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"How shall we avoid popularity?" John Wesley once asked his preachers, and straightway gave them the answer in a set of rules. Here is rule 4: "Warn the people among whom you are most esteemed or loved too much." And here is rule 5: "Converse sparingly with those who are particularly fond of you."

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"Pa, what is a football coach?"
"The ambulance, I guess."

Nebraska Directory

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Dr. R. M. C. (Name on request.)
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Ask your Dealer for Goods with this brand
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ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY **MEREDITH NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**
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SYNOPSIS.
Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were attracted to the city of Leavenworth, a winter summering near Fort Annandale. Miss Patricia, contented to be a housewife, and Miss Helen, who was guardian, they came to Fort Annandale to escape. Henry Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, a scoundrel who had followed the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.
The place was clearly the summer home of a city man in search of quiet, and I was turning away when suddenly a woman's voice rang out clearly from the bank.
"Hello, the houseboat!"
"Yes, I'm here!" answered the man below.
"Come on, father, I've been looking for you everywhere," called the voice again.
"Oh, it's too bad you've been waiting," he answered.
"Of course I've been waiting!" she flung back, and he jumped up and ran toward her. Then down the steps flashed Helen Holbrook in white. She paused at the gate an instant before continuing her descent to the creek, bending her head as she sought the remaining steps.
"Daddy, you dear old fraud, I thought you were coming to meet me on the ridge!"
I turned and groped my way along the darkening path. My heart was thumping wildly and my forehead was wet with perspiration.
Helen stood on the bank lighting his lantern, and I flung myself into the launch and bade him run for home.
We were soon crossing the lake. I lay back on the cushions and gazed up at the bright roof of stars. Before I reached Glenarm the shock of finding Helen Holbrook in friendly communication with her father had passed, and I sat down to dinner at nine o'clock with a sound appetite.

CHAPTER V.
A Fight on a Houseboat.
At ten o'clock I called for a horse and rode out into the night, turning into the country with the intention of following the lake road to the region I had explored in the launch a few hours before. All was dark at St. Agatha's as I passed. No doubt Helen Holbrook had returned in due course from her visit to her father and, after accounting plausibly to her aunt for her absence, was sleeping the sleep of the just. Now that I thought of the matter in all its bearings, I accused myself for not having gone directly to St. Agatha's from the lonely house on Tippecanoe creek and waited for her there, demanding an explanation of her perfidy. She was treating Miss Pat infamously; that was plain; and yet in my heart I was excusing and defending her. A family row about money was ugly at best; and an unfortunate—even criminal—father may still have some claim on his child.
Then, as against such reasoning, the vision of Miss Pat rose before me—and I felt whatever chivalry there is in me arouse with a rattle of spears. Paul Stoddard, in committing that dear old gentleman to my care, had not asked me to fall in love with her niece; so, impatient to be thus swayed between two inclinations, I chirruped to the horse and galloped swiftly over the silent white road.
The whole region was very lonely, and now that the beat of hoofs no longer rang in my ears the quiet was oppressive. I struck through the wood and found the creek, and the path beside it. The little stream was still murmuring its own name musically, with perhaps a softer note in deference to the night; and following the path carefully I came in a few minutes to the steps that linked the cottage with the houseboat at the creek's edge. It was just there that I had seen Helen Holbrook, and I stood quite still recalling this, and making sure that she had come down those steps in that quiet out-of-the-way corner of the world, to keep tryst with her father. The story-and-a-half cottage was covered with vines and close-wrapped in shrubbery. A semicircle of taller pines within shut the cottage off completely from the highway. I crawled through the cedars and walked along slowly to the gate, near which a post supported a sign-board. I struck a match and read:



It Flashed Over Me That He Was the Dark Sailor I Had Ordered from Glenarm.

RED GATE.
R. HARRIDGEE,
Canoe-Maker,
Tippecanoe, Indiana.

This, then, was the home of the canoe-maker mentioned by Helen. I found his name repeated on the rural delivery mail box annexed to the sign-post. Henry Holbrook was probably a boarder at the house—it required no great deductive powers to fathom that. I stole back through the hedge and down to the houseboat. Several canoes, carefully covered with tarpaulins, lay about the deck, and chairs were drawn up close to the long, low house in shipshape fashion. If this houseboat was the canoe-maker's shop

he had chosen a secluded and picturesque spot for it.
As I leaned against the rail studying the lines of the house, I heard suddenly the creak of an oarlock in the stream behind, and then low voices talking. I drew back against the house and waited. Possibly the canoe-maker had been abroad, or, more likely, Henry Holbrook had gone forth upon some natchel, and my mind flew at once to the two women at St. Agatha's, one of whom at least was still under my protection. The boat approached furtively, and I heard now very distinctly words spoken in Italian:
"Have a care; climb up with the rope and I'll follow."
Then the boat touched the platform lightly and a second later a man climbed nimbly up the side. His companion followed, and they tied their boat to the railing. They paused now to reconnoiter—so close to me that I could have touched them with my hands—and engaged in a colloquy. The taller man gave directions, the other replying in monosyllables to show that he understood.
"Go to the side porch of the cottage, and knock. When the man comes to the door tell him that you are the chauffeur from an automobile that has broken down in the road, and that you want help for a woman who has been hurt."
"Yes, sir."
"Then—you know the rest."
"The knife—it shall be done."
I have made it the rule of my life, against much painful experience and the admonitions of many philosophers, to act first and reason afterwards. And here it was a case of two to one. The men began stealing across the deck toward the steps that led up to the cottage, and with rather more zeal than judgment I took a step after them, and clumsily kicked over a chair that fell clattering wildly. Both men leaped toward the rail at the sound, and I flattened myself against the house to await developments. The silence was again complete.
"A chair blew over," remarked one of the voices.
"There is no wind," replied the other, the one I recognized as belonging to the leader.
"See what you can find—and have a care!"
The speaker went to the rail and began fumbling with the rope. The other, I realized, was slipping quite noiselessly along the smooth planking toward me, his bent body faintly silhouetted in the moonlight. I knew that I could hardly be distinguishable from the long line of the house, and I had the additional advantage of knowing their strength, while I was still an unknown quantity to them. The men would assume that I was either Harridge, the boatmaker, or Henry Holbrook, one of whom they had come to kill, and there is, as every one knows, little honor in being the victim of mistaken identity. I heard the man's hand scratching along the wall as he advanced cautiously; there was no doubt but that he would discover me in another moment; so I resolved to take the initiative and give battle.
My finger-tips touched the back of one of the folded camp chairs that rested against the house, and I slowly clasped it. I saw the leader still standing by the rail, the rope in his hand. His accomplice was so close

that I could hear his quick breathing, and something in his daily outlined crouching figure was familiar. Then it flashed over me that he was the dark sailor I had ordered from Glenarm that afternoon.
He was now within arm's length of me and I jumped out, swinging the chair high and brought it down with a crash on his head. The force of the blow carried me forward and jerked the chair out of my grasp; and down we went with a mighty thump. I felt the Italian's body slip and twist lithely under me as I tried to clasp his arms. He struggled fiercely to free himself, and I felt the point of a knife prick my left wrist sharply as I sought to hold his right arm to the deck. His muscles were like iron, and I had no wish to let him clasp me in his short thick arms; nor did the idea of being struck with a knife cheer me greatly in that first moment of the fight.
My main business was to keep free of the knife. He was slowly lifting me on his knees, while I gripped his arm with both hands. The other man had dropped into the boat and was watching us across the rail.
"Make haste, Giuseppe!" he called impatiently, and I laughed a little, either at his confidence in the outcome or at his care for his own security; and my courage rose to find that I had only one to reckon with. I suddenly slipped my left hand down to where my right gripped his wrist and wrenched it sharply. His fingers relaxed, and when I repeated the twist the knife rattled on the deck.
I broke away and leaped for the rail with some idea of jumping into the creek and swimming for it; and then the man in the boat let go twice with a revolver, the echoing explosions roaring over the still creek to the sound of saluting battle-ships.
"Hold on to that man—hold him!" he shouted from below. I heard the Italian scraping about on the deck for his knife as I dodged round the house. I was satisfied to let things stand as they were, and leave Henry Holbrook and the canoe-maker to defend their own lives and property. Then, when I was about midway of the steps, a man plunged down from the garden and had me by the collar and on my back before I knew what had happened.
There was an instant's silence in which I heard angry voices from the houseboat. My new assailant listened, too, and I felt his grasp on me tighten, though I was well winded and tame enough.
I heard the boat strike the platform sharply as the second man jumped into it; then for an instant silence again held the valley.
My captor seemed to dismiss the retreating boat, and poking a pistol into my ribs gave me his attention.
"Climb up these steps, and do as I tell you. If you run, I will shoot you like a dog."
"There's a mistake!" I began, chokingly, for the Italian had almost strangled me and my lungs were as empty as a spent bellows.
"That will do. Climb!" He stuck the revolver into my back and up I went and through the garden toward the cottage. A door opening on the veranda was slightly ajar, and I was thrust forward none too gently into a lighted room.
My captor and I studied each other attentively for half a minute. He was

beyond question the man whom Helen Holbrook had sought at the houseboat in the summer dusk. Who Harridge was did not matter; it was evident that Holbrook was quite at home in the canoe-maker's house, and that he had no intention of calling any one else into affairs. He had undoubtedly heard the revolver shots below and rushed from the cottage to investigate; and, meeting me in full flight, he had naturally taken it for granted that I was involved in some designs on himself. As he leaned against a table by the door his grave-blue eyes scrutinized me with mingled indignation and interest.
I seemed to puzzle him, and his gaze swept me from head to foot several times before he spoke. Then his eyes flashed angrily and he took a step toward me.
"Who in the devil are you and what do you want?"
"My name is Donovan, and I don't want anything except to get home."
"Where do you come from at this hour of the night?"
"I am spending the summer at Mr. Glenarm's place, near Annandale."
"That's rather unlikely; Mr. Glenarm is abroad. What were you doing down there on the creek?"
"I wasn't doing anything until two men came along to kill you and I mixed up with them and got badly mused for my trouble."
He eyed me with a new interest.
"They came to kill me, did they? You tell a good story, Mr. Donovan."
"Quite so. I was standing on the deck of the houseboat, or whatever it is."
"Where you had no business to be."
"Granted. I had no business to be there; but I was there and came near getting killed for my impertinence, as I have told you. These fellows rowed up from the direction of the lake. One of them told the other to call you to your door on the pretense of summoning aid for a broken motor car off there in the road. Then he was to stab you. The assassin was an Italian. His employer spoke to him in that tongue. I happen to be acquainted with it."
"You are a very accomplished person," he observed, dryly.
He walked up to me and felt my pockets.
"Who fired that pistol?"
"The man in charge of the expedition. The Italian was trying to knife me on the deck, and I broke away from him and ran. His employer had gone back to the boat for safety and he took a crack at me as I ran across the platform. It's not quite out of business."
An inner door back of me creaked slightly. My captor swung round at the sound.
"O Rosalind! It's all right. A gentleman here lost his way and I'm giving him his bearings."
The door closed gently, and I heard the sound of steps retreating through the cottage. I noted the anxious look in Holbrook's face as he waited for the sounds to cease; then he addressed me again.
"Mr. Donovan, this is a quiet neighborhood, and I am a peaceable man, whose worldly goods could tempt no one. There were undoubtedly others besides yourself down there at the creek, for one man couldn't have made all that row; but as you are the one I caught I must deal with you. But you have protested too much; the idea of Italian bandits on Tippecanoe creek is creditable to your imagination, but it doesn't appeal to my common sense. I don't know about your being a guest at Glenarm house—even that is flimsy. A guest in the absence of the host is just a little too fanciful. I'm strongly disposed to take you to the calaboose at Tippecanoe village."
Having been in jail several times in different parts of the world I was not anxious to add to my experiences in that direction. Moreover, I had come to this lonely house on the Tippecanoe to gain information touching the movements of Henry Holbrook, and I did not relish the idea of being thrown into a country jail by him. I resolved to meet the situation boldly.
"You seem to accept my word reluctantly, even after I have saved you from being struck down at your own door. Now I will be frank with you. I had a purpose in coming here."
He stepped back and folded his arms.
"Yes, I thought so." He looked upon me uneasily; before his eyes that mine. His hands beat nervously on his sleeves as he waited, and I resolved to bring matters to an issue by speaking his name.
"I know who you are, Mr. Holbrook."
His hands went into his pockets again, and he stepped back and laughed.
"You are a remarkably bad guesser, Mr. Donovan. If you had visited me by daylight instead of coming like a thief at midnight, you would have saved yourself much trouble. My name is displayed over the outer gate. I am Robert Harridge, the canoe-maker."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WERE STILL SUPPLIED.



"Have you given some fresh water to the gold fish, Anna?"
"No, ma'am, they have not finished what I gave them the other day."

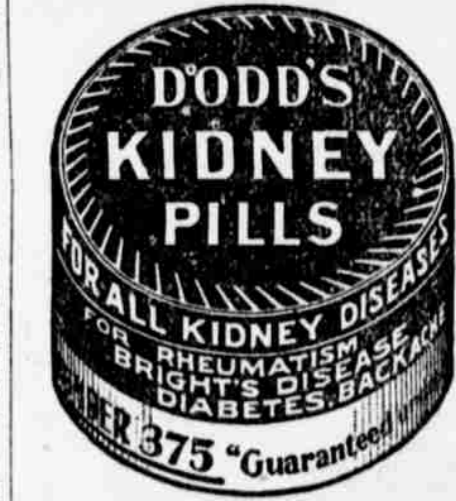
TORE HIS SKIN OFF
In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.
Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I set down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."
Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Special Note from Atchison.
The engagement of Mr. Hiram Hardesty and Miss Suzette Snarley is announced. It occurred the other evening at 9:45 on the red sofa in Miss Snarley's parlor. The young lady was dressed in black, and wore no ornaments. She did not look unusually pretty, and what caused the young man's mental aberration is not known. Neither one could remember exactly what was said, and both admitted it was not the first time he kissed her. We print the details for the romantic young things who are always curious to know how an engagement is brought about.—Atchison Globe.

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The worm may turn, but the grindstone has to be turned.



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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, BRUISED LIVER. They regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable. **SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

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Instantly relieve Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Unexcelled for clearing the voice. Absolutely free from opiates or anything harmful. 25c, 50c, 1.00. Sample sent on request.

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