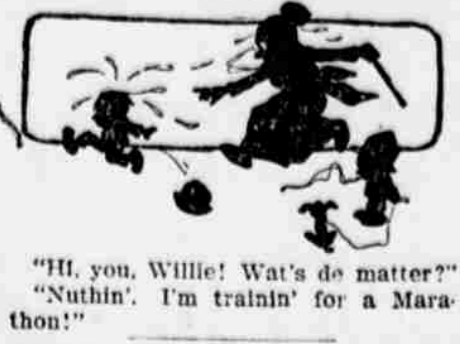


WITH MOTHER A CLOSE SECOND.



"Hi, you, Willie! Wat's de matter?" "Nuthin'. I'm trainin' for a Marathon!"

HUMOR BURNED AND ITCHED.

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—it Was Something Terrible.

Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. It continued until I was completely cured from the disease, and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhardt, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Taking No Chances.

"You always speak kindly to your wife?" said the prying friend. "Always," answered Mr. Meekton. "I never think of giving Henrietta a harsh word." "Because you believe in ruling by gentleness?" "No. Because self-preservation is the first law of nature."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him in full. WALTER B. KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 15 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take HALL'S Family Pills for constipation.

The Next War Play.

"What properties will we need for the battle scene?" "None whatever. The stage will be bare. The men are supposed to be wearing invisible uniforms and firing smokeless powder from noiseless guns."

Safe and Sure.

Among the medicines that are recommended and endorsed by physicians and nurses is Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure. For many years it has been regarded by doctors as the medicine most likely to cure coughs, and it has a strong hold on the esteem of all well-informed people. When Kemp's Balsam cannot cure a cough we shall be at a loss to know what will. At Druggists' and dealers', 25c.

Defined.

The Writer's Child—Pa, what is penury? The Writer—Penury, my son, is the wages of the pen.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

A woman is always more economical than a man. Where a man will manufacture a lie out of the whole cloth a woman will use the remnants.

Your working power depends upon your health! Gardell Tea corrects disorders of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels; overcomes constipation, purifies the blood—brings good health.

A good singer can always make women cry by singing "Home, Sweet Home." So many people long for a home, and so few have one.

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807 100 years ago, sales increase yearly, wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

It's easy for a man's wife to dress well if his creditors can afford it.

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

A man talks about love as though he felt ashamed of the conversation.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers, know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Love is not blind, but those whom it affects are.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASE. BRIMLEY'S DIABETES, BACKACHE. GUARANTEED 375 "Guaranteed."

MR. PRATT. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Author of "CAPTAIN PARTNERS OF THE TIDE". ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began coming to the story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers working near Van Brunt. It was learned, was the successful sailor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the incident proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Van Brunt rented an island from Scudder and called it Ozono Island. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Tallford and Miss Page visited Ozono Island. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming compensation as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. Hartley invented a plan to make Washington Sparrow work. In putting the plan into effect Hartley incurs wrath of Miss Page, for whom the "sick man" sent. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt. Sparrow to escape the treatment proclaimed himself a broken arm while hunting a physician for "Reddy," supposed to be suffering from appendicitis.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

The lane of deep water narrowed up ahead of us and there was a kind of gate, as you might say, at the end. Hartley looked at me and I at him. "Can you?" he asks. He was white as paper, but not from being scared I was sure. His left arm hung down straight and he kept rubbing it. "Lord knows," I says. "Are you hurt?" He didn't answer; just shook his head. On went the Dora Bassett. Bless the old girl's heart! She was doing her best to pull us through. The gate was just in front of our nose. I set my teeth and headed her for the middle of it. A jiffy more, and the crazy breakers jumped at us from both sides. Their froth flew over us in chunks. Then we was through, and I fetched my first decent breath.

We was in a kind of pond now, where we had elbow room. Martin looked astern. "Here comes a boat," says he. "Twas the lifeboat from the station. They'd seen our trouble and was coming full tilt. I hadn't ever been took off my own boat by no life-savers, and I wa'n't going to begin. "Heave to!" hails the crew cap'n from the boat. "We're coming to take you off." I didn't answer. "Heave to!" he yells again. "Heave to!" I turned my head a little ways. "Go home and get your breakfast," I sings out. "We're busy." They kept on for a ways, and then they give it up. I ran two or three more of them lanes and then, when I had the chance, I dropped my mainsail and histed the jib. And with that jib and the oar I picked my way for another spell, in and out and betwixt and between. At last we slid past the Wapatomac breakwater and up to the wharf. A nice piece of work for anybody's boat, if I do say it. Hartley seemed to think so, too, for says he: "Skipper, that was beautiful. You're a wonder."

"Twenty minutes of six," says I. "We're on time." There was an early-bird lobsterman on the wharf, come down to see how many of his pots had gone adrift in the night. He stood and stared at us. "God sakes!" says he. "Where'd you come from?" "Wellmouth," says I, making fast to a ring bolt. "In her?" he says, pointing to the sloop. "In this gale? Never in the world!" "All right. Then we didn't." I hadn't no time to waste arguing. "Good land of love!" he says, kind of to himself. "Say! she must be something of a boat."

I looked at the poor old Dora Bassett. Rudder gone, centerboard smashed, rail carried away and hull nigh filled with water. "She was," says I. "Considerable of a boat." CHAPTER XVIII. Poor Reddy. Hartley had climbed on the wharf and now he was heading for the village. I got the sloop fast, after a fashion, and then run over and caught up with him. He was walking with long steps and looking straight ahead. His left fist was in the side pocket of his jacket and his face was set and pale under the tan. I happened to bump into him as I came alongside, and he jumped and gave a little groan. "What's the matter with that arm of yours?" I asked, anxious. He'd stopped for a second and was biting his lips together. "Nothing," he says, short. "Bruised a little, I guess. Where's the hotel?" "Up the main road a piece. That's it, on top of the hill."

"Come on then," says he, walking faster than ever. We went through Wapatomac village like we was walking for money. Some of the town folks was just getting up, and you could see smoke coming from kitchen chimneys and window shades being hoisted. Once in a while, where the families was particularly early risers, I smelt fried herring. In the center, by the post-office, the feller that keeps the market was just taking down his store shutters. He looked at us kind of odd. "Good morning," he says. "Going to fair off at last, ain't it?" "Guess likely," says I, keeping on. "You been on the water, ain't you?" he asks. "Get caught down to the Point?"

Long Point's a great place for Wapatomac folks to go on clamming and fishing trips. I suppose he thought we'd been out the day afore, when it cleared that time, and had had to put in at the station over night. We must have looked like we'd been through the mill. Both of us was soggy wet, and I had on rubber boots and a sou'wester. I'd thrown off my leskin coat at the wharf. I didn't stop to explain. I had to save my breath to keep up with Martin. The nigher he got to the hotel the faster he walked. The Wapatomac house is about the toniest summer place on our part of the coast. A great big building, with piazzas and a band stand, and windows and wind-mills and bowling al-

leys till you can't rest. We turned in between the stone posts at the end of the driveway and went pounding across the lawns and flower beds. There was a sleepy-looking clerk behind the desk in the big hall. Nobody else was in sight, and the whole outfit of empty chairs and scattered newspapers had that lonesome look of having been up all night. Oh, yes! and there was a colored man mopping the floor. Hartley went up to the desk, leaving muddy foot marks right where the darky had been scrubbing. "Good morning," he says to the clerk. "Dr. Jordan of Providence is one of your guests, isn't he?" The clerk put down the book he was reading and looked us over. He done it deliberate and chilly, same as hotel clerks always do. If there's any one mortal that can make the average man feel like apologizing for living without a license, it's a silk, high-collared, fancy shirt-bosomed hotel clerk. "What?" says the clerk, frosty and slow. "Dr. Jordan of Providence. Is he here?" His majesty looked at his book again afore he answered. Then he put his thumb between the pages to mark the place and condescends to draw out: "For what do you want with him?" "Once he'd made a mistake. There are times when it ain't wise to judge a feller by his general get-up. Martin stiffened, and he spoke clear and sharp. "Answer my question, if you please," says he. "Is the doctor here?" "No, he ain't." "Where is he?" "Gone." I felt sick. Maybe Hartley did too, but he didn't show it. "Where has he gone?" he asks. "I don't know that I've got to—" "I know. And for your own good, my friend, I advise that you tell me. Where is Dr. Jordan?" The emperor come down off his throne a little. I callate he figgered that 'twas good policy. "He's gone to Brantboro," he says. "He went yesterday morning and he's to leave there for Boston this forenoon. Then he's going to Bar Harbor for the rest of his vacation. Anything else you'd like to know?"

This last part was loaded to the gunwale with sarcasm. "Yes," says Hartley emphatic. "Where is the doctor staying in Brantboro?" "Cold Spring house. Want to know what he pays for his room?" Martin didn't answer. He walked to the door. I stopped for a jiffy. "See here, my smart aleck," says I to the clerk, "you'll have some more fun from this later on, when your boss hears of it. Do you know who 'tis you've been sassing? That young man is John D. Vanderbilt of New York." There is some satisfaction in a first-class lie. It done me good to see that clerk shrivel up. Martin was calling to me. "Sol," he asks, like a flash, "how can I get to Brantboro?" "You can't—in time to catch that morning train. Brantboro's ten mile off, and the train that gets here at 25 minutes of eight leaves there at 7:15. That was the one we was to have the doctor on. And it's past six now."

He spun around on his heel. "Is the telegraph line to Brantboro working?" he asked the clerk. "No, sir! no, sir." My! but he was polite. "I'm sorry to say not, sir." "Can I get a horse here?" "The livery stable is right around the corner, but I don't think—" We was at that livery stable in less than two shakes. The feller that took care of the horses and slept in the stable loft was up and sweeping out. "Have you got a horse that will take me to Brantboro in half an hour?" asks the Twin. The feller stared at him. "Be you crazy?" says he. Martin didn't answer. "Whose machine is that?" he asks. He was pointing to a big automobile in the stable. A great big red thing,

saying it while the Twin was getting up steam, or some such trick, in the auto. He said it even after he'd got the money in his hand. The hired man climbed in behind, Hartley and me in front. We chuff-chuffed out of the stable door. "For heaven's sake!" hollers Baker, "take care of the thing. I don't know what'll come to me for this job when Shearer hears of it." We got down to the street. I looked at my watch. It was 25 minutes past six. "Now, Sol," says Hartley, "you must help me if I need you. I can use only one hand, so you pull whatever lever I tell you to. We went—oh, yes, we went! I'd never rode in a buzz cart afore and inside of five minutes I was figgering that I'd never live to ride in one again. Suffering! how we did fly!

Lucky 'twas early. We didn't meet a soul on the road. If we had they'd had lively times getting out of our way. Away ahead somewhere there'd be a house with a dog scooting out of the gate, his mouth open ready to bark. Next minute we'd go past that house like a sky-rocket, and the pup would be digging a breathing hole through the dust behind us. I didn't have to pull a lever, for we had a clear field. Good thing I didn't, because I was too scared to know my hands from my feet. The stable man was actually blue. Next time I see Baker he told me that the feller had nightmare for a fortnight afterwards, and they could hear him yelling "Whoa!" in his sleep as plain as could be. And they in the house with the windows shut. Afore I had time to think straight, scarcely, or remember to say more than a line or two of "Now I lay me," we was sizzling through Brantboro. We whirled into the big yard of the Cold Spring house and hauled up by the steps. Hartley piled out and I followed him. We'd used up just 18 minutes.

"Here!" says he to the clerk, a twin brother of the one at Wapatomac; "take this to Dr. Jordan's room." He scribbled something on a slip of paper and chucked it across the desk. The clerk yelled for a boy and the boy took the paper and lit out. Pretty quick he comes back. "He wants you to come right up, mister," says he. "Good!" says Martin, tossing him half a dollar. "Lead the way." The youngster started for the stairs, grinning like a punkin lantern. I flopped into a chair and felt myself all over to make sure I hadn't shook no part of me loose on the trip. Likewise I watched the clock. In ten minutes more the Twin comes downstairs, and Dr. Jordan was with him. The doctor was a big gray-haired man with a pleasant face. He looked as though he'd dressed in a hurry, and he had a traveling satchel in his hand. "I'll send you a check for my bill later," he says to the clerk. "All ready, Mr. Hartley."

We went out to the automobile. Martin started her up and we whizzed for the depot. "Great Scott!" says the doctor. "I feel as if I had been pulled out of bed by the hair. Nobody but your father's son could do this to me, Hartley. Have you fellers fed yet?" The Twin was too busy with the steering wheel to answer. I done it for him. "No, sir," says I; "not since yesterday noon. Nor slept since night afore last."

Martin run the automobile into one of the horse sheds by the depot. Then he passed the stable man the bill that happened to be on the outside of his roll. 'Twas a tanner, for I caught a glimpse of it. "Here," he says; "take this and wait here till the shoer comes for the machine. Well, skipper, we're on time, after all." So we was, and ahead of it. We waited on the depot platform. I noticed that Hartley wa'n't saying much. Now that the excitement was over, he seemed to me to be mighty quiet. Once, when he walked, I thought he staggered. And he was awful white. "Sol," he says to me, just as the train hove in sight; "you needn't come with us, unless you want to. Maybe you'd like to stay and attend to your boat."

I looked at him. "No," says I. "I'm going to see it through. The boat can wait." I had to give him a boost up the car steps. As he got to a seat, he staggered again. "Skipper," he says, quiet and with little stops between words, "I'm—afraid—you'll—have—to—look—out for the doctor. I'm believe I'm going—to—to—make a fool of myself." And then he flops over on the cushions in a dead faint. Doctor Jordan was at him in a second. "It's his arm, I guess," says I. "He bruised it aboard the sloop."

The doctor pulled up Hartley's coat sleeve and felt of the arm. "Bruised it!" he says. "I should say he did. The arm is broken." Now you can bet that Martin Hartley wa'n't the only sick man aboard that train just then. There was another one and he'd been christened Solomon. When I heard that doctor say that the Twin's arm was broken I give you my word I went cold all over. Think of the grit of the feller—the clean up and down grit of him! Ramping around, running automobiles and chasing doctors, and all that with a broken arm. And never even mentioning it. I took off my hat to that New Yorker. Crazy or not he could have my vote for any job from pound-keeper to president. (To be continued.)

with a shiny painted hull and nickel-plated running rigging. "Mr. Shearer's. He's away for a week and we're keeping it for him." "Can I hire it?" The feller's mouth fell open like 'twas on hinges. "Hire it? Hire Mr. Shearer's automobile?" says he. "Well, I'll be darned!" "Where's your employer?" asks Hartley, quick. "Hey?" "Your boss!" I sings out, dancing up and down. "For the land sakes wake up! Where is he?" "In the house, I guess. Where do you—"

We met the livery stable owner just coming out of his kitchen with a pan of leavings for the pig. He'd just turned out. I knew him; his name was Ben Baker. Martin went at him hot-foot, speaking in short sentences. "I want to hire that auto in your stable," he says. "I must get to Brantboro before seven o'clock. I'll pay any price. But I must have it." Then there was more arguing. Baker said no. Was we crazy? He couldn't let another man's auto to the Almighty himself. And Mr. Shearer's auto, of all things! Why, Shearer would kill him. And so forth and so on. But Hartley kept cool. He must have the machine. He'd be responsible for damages. He explained about the doctor. "I'll pay you—so and so," says he. Never mind the price he offered. It was so big that I wouldn't be believed if I told it. Baker didn't believe it either till Martin pulled out a roll of bills and showed him. "I'll buy the thing if necessary," says he. "But I'll have it. Come, skipper." "The shoer's up at Shearer's house," says Baker. "He—"



"We Went—Oh, Yes, We Went!"

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