DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every

bottle of Swamp-Root. . It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper —Advertisement.

FLATLY REFUSED TO "SLIDE"

Elderly Lady's Dignity Was Hurt by Request Made to Her by Fellow Passenger.

She was one of those fussy little old women, all primped and with her hair in a curi.

When she got aboard the street car several men-yes, there are some who still respect gray hairs on a street car -got up and offered a seat. She accepted one gentlemanly proffer, but didn't keep the seat long. When she had finally found repose a woman next to her said :

"Would you mind sliding over just a bit, please? Then another lady can have a seat."

Her gray-haired majesty rose to Jofty heights,

"Slide? Slide?" she sputtered. "I will not slide. I will arise and take my body elsewhere."

And, sulting her actions to her words, she arose and took her body up to the front of the car, where her dignity would not be assaulted by a request to slide .- Indianapolis News.

Called to Order. Father (sternly, at breakfast the **bext** morning):

"You are not under the impression that you are living in Norway, sir?" His Son and Heir-Er-no. Wwhat makes you ask me that?

Father-Nothing; only from the time you got in last night I concluded you thought this was the land of the midnight sun. See that you are not out later than ten tonight, or you will hear from me.

No Interference.

"Didn't you see Jimmy?" demanded Mrs. Jones.

"I did." said Mr. Jones. "He was playing ball, and when I saw him he

A Man To His Mate By J. ALLEN DUNN

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About thirty, Rainey judged him. the prime of his strength.

"Snow-blinded, matey," said the man, "North o' Point Barrow, a year an' more ago. Brought me up all standin', What are you? Steamer Jim." man? Purser, maybe?"

"Newspaper man," answered Rainey. 'Waterfront detail. For the Times." "You don't say so, matey? A writer, eh ?"

Again Rainey felt the tug of that something back of the dark lenses, some speculation going on in the man's mind concerning him. And he felt the firm fingers contract ever so slightly, sinking into the muscles of his forearm for a second with a hint of how they could bruise and paralyze at will. A faint sense of revulsion fought with his natural inclination to aid the handlcapped mariner, and he shook it off.

"The Karluk sails tomorrow," he said. "I had a short talk with Captain Simms when she docked. Not much his hand. of a yarn. She didn't have a good trip, you know."

"Why, I didn't know. But-hold a minnit, will ye? You see, Simms is an old shipmate of mine. He don't dream I'm within a hundred miles o' here. Aye, or a thousand." He gave a deep-chested chuckle. "Now, then, matey, look here."

Rainey was anchored by the compelling grip. They stood next to the slip in which the sealer lay. The Karluk's decks were deserted, though there was smoke coming from the galley stovepipe.

"Simms is likely to be aboard," went on the other. "Ye see, I know his ways. An' I've come a long trip to see him. Nigh missed him. Only got in from Seattle this mornin'. He ain't expectin' me, an' it's in my miad to surprise him. By way of a joke. How's the deck? Clear?"

"No one in sight," said Rainey. "Fine. Do me a favor, matey, an' pilot me down into the cabin, if so be the skipper's there. If he ain't, I'll wait for him. I've got the right an' run o' the Karluk's cabin. I know ev'ry inch of her. You'll see when we go aboard. Let's go."

Rainey led him down the gangway to the deck of the senier, still cluttered a bit with unstowed gear. Once aboard, the blind man seemed to walk ith assurance, guiding himself with touches here and there that showed his familiarity with the vessel's rig. He approached the cabin skylight, lifted it on the port side. Through it came the murinur of voices. The blind man nodded in satisfaction and widened his grin with a warning "hush-sh" to his guide. "We'll fool 'em proper," he lipped rather than uttered. The companion doors were closed, but they opened noiselessly. The stairs were carpeted with corrugated rubber that muffled all sound. Two men sat at the cabin table, leaning forward, hands and forearms outstretched, fingering something. One Rainey recognized as the captain, Simms-a heavy, square-built man, gray-haired, clean-shaven, his flesh tanned, yet somehow unhealthy, as if the bronze was close to tarnishing. The other was younger, tall, nervously active, with dark eyes and a dark mustache and beard, the latter trimmed to a vandyke. Between them was a long, slim sack of leather, a miner's poke. It was half full of something that stuffed its lower extremity solid, without doubt the same substance that glistened in the mouth of the sack and the palms of the two men-gold-coarse dust of gold! Rainey felt himself thrust to one side as the blind man straddled across the bottom of the companionway, towering in the cabin while he thrust his stick with a thump on the floor and thundered, in a bellow that seemed to fill the place and come tumbling back in deafening echo: "Karluk ahoy!" The face of Captain Simms paled. the tan turned to a sickly gray, and his jaw dropped. Rainey saw fear come into his eyes. His companion him left to rescue. Hands an' feet au' did not stir a muscle except for the quick shift of his glance, but went on sitting at the table, the gold in one palm, the fingers of his other hand north of Bering strait, west of Kotzeresting on the grains, "Jim Lund!" gasped the captain hoarsely. "That's me, you skulking sculpin! Thought I was bear meat by this nize it-it ain't an easy place to fordidn't you, blast yore rotten soul to get for one who has eyes-an' then h-1! But I'm back, Bill Simms. Back, an' this time you don't slip me!" Jim Lund's face was purple-red with rage, great velns standing out upon it so swollen that it seemed they must surely burst and discharge their congested contents. He looked, Rainey thought, like a blind Berserker, restrained only by his affliction. "You left me blind on the floe, Bill Simms !" he roared. "Blind, in a drivin' blizzard with the ice breakin' up! If I didn't have use for yore carcass I'd twist yore head from yore scaly body like I'd pull up a carrot." Lund's fingers opened and closed convulsively.

ow the soft loose collar of his shirt, | captain, and to Rainey his words | on the ice after bear an' we kill a lacked conviction. "I didn't know you | Kadlak bear. Me-I'll never stand for Buffeted by time and weather, but in were blind. I heard you shout just the shootin' of another bear if I can before the blizzard broke loose, stop it. There's others present, Jim, I can ex-

"I've bin havin' trouble with my plain it to you when we're by oureyes right along. I'm on the floe not selves. When you're a mite calmer, eighty yards from Simms. No, not sixty! It was me killed the bear, an' Lund banged his stick down on the table with a smashing blow that made sled. I stayed behind to bleed the brute. All of a sudden, like it always the man with the vandyke heard, still sllent, keenly observant, draw back hits you, snow-blindness gits me, an' 1 his arm with a catlike swiftness that shouts to Honest Simms.

"Along comes a Point Arrow blister. That's a gale that breeds an' bursts of a second out of nowhere. It gathers up all the loose snow an' ice crystals an' drives 'em in a whirlwind You lose yore direction even when you got eyes. I'm left in it by that bligeblooded skunk, blind on the rockin', breakin' floe, while he scuds back to Honest Simms! Jim Lund's left be hind but Honest Simms has the postfor a pestle, still weighing the stuff tion of the island."

"I didn't hear you call out you were blind, Lund. The wind blew your words away. I didn't know but what you were as right as the rest of us very silent. Lund's face was grimly before we perished. We looked for terrible. He stepped back across the you-but the floe was broken up. We

looked-"Shut up !" bellowed Lund. "You sailed inside of twenty-four hours so later, when I could understand talk when I was nigh spent. I ripped it up and clawed some of the warm guts lambs, \$8.25-9.50.

an' climbed inside the bloody body an staved there till it got cold an clamped down over me. Waitin' for you to come an' git me. Hones Simms!

"That bear was bed and board to me until the natives found it, an' me in it, more dead than alive. Neve mind the rest. I get here the day be fore you start back for more gold.

"An' I'm goin' with you. But firs I'm goin' to have a full an' fair ac countin' o' what you got already. I've got this young chap with me, an' he'l give me a hand to'ard a square deal.' Lund propelled Rainey forward : few steps and then loosened his grip The captain of the Karluk appealed to him directly.

"Mr. Lund is unstrung," said the weather. We barely saved the ship. a very little, before we were drivet

MARKET REVIEW

Complied by the Nebraska State Bureau.

FURTHER DECLINES IN GRAIN

Potatoes Higher. Butter and Eygs Lower. Receipts of Livestock Light on Account of Strike Situation. Beef Steers and She-stock 25-50c lower. Hogs and Sheep Steady to Lower.

LIVESTOCK.

Cattle-On account of reduced forces at packing plants and narrow we're goin' back to the schooner for a shipping demand, the moderate run of beef cattle at Omnha last week proved burdensome at times and the market showed weakness. Yearlings and handyweights were in good demand and usually cleared readily. Beef steers and she-stock were 25-50c lower. The bulk of steers of all weights sold at \$6-\$7, with a few yearlings up to \$9.25. The bulk of cows and heifers tanged from \$3.50-5.00. Choice fat rows up to \$4.50-5.50, Select yeals mostly \$7.75 to \$8.50. The run of stockers and feeders was moderate, the schooner with his men. That's the bulk selling at a spread of \$5.25-6.00.

Hogs-Receipts of hogs were liberal but with a broad shipping demand, supplies found a good clearance thruout the week. Light butchers were in greatest favor selling mostly at \$6.40-6.55. Choice 200-250 lb. butchers \$6.25 We found the schooner by sheer luck 6.45. Bulk of good hogs ranged from \$6.25-6.55. Packing sows \$4.75-5.00.

Sheep-The run of sheep was heavier the first two days but became light toward the middle of the week. Some demand from shippers, together with Honest Simms. The natives told me buying by local packers, resulted in ready clearance at steady to lower ag'in. D'ye know what saved me? The prices. Bulk of lambs sales ranged bear! 1 stumbled over the carcass from \$9.25-10.60. Yearlings, \$6.75-8.00. Ewes around \$4.50. Feeding

GRAIN.

Wheat-The wheat market was unsteady and trending downward in spite of the drouth situation and s decrease in the visible supply of 426, 900 bushels. For the week, Chicage May wheat declined 1%c; Kansas City 11%c.

Corn-Corn declined with wheat and export inquiry was lacking Country offerings were lighter. The visible supply was 15,950,000 bushels an increase of 432,000 bushels for the week. Local demand from feeders was reported improving.

POTATOES.

The latest estimated total shipments for the U.S. for the entire season was 160,000 cars compared captain. "He is under the delusion with 196,611 cars shipped last year that we deliberately deserted him and Carlot shipments have been running later, found the gold he speaks of below the average weekly require The first charge is nonsense. We dld ments lately. Haulings were reported all that was possible in the frightfu light and demand limited. Consuming markets advanced 5-10c during the "As for the gold, we touched on the week, closing at \$1.60-2.00 per 100 island, and we did some prospecting lbs, in leading middle western markets. Omaha market: R. R. Ohlos, No. offshore. The dust in the poke is al 1, \$1.60. Nebraska Early Ohios, No we secured. We are going back for 2, \$1.25-1.30. Western Nebraska, Irmore, quite naturally. I can prove al rigated Districts-Carloads, f. o. b .-Sacked White varieties, No. 1, \$1.00 Sacked Bliss Triumphs, No. 1, seed.



with ye, eyes or no eyes, an' I'll keep tabs on ye, Bill Simms, by day and night. You can lay to that, you slimy-hearted swab!" His voice had risen again. Rainey saw the sweat standing out on the captain's forehead as he answered :

companionway.

"Of course you'll come, Jim. No need for you to talk this way."

only just evaded the stroke. The

heavy wood landed fairly on the filled

half of the poke and caused some of

"What's that I hit?" asked Lund.

"Soft, like a rat," He'lunged forward,

felt for the poke, and found it, lifted

it, hefted it, his forehead puckered

with deep seams, discovered the open

end, poured out some of the colors on

one palm, and used that for a mortar,

grinding at the grains with his finger

with a slight up-an-down movement of

He nodded as he slipped the poke

"So," he said, his deep voice muf-

fled by some swift restraint, "you

found it. And yo're going back after

more?" His forehead was still creased

with puzzlement, "Wal, I'm going

into a side pocket, and the cabin grew

the gold to leap out of the mouth.

"No need to talk! By the eternal,

what I've got to say's bin steamin' in me for fourteen months o' blackness,

was on second base."

"Well, why didn't you bring him home?"

"My dear, I wasn't in the game. It was up to the batter to bring him home,"-Chicago Herald.

Foul Play.

The Scottish bowling team is accompanied by a band of pipers which plays prior to every important match. The general opinion is that this gives a very unfulr advantage to the Northerners, who are used to it .- The Passing Show (London).

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily tollet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum, Advertisement,

Not Normal.

Bernard-Been fishing? Peters-Yes. "Caught anything?" "No; even the fish refuse to return to their prewar balt."-London Answers.

Page Mr. Edison.

"I've heard that the new talking machines have an automatic selfstopping device." "Huh! Then my wife must be an

old medel."

Three to One.

Knick, Jr .- What is the rule of three ?" Knick, Sr.-Wife, daughter and

mother-in-law.-New York Sun.

Auriferous Matter.

"Maud's husband seems to be pretfy common clay." "Well, she gets the rocks out of him all right."

Sure.

"His wife is a pretty picture," "Yes, but it costs a lot to frame her !"-Wayside Tales.

Proof.

"Are you a good cook?" "Yes, ma'am. I go to church every Sunday."-Tit-Bits.

People with happy dispositions seldom sway the world, but they ought to have a pension.

When some people talk we are reminded of a dictonary with the definitions left out.

Why does a woman always turn her back to her companion when she opens her purse?

Patience is all right in its place, but it is better to back tenacity to win.

n in F. an Oxford man who is. has traveled the world and settled down here fifteen years ago to write short stories and a dozen or so thrilling "best sellers." This story is as fascinating as Jack London's "Sea Wolf"and less brutal.

THE DEAD ALIVE

The face of Captain Simms

paled, the tan turned to a sick-

ly gray, and his jaw dropped.

Rainey saw fear come into his

eyes. His companion did not

stir a muscle except for the

quick shift of his glance, but

went on sitting at the table.

the gold in one palm, the fin-

gers of his other hand resting

"Jim Lund!" gasped the

"That's me, you skulking

sculpin! Thought I was bear

meat by this, didn't you, blast

yore rotten soul to h-1! But

I'm back, Bill Simms. Back,

an' this time you don't slip

"You left me blind on the

floe. Bill Limms!" he roared

"Blind, in a drivin' blizzard

with the ich breakin' up! If

I didn't have use for yore car-

cass I'd twist yore head from

yore scaly body like I'd pull

Well, here they are the main characters in the best sea

tale that J. Allen Dunn ever

wrote-all except Peggy, the

captain's handtome daughter.

The scene is the main cabin of

the Karluk, about to sail from

San Francisco to the mysteri-ous islands of the North Pacific

for gold—a sample of which lies on the table. Lund, re-turned from the dead, and snow-blind, breaks in upon the "Syndicate." The man handling

the gold is Carlsen, physician and math, who is planning to kill the captain with drugs,

seize his daughter and make off with the gold. Rainey, a news-paper man there by chance, is shanghaied when the Karluk

Of course the handsome Peg-

gy is the "mate." But who is the "man" - Lund? Carlsen?

"Karluk ahoy!"

on the grains.

me! . .

up a carrot."

sails

Rainey?

captor, hoarsely.

CHAPTER I.

Blind Samson. It was perfect weather along the

San Francisco waterfront, and Ralney reacted to the brisk touch of the trade-wind upon his cheek, the breeze tempering the sun, bringing with it a tang of the open sea and a hint of oriental spices from the wharves. The dull thump of a heavy cane upon the timbered walk and the shuffle of uncertain feet warned him from blundering into a man tapping his way along the Embarcadero, a giant who halted abruptly and faced him, leaning on the

heavy stick. "Matey," asked the giant, "could you put a blind man in the way of finding the sealin' schooner Karluk ?"

The voice fitted its owner, Rainey thought-a basso voice tempered to the occasion, a deep-sea voice that could bellow above the roar of a gale if needed. For all his shoregoing clothes and shuffle, the man was certainly a satlor, or had been. He wore dark glasses with side lenses, over which heavy brows projected in shag-

gy wisps of red hair. Blind as the man proclaimed himself with voice and action, Rainey sensed something back of those colored glasses that seemed to be appraising him, almost as if the will of the man was peering, or listening, focused through those listless sockets. "You're not fifty yards from the Karluk," Rainey replied. "But you're bound in the wrong direction. Let me put you right. I'm going that way myself."

"That's kind of ye, matey," said the other. "But I picked ye for that sort, hearin' you whistlin' as you came swingin' along. Give'me the touch of yore arm, matey."

Rainey wonderingly sized up his consort. The stranger's bulk was enormous. Rainey was well over the average himself, but he was only a stripling beside this hulk, this stranded hulk, of manhood. And, for all the spectacled eyes and shuffling feet, there was a stamp of co-ordinated strength about the giant that bespoke the blind Samson. Given eyes, Rainey could imagine him agile as a panther, strong as a bear.

His weight was made up of thews and sinews, spare and solid flesh without an ounce of waste, upon a mighty skeleton. His face was heavy-bearded in hair of flaming, curling red, from high cheekbones down out of sight be-

"I looked for you, Jha," pleaded the

"What's That | Hit?" Asked Lund.

an' it's comin' out, now it's started! Who's this man, who was talkin' with ye when I come aboard?"

"That's Doctor Carlsen. He's to be surgeon this trip, Jim," said Simms deprecatingly, though he darted a look at Rainey half suspicious, half resentful.

Rainey, on the hint, turned toward the ladder quietly enough, but Lund had nipped him by the biceps before Rainey had taken a step.

"You'll stay right here," said Lund, "while I tell you an' this Doc Carlsen what kind of a man Simms is, with his poke full of gold and me with the price of my last meal spent two hours ago. I won't spin out the yarn.

"I rescued an Aleut off a bit of a berg one time. There warn't much of nose was frozen so he lost 'em, but the pore devil was grateful, an' he toldme something. Told about an Island bue sound, where there was gold on the beach richer and thicker than it ever lay at Nome. I makes for it, gits close enough for my Aleut to recogwe're blown south, an' we git into ice an' trouble. The Aleut dies, an' I

lose my ship. But I was close enough to get the reckonin' of that Island.

meet up with the man they call Hardluck Simms. Also they called him Honest Simms those days. I like him, an' I finally tell him about my island. I put up the reckonin', an' he supplies the Karluk, grub, an' crew.

"Simms' luck is still ag'in' him. The Karluk gits into ice, gits nipped an' carried north, 'way north, with wind an' current, frozen tight in a floe. It looks like we've got to winter there. Mind ye, I've given Honest Simms the reckonin' of the island. We go out

this to you by the log." Lund had been standing with hit great head thrust forward as if con \$1.35-1.40. centrating all his remaining senses ir an attempt to judge the captain's talk The doctor sat with one leg crossed smoking a cigarette, his expression sardonic, sphinxlike. To Rainey, 1 little bewildered at being dragged late the affair, and annoyed at it, Captair Simms' words rang true enough. He did not know what to say, whether to

speak at all. Lund supplied the gap. "If that ain't the truth, you lie well Simms," he said. "But I don't trus

ve. You lie when you say you didn't hear me call out 1 was blind, Sixti

yards away, I was, an' the wind hadn' started. You deserted me-left me blind, tucked in the bloody, freezin stock featured the butter market. carcass of a bear. Left me like the cur you are. Why, you-"

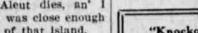
The rising frenzy of Lund's volce was suddenly broken by the clear note of a girl's voice. One of two doors it the after-end of the main cabin hat opened, and she stood in the gap slim, yellow-haired, with gray eyes that blazed as they looked on the little tableau.

"Whe says my father is a cur?" shi demanded. "You?" And she facet Lund with such intrepid challenge it her voice, such stinging contempt, that the giant was silenced.

"I was dressing," she said, "or 1 would have come out before. If you say my father deserted you, you lie !" Captain Simms turned to her. Doc

tor Carlsen had risen and moved toward her. Rainey wished he was on the dock.

"Go into your cabin, Peggy," said the captain. "This is no place for you. I can handle the matter. Lund has cause for excitement; but I car satisfy him."



"Finally I land at Seattle, broke. I

"Knockout drops? I guessed it. That doctor's slick." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Another Sense.

She-"Before we were married you said you couldn't do enough for me." He-"Well, I guess time has proved that I was right."

Goog Luck. "Have any luck on your fishing trip?" "Yep. Won \$28 playing pok er."---Detroit Free Press.

POULTRY. Movement of dressed poultry continued heavy and live poultry prices were steady to higher. Springs, 15 tc 17; Hens (light) 16c, (heavy) 18c Ducks, 16-17c; Geese, 14-15c; Tur-

keys, 35c. Receipts of eggs were heavier and prices were lower both on eastern and local markets. Local prices, per case, \$12; per dozen, select, 45-50c; No 1, 40-45c; No. 2, 26-30c.

DAIRY.

Increased receipts of fresh butter and heavier movement of storage Prices were 2c lower both at easiern and local markets.

Don't Try It.

Standing still won't get you any where, but running is apt to get you where you don't want to be.

An Important "If."

We would all be great if we were measured by the things we intend to do tomorrow,

Dried Orange Peel.

Dried orange peeling is an excellent preventive of moths and produces no

Peruvian Idea of Dignity.

The mayor of the smallest town in Peru feeis that it is incumbent upon him, in order to make the proper display of official dignity, to be accompanied by a band of pipers whenever he appears on any state occasion. These musicians have instruments which consist of a series of reeds strung together and make a weird music.

Uncle Eben's Idea.

"De man dat puts on airs over de common people," said Uncle Fibon sittin' in the mos' dangerous kind of a draft."

Colonial Furniture.

Colonial furniture, as found in the home of our Puritan forefathers, was an adaptation of the best types of English furniture. In it we find the influence of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and of Sheraton-three names that lead in the history of English furniture,