

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 curl.

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 lofty heights.

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

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

Called to Order.

Father (sternly, at breakfast the next morning):

"You are not under the impression that you are living in Norway, sir?"

His Son and Heir—Er—no. What 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 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 howling team is accompanied by a band of pipers which plays prior to every important match.

The general opinion is that this gives a very unfair advantage to the Northerners, who are used to it.—The Passing Show (London).

Cuticura for Pimples Blackheads.

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 toilet purposes.

Not Normal.

Bernard—Been fishing?
Peterson—Yes.

"Caught anything?"

"No; even the fish refuse to return to their prewar bait."—London Answers.

Page Mr. Edison.

"I've heard that the new talking machines have an automatic self-stopping device."

"Huh! Then my wife must be an old model."

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 pretty 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.

A Man To His Mate By J. ALLEN DUNN

THE DEAD ALIVE

"Karluk ahoy!" The face of Captain Simms paled, the tan turned to a sickly gray, and his jaw dropped.

"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."

Well, here they are—the main characters in the best sea tale that J. Allen Dunn ever wrote—all except Peggy, the captain's handsome daughter.

The author, born in England, is an Oxford man who has traveled the world and settled down here fifteen years ago to write short stories and a dozen or so thrilling "best sellers."

CHAPTER I. Blind Samson.

It was perfect weather along the San Francisco waterfront, and Rainey 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.

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 strapping hulk, this hulking, straggled hulk, of manhood.

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-

low the soft loose collar of his shirt. About thirty, Rainey judged him. Buffeted by time and weather, but in the prime of his strength.

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.

"I had a short talk with Captain Simms when she docked. Not much of a yarn. She didn't have a good trip, you know."

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.

"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 of the Karluk's cabin. I know ev'ry inch of her. You'll see when we go aboard. Let's go."

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.

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 companion-way, 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.

"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."

"Jim Lund!" gasped the captain hoarsely. "That's me, you skulking sculpin! Thought I was bear meat by this didn't you, blast yore rotten soul to h—! 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 veins standing out upon it so swollen that it seemed they must surely burst and discharge their congested contents.

"I looked for you, Jim," pleaded the captain, and to Rainey his words lacked conviction. "I didn't know you were blind. I heard you shout just before the blizzard broke loose."

Lund banged his stick down on the table with a smashing blow that made the man with the vandyke beard, still silent, keenly observant, draw back his arm with a catlike swiftness that only just evaded the stroke.

"What's that I hit?" asked Lund. "Soft, like a rat." He lunged forward, felt 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 for a pestle, still weighing the stuff with a slight up-and-down movement of his hand.

He nodded as he slipped the poke into a side pocket, and the cabin grew very silent. Lund's face was grimly terrible. He stepped back across the companionway.

"So," he said, his deep voice muffled by some swift restraint, "you found it. And you're going back after more?" His forehead was still creased with puzzlement.

"No need to talk! By the eternal, what I've got to say's bin steamin' in me for fourteen months o' blackness."



"What's That I 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 him left to rescue. Hands an' feet an' nose was frozen so he lost 'em, but the pore devil was grateful, an' he told me something. Told about an island north of Bering strait, west of Kotzebue sound, where there was gold on the beach richer and thicker than it ever lay at Nome. T makes for it, gits close enough for my Aleut to recognize it—it ain't an easy place to forget for one who has eyes—an' then we'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."

on the ice after bear an' we kill a Kadlak bear. Me—I'll never stand for the shootin' of another bear if I can stop it.

"I've bin havin' trouble with my eyes right along. I'm on the floe not eighty yards from Simms. No, not sixty! It was me killed the bear, an' we're goin' back to the schooner for a sled. I stayed behind to bleed the brute. All of a sudden, like it always hits you, snow-blindness gits me, an' I 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 bilge-blooded skunk, blind on the rockin' breakin' floe, while he scuds back to the schooner with his men. That's Honest Simms! Jim Lund's left behind but Honest Simms has the position 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. We found the schooner by sheer luck before we perished. We looked for you—but the floe was broken up. We looked—"

"Shut up," bellowed Lund. "You sailed inside of twenty-four hours Honest Simms. The natives told me so later, when I could understand talk ag'in. D'ye know what saved me? The bear! I stumbled over the carcass when I was high spent. I ripped it up and clawed some of the warm guts an' climbed inside the bloody body an' stayed there till it got cold an' clamped down over me. Waltin' for you to come an' git me. Honest Simms!"

"That bear was bed and board to me until the natives found it, an' me in it, more dead than alive. Never mind the rest. I get here the day before you start back for more gold.

"An' I'm goin' with you. But first I'm goin' to have a full an' fair accountin' o' what you got already. I've got this young chap with me, an' he'll give me a hand to'ard a square deal."

Lund propelled Rainey forward; a few steps and then loosened his grip. The captain of the Karluk appealed to him directly.

"Mr. Lund is unstrung," said the captain. "He is under the delusion that we deliberately deserted him and later, found the gold he speaks of. The first charge is nonsense. We did all that was possible in the frightful weather. We barely saved the ship."

"As for the gold, we touched on the island, and we did some prospecting a very little, before we were driven offshore. The dust in the poke is all we secured. We are going back for more, quite naturally. I can prove all this to you by the log."

Lund had been standing with his great head thrust forward as if concentrating all his remaining senses if an attempt to judge the captain's talk. The doctor sat with one leg crossed smoking a cigarette, his expression sardonic, sphinxlike.

"What's that I hit?" asked Lund. "Soft, like a rat." He lunged forward, felt 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 for a pestle, still weighing the stuff with a slight up-and-down movement of his hand.

MARKET REVIEW

Compiled by the Nebraska State Bureau.

FURTHER DECLINES IN GRAIN

Potatoes Higher. Butter and Eggs Lower. Receipts of Livestock Light on Account of Strike Situation.

Cattle—On account of reduced forces at packing plants and narrow shipping demand, the moderate run of beef cattle at Omaha last week proved burdensome at times and the market showed weakness.

Hogs—Receipts of hogs were liberal but with a broad shipping demand, supplies found a good clearance throughout the week.

Sheep—The run of sheep was heavier the first two days but became light toward the middle of the week.

Wheat—The wheat market was unsteady and trending downward in spite of the drought situation and a decrease in the visible supply of 426,000 bushels.

Corn—Corn declined with wheat and export inquiry was lacking.

POTATOES. The latest estimated total shipments for the U. S. for the entire season was 100,000 cars compared with 106,611 cars shipped last year.

POULTRY. Movement of dressed poultry continued heavy and live poultry prices were steady to higher.

DAIRY. Increased receipts of fresh butter and heavier movement of storage stock featured the butter market.

Don't Try It. Standing still won't get you anywhere, 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 peel is an excellent preventive of moths and produces no Peruvian Idea of Dignity.

Colonial Furniture. Colonial furniture, as found in the home of our Puritan forefathers, was an adaptation of the best types of English furniture.

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

Goos Luck. "Have any luck on your fishing trip?" "Yep. Won \$28 playing poker."—Detroit Free Press.

"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."