In the height of the recent wheat to mult Broker Patten, discussing the government's wheat estimates with a

eporter, said calmly: "But some of the men the government takes its figures from are green-

horns. Perfect greenhorns. As bad as the Dutch sailor, you know. "The captain said to the sailor, when the ship came to port:

"Take a boat, run ashore and buy two dollars' worth of vegetables.' "The sailor didn't know what vegetables were, so as soon as he struck land he said to a 'longshoreman:

"'What is vegetables, mate?' "'Oh, dried peas, for instance,' the longshoreman answered.

"So the Dutch sailor spent his two dollars on a huge sack of dried peas. "When he drew near the ship again with his load the captain called him from the bridge:

"Well, have you got those vege tables? "'Aye, aye, sir,' said the sailor.

"'Then,' said the captain, 'hand them up to cookie one at a time.' "'Shiver my timbers!' said the sailor. T've got a job before me now, and no mistake!"

NEVER DONE.



Slimkins-I-I hope you didn't mind my putting that little matter of \$5 in the hands of the bill collector yesterday?

Podger-Not at all: I borrowed a dollar from him.

Forestalled.

"Well, Mrs. Dennis, what are you going to give Pat for Christmas this year?" inquired the recipient of Mrs. Dennis' regular washday vists, one day at the beginning of the festal season.

"'Deed thin, ma'am, I don't know,' replied Mrs. Dennis, raising herself from the washtub and setting her dripping arms akimbo. "I did be "thinkin' I'd give him a pair of pants, but, Lord bless ye, ma'am, only last night didn't he come home wid a pair on."-Success Magazine.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Absent All Around.

The absent minded professor returned home one evening, and, after ringing his front doorbell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second story window: "The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor; "I'll call 'again." And be hobbled down the stone steps.-Lippincott's.

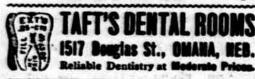
Her Decision and His.

An earnest stage aspirant dramatically announced to the manager that unless she could obtain an engagement she would kill herself. To quiet the lady the manager agreed to hear her recite. .

He listened for a few minutes. Then he unlocked a drawer in his desk and handed her a revolver.-Lippin-

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, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

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BENNET ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER I. Wave-Tossed and Castaway.

HE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthrope boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthrope had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attentions. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were irreproachable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding

in her. Notwithstanding this, Winthrope came aboard ship virtually as a member of her ladyship's party. He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort, and paid so much more attention to her than to Miss Leslie, that her ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the American engineer entered upon a daily routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-Mand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthrope's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low bounder's impudence" served to install him in the good graces of her ladyship as well as in the favor of the American heiress.

Such, at least, was what Winthrope with a superciliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confinement. It was a British ship. Behind Winthrope was Lady Bayrose; behind her ladyship, as a matter of course, was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the American

at Port Natal, steamed on up the his bottle, he would lie down, and east coast, into the Mozambique chan- that would be the end of him. As any thrope.

he was only partially roused by the tact.

lurched out through the open door- over there."

The sea was breaking over the to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. steamer in torrents; but between After a futile attempt to gain his feet, waves Blake was dragged across to he crawled out of the pool on all fours, the side and flung over into the bot- and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his tom of the one remaining boat. He flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank served as a cushion to break the fall away from him, shuddering, and drew of Miss Leelie, who was tossed in herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs after him. At the same time, Win- and limp garments. Winthrope, howthrope, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose.

She and Winthrope saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the ing sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spoondrift to all else but the hell of breakers and drained out the last drop. coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And through it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and

swaying hammocks. There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning

stern over prow. was given little time to take his bearings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him darkness swept down with tropical down again toward the roaring sea suddenness and blurred out everything. that had cast him up.

Blake objected-not to the danger with his repose. He had reached the exhausted. Though he could hear Miss obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. Leslie moaning, he was too miserable Again the flood seethed up the shore, himself to inquire whether he could do and rolled him away from the danger. anything for her. This was too much! He set his jaw. turned over, and staggered to his wind was falling. The center of the feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind was falling. The center of the cyclone had passed before the ship

thrope and Miss Leslie. Though con- heavy sleep. scious, both were draggled and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hum-

mock. Blake, sitting waist-deep in the



rig up. There might have been a bit

of sail in the boat, but one can't see

a sign of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at

Blake. Though still lying as he had

sprawled in his drunkenness, there was

his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still-in that condition?"

comforting suggestion of power in

"Must have slept it off by this time,

and there's no more in the flask," an-

swered Winthrope. Reaching over

with his foot, he pushed against

"Huh! All right," grunted the

sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrope,

half dazed. Then he stared around

him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what

in hell! Say, this is damn cheerful!"
"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But

I say, my man, there is a woman pres-

Blake turned and fixed the English-

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he

said, "there's just one thing you're

going to understand, right here and

now. I'm not your man, and we're not

going to have any of that kind of blat-

ter. Any fcol can see we're in a

tight hole, and we're like to keep com-

pany for a while-probably long as we

"What-ah-may I ask, do you mean

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed

from the reef-strewn sea to the vast

stretches of desolate marsh. Par in-

land, across miles of brackish lagcons

and reedy mud-flats, could be seen

groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees;

ten or twelve miles to the southward

a rocky headland jutted out into the

water; otherwise there was nothing in

sight but sea and swamp. If it could

not properly be termed a sea-view, it

"Fine prospect," remarked Blake,

dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever

as much show of lasting a month as

lasts, you're welcome to call me Tom

or Blake, whichever suits. But un-

derstand, we're not going to have

any more of your bloody, bloomin'

English condescension. Aboard ship

you had the drop on me, and could

pile on dog till the cows came home.

Here I'm Blake and you're Win-

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite ap-

preciate the-ah-situation. And now,

I fancy that, instead of wasting

"It's about time you introduced me

he stared at them half defiantly, yet

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrope

swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard

at pleasure. Now, however, the sit-

himself against the man who had

every reason to hate him for his over-

bearing insolence. Worse still, both

ability for life itself. It was a bitter

Blake was not slow to observe the

Englishman's hesitancy. He grinned.

pill and hard to swallow.

well, it beats me."

situation.

openly exultant.

with a twinkle in his eyes.

thrope."

was at least a very wet landscape.

ent, and your language, you know-"

man with a cold stare.

last.

by that?"

Blake's back.



the Sleep of the Just and the Drunkard.

notta re' shent!" "You fuddled lout!" shouted Win-

thrope. "Come out of that pool."

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's allri'!" The Englishman squinted through probability he felt no commiseration for the American; but it was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on the most unhealthful and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out drank heavier after each successive of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be Meantime the ship, having touched thought of. So soon as he had drained attempt to move him forcibly was out On the day of the cyclone, Blake of the question, the situation demanded had withdrawn into his stateroom with that Winthrope justify his intimations a number of bottles, and throughout of diplomatic training. After considthat fearful afternoon was blissfully ering the problem for several minutes, unconscious of the danger. Even he met it in a way that proved he was be among those presented." when the steamer went on the reef, at least not lacking in shrewdness and

"See here, Blake," he called, in an-He took a long pull from a quart other lull between the shrieking gusts, flask of whisky, placed the flask with "the lady is fatigued. You're too much great care in his hip pocket, and of a gentleman to ask her to come

It required some moments for this ever, not only accepted the flask, but come near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. vortex the mate and the few remain- She lay coiled, closer than before, in a draggled heap. Her posture suggested sleep. Blake stared at her, the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and

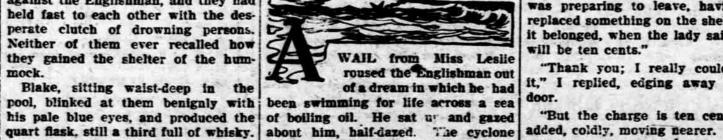
"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into drunken stupor.

Winthrope, invigorated by the liquor rose to his knees, and peered around It was impossible to face the scud and spoondrift from the furious sea: but Half-sobered, Blake opened his eyes to leeward he caught a glimpse of a storm. He himself was beaten down trembling, he waited for the wind to awning?" lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet,

The effect of the whisky soon passed, and Winthrope huddled beof being drowned, but to interference tween his companions, drenched and

Presently he became aware that the struck, and they were now in the out- tributed its share in making Salem the sent him spinning for yards. He ermost circle of the vast whirlwind. prosperous little city it is to-day smote brought up in a shallow pool, beside a With the consciousness of this change me unawares the first day I ventured for the better, Winthrope's fear-racked into one of the numerous "antique" be truly thankful! The shopkeeper Under the lee of the knoll lay Win- nerves relaxed and he fell into a stores.

> CHAPTER IL. Worse Than Wilderness.



zon, was blazing upon them over the don't get the last of us inside a glassy surfaces of the dying swells | month; and as for you two, you'd have with fierce heat. a toad with a rattlesnake, if it wasn't

Winthrope felt about for his hat. had been blown off when, at the stri- for Tom Blake-that's my name-Tom the driving scud at the intoxicated king of the steamer, he had rushed Blake-and as long as this shindy man with an anxious frown. In all up on deck. As he remembered, he straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just-and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. "My-ah-dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Win-

> "Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast, and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should

"Well, I-ah-fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting-unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you captain, he had goaded the American know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrope? You told me that she and authority had been swept away by the maids had been put in the largest | the storm, and he was left to shift for boat-"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing, I he and Miss Leslie were now depenassure you. They were, indeed, put dent upon the American, in all probinto the largest boat- Beastly muddle!- While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned! -drowned! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose! And she'd traveled so this is mine," he said. "Take your much-oh, oh, it is horrible! Why time, if it comes hard. I can imagine did she persuade me to visit the Cape? it's a pretty stiff dose for your ludship. It was only to be with her-And then | But why in-why in frozen hades an for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England! | troduction to a countryman who's go-Oh, it is horrible! And my ing to do his level best to save her maid, and all-It cannot be possible!" "Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Er-Gawd has taken girl. them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it! To be drowned -so far from home!" "Ah, if that's all you're worrying

about!-I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a-er-groom." "Eating! How can you think of

and stared solemnly about him. He marsh flooded with salt water, its eating, Mr. Winthrope—and all the reedy vegetation beaten flat by the others drowned? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable! the Q. T. railroad, and he did me out by a terrific gust. Panting and Can you not put up some kind of an of my pay."

## FIRST CHARGE TO CUSTOMERS

Somewhat Novel System in Vegue in

Evidence of that thrift which con-

and I entered, to find some indifferent She insists upon the disbursement mahogany littered about a severe with such an air of divine right that maiden lady who stood framed in an for the moment you feel strangely extremely interesting interior. I noted the disposition of things and was preparing to leave, having just replaced something on the shelf where it belonged, when the lady said "That

will be ten cents." "Thank you: I really couldn't use

"I shay, ren's," he observed, "ha' had been followed by a calm, and "So I understand," said I, skillfully theirs.—George Meredith.

maneuvering for a hurried but dignified exit.

Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your

dear papa when he was manipulating

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The admission to the store is ten cents," she put in here, with chilly For anything savoring of novelty in

this fin de siecle business world let us who charges you a fee for the privil-The shop's exterior was tempting lose in dignity by the proceeding. like the recipient of a favor, and wander down the street, a prey to vague fears that possibly you may owe her money.-Harper's Magazine.

Why People Disappoint. The reason why men and women it," I replied, edging away for the are mysterious to us. and prove disappointing, is that we will read them "But the charge is ten cents," she from our own books, just as we are perplexed by reading ourselves from

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The Rebound.

"Every time we were alone before we were married you used to take advantage of the fact to tell me what you thought of me."

to the lady," interrupted Blake, and "And now every time we are not alone you tell me what you think of me."-Houston Post.

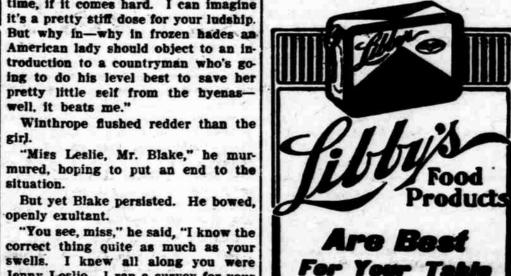
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