

**PUBLIC STATEMENT**

By a Public Official—County Treasurer of Granbury, Texas.

A. A. Perkins, County Treasurer of Granbury, Hood Co., Texas, says: "Years ago a severe fall injured my kidneys. From that time I was bothered with a chronic lame back and disordered action of the kidneys helped to make life miserable for me. A friend suggested my using Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, with the most gratifying results. I made a public statement at the time, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, and am glad to confirm that statement now."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**AMBITIOUS.**



Employer—What! want another raise? Why, you're getting \$5 a month!  
Office Boy—Yesir; but I'm engaged now, and my girl wants to be took about.

**ECZEMA COVERED HIM.**

Itching Torture Was Beyond Words—Slept Only from Sheer Exhaustion—Relieved in 24 Hours and

Cured by Cuticura in a Month.

"I am seventy-seven years old, and some years ago I was taken with eczema from head to foot. I was sick for six months and what I suffered tongue could not tell. I could not sleep day or night because of that dreadful itching; when I did sleep it was from sheer exhaustion. I was one mass of irritation; it was even in my scalp. The doctor's medicine seemed to make me worse and I was almost out of my mind. I got a set of the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. I used them persistently for twenty-four hours. That night I slept like an infant, the first solid night's sleep I had had for six months. A month I was cured. W. Harrison Smith, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1908."

**A Joke's Life.**  
"What becomes of a joke when it gets too old for the newspapers?"  
"It goes on the stage."  
"And after that?"  
"To the theatrical program."  
"Where it ends its existence, I suppose?"  
"Oh, no; it lives honorably for many years in congressional cloakrooms."

**Breaking Up Colds.**  
A cold may be stopped at the start by a couple of Lane's Pleasant Tablets. Even in cases where a cold has seemed to gain so strong a hold that nothing could break it, these tablets have done it in an hour or two. All druggists and dealers sell them at 25 cents a box. If you cannot get them send to the proprietor, Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

**A Natural Rise.**  
"Coal is going up this year."  
"Are you sure?"  
"Perfectly so. Doesn't it always go up in smoke?"

**ANOTHER WOMAN CURED**

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.  
No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.  
Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



Cast Ruthlessly Upon His Own Resources.

**The BRASS BOWL**  
PICTURES BY A. WEIL  
BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
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**SYNOPSIS.**  
"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels.  
**CHAPTER II.—Continued.**  
An errant cabby, cruising aimlessly but hopefully, sighted Maitland's tall figure and white shirt from a distance, and bore down upon him with a gallant clatter of hoofs.  
"Kehsir?" he demanded, breathlessly, pulling in at the corner.  
Maitland came out of his reverie and looked up slowly. "Why, yes, thank you," he assented, amiably.  
"Where to, sir?"  
Maitland paused on the forward deck of the craft and faced about, looking the cabby trustfully in the eye. "I leave it to you," he replied, politely. "Just as you please."  
The driver gasped.  
"You see," Maitland continued with a courteous smile, "I have two engagements—one at Sherry's, the other with the 10:20 train from Long Island City. What would you, as man to man, advise me to do, cabby?"  
"Well, sir, seein' as you put it to me straight," returned the cabby with engaging candor, "I'd go home, sir, if I was you, afore I got any worse."  
"Thank you," gravely. "Long Island City depot, then, cabby?"  
Maitland extended himself languidly upon the cushions. "Surely," he told the night, "the driver knows best—he and Bannerman."  
The cab started off jogging so sedately up Madison avenue that Maitland glanced at his watch and elevated his brows dubiously; then with his stick poked open the trap in the roof.  
"If you really think it best for me to go home, cabby, you'll have to drive like hell," he suggested, mildly.  
"Yessir!"  
A whip-lash cracked loudly over the horse's back, and the hansom, lurching into Thirty-fourth street on one wheel, was presently jouncing eastward over rough cobbles, at a regardless pace which roused the gongs of the surface cars to a clangor of hysterical expostulation. In a trice the "L" extension was roaring overhead; and a little later the ferry gates were yawning before them. Again Maitland consulted his watch, commenting briefly: "In time."  
Yet he reckoned without the ferry, one of whose employes deliberately and implacably swung to the gates in the very face of the astonished cab horse, which promptly rose upon its hind legs and pawed the air with gestures of pardonable exasperation. To no avail, however; the gates remained closed, the cabby (with language) reined his steed back a yard or two, and Maitland, lighting a cigarette, composed himself to simulate patience.

—to set Mad Maitland's pulses drumming with excitement. For, unless indeed he labored gravely under a misapprehension, he was observing her for the second time within the past few hours.

Could he be mistaken, or was this in truth the same woman who had (as he believed) made herself free of his rooms that evening?

In confirmation of such suspicion he remarked her costume, which was altogether worked out in soft shades of gray. Gray was the misty veil, drawn in and daintily knotted beneath her chin, which lent her head and face such thorough protection against prying glances; of gray suede were the light gauntlets that hid all save the slenderness of her small hands; and the wrap that, cut upon full and flowing lines, cloaked her figure beyond suggestion, was gray. Yet even its ample drapery could not dissemble the fact that she was quite small, girlishly slight, like the woman in the doorway; nor did aught temper her impersonal and detached composure, which had also been an attribute of the woman in the doorway. And again she was alone, unchaperoned, unprotected.

Yes? Or no? And, if yes, what to do? Was he to alight and accost her, accuse her of forcing an entrance to his rooms for the sole purpose (as far as ascertainable) of presenting him with the outline of her hand in the dust of his desk's top? . . . Oh, hardly! It was all very well to be daringly eccentric and careless of the world's censure; but one scarcely cared to lay one's self open either to an unknown girl's derision or to a sound pummeling at the hands of fellow passengers enraged by the insult offered to an unescorted woman.

The young man was still pondering ways and means when a dull bump apprised him that the ferry boat was entering the Long Island City slip. "The devil!" he exclaimed in mingled disgust and dismay, realizing that his distraction had been so thorough as to permit the voyage to take place almost without his realizing it. So that now—worse luck!—it was too late to take any one of the hundred fantastic steps he had contemplated half seriously. In another two minutes his charming mystery, so bewitchingly incarnated, would have slipped out of his life, finally and beyond recall. And he could do naught to hinder such a finale to the adventure.

Sulkily he resigned himself to the inevitable, waiting and watching, while the boat slid and blundered clumsily, paddle wheels churning the filthy waters over side, to the floating bridge; while the winches rattled, and the woman, sitting up briskly in the driver's seat of the motor car, bent forward and advanced the spark; while the chain fell clanking and the car shot out, over the bridge, through the gates, and away, at a very considerable, even if lawful, rate of speed.

Whereupon, writing fists to the final chapter of Romance, voting the world a dull place and life a treadmill, anathematizing in no uncertain terms his lack of resource and address, Maitland paid off his cabby, alighted, and to that worthy's boundless wonder, walked into the waiting room of the railway terminus without deviating a hair's breadth from the straight and circumscribed path of the sober in mind and body.

The 10:20 had departed by a bare two minutes. The next and last train for Greenfields was to leave at 10:59. Maitland with assumed nonchalance composed himself upon a bench in the waiting room to endure the 37-minute interval. Five minutes later an abled-bodied washerwoman with six children in quarter sizes descended upon the same bench; and the young man in desperation allowed himself to be dispossessed. The news stand next attracting him, he garnered a fugitive amusement and two dozen copper cents by the simple process of purchasing six "night extras," which he did not want, and paying for each with a five-cent piece. Comprehending, at length, that he had irritated the news dealer, he meandered off, jingling his copper fortune in one hand, lugging his newspapers in the other, and made a determined onslaught upon a slot machine. The latter having reluctantly disgorged 24 assorted samples of chewing gum and stale sweetmeats, Maitland returned to the washerwoman, and sowed dissension in her brood by presenting the treasure horde to the eldest girl with instructions to share it with her brothers and sisters.

It is difficult to imagine what folly might next have been recorded against him had not, at that moment, a ferocious and inarticulate howl from the train starter announced the fact that the 10:59 was in waiting.  
Boarding the train in a thankful spirit, Maitland settled himself as comfortably as he might in the smoker and endeavored to find surcease of ennui in his collection of extras. In vain; even a two-column portrait of Mr. Dan Anlisty, cracksman, accompanied by a vivacious catalogue of that notoriety's achievements in the field of polite burglary, hardly stirred his interest. An elusive resemblance which he traced in the features of Mr. Anlisty, as presented by the sketch-artist-on-the-spot, to some one whom he, Maitland, had known in the dark back-wards and abyss of time, merely drew from him the comment: "Homely brute!" And he laid the papers aside, cradling his chin in the palm of one hand and staring for a weary while out of the car window at a reeling and moonstritten landscape. He yawned exhaustively, his thoughts astray between a girl garbed all in gray, Bannerman's earnest and thoughtful face, and the pernicious activities of Mr. Daniel Anlisty, at whose door Maitland laid the responsibility for this most fatiguing errand.

The brakeman's wolf-like yelp—  
"Greenfields!"—was ringing in his ears when he awoke and stumbled down aisle and car steps just in the nick of time. The train, whisking round a curve cloaked by a belt of somber pines, left him quite alone in the world, cast ruthlessly upon his own resources.  
An hour had elapsed; it was now midnight; the moon rode high, a cold white disk against a background of sapphire velvet, its pellucid rays revealing with disheartening distinctness the inanimate and lightless roadside hamlet called Greenfields; its general store and postoffice, its sordid hotel, its straggling line of dilapidated habitations, all wrapped in silence profound and impenetrable. Not even a dog howled; not a belated villager was in sight; and it was a moral certainty that the local livery service had closed down for the night.  
Nevertheless, Maitland, with a desperation bred of the prospective five-mile tramp, spent some ten valuable minutes hammering upon the door of the house infested by the proprietor of the livery stable. He succeeded only in waking the dog, and inasmuch as he was not on friendly terms with that animal, presently withdrew at discretion and set his face northwards upon the open road.  
It stretched before him invitingly enough, a ribbon winding silver-white between dark patches of pine and scrub-oak or fields lush with rustling corn and wheat. And, having overcome his primary disgust, as the blood began to circulate more briskly in his veins, Maitland became aware that he was actually enjoying the enforced exercise. It could have been hardly otherwise, with a night so sweet, with air so bland and fragrant of the woods and fresh-turned earth, with so clear a light to show him his way.  
He stepped out briskly at first, swinging his stick and watching his shadow, a squat, incredibly agitated silhouette in the golden dust. But gradually and insensibly the peaceful influence of that still and lovely hour tempered his heart's impatience; and he found himself walking at a pace more leisurely. After all, there was no hurry; he was unwearied, and Maitland Manor lay less than five miles distant.  
Thirty minutes passed; he had not covered a third of the way, yet remained content. By well-remembered landmarks, he knew he must be nearing the little stream called, by courtesy, Mayanna's river; and, in due course, he stepped out upon the long wooden structure that spans that water. He was close upon the farther end when—upon a haphazard impulse—he glanced over the nearest guard rail, down at the bed of the creek. And stopped incontinently, gapping.  
Stationary in the middle of the depression, hub-deep in the shallow waters, was a motor car; and it, beyond dispute, was identical with that which had occupied his thoughts on the ferry boat. Less wonderful, perhaps, but to him amazing enough, it was to discover upon the driver's seat the girl in gray.  
His brain benumbed beyond further capacity for astonishment, he accepted without demur this latest and most astounding of the chain of amazing coincidences which had thus far enlivened the night's earlier hours; and stood rapt in silent contemplation, sensible that the girl had been unaware of his approach, deadened as his footsteps must have been by the blanket of dust that carpeted both road and bridge deep and thick.  
On her part she sat motionless, evidently lost in reverie, and momentarily, at least, unconscious of the embarrassing predicament which was hers. So completely, indeed, seemed her abstraction that Maitland caught himself questioning the reality of her. . . . And well might she have seemed to him a pale little wraith of the night, the shimmer of gray that she made against the shimmer of light on the water—a shape almost transparent, slight, and unsubstantial—seeming to contemplate, and as still as any mouse.  
Looking more attentively, it became evident that her veil was now raised. This was the first time that he had seen her so. But her countenance remained so deeply shadowed by the visor of a mannish motoring cap that the most searching scrutiny gained no more than a dim and scantily satisfactory impression of alluring loveliness.  
Maitland turned noiselessly, rested elbows on the rail, and, staring, framed a theory to account for her position, if not for her patience.  
On either hand the road, dividing, struck off at a tangent, down the banks and into the river bed. It was credible to presume that the girl had lost control of the machine temporarily and that it, taking the bit between its teeth, had swung gayly down the incline to its bath.  
Why she lingered there, however, was less patent. The water, as has been indicated, was some inches below the tonneau; it did not seem reasonable to assume that it should have interfered with either running gear or motor.  
At this point in Maitland's meditations the gray girl appeared to have arrived at a decision. She straightened up suddenly, with a little resolute nod of her head, lifting one small foot to her knee, and fumbled with the laces of her shoe.  
Maitland grasped her intention to abandon the machine, with her determination to wade! Clearly this would seem to demonstrate that there had been a breakdown, irreparable so far from feminine hands were concerned.  
One shoe removed, its fellow would follow, and then. . . . Out of sheer chivalry, the involuntary witness was moved to earnest protest.  
"Don't!" he cried, hastily. "I say, don't wade!"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**KNEW HIS SON.**



Prodigal Son—Father, I have returned!  
Father—Yes, gol dern yeh. I thought you'd show up about the time the pretty summer boarders began to arrive at the farm!

**All Over.**

While work on a new building was going on in a southern town not long ago an old negro employed as a hod-carrier suddenly slipped while nearing the third story and plunged headlong to the ground. Several passers-by rushed over expecting to find a man dead with a broken neck, as the old fellow had struck squarely on the top of his head. Finding the old man still alive some one emptied the contents of a whisky bottle down his throat. In a few moments the old negro sat up and looked around.  
"How do you feel now, uncle?" asked a bystander kindly.  
"Well, sah," came the reply, "I wuz sorter confused when I fust started, but now dat I's hit I's all right!"

**Not His Business.**

"Powful fertile country daoun theh in Texas," said the colonel. "Yes, seh! Why, seh, I know spots daoun theh where the trees grow so close together that you-all couldn't shove youh hand between theh trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Fehginyuh deah in those same forests with antlehs eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"  
At this point some middle-aged idiot asked the colonel how such deer ever managed to get their antlers between such tree trunks.  
"Theh, seh," said the colonel, drawing himself up with squelching dignity, "is theh business!"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Shiloh Church to Be Rebuilt.**

An effort is being made to build a suitable memorial church on the site of the original Shiloh church, on Shiloh battlefield, now one of the most attractive of military parks. It was on this very spot the bloody battle of Shiloh was begun on the morning of April 6, 1862. It is the purpose to build a memorial church to cost not less than \$10,000. The names of all contributors will be recorded in a permanent register and kept on exhibition in the church, which will be open to visitors and tourists.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash 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.

**'Twas Ever Thus.**

"There are so many fast young men nowadays," remarked the first young woman.  
"H'm, yes; you do seem to have difficulty in catching one," replied the other young woman.  
Now they meet without speaking.

And if every mother's son of us made a strenuous effort to reach the top there wouldn't be such a crowd at the bottom.

**Nebraska Directory**  
Lightning Rods—Copper Cable and lightning arresters for tele-phones. Protects forever. The best.  
W. C. SHINN, - - - Lincoln, Nebraska

**JOHN DEERE Implements the Best**  
Insist on having them. Ask your local dealer, or JOHN DEERE, Omaha-Soo Falls.

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