

## A NEW TOWN EVERY WEEK

AND A NEW SCHOOL EVERY SCHOOL DAY.

The above caption about represents the growth of Central Canada. The statement was made not long since by a railroad man who claimed to have made the remarkable discovery that such was the case. There is not a district of a fair amount of settlement in any of the three Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but has its school, and the railways have stations every seven or eight miles apart, around which group the towns, some large and some small, but each important to its own district. Schools are largely maintained by public funds and the expense of tuition is but a nominal sum.

The final returns of the grain production for Central Canada for 1909 is now in, and the figures show that the value of the crops to the farmers of that country is about 195 million dollars, as compared with 120 million last year. American farmers or those who have gone from the United States, will participate largely in these splendid returns, and those comprise those who have gone from nearly every State in the Union.

One of the many proofs that might be put forward showing the immense wealth that comes to the farmers of Central Canada is seen in the sum that has been spent during the past two or three months by the farmers who have for the time being ceased worrying over the reaper and the threshing, and are taking to enjoying themselves for two or three months. It is said that fifty thousand people of these Western Provinces spent the holiday season visiting their old homes. Most of these passengers paid forty and some forty-five dollars for the round trip. Some went to Great Britain, some to the Continent, others to their old homes in Eastern Canada, and many thousands went to visit their friends in the States. The amount paid alone in transportation would be upward of two million dollars. Some make the trip every year. It need not be asked, "Can they afford it?" With crops yielding them a profit of \$20 to \$25 per acre, and some having as much as twelve hundred or more acres, the question is answered. The Canadian Government Agents at different points in the States report that they have interviewed a great many of those who are now visiting friends in the different states, and they all express themselves as well satisfied, and promise to take some of their friends back with them. There is still a lot of free homestead land in splendid districts, and other lands can be purchased at a reasonable price from railway and land companies.

### A PROPOSAL.



Housewife—You always seem to enjoy eating my food, but my husband is never suited with it!  
Boggar—Say, get a divorce and marry me!

### WHY PEOPLE SUFFER.

Too often the kidneys are the cause and the sufferer is not aware of it. Sick kidneys bring backache and side pains, lameness and stiffness, dizziness, headaches, tired feeling, urinary troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the cause. Mrs. N. E. Graves, Villisca, Iowa, says: "I suffered from kidney trouble for years. The secretions were disordered, there were pains in my back and swellings of the ankles. Often I had smothering spells. I had to be helped about. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me five years ago and I have been well since. They saved my life."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Real Early Rising.

Farmer Brown and Farmer Jones were near neighbors, and many a dispute took place as to who was the earlier riser. Both maintained that each excelled the other.

One day Farmer Brown determined to put the subject to test. Rising very early one morning, about two o'clock, he proceeded to visit his friend. Great was his astonishment when he saw Mrs. Jones hanging out the clothes in the garden.

"Farmer Jones about?" he asked.  
"Well," replied the lady, "he was the first part of the mornin', but I dunno where he be now."

### The Usual Way.

Smith—Did the lawyer get anything out of your uncle's estate?  
Jones—Get anything? He got it all.

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

One fisherman ought to believe the stories of another, but he seldom does.

# 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 entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port 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 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 canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with \$1,000. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been passing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molest the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitous Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted coming with her father despite her aunt's pretensions, in a night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. Helen's lover escaped. At the town post office Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft into the hand of the Italian sailor. She also signaled her father. Miss Pat and Donovan "took in" the canoe. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, which Helen was thought to have been at home. Donovan met Gillespie.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"I, myself," he continued, taking a chair near me and placing his feet in an open window, "am cursed with rugged health. I have quite recovered from those unkind cuts at the nunnery—thanks to your ministrations—and am willing to put on the gloves with you at any time."

"You do me great honor; but the affair must wait for a lower temperature."

"As you will! It is not like my great and gracious ways to force a fight. Pardon me, but may I inquire for the health of the ladies at Saint What's-her-name's?"

"They are quite well, thank you."  
"I am glad to know it;—and his tone lost for the moment its jauntyness. "Henry Holbrook has gone to New York."

"Good riddance!" I exclaimed, heartily. "And now—"  
"—And now if I would only follow suit, everything would be joy plus for you!"

He laughed and slapped his knees at my discomfiture, for he had read my thoughts exactly.

"You certainly are the only blot on the landscape!"  
"Quite so. And if I would only go hence the pretty little idyl that is being enacted in the delightful garden, under the eye of a friendly chaperon, would go forward without interruption."

He spoke soberly, and I had observed that when he dropped his chaff a note of melancholy crept into his talk. He folded his arms and went on: "She's a wonderful girl, Donovan. There's no other girl like her in all the wide world. I tell you it's hard for a girl like that to be in her position—the whole family broken up, and that contemptible father of hers hanging about with his schemes of plunder. It's pitiful, Donovan; it's pitiful!"

"It's a cheerless mess. It all came after the bank failure, I suppose."  
"Practically, though the brothers never got on. You see my governor was bit by their bank failure; and Miss Pat resented the fact that he backed off when stung. But the Gillespies take their medicine; father never squealed, which makes me sore that your Aunt Pat gives me the icy eye."

"Their affairs are certainly mixed," I replied, non-committally.  
"They are indeed; and I have studied the whole business until my near mind is muddled up, like scrambled eggs. Your own pretty idyl of the sunnery garden adds the note piquante. Cross my palm with gold and I'll tell you of strange things that lie in the future. I have an idea, Donovan; singular though it seem, I've a notion in my head."

"Keep it," I retorted, "to prevent a cranial vacuum."  
"Crushed! Absolutely crushed!" he replied, gloomily. "Kick me, I'm only the host."

We were silent while the few sounds of the village street drifted in. He rose and paced the floor to shake off his mood, and when he sat down he seemed in better spirits.

"Holbrook will undoubtedly return," I said.  
"Yes; there's no manner of doubt about that."

"And then there will be more trouble."  
"Of course."  
"But I suppose there's no guessing when he will come back."

"He will come back as soon as he's spent his money."  
I felt a delicacy about referring to that transaction on the pier. It was a wretched business, and I now realized that the shame of it was not lost on Gillespie.

"How does Henry come to have that?"



"What the Devil Did You Bring Me Up Here For?"

Italian scoundrel with him?" I asked after a pause.

"He's the skipper of the Stiletto," Gillespie replied, readily.  
"He's a long way from tide-water," I remarked. "A blackguard of just his sort once called me around the Italian peninsula in a felucca, and saved me from drowning on the way. His heroism was not, however, wholly disinterested. When we got back to Naples he robbed me of my watch and money-belt and I profited by the transaction, having intended to give him double their value. But there are plenty of farm boys around the lake who could handle the Stiletto. Henry didn't need a dago expert."

The mention of the Italian clearly troubled Gillespie. After a moment he said:

"He may be holding on to Henry instead of Henry's holding on to him. Do you see?"

"No; I don't."  
"Well, I have an idea that the dago knows something that's valuable. Last summer Henry went cruising in the Sound with a pretty rotten crowd, poker being the chief diversion. A man died on the boat before they got back to New York. The report was that he fell down a hatchway when he was drunk, but there were some ugly stories in the papers about it. That Italian sailor was one of the crew."

"Where is he now?"  
"Over at Battle Orchard. He knows his man and knows he'll be back. I'm waiting for Henry, too. Helen gave him \$20,000. The way the market is running he's likely to go broke any day. He plays stocks like a crazy man, and after he's busted he'll be back on our hands."

"It's hard on Miss Pat."  
"And it's harder on Helen. She's in terror all the time for fear her father will go up against the law and bring further disgrace on the family. There's her Uncle Arthur, a wanderer on the face of the earth for his sins. That was bad enough without the rest of it."

"That was greed, too, wasn't it?"  
"No, just general enviousness. He blew in the Holbrook bank and skipped."

"You told me that Henry Holbrook found his way here ahead of you. How do you account for that?"

He looked at me quickly, and rose, again pacing the narrow room.

"I don't! I wish I could!"  
"It's about the last place in the world to attract him. Port Annandale is a quiet resort frequented by western people only. There's neither hunting nor fishing worth mentioning; and a man doesn't come from New York to Indiana to sail a boat on a thimbleful of water like this lake."

"You are quite right."  
"If Helen Holbrook gave him warning that they were coming here—"

"Don't you dare say it! She couldn't have done it! She wouldn't have done it! I tell you I know, independently of her, that he was here before Father Stoddard ever suggested this place to Miss Pat!"

"Well, you needn't get so hot about it."  
"And you needn't insinuate that she is not acting honorably in this affair! I should think that after making love to her, as you have been doing, and playing the role of comforter to Miss Pat, you would have the decency not to accuse her of connivance with Henry Holbrook."

"You let your jealousy get the better

of your good sense. I have not been making love to Miss Holbrook!" I declared, angrily, and knew in my heart that I lied.

"Well, Irishman," he exclaimed with entire good humor; "let us not bring up mine host to find us locked in mortal combat."

"What the devil did you bring me up here for?" I demanded.

"Oh, just to enjoy your society. I get lonesome sometimes. I tell you a man does get lonesome in this world when he has nothing to lean on but a blooming button factory and a stepmother who flits among the world's expensive sanatoria. I know you have never had Button, button, who's got the button?" chanted in your ears, but may I ask whether you have ever known the joy of a stepmother? I can see that your answer will be an unregretful negative."

He was quite the fool again, and stared at me vacuously.

"My stepmother is not the common type of juvenile fiction. She has never attempted during her widowhood to rob the orphan or to poison him. Bless your Irish heart, no! She's a good woman, and rich in her own right, but I couldn't stand her dietary. She's afraid I'm going to die. Donovan! She thinks everybody's going to die. Father died of pneumonia and she said ice-water in the finger-bowl did it, and she wanted to have the butler arrested for murder. She had a new disease for me every morning. It was worse than being left with a button-works to draw a stepmother like that. She ate nothing but hot water and zweibach sausage and buckwheat cakes every day. She caught me one day clearing up a couple of chickens and a mug of Bass with the gardener, and it was all over. She had noticed, she said, that I had been coughing of late—I was doing a few cigarettes too many, that was all—and wired to New York for doctors. She had all sorts, Donovan—alienists and pneumogastric specialists and lung experts."

"The people on Strawberry Hill thought there was a medical convention in town. I was kidnapped on the golf course, where I was about to win the eastern Connecticut long-drive cup, and locked up in a dark room at home for two days while they tested me. They made all the known tests, Donovan. They tested me for diseases that haven't been discovered yet, and for some that have been extinct since the days of Noah. You can see where that put me. I was afraid to fight or sulk for fear the alienists would send me to the madhouse. I was afraid to eat for fear they would think that was a symptom, and every time I asked for food the tape-worm man looked intelligent and began prescribing, while the rest of them were terribly chagrined because they hadn't scored first. The only joy I got out of the rumpus was in hitting one of those alienists a damned hard clip in the ribs, and I'm glad I did it. He was feeling my medulla oblongata at the moment, and as I resent being man-handled I patted him one—he was a young chap, and fair game—I patted him one, and then grabbed a suit-case and slid. I stole away in a clambot for New Haven, and kept right on up into northern Maine, where I stayed with the Indians until my father's retent went off broken hearted to Bad Neuhelm to drink the waters. And here I am, by the grace of God, in

perfect health and in full control of the button market of the world."

"You have undoubtedly been sorely tried," I said as he broke off mournfully. In spite of myself I had been entertained. He was undeniably a fellow of curious humor and with unusual experience of life. He followed me to the street, and as I rode away he called me back as though to impart something of moment.

"Did you ever meet Charles Darwin?"

"He didn't need me for proof, Button."

"I wish I might have had one word with him. It's on my mind that he put the monkeys back too far. I should be happier if he had brought them a little nearer up to date. I should feel less lonesome, Irishman."

He stopped me again.  
"Once I had an ambition to find an honest man, Donovan, but I gave it up—it's easier to be an honest man than to find one. I give you peace!"

I had learned some things from the young button king, but much was still opaque in the affairs of the Holbrooks. The Italian's presence assumed a new significance from Gillespie's story. He had been party to a conspiracy to kill Holbrook, alias Harbridge, on the night of my adventure at the house-boat, and I fell to wondering who had been the shadowy director of that enterprise—the coward who had hung off in the creek and waited for the evil deed to be done.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### The Gate of Dreams.

In my heart I was anxious to do justice to Gillespie. Sad it is that we are all so given to passing solemn judgment on trifling testimony! I myself am not impeccable. I should at any time give to the lions a man who uses his thumb as a paper-cutter; for such a one is clearly marked for brutality. My prejudices rally as to a trumpet-call at the sight of a girl wearing overshoes or nibbling bonbons—the one suggestive of predatory habits and weak lungs, the other of nervous dyspepsia.

The night was fine, and after returning my horse to the stable I continued on to the Glenarm boathouse. I was strolling along, pipe in mouth, and was half-way up the boathouse steps when a woman shrank away from the veranda rail, where she had been standing, gazing out upon the lake. There was no mistaking her. She was not even disguised to-night, and as I advanced across the little veranda she turned toward me. The lantern over the boathouse door suffused us both as I greeted her.

"Pardon me, Miss Holbrook; I'm afraid I have disturbed your meditations," I said. "But if you don't mind—"

"You have the advantage of being on your own ground," she replied.

"I waive all my rights as tenant if you will remain."

"It is much nicer here than on St. Agatha's pier; you can see the lake and the stars better. On the whole," she laughed, "I think I shall stay a moment longer, if you will tolerate me."

I brought out some chairs and we sat down by the rail, where we could look out upon the star-dawn heavens and the dark floor of stars beneath. Helen bent forward with her elbows resting on the rail, her hands clasped under her chin. The lamplight fell full upon her slightly lifted head, and upon her shoulders, over which lay a flimsy veil. She hummed dreamily for a moment while I watched her. Had she one mood for the day and another for the night? I had last seen her that afternoon after an hour of tennis, at which she was expert, and she had run away through Glenarm gate with a taunt for my defeat; but now the spirit of stars and of all earth's silent things was upon her. I looked twice and three at her clearly outlined profile, at the brow with its point of dark hair, at the hand where the emerald was clearly distinguishable, and satisfied myself that there could be no mistake about her.

"You grow bold," I said, anxious to hear her voice. "You don't mind the plectra a bit!"

"No, I'm quite superior to walls and fences. You have heard of those East Indians who appear and disappear through closed doors; well, we'll assume that I had one of those fellows for an ancestor! It will save the trouble of trying to account for my exits and entrances. I will tell you in confidence, Mr. Donovan, that I don't like to be obliged to account for myself!"

#### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Most Obstinate Things.**  
A bachelor says a mule is the most obstinate thing on earth, but married men know better.—Chicago Daily News.

**River's Immense Traffic.**  
In the River Lek, Holland, and its connecting canal to Amsterdam the traffic amounts to over 60,000 vessels of all kinds per annum.

## OMAHA PEOPLE GREATLY EXCITED

THE GREAT COOPER AS HE IS CALLED HAS STIRRED UP THAT CITY TO A REMARKABLE DEGREE.

Omaha, Nebraska, January 26.—This city is at present in the midst of an excitement beyond anything that it has experienced in recent years.

Old and young, rich and poor, all seem to have become beside themselves over an individual who was a stranger to Omaha up to two weeks ago.

The man who has created all this turmoil is L. T. Cooper, President of the Cooper Medicine Co., of Dayton, Ohio, who is at present introducing his preparations in this city for the first time.

Cooper is a man about thirty years of age and has acquired a fortune within the past two years by the sale of some preparations of which he is the owner.

Reports from eastern cities that preceded the young man here were of the most startling nature, many of the leading dailies going so far as to state that he had nightly cured in public places rheumatism of years' standing with one of his preparations. The physicians of the East contradicted this statement, claiming the thing to be impossible, but the facts seemed to bear out the statement that Cooper actually did so.

In consequence people flocked to him by thousands and his preparations sold like wildfire.

Many of these stories were regarded as utopian in Omaha and until Cooper actually reached this city little attention was paid to them. Hardly had the young man arrived, however, when he began giving demonstrations, as he calls them, in public, and daily met people afflicted with rheumatism, and with a single application of one of his preparations actually made them walk without the aid of either canes or crutches.

In addition to this work Cooper advanced the theory that stomach trouble is the foundation of nine out of ten diseases and claimed to have a preparation that would restore the stomach to working order and thus get rid of such troubles as catarrh and affections of the kidneys and liver, in about two weeks' time.

This statement seems to have been borne out by the remarkable results obtained through the use of his preparation, and now all Omaha is apparently read over the young man.

How long the tremendous interest in Cooper will last is hard to estimate. At present there seems to be no sign of a let-up. Reputable physicians claim it to be a fact that will die out as soon as Cooper leaves.

In justice to him, however, it must be said that he seems to have accomplished a great deal for the sick of this city with his preparations.

**Childish Inference.**  
Little Julia was taking her afternoon walk with her mother. Her attention was attracted for the first time to a large church edifice on one of the street corners.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "whose nice big house is that?"

"That, Julia, is God's house," explained the mother.

"Some time later it happened that the child was again taken by the church, this time on Sunday evening when services were in progress. Julia, noticing the brilliantly lighted windows, drew her own conclusions.

"Oh, look, mother," she called out. "God must be having a party!"

**FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS AND COUGHS.**  
Allen's Lung Balsam cures when all other remedies fail. This reliable medicine has been sold for over 40 years. See the following: All dealers.

Cheap notoriety often turns out to be an expensive luxury.

## Nebraska Directory

**Money Back if Uncle Sam Breakfast Food Does not relieve you of Constipation**

Every package bears the above guarantee and not one has yet asked for their money.

Ask your grocer. **He Certainly Knows**

**JOHN DEERE PLOWS ARE THE BEST**  
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., OMAHA, NEB.

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

**CREAM**  
KODAKS AND KODAK FINISHING  
Mail orders given special attention. All kinds amateur supplies strictly fresh. Send for catalogue. LINCOLN PHOTO SUPPLY CO. Lincoln, Neb.

**Lincoln Tannery Fur Coats, Robes, Rugs**  
Specialty. Highest Prices paid for Hides. Send for prices and tags. HENRY HOLM, 134 So. 9th Street, Lincoln, Neb.