to me?" he asked.

"Yes," returned Agatha, with stiff lips.

"And I—you—Agatha; what have you thought of me to leave you without explanation?"

"What could I think?" pleaded Agatha, conscious that his hand was covering both of hers.

He uttered an exclamation of pity. "Please tell me if you will, how you came to be here?" he asked after awhile.

She told him in a few words. In return he said that he had long owned this ranch and feeling the desire for change for his mother and himself he had brought her out here where the free, open life was doing wonders for her frail health.

"It wasn't mere accident that set you down in the desert here for me to come along and pick you up—me out of all the whole world, Agatha, darling! It is God's will that we two should meet again and be happy. Say it is!" His arm had stolen about her and her tender lips were upturned to meet his.

Their kiss was the answer.

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