

**IT WAS NOT HER BACK.**

**Woman Had No Idea of Being Proxy for Medical Treatment.**

A missionary, discoursing upon India, told of a woman who had come to her complaining of a very sore back and desired that she pray for its cure. This Mrs. Jackson did, but the woman again appeared before her and declared that the back was still in a bad condition. Mrs. Jackson advised the use of an application of iodine, and brought out a bottle of the drug to apply upon the afflicted part of the woman's anatomy. But she regarded the bottle suspiciously and acted as though it would hurt her were she to use it. To allay her fears upon this score Mrs. Jackson applied some of the drug to her own finger and showed her that it would not burn, and that she had better allow her to put some of it upon her back.

"But," said the woman, "it would do no good."

"How so?" inquired Mrs. Jackson, sympathetically.

"Because," replied the woman, "it is my old man's back that is sore."

**NOT A WEIGHT LIFTER.**



"Is the baby strong?"

"Well, rather! You know what a tremendous voice he has?"

"Yes."

"Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour!"

**A Dubious Tribute.**

The young theological student who had been supplying the Rushby pulpit for two Sundays looked wistfully at Mrs. Kingman, his hostess for the time being. "Did you like the sermon this morning, if I may ask?" he inquired.

"You done real well with the material you selected," said Mrs. Kingman, with much cordiality. "As I said to Zenos on the way home, I've heard a dozen or more sermons preached on that text, and this young man's the first one that ever made me realize how difficult 'twas to explain."—Youth's Companion.

**Inviting.**

Recently two well-known Washington society women making calls arrived at the house of a certain friend, and after ringing the bell, waited. No answer. They rang again, and after considerable delay the door was opened by the new cook, who asked: "Phwat do you want?"

Upon being told of the nature of the call, the girl replied:

"Oh! Stick yer cards between me teeth. O've been making bread."—Harper's Weekly.

**No Wonder She's Cross.**

The woman who has a thousand petty cares and annoyances while she suffers with headache or side ache must not be blamed if she cannot always be angelically amiable. What she needs is thoughtfulness from her family and such a simple and natural remedy as Lane's Family Medicine, the herb tea that makes weak women strong and well. Sold by druggists and dealers, 25c.

**Questionable.**

"Has she a sense of humor?"

"I can't tell."

"Why not?"

"Because she looked serious when she told me she admired your singing."

**Wasted Years.**

Nan—So, after six years' courtship all is off between Tim and Tiny.

Fan—Yes; they loved not wisely but too plentifully.

Wise people use Hamlin's Wizard Oil to stop pain because they know it always makes good. Foolish people try experiments. Ask your druggists about it.

When a man gives more than a dollar to charity he usually manages to get caught in the act.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**  
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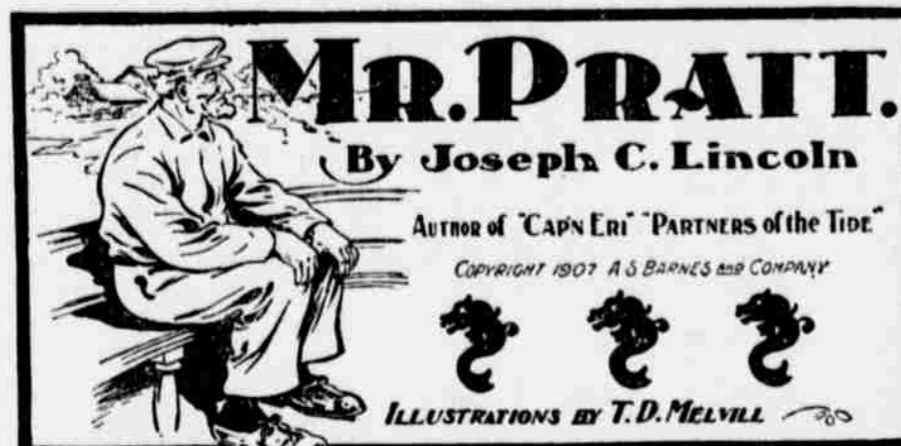
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"I'm Coming to Ask His Pardon Myself, and—to Thank Him."



**MR. PRATT.**  
By Joseph C. Lincoln

AUTHOR OF "CAPT. ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL

**SYNOPSIS.**

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwich. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the uncle 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 Ozone Island. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone 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 consumption 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. "Reddy's" ailment later proves to be an overdose of green apples.

**CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.**

I wa'n't much good, but Dr. Jordan was a whole team and the dog under the wagon. He sent me for the conductor and between us we got Hartley into the baggage car and away from the crowd of passengers.

Then we rigged up a kind of bed for him on a pile of trunks and the doctor went to work.

He got Martin's coat off and his shirt-sleeve up and had a good look at the arm. Hartley opened his eyes while the examination was going on.

"Broken, doctor, isn't it?" he asks, weak.

"Yes," says Jordan. "Only a simple fracture of the forearm, though. We'll get off at the next station and find a comfortable place for you."

But he wouldn't hear of it. Not much he wouldn't. He was going to see that that doctor went straight to Eastwich. Said he'd had too much trouble getting him on that train to let him off it now, even if 'twas his neck instead of his arm that was cracked. There was considerable pow-wow, but finally Jordan give in.

"All right," he says. "Needs must if the old gentleman drives. The arm is in better shape than you deserve, considering how you've treated it. I'll make a temporary bandage, put you off at your home station, and come back and set the bone as soon as I can leave the boy. Hand me that box over there, conductor, please."

With a slat off a box in the baggage and pieces of Hartley's shirt, he spliced that arm as pretty as a picture. Then he rigged up a sling made of a couple of handkerchiefs, and there was the patient in pretty fair shape, considering.

When we got to Wellmouth the conductor—a mighty decent feller, he was—held up the train while I made arrangements with the driver of the Old Home house depot wagon to take Martin to the hotel. I was for going with him, but he put his foot down on that plan in a hurry.

"No, sir," says he. "I want you to see that the goods are delivered. You get Jordan to the school on time and find out if there's anything else you can do to help over there. Then you can come back if you want to; but don't you show your head around me till the contract is carried out. If you

do—well, my right arm's in pretty good condition yet."

In spite of the pain I knew he was in he managed to pump up a grin. I grinned back, but there was a big lump just astern of my swallowing gear.

The train got to Eastwich on time, and Lord James was waiting with the team at the depot. We drove to the Fresh Air farm like we was going to a fire. Miss Talford was at the door.

"Here's the doctor," I says. "How's the boy?"

"The pain is a little easier now, we think," says she. "Come right up stairs, Dr. Jordan. It was so good of you to come. Agnes hasn't slept since he was taken ill."

I followed the doctor and the Talford girl up to the bedroom. A mighty pretty room 'twas, too; all flowered paper, and colored pictures and sunshine. But I didn't notice these things much.

Poor little Reddy! There he laid, in the middle of the big bed, his brick top shining against the pillow and the freckles on his nose like red paint spots on a whitewashed wall. He knew me and the first thing he said was: "Hello, Andrew Jackson." That was the name I'd always called him.

Agnes Page was there, sitting by the bed, holding the little feller's hand. She looked mighty hollow-eyed and pale. She shook Dr. Jordan's hand and thanked him for coming. She shook mine, too, and I noticed how her hand trembled.

The Duncan doctor was there, ready to begin his carv'ing. Dried-up young squirt, with whiskers as scattering as corn-stalks in the Ozone garden.

"Er—Dr. Jordan," says he, "awfully sorry you've been put to all this trouble. Entirely without my sanction, I assure you. A most simple case of appendicitis. I should have operated immediately whether you arrived or not."

Jordan went across to the bed. He looked the boy over, careful as could be, thumping him, and listening, and asking questions about where he felt the worst, and all that. After a while he looked at Duncan, and says he:

"The pain doesn't seem to be localized as yet."

"No—er—not yet," answers 'tother doctor, pompous. "But, of course, that's quite usual—often the regular thing. Er—yes."

Jordan nodded. Then he asked a few more questions; when the youngster was took sick, and how it begun, and the like of that. Finally he says to Reddy:

"What have you been eating lately?"

"Aw, I don't know, sir. Miss Agnes give me some jelly and some mush and cream and—"

"Yes, I know. But those are what you've had inside the house. What have you eaten outside? I noticed an orchard back of the farm here. There were some very pretty late apples on the trees. How do they taste?"

Reddy looked worried, seemed to me. He fidgeted with the edge of the bed spread.

"I ain't 't only a few of 'em," he says. "The ones on the ground was wormy, so—"

Miss Agnes broke in here. "He couldn't have eaten those apples, doctor," she says. "I've expressly forbidden the children to touch them."

"Yes, of course," says Jordan. "But I've had the advantage of being a boy

once myself. The apples on the ground were wormy, you say. How were those on the tree? And how many did you eat—well, say night before last?"

"Only six," says Reddy, beginning to snuffle. "I knocked 'em down with a rock. They was—"

"I see," Jordan smiled, quiet, and stood up. "Doctor," he says to Duncan, "I wouldn't operate yet awhile. He seems to be much easier now. I think it will be safe to wait."

Duncan bristles up and wags his hand, pompous. He was going to speak, I guess, but all at once the sense of what Jordan meant seemed to work down through his skull. He looked at me. I was beginning to grin. Then he looked at Agnes and Margaret; they looked queer, and Miss Talford's mouth was twitching at the corners. He turned as red as a small-pox flag.

"I—why didn't you tell me about those apples, boy?" he asks, sharp.

"You never asked me," snuffles Reddy. "All you asked me was what I had for supper, and I told you."

"Green apples, hey?" says I, more to myself than anybody else. "Humph! Well, they never operated for them when I was a boy."

I went down to the kitchen pretty soon after that. Eureka was there and she and me had a big talk. Duncan come stomping down a little later and went out and slammed the door.

"Humph!" snaps Eureka, bobbing her head the way she always done; "he ain't going to get the chance to try his tricks on that boy. Pesky thing! Why don't he run a butcher shop? Then he could cut up and saw be happy, and nobody'd be killed except them that was dead already."

By and by Agnes came to the door and called to me.

"Mr. Pratt," she says, when her and me was in the hall together, "how can I thank you for what you've done for me and for that poor little child?"

"You can't," I says, short. "Because I ain't done nothing. It's Mr. Hartley that—"

"I know. Dr. Jordan has told me some. Please tell me the rest. How is he? Is his arm badly hurt? Is he suffering? Do you think there's any danger?"

Here was my chance. And I just spread myself, too, now I tell you. I spun the whole yarn, from the time the Dora Bassett pulled out of Horseshoe Bar cove to when Hartley was loaded into the Old Home depot wagon.

"He's a brick, that's what he is," says I, finally. "And he always was one. And there's one thing more I'm going to tell, now that I've got my hand in, Miss Page. That's about that business with Washy Sparrow. Mr. Hartley wa'n't no more to be blamed for that than a—"

She stopped me. "Please don't," she says. "I know; Eureka told me. And, Mr. Pratt," she adds, and her face lit up like there was a glory inside it; "I'm not going to ask you to beg his pardon for me. But will you tell him that, as soon as I can leave Dennis, I'm coming to Wellmouth to ask his pardon myself, and—to thank him? Tell him that, please."

Eureka and me drove back to Wellmouth together. If that old buggy had been trimmed up to match the feelings of the two inside it 'twould have been the gayest turnout that ever come down the pike road. No circus cart would have been in it.

But poor Van!

**CHAPTER XIX.**

**Simple Versus Duplex.**

I left Eureka at Nate Scudder's. She was going to have him take his dory and row her over to the island. She was to see to things there till I come. Dewey was all right and over his cold, she told me, so she could take up her regular job again. Scudder was glad to see us. I don't know but he'd been scared that his whole gang of lodgers had cleared out and left him in the lurch. I told him about the doctor chase. His eyes stuck out.

"Godfrey seissors!" says he. "It must have cost that Hartley man a lot for that automobile."

"Cost!" says I. "You bet it did!"

"I presume likely that'll come out of the doctor's bill, won't it?"

"No," I says, scornful. "Land of Goshen! No. Why should it?"

"Well, if 'twas me I'd take some of it out. The doc hadn't no right to be over to Brantboro after giving folks notice through the papers that he was to Wapatomac." He thought a minute more and then he says: "Say, Sol; don't you cal'late there's a commission coming to us from Ben Baker? He'd never let that auto wagon if we hadn't provided the customer."

Didn't that beat all? Sometimes I think Nate Scudder'll rise up in his coffin afore they bury him and want a commission from the undertaker. He'll never rest easy and see all that cash going to somebody else when he's furnishing the center of interest.

I found Martin planted easy and pretty comfortable in an upstairs front room at the Old Home. His arm was hurting him some, of course, but other ways he felt better, having had a nap and something to eat. He wa'n't sick in bed at least; and that's how I expected to find him.

I told him the good news from Reddy, and it pleased him 'most to death. Then I give him the Page girl's message. He didn't say much, but 'twas plain to see how he felt. I promised to be back next morning, and then I said good-by. His good-by to me was sort of absent-minded. I left him smoking and looking dreamy out of the window.

I was in a hurry to get to Ozone, but I couldn't help stopping where there was digging the cellar for the new part of the hotel, and looking for our old friend Washy Sparrow. He was wheeling dirt in a wheelbarrow

and he seemed mighty willing to let go of the handles and talk to me.

"Hello, Washy," I says. "How's the stomach and lungs these days?"

He groaned. "Pratt," says he, "I'm dying on my feet."

"Well," I says, looking down at his cowhides, "you'd ought to have plenty of room to do it in. What are you dying of—dropsy? You're five pounds heavier than when I see you last."

He shook his head. "Tell Reky I'm doing my best to forgive her," he says. "When I'm gone maybe she'll think how she treated me. Say! how soon's she coming home? Lycorgus can't cook fit to eat."

I told him Eureka 'd be home that night. It seemed to give him a little more hope.

"When you see Miss Page," says he, "just tell her I want to talk to her, won't you? Tell her I'm 'most through with this world and I want to speak to her about providing for the children. Ask her to come over and see me."

Just then the foreman yelled to him to stop gassing and hustle that wheelbarrow along. He done it, surprising prompt, too, I thought. I asked the foreman about it.

"Oh!" he says. "Mr. Brown's give me the receipt for him. Every time he groans or coughs I set him to lugging stones; the louder the groans the bigger the rocks. He's getting well fast."

I took Nate's dory and went across to the island. Eureka was up to her elbows in work.

"Sakes alive!" says she. "Who's been letting this house get this way? The tea kettle bottom's burnt out and somebody's been trying to eat the ax. And the beds are so wet that the feathers are beginning to grow."

"That's the Natural Life," I told her. "The Heavenses lived it for a whole day."

"I thought they lived it afore I come here at all," she says. "Things was bad enough then, but nothing like this."

"'Twas me that was the Natural then," says I. "This last attack hit the Twins."

"Do you know who I think ought to live the Natural Life?" she asks. "I said I didn't."

"Nobody but natural born idiots, that's who."

"I guess that who's been living it," says I.

Next morning I went over to see Hartley. He was feeling like a new man. Dr. Jordan had been there ahead of me and set the arm. Reddy was pretty high well. Jordan had the right cure for green-apple appendicitis and it worked tip-top.

I drove up to the depot in the Old Home wagon and met Van Brunt. He was in fine spirits. The Tea Lead deal had been closed up—the Street pirates having decided not to pass the dividend—and the Heavenly Twins had made money by the keg, I judged.

"How'd New York look to you?" I asked him.

"Hush!" says he. "Don't speak lightly of sacred things."

When he heard about what had happened while he was away he was the most surprised man in the county.

"Skipper," he says, grabbing my hand, "you're a star of the first magnitude. You and Eureka are the redeeming features of this Natural experiment. You pay the freight and a large rebate over. And Martin! bully old boy! I want to see him."

Him and his chum was shut up together for a good half hour. When Van come down to the porch he beckoned to me.

"Sol," he says, "there's another question I want to ask you. Of course I know that Martin liked the boy and all that, but that reason won't quite do. What's the real one?"

'Twas a ticklish place for me. But I couldn't see but one way clear; that it, but one way which was best in the long run for all hands. So I spunked up and answered.

"Mr. Van Brunt," says I, "I hate to say it, but of course you know that your partner and Miss Agnes set considerable store by each other at one time. And you can't break off feelings like that same as you'd bust a piece of string. I—"

He nodded. "All right," he says. "I'm not altogether a blockhead. That'll do. I've been sure of it, myself, for some time."

"I understand," I went on, "that the reason she give him the mitten was on account of his being too grasping after money. If she'd seen him, like I have, just throwing it away as if 'twas shavings, I guess likely she—"

He interrupted and looked at me queer.

"How did you know that was the reason?" he asks.

"I'd put my foot in it away over the shoe faces."

"Well," I stammered, "you see I—that is, 'twas told to me—and—course I can't swear—"

"Who told it? Oh, never mind. I see. Dear James! Well done, good and faithful servant. You've been faithful over a few things, and general superintendent and adviser of all the rest. Sol, I learned something when I was in New York. Considering all you've done and know, I think you're entitled to know more.

(To be continued.)

**Couldn't Do It.**

"A father should be the friend and companion of his son," said Mrs. Cortossel, who had been reading a magazine.

"Mandy," answered the farmer, "you're askin' too much. There's no use of askin' a man at my time o' life to let his hair grow out over his forehead like a back porch an' go around in clothes that ain't mates hollerin' 'Rah! rah! rah!'"

**WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD**

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Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.



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**THE EYES** when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

**CATARRH** Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

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