

**AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.**

Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-Four Hours and Cure Any Cough That is Curable.

The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds and other throat and bronchial trouble. Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whisky. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.

**NOTHING REMARKABLE.**



The Mayor—Just think, admiral, I've married 20 people in two hours.  
The Admiral—Well, that's only ten knots an hour.

**CLIP THIS OUT.**

Valuable Recipe When Afflicted with Rheumatism or Backache.

This is a renowned doctor's very best prescription for rheumatism.

"One ounce compound syrup Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint high grade whiskey. Mix them and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time. The bottle must be well shaken each time."

Any druggist has these ingredients or he will get them from his wholesale house.

**The Country's Spread.**

While the area conceded to the 13 original states by the peace treaty of 1783 was \$28,000 square miles, their present area is but 326,000 square miles, the other 502,000 square miles forming in whole or in part 13 other states.

**A Rare Good Thing.**

"Am using Allen's Foot-Powder, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."  
—Mrs. Matilda Holtzert, Providence, R. I.  
Sold by all Druggists. See Ask-to-day.

**"Soft and Nice."**

She—George, dear, do you love me?  
He—Yes, darling; very much.  
She—Say something soft and nice to me.  
He—Oh, custard pie!—Judge.

**Nebraska Directory**

**A Grateful Man Says of**

**UNCLE SAM Breakfast Food AS A CURE FOR CONSTIPATION**

"Enables me to go to stool without syringe or medicine, a thing I have not been able to do for four or five years."

WILLIAM RITCHES.

Such voluntary testimonials are constantly received.

ASK YOUR GROCER ABOUT IT HE CERTAINLY KNOWS  
U. S. B. F. Co., Omaha

Do you want the Best Corn Sheller made? If so, look out for  
**MARSELLES CORN SHELLER**  
Write for catalog or see your local dealer  
**JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., OMAHA**

**Beatrice Creamery Co.**  
Pays the highest price for

**CREAM**

**LINCOLN BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
Established 25 years. 600 students last year. Work is practical, thorough. Prepares for modern business life and to hold the highest salaried positions. Advantages: Magnificent equipment. The national headquarters. Write for free prospectus.  
9 South 18th St., Lincoln, Neb.

**HERBERT E. GOOCH CO.**  
BROKERS AND DEALERS  
Grain, Provisions, Stocks, Cotton  
Main Office, 204-205 Fraternity Bldg., Lincoln, Nebraska.  
Bell Phone 512. Auto Phone 2659  
Largest House in State.

**A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE**  
THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS  
is as safe as it is effective. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. It is very palatable too—children like it.  
All Druggists, 25 Cents

**ROSALIND AT RED GATE**

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
COPYRIGHT 1907 BY DEBBIS-MERRILL CO.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer suffering near Fort Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, raised by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Fort Annandale to escape Henry Donovan, sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's arranging suitors. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Harbridge, a came-maker, surely Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting country church with Helen. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours.

**CHAPTER VII.—Continued.**

I kept up a rapid fire of talk, but listened only to the engine's regular beat. The launch was now close to the Italian's boat, and having nearly completed the semicircle I was obliged to turn a little to watch him. Suddenly he sat up straight and lay to with the oars, pulling hard toward a point we must pass in order to clear the strait and reach the upper lake again. The fellow's hostile intentions were clear to all of us now and we all silently awaited the outcome. His stiff rose high in air under the impulsion of his strong arms, and if he struck our lighter craft amidships, as seemed inevitable, he would undoubtedly swamp us.

Ijima half rose, glanced toward the yacht, which was heading for the strait, and then at me, but I shook my head.

"Mind the engine, Ijima," I said with as much coolness as I could muster.

The margin between us and the skiff rapidly diminished, and the Italian turned to take his bearings with every lift of his oars. He had thrown off his cap, and as he looked over his shoulder I saw his evil face sharply outlined. I counted slowly to myself the number of strokes that would be necessary to bring him in collision if he persisted, charging against his progress our own swift, arrow-like flight over the water. The shore was close, and I had counted on a full depth of water, but Ijima now called out warningly in his shrill pipe and our bottom scraped as I veered off. This maneuver cost me the equivalent of ten of the Italian's deep strokes, and the shallow water added a new element of danger.

"Stand by the oar, Ijima," I called in a low tone; and I saw in a flash Miss Pat's face, quite calm, but with her lips set tight.

Ten yards remained. I judged, between the skiff and the strait, and there was nothing for us now but to let speed and space work out their problem.

Ijima stood up and seized the oar. I threw the wheel hard apart in a last hope of dodging, and the launch listed badly as it swung round. Then the bow of the skiff rose high, and Helen shrank away with a little cry; there was a scratching and grinding for an instant, as Ijima, bending forward, dug the oar into the skiff's bow and checked it with the full weight of his body. As we fended off the oar snapped and splintered and he tumbled into the water with a great splash, while we swerved and rocked for a moment and then sped on through the little strait.

Looking back, I saw Ijima swimming for the shore. He rose in the water and called "All right!" and I knew he would take excellent care of himself. The Italian had shipped his oars and lay where we had left him, and I heard him, above the beat of our engine, laugh derisively as we glided out of sight.

"Miss Holbrook, will you please steer for me?"—and in effecting the necessary changes of position that I might get to the engine we were all able to regain our composure. I saw Miss Pat touch her forehead with her handkerchief; but she said nothing. Even after St. Agatha's pier hole in sight silence held us all. The wind, continuing to freshen, was whipping the lake with a sharp lash, and I made much of my trifling business with the engine, and of the necessity for occasional directions to the girl at the wheel.

My contrition at the danger to which I had stupidly brought them was strong in me; but there were other things to think of. Miss Pat could not be deceived as to the animus of our encounter, for the Italian's conduct could hardly be accounted for on the score of stupidity; and the natural peace and quiet of this region only emphasized the gravity of her plight. My first thought was that I must at once arrange for her removal to some other place. With Henry Holbrook established within a few miles of St. Agatha's the school was certainly no longer a tenable harborage.

As I tended the engine I saw, even when I tried to avoid her, the figure of Helen Holbrook in the stern, quite intent upon steering and calling now and then to ask the course when in



Ijima Bore Under His Arm a Repeating Rifle.

my preoccupation I forgot to give it. The storm was driving a dark hood across the lake, and the thunder boomed more loudly. Storms in this neighborhood break quickly and I ran full speed for St. Agatha's to avoid the rain that already blurred the west.

We landed with some difficulty, owing to the roughened water and the hard drive of the wind; but in a few minutes we had reached St. Agatha's where Sister Margaret flung open the door just as the storm let go with a roar.

When we reached the sitting room we talked with unmistakable restraint of the storm and of our race with it across the lake—while Sister Margaret stood by murmuring her interest and sympathy. She withdrew immediately and we three sat in silence, no one wishing to speak the first word. I saw with deep pity that Miss Pat's eyes were bright with tears, and my heart burned hot with self-accusation. Sister Margaret's quick step died away in the hall, and still we waited while the rain drove against the house in sheets and the branches of a tossing maple scratched spitefully on one of the panes.

"We have been found out; my brother is here," said Miss Pat.

"I am afraid that is true," I replied. "But you must not distress yourself. This is not St. Shelly, where murder is a polite diversion. The Italian wished merely to frighten us; it's a case of sheerest blackmail. I am ashamed to have given him the opportunity. It was my fault—my grievous fault; and I am heartily sorry for my stupidity."

"Do not accuse yourself! It was inevitable from the beginning that Henry should find us. But this place seemed remote enough. I had really begun to feel quite secure—had now!"

"But now!" repeated Helen, with a little sigh.

I marveled at the girl's composure—at her quiet acceptance of the situation, when I knew well enough her shameful duplicity. Then by one of those intuitions of grace that were so charming in her she bent forward and took Miss Pat's hand. The emerald rings flashed on both as though in assertion of kinship.

"Dear Aunt Pat! You must not take that boat affair too seriously. It may not have been—father—who did that."

She faltered, dropping her voice as she mentioned her father. I was aware that Miss Pat put away her niece's hand with a sudden gesture—I did not know whether of impatience, or whether some new resolution had taken hold of her. She rose and moved nearer to me.

"What have you to propose, Mr. Donovan?" she asked, and something in her tone, in the light of her dear eyes, told me that she meant to fight, that she knew more than she wished to say, and that she relied on my support; and realizing this my heart went out to her anew.

"I think we ought to go away—at once," the girl broke out suddenly. "The place was ill-chosen; Father Stoddard should have known better than to send us here!"

"Father Stoddard did the best he could for us, Helen. It is unfair to blame him," said Miss Pat, quietly. "And Mr. Donovan has been much more than kind in undertaking to care for us at all."

"I have blundered badly enough!" I confessed, penitently.

"It might be better, Aunt Pat," be-

gan Helen, slowly, "to yield. What can it matter? A quarrel over money—it is sordid—"

Miss Pat stood up abruptly and said quietly, without lifting her voice, and turning from one to the other of us:

"We have prided ourselves for 100 years, we American Holbrooks, that we had good blood in us, and character and decency and morality; and now that the men of my house have thrown away their birthright and made our name a plaything, I am going to see whether the general decadence has struck me, too; and with my brother Arthur, a fugitive because of his crimes, and my brother Henry ready to murder me in his greed, it is time for me to test whatever blood is left in my own poor old body, and I am going to begin now! I will not run away another step; I am not going to be blackguarded and hounded about this free country or driven across the sea; and I will not give Henry Holbrook more money to use in disgracing our name. I have got to die—I have got to die before he gets it—and she smiled at me so bravely that something clutched my throat suddenly—"and I have every intention, Mr. Donovan, of living a very long time!"

Helen had risen, and she stood staring at her aunt in frank astonishment. Not often, probably never before in her life, had anger held sway in the soul of this woman; and there was something splendid in its manifestation. She had spoken in almost her usual tone, though with a passionate tremor toward the close; but her very restraint was in itself ominous.

"It shall be as you say, Miss Pat," I said, as soon as I had got my breath.

"Certainly, Aunt Pat," murmured Helen, tamely. "We can't be driven round the world. We may as well stay where we are."

The storm was abating, and I threw open the windows to let in the air.

"If you haven't wholly lost faith in me, Miss Holbrook—"

"I have every faith in you, Mr. Donovan!" smiled Miss Pat.

"I shall hope to take better care of you in the future."

"I am not afraid. I think that if Henry finds out that he cannot frighten me it will have a calming effect upon him."

"Yes; I suppose you are right, Aunt Pat," said Helen, passively.

I went home feeling that my responsibilities had been greatly increased by Miss Pat's manifesto; on the whole I was relieved that she had not ordered a retreat, for it would have distressed me sorely to abandon the game at this juncture to seek a new hiding place for my charges.

Long afterward Miss Pat's declaration of war rang in my ears. My heart leaps now as I remember it. And I should like to be a poet long enough to write "A Ballade of All Old Ladies," or a lyric in their honor turned with the grace of Col. Lovelace and blithe with the spirit of Friar Herriek. I should like to inform it with their beautiful tender sympathy that is quick with tears but readier with strength to help and to save; and it should reflect, too, the noble patience, undismayed by time and distance, that makes a virtue of waiting—waiting in the long twilight with folded hands for the ships that never come! Men old and battle-scarred are celebrated in song and story; but who are they to be preferred over their serene sisterhood? Let the worn mothers of the

world be throned by the fireside or placed at comfortable ease in the shadow of hollyhock and old-fashioned roses in familiar gardens; it matters little, for they are supreme in any company. Whoever would be gracious must serve them; whoever would be wise must sit at their feet and take counsel. Nor believe too readily that the increasing tide of years has quenched the fire in their souls; rather, it burns on with the steady flame of sanctuary lights. Lucky were he who could imprison in song those qualities that crown a woman's years—voicing what is in the hearts of all of us as we watch those gracious angels going their quiet ways, tending their secret altars of memory with flowers and blessing them with tears.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

**A Lady of Shadows and Starlight.**

It was nine o'clock before Ijima came in, dripping from his tumble in the lake and his walk home through the rain. The Italian had made no effort to molest him, he reported; but he had watched the man row out to the Stiletto and climb aboard. Ijima has an unbroken record of never having asked me a question inspired by curiosity. He may inquire which shoes I want for a particular morning, but why, where and when are unknown in his vocabulary. He was, I knew, fairly entitled to an explanation of the incident of the afternoon, though he would ask none, and when he had changed his clothes and reported to me in the library I told him in a word that there might be further trouble, and that I should expect him to stand night watch at St. Agatha's for a while, dividing a patrol of the grounds with the gardener. His "Yes, sir," was as calm as though I had told him to lay out my dress clothes, and I went with him to look up the gardener that the division of patrol duty might be thoroughly understood.

I gave the Scotchman a revolver and Ijima bore under his arm a repeating rifle with which he and I had diverted ourselves at times in the pleasant practice of breaking glass balls. I assigned him the water-front and told the gardener to look out for intruders from the road. These precautions taken, I rang the bell at St. Agatha's and asked for the ladies, but was relieved to learn that they had retired, for the situation would not be helped by debate, and if they were to remain at St. Agatha's it was my affair to plan the necessary defensive strategy without troubling them. And I must admit here, that at all times, from the moment I first saw Helen Holbrook with her father at Red Gate, I had every intention of shielding her to the utmost. The thought of trapping her, of catching her, flagrant delicto, was revolting; I had, perhaps, a notion that in some way I should be able to thwart her without showing my own hand; but this, as will appear, was not to be so easily accomplished.

I went home and read for an hour, then got into heavy shoes and set forth to reconnoiter. The chief avenue of danger lay, I imagined, across the lake, and I passed through St. Agatha's to see that my guards were about their business; then continued along a wooded bluff that rose to a considerable height above the lake. There was a winding path which the pilgrimages of schoolgirls in spring and autumn had worn hard, and I followed it to its crest, where there was a stone bench, established for the ease of those who wished to take their sunsets in comfort.

The path that rose through the wood from St. Agatha's declined again from the seat, and came out somewhere below, where there was a spring sacred to the schoolgirls, and where, I dare say, they still indulge in the incantations of their species. I amused myself picking out the pier lights as far as I had learned them, following one of the lake steamers on its zigzag course from Port Annandale to the village. Eleven chimed from the chapel clock, the strokes stealing up to me dreamily. A moment later I heard a step in the path behind me, light, quick, and eager, and I bent down low on the bench, so that its back shielded me from view, and waited. The steps drew closer to the bench, and some one passed behind me. I was quite sure that it was a woman from the lightness of the step, the feminine quality in the voice that continued to hum a little song, and at the last moment the soft rustle of skirts. I rose and spoke her name before my eyes were sure of her.

"Miss Holbrook!" I exclaimed. She did not cry out, though she stepped back quickly from the bench. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Donovan, is it?" "It most certainly is!" I laughed. "We seem to have similar tastes, Miss Holbrook."

**(TO BE CONTINUED.)**

**Where Her Sympathies Lie.**

"I'm so sorry for Mr. Brown. He's suffering from a severe attack of the Grip."

"I'm not half so sorry for Brown as I am for Mrs. Brown," replied the neighbor, who knew what it meant to have a sick man in the house.—Detroit Free Press.

**OMINOUS GESTURE.**



"So your fiancée is smaller than you."

"Yes, she comes up just to there."

**SORE EYES CURED.**

Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—All Other Treatments Failed, But

Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved, and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall always praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Va., Apr. 4, 1908."  
Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

**Good Work Going Forward.**

Following a whirlwind campaign against consumption in Charleston, the American tuberculosis exhibition of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis recently opened another exhibition movement in Greenville, S. C. After January 1 the work will be continued in Columbia, S. C., in connection with the session of the state legislature. Efforts will be made to secure an appropriation to fight tuberculosis. Another exhibition of the National Association has just closed a campaign in Colorado, and is now touring Oklahoma. A state-wide fight will be waged in this state. Later, this exhibition will go to Arkansas.

**Diet of the Old.**

A sane diet for a person of 70 or 75 should be made up largely of vegetables and fruit, some fish, some eggs, a little meat and simple cereals, if there is no inclination toward obesity.

Drinking with one's meals is not considered advisable, especially as liquids are apt to wash down the food before it is properly masticated. Two quarts of water, or more, should be taken between meals, however, during the day. Hot water is especially good for one who does not exercise much, as it flushes out the entire system. Stimulants, such as tea and coffee, should not be very strong.—Harper's Bazar.

**STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO**

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public, states that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 4th day of December, A. D. 1905.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the "mucous and mucous surfaces of the system." Send for testimonials free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Then the Scissors Cut In.**

"You may be sharp," said the thread in the needle, "but I notice you are always getting it in the eye."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the needle, "I notice that whenever you get in a hole I have to pull you through."

"Hush up, you two," cried the thimble. "If it wasn't for my push you would neither of you get along."

**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Chas. H. Pritchett*  
In Use For Over 30 Years.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

**A Pair of Them.**

No. 1—"Now mind, Johnny," said the mother of that five-year-old, "guard's the ghost in that dark closet guarding the jam!"

No. 2 (two hours later)—"Oh, mamma!" cried Johnny. "That ghost in the dark closet has eaten nearly half the jam!"

**The Strategic Point.**

"General, we are outgeneraled."  
"Caramba! But how is that?"  
"The other side has beaten us to the cable office."

**Worth Its Weight in Gold.**

PETTI'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tonic for eye strain, weak, watery eyes. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

You can't blame the man who has got his winter's coal in for feeling just a little better than the rest of the neighborhood.

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE when you want Perry Davis' Pain-Expeller, as nothing is as good for rheumatism, neuralgia and similar troubles. 70 years in constant use. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

There is a place for everything, and the place for slippers is very often on the seat of a small boy's trousers.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

A good guesser always boasts of his intuition.