

One Told by Successful Author is De- cidedly Against Himself.

Mr. J. W. Barrie, the author of "What Every Woman Knows," tells a good story against himself.

ALPINE PERILS.



Disgust of Timson, who has been dodging his tailor for the last six months when he suddenly comes upon him at the summit of a mountain in Switzerland.

A Dead Bird.

Samuel Butler, the witty but eccentric author of "Erewhon"—which means "Nowhere"—and of many other remarkable and suggestive books, is now more dead than during his lifetime. He died in 1902. In one of his notebooks he tells this incident, which must have amused the great Charles Darwin:

Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage when a little boy and girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute. "That bird's dead," said the little girl. "Come along.—Youth's Companion.

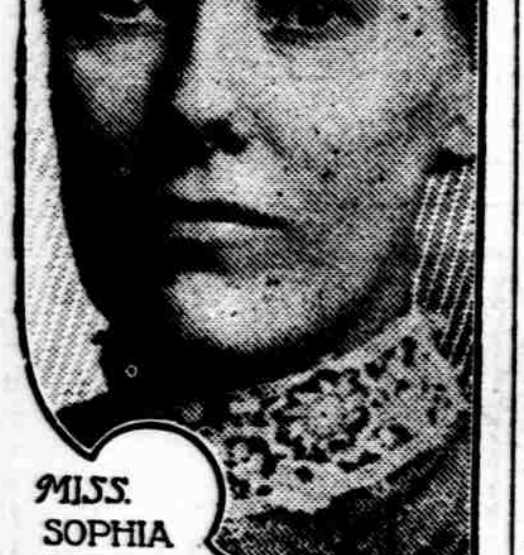
ED GEERS. "The grand old man," he is called for he is so honest handling horses in races. He says: "I have used SPON'S DISTEMPER CURE for 12 years, always with best success. It is the only remedy I know of cure all forms of distemper and prevent horses in same stable having the disease." \$2 and \$1 a bottle. All druggists, or manufacturers, Spohn Medical Co., Chemists, Goshen, Ind.

A Nice Hint. "I know what I'll do," said the girl whose bashful lover would not propose. "I'll go out as a trained nurse."

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 J. C. Williams.

The Language of the Plants. "He didn't care to write to her when he wanted her to arrange for a secret marriage, so he sent her a running vine."

John D. Rockefeller and the duke of Westminster each receive over 250 begging letters a day.



MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN. HEALTH VERY POOR— RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA. Catarrh Twenty-five Years— Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help. ... Then my brother advised me to try Peru-na, and I did. ... My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peru-na. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. ... Peru-na has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved. ... I recommend Peru-na to all my friends who are troubled as I was."

PERU-NA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peru-na tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peru-na. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peru-na. Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peru-na Almanac for 1909.



BLIND-FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

SYNOPSIS. Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Knapp, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers. Dudley Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange similarity to her form, but occurrences cause him to reveal to her one of the many details Dudley is summoned to the home and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Knapp. After thus Wilton discloses without explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. He orders as discovered the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with securing and protecting. Dudley mistakes for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal, Giles Dudley finds himself confined in a room with Mother Barton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are looking for him. Giles enters the home of Knapp and is attracted by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill, Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down, Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Carson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to send Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Barton tells Giles Dudley that "they" discovered where the boy is. The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with Knapp to the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the truth arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy," Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of men to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under the care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and escapes by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Dodderidge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid. Mother Barton is mortally wounded and dies before she can tell Dudley the secret of his strange mission. The Davis street don is visited to rescue Barkhouse. A diagram that partially explains Dudley's mission is found. Barkhouse released. Dudley goes with a messenger to meet the unknown woman. He is amazed to find that she is Mrs. Knapp. The boy escapes by train, but the chase by land and water. Dudley learns that "the Wolf" is not Dodderidge Knapp, as he had supposed, but is Ellen Lane, the father of the boy, and that Lane killed the boy's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp had been left trustees of the boy, who inherits a vast fortune from his mother. Mrs. Knapp is trying to save the boy from a man, who would probably do away with him if he could get hold of him, in order to possess the fortune.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

I expressed an exclamation, and she continued: "They have little in common, even in looks. I wonder you thought for a moment that he was Mr. Knapp. Few people who know them both have traced a resemblance." "I think," said I, "that the remarkable circumstances under which I had seen Mr. Lane had a good deal to do with the illusion. This morning, for the first time, I saw his face under full light and close at hand." Mrs. Knapp nodded. Then she continued: "Mr. Knapp and his brother parted 20 years ago in Ohio. The brother—the man who has just gone—was younger than Mr. Knapp, though he looked older. He was wild in his youth. When he left home it was in the night and for some offense that would have brought him within reach of the law. Mr. Knapp never told me what it was and I never asked. For 15 years nothing was heard of him. Mr. Knapp and I married, and he was already a rising man in the city. One day this man came. He had drifted to the coast in some lawless enterprise and by chance found his brother." Mrs. Knapp paused. "And at once began to live off of him, I suppose," I threw in as an encouragement to proceed. "Not exactly," said Mrs. Knapp. "He confessed some of his rascality to Mr. Knapp, but pleaded that he was anxious to reform. Mr. Knapp agreed to help him, but made the condition that he should take another name, and should never allow the relationship to be known. Mr. Lane—I can not call him by his true name—was ready to agree to the conditions. I think he was glad indeed to conceal himself under an assumed name and hide from the memory of his earlier years. "Had his crimes then been so great?" I asked, as Mrs. Knapp again ceased to speak. "He had been a wicked, wicked man," said Mrs. Knapp. "The full tale of his villainy I never knew. Mr. Knapp helped him. He prospered in business, bought a ranch, and turned farmer. To all appearances he had reformed completely. "Well, it was seven years ago that he married. His wife was much younger than he—a lovely girl, and her parents were rich. How he got her I do not see. It was his gift of the tongue, I suppose, for he could talk well. She was not happy with him, but was better contented when, two years later, her boy came. Last year Mrs. Lane's father died, and she came in under the will for more than \$1,000,000 worth of property. Then Mr. Lane changed his habits. He became most

attentive to his wife. He looked to her wants, and appeared to the world as a model husband. But more was going on than we knew. From the little she told me, from the hints she dropped, she must have looked upon him with dread. She failed rapidly in health, and six months ago she died. "Murdered?" I asked. "I believe it with all my soul," said Mrs. Knapp. "But there was no evidence—not a particle. I tried to find it, but it was beyond the power of the doctors to discover." "And his motive?" "He thought he was heir to her fortune. When he found that she had left it with Mr. Knapp and me, in trust for the boy, his rage was frightful to see. Before he had time to put any of his wicked thoughts into action I took the boy to my home, thinking that there I could keep him in safety. Mr. Knapp pook-pooked my fears, and when Mr. Lane made a demand for the child, was in favor of giving him up. The father is the one to care for the boy," he said, and washed his hands of the whole matter. "Then Mr. Knapp had nothing to do with the affair, one way or the other?" "Oh, no—nothing at all. I believe, though, that Henry did use his name

CHAPTER XXXI.—The Reward.

"I've heard about you," said Luella, when on the next evening I made my bow to her. "But I want to hear all about it from yourself. Tell me, please." Then I told her the story of my coming, of the murder of Henry Wilton, of the struggles with death and difficulty that had given the spice of variety to my life since I had come across the continent. It was an inspiration to have such a listener. Under the encouragement of her sympathy I found an unthought flow of words and ideas. Laughter and tears shone in her eyes as the ludicrous and sorrowful parts of my experience touched her by turns. And at the end I found that I was clasping her hand. For a minute we were silent. "Oh," she cried softly, withdrawing

her hand and looking dreamily away. "I knew it was right—that it must be right. You have justified my faith, and more!" "I am repaid for all by those words," I said. "You deserve a much greater reward than that," said Luella. "I want a much greater reward than that," said I boldly. "I did not think the courage was in me. But under the magnetic influence of the woman before me I forgot what a poor devil I was. Luella looked at me, and I saw in her eyes that she understood what I would say. I do not know what I did say. I have no doubt it was very badly put, but she listened seriously. Then she said:

"Who has a fountain pen?" asked the nervous man as he fished out his check book. "I have a fountain pen," I answered, and as I'm going out of town for a couple of weeks, I want to get the job off my hands. He hasn't a pen and ink here. "Here is an indelible pencil," said a friend, as he reached into his vest pocket. "That won't do," snapped the nervous man. "No penk will take a check written with a pencil." "Oh, yes, provided you wet the check first," said the friend soothingly. "If you can't get water, lick the check as you would a stamp and then do your writing while it is still moist. An indelible pencil is filled with nothing but ink powder, compressed into solidity. When it is moistened it becomes ink. Try it." "I see," said the nervous man as he signed his check with a flourish, "that there are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with hot butter."

Uncle Eben. "Experience," said Uncle Eben, "is a good teacher. But some of us don't learn aught from 'ceptin' how to recite hard-luck stories."—Washington Star.

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door in Doodridge Knapp's office, the voices which were like to one man pleading and arguing with himself, were all explained. "I think the assault was something of an accident," she continued; "or, rather, it was more the doing of Terrill than of Lane." "What was the cause of Terrill's enmity?" I asked. "He seemed to take a hearty personal interest in the case for a hired man." "For one thing, a family interest. I think he is a son of Lane's early years. For another, he had a violent personal quarrel with Henry over some matter, and you have had the benefit of the enmity. But I don't think you'll hear of him again—or Meeker either. They will be in too much of a hurry to leave the state." At her last words we were at the wharf, and landed free from fear. An hour later I reached my lodgings, sore with fatigue and half-dead for want of sleep.

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The Alley. The softest word to pronounce, the sweetest sentiment to express, expire when we think they are ordered.—Balzac.

That's very nice of you to want me, but I am going to marry the president of the Omega Company." I turned sick with despair at these words so gently said, and a pang of jealousy, tinged with wonder, shot through me. "Surely she can't be in love with that red-faced brute we fought with in the Omega office," I thought. Luella saw my distress as I tried to rise and fly from the place. "Don't go," she said gently. "What are you going to do with your men?" "The free companions are to be disbanded," I said, recovering myself with a gulp. "And you, Mr. Dudley?" "This question struck me a little blank. I had really not thought of what I was going to do. "It's another case of an occupation gone," I said rather ruefully. "With the break-up of the plots and the close of the Omega deal I am at the end of my employments." "With this view of the question before me, I fell into a panic of regrets and began to blush furiously at my folly in imagining for an instant that Luella could think of me for a husband."

"No," said Luella thoughtfully. "You are just at the beginning." "The tone, even more than the words, braced my nerves, and once more there glowed within me a generous courage of the future. "You are right. I thank you," I said feelingly. "I have faith in the opportunities." "And I have faith—" said Luella. Then she stopped. "In the man, I hope," I ventured.

Luella did not answer, but she gave me a look that meant more than words. I was a trifle bewildered, wondering where I stood in the eyes of this capricious young woman, but my speculations were cut short by the coming of Mrs. Knapp.

There was no reservation in her greeting. As we talked over the events of the month, I found nothing left of the silent opposition with which she had watched my growing friendship with the daughter of the house. At last she cried: "Oh, I had almost forgotten. Mr. Knapp wishes to see you in his room before you go."

"I am at his service," I said, and went at once to the den of the Wolf. "Ah, Wilton, I find you're not Wilton," he growled amiably. The loss of his brother had not affected his spirits. "Quite true," I said. "You needn't explain," he said. "The women folks say it's all right, though I don't quite understand it myself." "I can tell you the story," I said. "I don't want to hear it," he growled. "I've tried you, and that's enough for me."

I murmured my appreciation and thanks for his good opinion. The Wolf waved his hand as a disposal of all acknowledgments, and growled again: "Have you any engagements that would keep you from taking the place of president of the Omega Company?" "I fell back on the chair, speechless. "There'll be a good salary," he continued. "Well, of course, you needn't be in a hurry to accept. Take a day to think over it if you like."

The Wolf actually smiled. "Oh, I don't need any time," I gasped. "I'll take it now." "Well, you'll have to wait till the directors meet," he said. I gave him my hearty thanks for the unlooked-for favor.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "it was the doing of the women folks." My heart gave a leap at the announcement, for it carried a great deal more with than Dodderidge Knapp's news. "I am a thousand times obliged to you—and the ladies," I said.

"Well, I wasn't unwilling," he said indulgently. "In fact, I intended to do something handsome for you. But there's one condition I must make." "I looked my inquiry. "You must not speculate. You haven't got the head for it." "Thank you," I said. "I'll keep out, except under your orders."

"Right," he said. "You've the best head for carrying out orders I ever found." The King of the Street waved me good night, and I went back to the parlor. Luella was sitting where I had left her, and no one else was about. She was looking demurely down and did not glance up till I was beside her. "I have won a double prize," I said. "I am the president of Omega." And I stooped and kissed her. THE END.

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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 table-spoonful every four hours. This if followed 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 fault 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 blood 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 quick 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 tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Price 50¢ per bottle. 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 least to do.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and croup.

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. Made of extra quality tobacco. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hide & 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.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE. 375 GUARANTEE.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, and all ailments connected with the Liver. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Genuine Smith Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

CANDY. For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalog, wholesale or retail. 212 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

For Lamé Back. An aching back is instantly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment. This liniment takes the place of massage and is better than sticky plasters. It penetrates—without rubbing—through the skin and muscular tissue right to the bone, quickens the blood, relieves congestion, and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Sloan's Liniment. has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints. Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Sloan's back on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry runs free.

Habitual Constipation. May be permanently overcome by personal efforts, with the assistance of the one truly beneficial medicine known as Syrup of Figs and Elbur's Syrup, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that constipation is nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of expedients, when required, are to assist nature and not to suppress the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elbur's Syrup manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle. JUST DOUBLE 320 ACRES INSTEAD OF 160 ACRES.

Another inducement to settlement of the wheat-raising lands of Western Canada, the Canadian Government has increased the area that may be taken by a homestead to 320 acres—160 free and 160 to be purchased at \$3.00 per acre. These lands are in the grain-raising areas, where mixed farming is also carried on with unqualified success. A railway will shortly be built to Hudson Bay, bringing the world's markets a thousand miles nearer these wheat-fields, where schools and churches are convenient, climate excellent, railways close to all settlements, and local markets good.

It would take time to assimilate the revolutions that a visit to the great empire lying to the North of us unfolded at every turn. Government of a Republic, who visited Western Canada in August, 1906. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies at low prices and on easy terms. For pamphlets, maps and information as to low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

W. L. DOUGLAS. 300 SHOES \$3.50. W. L. Douglas's makes and sells more men's shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other shoe.

NATURAL UTERINE SUPPORTER. gives immediate relief. Sold by all supply instrument dealers and leading druggists in United States & Canada. Catalog and price sent on application. 1812 HANCOCK ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA. Manufacturers of famous and modern of the genuine stamped "MCFINCH" Supporters.

RAW FURS AND SKINS. wanted. Ship to New York where highest prices can be obtained. We pay express charges and guarantee satisfactory and prompt settlement. Send for price list. AMERICAN RAW FUR CO., 28 E. 10th St., New York.

W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 49, 1906.