

DISAPPOINTED.

The old countryman with the faded satchel stood in front of the side-show tent with a look of disgust on his face.

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the oily-tongued individual who was telling the crowd about the wonderful wild man inside. "You look disappointed."

"I am," grunted the old man. "I heard that there was a crowd of barkers down at the side show and I ain't heard one of you bark."

LAUGHING CYNICISMS.

Tit-for-tat is a game that is older than golf. Much is forgiven beauty at the court of injustice.

Many a "saint" has a homely face to thank for his halo.

Fools never listen to the wise; but the wise occasionally give ear to fools.

To be bad-for-something is stronger than to be good-for-nothing.

A dull hearing and a bad memory have proved immensely profitable afflictions.—Lippincott's.

QUAKER MUSINGS.

Many a girl will knit her brows who wouldn't darn a stocking.

Most of try to forget the mean things we know about ourselves.

Enough is as good as a feast, but the average man wants a surplus.

Clothes don't make the man. Many a fellow with a coat of arms wears baggy trousers.

Don't judge by appearance. The man who wears a diamond pin may sometimes be really wealthy.

The only man who really loves his enemy as he loves himself is the fellow who is his own worst enemy.

Mud Slinging at Rockville Center.

The other evening while the cast for the play to be given by Reliance Hose Company were rehearsing in Parish hall some dastardly person threw a large lump of mud in the window and struck one of our finest ladies of our village in the back of the neck. This cussedness must cease and the perpetrators must be punished.—South Side Observer.

NEBRASKA TELEGRAPH ITEMS.

One special advantage to readers of The Lincoln State Journal is the fact that twice as much space is devoted to telegraph items from over the state.

If anything happens in Nebraska you are more likely to read about it first in The Lincoln State Journal. It costs a lot of money to pay correspondents in all the small towns, telegraph tolls, but it's the right system, as is shown by The Journal having the largest circulation among state readers.

The Journal aims to chronicle every death and every marriage in the state. In fact, it's a daily record of the doings not only of the people out over the state, but of all the details of the state institutions, most of which are located in Lincoln. It's your state university, your agricultural school, your hospital and your penitentiary. Thousands of officers here and over the state are spending your money and The Journal will best keep you posted on what you are getting for it. Nearly all of the troubles in state affairs in the past have occurred because citizens—maybe just like yourself—have not paid much attention to what was being done.

By the direct primary the humblest citizen is now just as much a part of the government as his more fortunate neighbor, and if things go wrong you yourself may be entitled to a part of the blame. In these times what you want to read is a paper that dares to tell you the truth about all things and all parties. There are no strings on The Lincoln Journal.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, without the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Contentment consists in wanting what we have, instead of what we can't get.

Dear white goods, in fact any fine white goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Omaha Directory

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POOL TABLES

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You cannot afford to experiment with untried goods sold by commission agents. Catalogues free.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company  
407-9 So. 10th St., Dept. 2, OMAHA, NEB.

Furs At Factory Prices

Aulabaugh's complete catalogue will show you what you want.

G. N. AULABAUGH  
Dept. 1, 1508 Douglas St., OMAHA

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR "WEDDING BREAKFAST"

If not ask your grocer for this brand of Maple Syrup.

FARRELL & CO., OMAHA.

DENTISTS

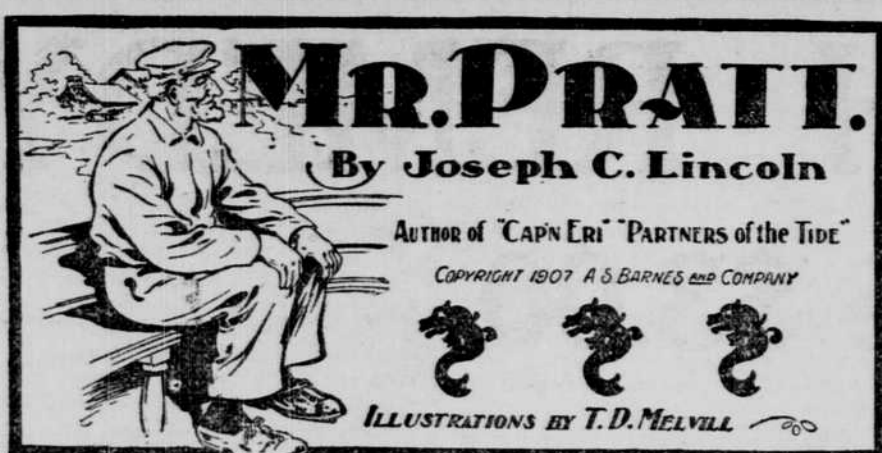
Drs. Bailey & Mach, The old Denton Block, cor. 10th and Farman

Dental office in the Middle West. Latest appliances. High grade Dentistry. Reasonable prices.

RUBBER GOODS

by mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue.

MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO., OMAHA, NEBR.



Mr. PRATT.

By Joseph C. Lincoln

AUTHOR OF "CAPN ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt being comical narrator of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. "The Heavens!" he heard a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannan Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave. Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwich. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the tramping proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a fierce storm, which followed the picnic. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Hartley, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"She never said no such thing," I says. "She wouldn't swear if he was her husband four times over; she ain't that kind. And she ain't his wife nor his sister nor his sister-in-law nor his grandmother's cat's aunt neither. She's no relation to him and neither's the boy. Who's been giving you all this rignarole?"

It seems he'd heard it from a feller that lived next door to Ebenezer; and the feller had heard it from somebody else that had got it from somebody else and so on and so on. Nigh's I could find out it had started from Hartley's telling me that the boy was a "brother outcast." Some idiot with poor ears and worse brains had thought he said "brother Oscar," and the whole string of yarns had sprouted from that. Shows you what good soil there is for planting lies down our way. If lies was fetching ten cents a barrel the whole neighborhood would have been rich years ago.

All the time me and Nate was pow-wowing this way the yawl was sailing up the bay towing my skiff behind her. There was a nice fair wind and a smooth sea and 'twas so clear after the rain that we could see the hills across the bay. But no sign could we see of the Dora Bassett nor her passengers. I was getting more worried every minute.

We cruised along till we got abreast of the point from where the Old Home pier was in sight. But the sloop wa'n't at the pier. No use going any farther, so we come about and begun to beat back again the way we'd come. Scudder was worried too, but his worry had caught him in the pocketbook; proves how disease will always get hold of a feller's tenderest place.

"Look here, Sol," says he; "do you call late Hartley 'll want to stay to my house if his chum's drowned?"

"I don't know," I says, impatient. "No, I guess not."

"Well now, he agreed to take it for a month and there's five days to run yet. Ain't he liable for them days?" he says.

I was feeling just mean 'nough to want somebody else to feel that way, so I answers:

"Well, you can't hold a lunatic, 'cording to law. And you and Huldj Ann have agreed that he's crazy."

He thumped the boat's rail. "Crazy or not," says he, "I can't afford to lose them days. I shan't give him back none of his money." Then he thought a minute and begun to see a speck of comfort. "Maybe the shock of 'tother feller's drowning 'll make him sick," he says. "Then he'll have to stay longer than the month."

Trust Nate Scudder to see a silver lining to any cloud—and then rip out the lining and put it in his pocket.

By this time he was beating in towards where the Neck Road comes down to the beach. And there on the shore was a feller hailing us. And when we got close in it turned out to be Hartley himself.

He was glad enough to see me, but when he found that Van and Lord James had turned up missing he was in a state. He'd been kind of scared when we didn't come back during the night and had walked down to the beach in the morning to see if he could sight us.

We headed off shore again. Nate watched Hartley pretty close and I suppose when he seen that the Twin didn't show any symptoms of getting sick, he begun to worry again. He got out a piece of pencil and an old envelope and commenced to figure.

"Mr. Hartley," says he, after awhile; "about them lady friends of yours over to Eastwich. Do you call late they're going to like where they are? Seems to me a place that's as easy to run away from as that ain't the best place for a boys' school. If they was on an island now, the scholars couldn't run off. I know a nice island they could have cheap. Fact is, I own it—that is, Huldj owns it; it's in her name. That's it over there."

Hartley didn't answer. I looked where Nate was pointing.

"Oh!" says I. "Horsefoot Bar. That's a healthy place for a school. Might do for a reform school maybe, if you wa'n't particular how the reforming was done."

Horsefoot Bar is a little island about five miles from the Old Home House, a mile and a half from the mainland, and two foot from the jumping-off place. By the help of Providence, decent weather, a horse, two whips, and a boat, you can make it from West's mud depot in three hours. And when you have made it, you can set in the sand and bang on to your hat and listen to the loneliness. I'd forgot that Scudder owned it. When him and I sailed for that morning we'd passed it on the outside; now we was between it and the beach.

"It's a nice dry place," says Nate, arguing, "and you might live there forever and nobody could run away."

"Humph!" says I, thinking of something I'd seen in a newspaper; "Hell's got all them recommendations."

Hartley was looking at the Bar now. All to once he grabbed me by the arm and pointed.

"Sol," he says, "what's that sticking up over the point there? There, behind those trees? Isn't it a boat's mast?"

I looked, and looked once more. From where we was you could see a part of Horsefoot Bar that was out of sight from the rest of the bay. As I say, I looked. Then I gave the tiller a shove that brought the boom across with a stat. It took Nate's hat with it and cracked him on the bald spot like thumping a ripe watermelon. Nate grabbed for the hat and I drove the yawl for Horsefoot Bar. I'd spied the Dora Bassett's mast over the sand-spit.

In a jiffy we see her plain. She was lying on her side in a little cove, just as the tide had left her. Her carvaz was down in a heap, partly on deck and partly overboard, but she didn't seem to be hurt none. I beached the yawl just alongside of her, dropped the sail, checked over the anchor and jumped over myself. Hartley and Scudder followed. We was yelling like loons.

Up through the bunch of scrub pines

"Good Lord!" says I. "Did his—did James go to sleep too?"

"No," says Van. "I think not. I believe James was holding some sort of religious service. How about it, James?"

His lordship looked sheepish. "Well, sir," he says, "I don't know, sir. I may 'ave been a bit nervous; I'm not used to a boat, sir."

"I shouldn't mind your praying, James," Van says, sober as a deacon; "if you didn't yell so. However, we got here on this island about five o'clock, I believe. Rather, the boat

"Humph!" says I. "I had a notion that 'twas you that did the leaving. Talk about dropping an acquaintance! I never was dropped like that afore! Look here, Mr. Van Brunt, afore you and me go to sea together again we'll have a little lesson in running rigging. I want to learn you what a main-sheet is."

"Oh," he says, careless like, "I guess I found it, after a while. At any rate if it's a rope I cut it. I cut all the ropes in sight."

"You did?" says I, with my mouth open.

"Yes. That's an acrobatic boat of yours; I decided to want to turn somersets. I judged that that sail made it top-heavy so I told James to take the sail down. He didn't know how but we decided that the ropes must have something to do with it. So I cut 'em, one after the other, and the sail came down."

"Sudden?" says I.

"Well, fairly so. Some of it was in the water and the rest of it on James. I resurrected him finally and we pulled most of it into the boat. It went better then."

"Did, hey?" says I. I was learning seamanship fast.

"Yes," says he. "If I were you I wouldn't have any sail on that boat. She does much better without one. Then it began to rain and I got some of the dry sail over me. I believe I went to sleep then—or soon after."

Nate Scudder's eyes was big as preserve dishes. I guess mine was bigger still.

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There was the old Berry house, square and weatherbeat and gray. And there was a derelict barn and a half dozen pig pens and hen houses stranded alongside of it. And there was Horsefoot bar all around us for a half mile or so, sand and beach grass and hop-toads, all complete. And beyond on one side was the bay, with the water looking blue and pretty in the forenoon sunshine. And on 'tother side was the mile and a half strip we'd sailed across, with the beach and mainland over yonder. Not a soul but us in sight anywhere. The whole layout would have made a first-rate photograph of the last place the Lord made; the one he forgot to finish.

"Look at it!" hollers Van. "Look at it! Now what is it?"

I begun to be sorry the keeper hadn't arrived that time when I thought he was coming. I called he was needed right now. Martin seemed to think so, too. He looked puzzled.

"What is it?" he says. "What's what? What do you mean?"

"Why this whole business. Island and house and scenery and quiet and all. You old blockhead!" hollers Van, giving the other twin an everlasting bang on the back; "Don't you see? It's what we've been looking for all these weeks—it's the pure, unadulterated, accept-no-imitations Natural Life!"

I set down in the sand. Things were coming too fast for me. If this kept on I'd be counting my fingers and playing cat's cradle along with the rest of the loons pretty soon. I knew it.

But, would you believe it, Martin Hartley didn't seem to think his chum was out of his mind. He fetched a long breath.

"By Jove!" he says, slow; "I don't know but you're right."

"Right? You bet I'm right! It's been growing on me ever since I landed. We'll be alone; no females, native or imported, to bother us. Here's a bully old house with some furniture, bedsteads and so on, already in it. I broke a window and climbed in for a rummage. Jolliest old ark you ever saw. Here's a veranda to sit on, and air to breathe, and a barn for a cow and plenty of room for a garden and chickens—when! Man alive, it's Paradise! And I want to locate the man that owns it. I want to find him quick."

He didn't have to say it but once. Nate Scudder was so full of joy that he had to shove his hands in his pockets to keep from hugging himself.

"I own it," he says.

"You do! Scudder, you're a gem! I begin to love you like a brother. Martin and I hire this place; do you understand? It's ours from this minute, for as long as we want it."

Nate commenced to hem and haw. "Well, I don't know," he says. "I don't know's I ought to let you have it. There's been considerable many folks after it, and—"

"Never mind. They can't have it. We outbid 'em. See?"

"What will we do for groceries?" asks Hartley, considering.

"Scudder 'll bring 'em to us," says Van. "Won't you, Scudder?"

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Van Brunt. I'm pretty busy now, and—"

"We'll pay you for your time, of course."

"What about beds and cooking utensils and so on?" asks Hartley, considering some more.

"Scudder 'll buy 'em for us somewhere."

"And milk, and eggs, and butter?"

"Scudder—till we get our own chickens and cow."

"And—er—well, a cook? Who'll do the cooking?"

Van Brunt stoops down and slaps me on the shoulder.

"Pratt," says he "Pratt will come here and cook for us, and navigate us, and be our general manager. Pratt's the boy!"

"Hold on there!" I sines out. "Avast heaving, will you. If you think for one minute that I'm going to quit my summer job to come to this hole and live, you're—"

"You're coming," says Van. "Never mind the price; we'll pay it. Now shut up! You're coming."

"What can you say to a chap like that? I groaned.

"Live on Horsefoot Bar," I says. "Live on it!"

"Horsefoot Bar?" says Van. "Is that its name? Well, it's Horsefoot Bar no more. I've been evolving a name ever since I began to breathe here. Breathe, Martin," he says. "Draw a good breath. That's it. That's pure ozone. Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you, Ozone Island."

Scudder grinned. He was feeling ready to grin at most anything just then.

"Ozone island?" says Hartley. "Ozone island. A restful name. Well, it's a restful spot. Isn't it, skipper?"

"Yes," says I. "As restful as being buried alive; and pretty nigh as pleasant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Paris French in Canada. "Where does monsieur come from?" asked Jean.

"From New York."

"New York? Why, I did not know that French was spoken in New York."

"No," I explained, "but I learned my French in Paris."

"Paris? Where is that?"

I explained once more that Paris was a city in the great country of France.

"Oh, yes, France. I have heard of that. Well!" he said, "decidedly it is not good French, that Paris French!" Then, evidently with the kindly intent of softening the blow, he added, "however, I can understand you."—Birge Harrison in Scribner's.

BREAKS A COLD PROMPTLY

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds:

One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris Compound and one-half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a tablespoonful every four hours.

This if followed up will cure an acute cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

Inartistic Pottery.

We wonder that some of our enterprising firms with the great resources at their command do not produce cheap artistic pottery, for it would possibly create its own market after a time. One cardinal faith among most shopkeepers appears to be that art with a big A must be paid extra for. Until we get rid of this foolish belief we shall not make much progress in popularizing art.—British Architect.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a bawd or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a cheap medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect cures of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

About One.

Mrs. Hoyle—What time does your husband get in nights?

Mrs. Doyle—About the time the cuckoo clock has the lens to do.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The average woman can change her mind in half the time it takes a man to change his collar.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & Buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

It's surprising how many friends you have when they need you.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Friend, what you'd get, first earn.—Browning.

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