

AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAD HEARD THEM.



Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath?
She—I'm a telephone girl, judge.

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

Apily Defined.

A woman in a town lying under the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator and asked him what he understood by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'rain belt.' It never rains there."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, 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,
Notary Public,
Toledo, O.

London's Bridges.
Few perhaps are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all, it seems, there are no fewer than 75 bridges. Of these 19 are railway bridges, three are bridges over roads (such as Holborn viaduct) and 53 bridges which connect private premises.

BUD DOBLE
The greatest of all horsemen, says: "In my 40 years' experience with horses I have found SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE the most successful of all remedies for the horses. It is the greatest blood purifier." Bottle 50c and \$1.00. Druggists can supply you, or manufacturers, agents wanted. Send for free Book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Often a woman stands in front of a mirror and makes a bluff at adjusting her hat when in reality she is making sure that her front hair is pinned on properly.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time. It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



BLINDFOLDED

BY EADLEY ASHLEY WALCOTT
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SYNOPSIS.
Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task. The ferry boat trip into the city, the remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with protecting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton by Knapp, is taken to a room in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Barton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is struck by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown, Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill, Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Carson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella. Mother Barton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

The traps had not gathered headway before a man bent beside me, and Abrams' voice spoke softly in my ear. "There are two of 'em aboard." "Yes? Where did you find them? I asked." "In the stoke hole. I hid behind a bench till every one had gone and saw 'em crawl out. They bribed a fireman or deckhand or some one to keep 'em under cover. They got off the boat at the last minute and I sneaked after 'em." "And they're on the train?" "Yes, three cars back—next to the sleepers. Shall we chuck 'em overboard as soon as we get out of Oakland?" "Not unless we are attacked," I returned. "Just sit down by the rear door and give the signal if they come this way. There'll be no trouble if they are only two." We reached Livermore at near 11 o'clock, without further incident than a report from Abrams that the spies of the enemy got off the train at every station and watched for our landing. Yet when we stood on the platform of the bare little station at Livermore and saw the yellow cars crawling away on their eastward journey, we looked in vain for the men who had tracked us. "Fooled by thunder!" said Fitzhugh with a laugh in which the others joined. "They're off for Sacramento." "They'll have to earn their money to find us there," said Abrams.

The gray day had become grayer, and the wind blew fresh in our faces with the smell of rain heavy upon it as we sought the hotel. It was a bare country place, yet the trees grew by the hotel and there were vines climbing about its side and it looked as though we might be comfortable for a day, should be have to stay there so long. "Plenty of room," said the landlord, rubbing his hands. "We wish a large room, you know, where we can be together," I said, "and sleeping rooms adjoining." "Here's just the place for you," said the landlord, taking the way to the end of the upper hall and throwing open a double door. "This is the upstairs parlor, but I can let you have it. There's this large bedroom opening off it—the corner bedroom, sir—and this small one here at this side opens into the parlor and the hall. Perhaps you would like this other, too." "This is enough for our comfort," I assured him. "There'll be a fire here in a minute," said the landlord, regarding the miserable little stove with an eye of satisfaction that I attributed to its economical proportions. "This is good enough," said Lockhart, looking about approvingly at the prim horsehair furniture that gave an awesome dignity to the parlor. "Eats our quarters below hollow," said Fitzhugh. "And no need to have your gun where you can grab it when the first man says boo!" "Don't get that idea into your head," said I. "Just be ready for anything that comes. We're not out of the woods yet, by a long way." "They've gone on to Sacramento," laughed Fitzhugh; and the others nodded in sympathy. "Indeed?" I said. "How many of you could have missed seeing a party

of nine get off at a way-station on this line?" "There was silence." "If there's anyone here who thinks he would have missed us when he was set to look for us, just let him speak up." I continued with good-natured raillery. "I guess you're right," said Fitzhugh. "They couldn't have missed seeing us." "Exactly. And they're not off for Sacramento, and not far from Livermore." "Well, they're only two," said Lockhart. "How long will it take to get a dozen more up here?" I asked. "There's a train to Niles about noon," said one of the men. "They could get over from there in an hour or two more by hard riding." "The Los Angeles train comes through about dark," said another. "I think, gentlemen," said I politely, "that we'd best look out for our defenses. There's likely to be a stormy evening, I should judge." "Well," growled Wainwright, "we can look out for ourselves as well as the next fellow." "If there's bloody crowns going round, the other gang will get its share," said Fitzhugh. And the men about me nodded. I was cheered to see that they needed nobody to do their fighting, however advisable it might be to do their thinking by deputy. "Very good," I said. "Now I'll just look about the town a bit. You may



"THERE ARE TWO OF 'EM ABOARD."

come with me, if you please, Fitzhugh." "Yes, sir." "And Abrams and Lockhart may go scouting if they like." Abrams and Lockhart thought they would like. "Better keep together," I continued. "What's the earliest time any one could get here?" "Two o'clock—if they drove over." "I'll be around here by that time. You, Abrams, can look out for the road and see who comes into town." "All right, sir," said Abrams. "There won't anybody get in here without I catch sight of him." Lockhart nodded his assent to the boast, and after cautioning the men who were left behind we sallied forth. The town was a straggling, not unpleasing country place. The business street was depressing with its stores closed and its saloons open. In the residence streets I was better pleased. Man had done little, but nature was prodigal to make up for his omissions. The buildings were poor and flimsy, but in the middle of December the flowers bloomed, vines were green bushes sent forth their leaves and the beauty of the scene even under the leaden skies and rising gale made it a delight to the eye. "Not much of a place," said Fitzhugh, looking disdainfully at the buildings. "Hello! Here's Dick Thatcher. How are you, Dick? It's a year of Sundays that I haven't seen you. This is—er—a friend of mine, Thatcher—you needn't mention that you've seen us." "We needn't be strangers to M.

Thatcher," I laughed. "My name is Wilton. Of course you won't mention our business." "Oh, no, Mr. Wilton," said Thatcher, impressed, and shifting the quid of tobacco in his lantern jaws. "Of course not." "And you needn't say anything of our being here at all," I continued. "It might spoil the trade." "Mum's the word," said Thatcher. "I'll not let a soul know till you say 'Let 'er go.' O Lord! I hope the trade goes through. We want a lot more capital here." Mr. Thatcher began to scratch his head and to expectorate tobacco juice copiously, and I suspected he was wondering what the secret might be that he was not to betray. So I made haste to say: "Is this stable yours?" "Yes, sir," said Thatcher eagerly. "I've been running it nigh on two years now." "Pretty good business, eh, Dick?" said Fitzhugh, looking critically about. "Nothin' to brag on," said Thatcher disparagingly. "You don't make a fortune running a livery stable in these parts—times are too hard." And then Mr. Thatcher unbent, and between periods of vigorous mastication at his end, introduced us to his horses and eagerly explained the advantages that his stable possessed over any other this side of Oakland. "Very good," I said. "We may want something in your line later. We can find you here at any time, I suppose." "O Lord, yes. I live here days and sleep here nights. But if you want to take a look at the property before it gets a wetting you'll have to be pretty spry." My suggestion of a trade had misled the worthy stableman into the impression that I was considering the purchase of real estate. "I'll see about it," I said. "There's a big rain coming on, sure," he said warningly, as we turned back to the hotel. It was a little after 1 o'clock, but as we approached our quarters Lockhart came running toward me. "What is it?" I asked, as he panted out of breath. "There's a special train just come

I went forward to the engine. The engineer was as close-mouthed as though words were going at a dollar apiece and the market bounding upward. When I tried to question the fireman the engineer recovered his tongue and had so many orders to be attended to that my words were lost in a rattle of coal and clang of iron. And the engine, having drunk its fill, changed its labored breathing to a hissing and swishing of steam that sent the hot vapor far on both sides, and then gathering speed, puffed its swift way back the road by which it had come, leaving the car deserted on a siding. "Here's a go!" cried Fitzhugh. "A regular puzzler!" "The first thing is to visit the telegraph office at once," said I. The operator was just locking his little room in the station as we came up. "No, sir, no telegrams," he said; "none for anybody." "That is a new way of running trains," I said with a show of indifference, nodding toward the empty car. "Oh, there was a party came up," said the agent; "a dozen fellows or more. Bill said they took a fancy to get off a mile or more down here, and as they were an ugly-looking crew he didn't say anything to stop them." "I don't see what they can be doing up in this part of the country," I returned innocently. "I guess they know their business—anyway, it's none of mine," said the agent. "Do you go in here, sir? Well, it will save you from a wetting." We had been walking toward the hotel, and the chatty agent left us under its veranda just as the light drops began to patter down in the dust of the road, and to dim the outlines of the distant hills. The home guard of our party received the news calmly. Wainwright had established a modus vivendi with his young charge and I saw that he managed to get a word out of him now and then. I had to abandon the theory that the boy was dumb, but I suspected that it was fear rather than discretion that bridled his tongue. "Do you think the gang have got into town?" asked one. "They'll have wet jackets if they are on the road," I returned, looking at the rain outside. "Hain't we better find out?" inquired Wainwright. "Are you in a hurry?" I asked in turn. "The landlord has promised to send up a good dinner in a few minutes." "But you see—" "Yes, I see," I interrupted. "I see this—that they are here, that there are a dozen or more of them, and that they are ready for any deviltry. What more can we find out by roaming over the country?" Wainwright nodded his agreement with me. "And then," I continued "they won't try to do anything until after dark—not before the middle of the night, I should say—or until the townspeople have gone to bed." "You're right, sir," said Abrams. "A dark night and a clear field suits that gang best." "Well, here's the dinner," said I; "so you can make yourselves easy. Porter, you may keep an eye on the stairway, and Brown may watch from the windows. The rest of us will fall to." In the midst of the meal Porter came in. "Darby Meeker's in the office below," he announced. "Very good," I said. "Just fake Fitzhugh and Wilton with you and ask Mr. Meeker to join us." The men looked blank. Porter was the first to speak. "You don't mean—" "I mean to bring him up here," I said blandly, rising from the table. "I suppose, though, it's my place as host to do the honors." "No—no," came in chorus from the men. "Come on, Porter—Fitzhugh—Wilton," I said; and then added sharply, "sit down, the rest of you! We don't need a regiment to ask a man to dinner."

Worship the Cow.
In the Nigiri hills of southern India there dwells a race of men, the Todas, who devote the whole of their career to the worship of the cow or, to be precise, of the buffalo. Their most sacred temple is a cow house, and the whole life of the people is governed by the most rigid observance of the routine of dairy work, every detail of which is performed with the most elaborate ritual. They alone can perform the duties of milking and butter making which have been duly consecrated for this work by fasting and the performance of mysterious rites. Representing the only priesthood, they are compelled after their initiation for the rest of their days to play the role of the dairyman. The lesser priests may marry, but the high priest must be celibate, at least for a given period of years. Polyandry is the family rule, but divorce is unknown.

The Sympathy of Friendship.
It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not re-enforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or this, I know it was right.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Kind Man!
"Don't follow me, pup," said the good natured man to the lost dog. "I haven't any more home than you have. I live in a flat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Beates of Gorse.
No one who sees a common or hill-side covered with gorse in full flower can fail to appreciate its beauty, and we can well understand such plant lovers as Linnaeus and Dillenius going into ecstasies of delight, as they are reported to have done, when such a sight first burst on their view after being acquainted with the plant from botanical material only.

Character Shapes Our Lives.
We cannot divide our work from ourselves, nor isolate our future from our qualities. A ship might as well try to sail north with her jib and south with her mainsail as a man to go one way in conduct and other way in character. What we do belongs to what we are, and what we are is what becomes of us.—Henry Van Dyke.

Never Satisfied.
Make a man a present of a four-cylinder automobile, and the probabilities are that he will regret that it isn't a six-cylinder affair.

The Long Climb.
It is said that a man begins to go down hill at 40, but a good many people find that the uphill climb begins at that age.

Daily Thought.
Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in exemption in hearing them.—Fenelon.

The Average Woman.
The average woman considers it a compliment if she told she resembles an actress.—Acheson Globe.

Human Nature.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none are just alike, yet each believes his own.—Pope.

Keep It in Your Mind.
Make yourself a sheep and the wolves will eat you.—Italian.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Imperfections of the Perfect.
My studies of people have led me to the conclusion that the high and lofty soul has a good bit of the hypocrite in his composition.—London Outlook.

The Man Who "Knows Better."
In the relationship between the architect and client, when the client "bosses the job," the result is unsatisfactory.—Builders' Journal.

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We grind our own optical bifocal lenses. There is no cement to flake or ugly lines to blur the vision. One solid piece of glass. Ask to see them. Free examination. HUTCHINSON OPTICAL CO., Exclusive Opticians, 213 South 16th Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Factory on premises. Wholesale and Retail.

Omaha Directory
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Wholesale and Retail dealers in everything for a gentleman's table, including Fine Imported Table Dishes. If there is any little item you are unable to obtain in your Home Town, write us for prices on same, as we will be sure to have it. Mail orders carefully filled.
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