

BY WAY OF COMPARISON.

Youngster's First Efforts in the Realm of Natural History.

Four-year-old Clyde was a precocious youngster—very talkative and a close observer. He and his father were strolling through the meadows one morning when Clyde observed, for the first time, some tadpoles in a pond. He waded in and cried out in delight: "Oh, father, what are they?"

"Tadpoles, son," the father replied. "Please, father, let's take them all home with us, then come back and find the mamma and papa, and we'll have the whole family in our pond at home."

The father explained how impossible this would be, and as he walked on a few steps a large ugly frog hopped across their path. Clyde's father said: "Look, son, perhaps there is the papa." Clyde was very thoughtful. He looked at the frog, then at his father, then at himself and exclaimed: "Well, father, was there ever so much difference between me and you?"

EXPERT.



Doc Ahem—You seem to cough with considerable difficulty this morning.

Patient—That's very strange. I've been practicing all night!

Woman Chosen City Alderman.

Mrs. H. J. Gates has just been elected one of the six aldermen of Magee, Tenn. For several years she has taken an active interest in the educational work of her town and wanted to be elected alderman because it would help her in this work. She is reported to have made about the most aggressive campaign ever witnessed in Magee, if not in Tennessee. The town people seemed pleased with her election, and even those who voted against her believe she will make a first-class alderman.

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.

Up-to-Date.

A little girl six years old gave an afternoon tea to some of her friends, and she wished to make it as perfect a reproduction of those given by her mother as was possible.

"What shall you give your friends to eat?" asked the same mother. "I don't know," replied the embryo aesthete, "unless I give them pink tissue paper and cambric tea. Uncle Tom says that's the most fashionable thing."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

All the Difference.

Nini—George says that my beauty intoxicates him.

Elsie—I heard that he said you were enough to drive a man to drink.—Journal Amusant.

Omaha Directory



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BLIND-FOLDED



By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOTT. COPY RIGHT, 1906, BOESZ-MEDRILL COMPANY.

He led the way to California street below Sansome, where he climbed a flight of stairs and went down a hall to a glass door that bore the gilt and painted letters, "Omega Mining Co., J. D. Storey, Pres't."

"There's five minutes to spare," said my employer. "He may be alone."

A stout, florid man, with red side-whiskers and a general air of good living, sat by an over-shadowing desk in the handsome office, and looked sourly at us as we entered. He was not alone, for a young man could be seen in a side room that was lettered "Secretary's Office."

"Ah, Mr. Knapp," he said, bowing deferentially to the millionaire, and rubbing his fat red hands. "Can I do anything for you to-day?"

"I reckon so, Storey. Let me introduce you to Mr. Wilton, one of our coming directors."

I had an inward start at this information, and Mr. Storey regarded me unfavorably. We professed ourselves charmed to see each other.

"I suppose it was an oversight that you didn't send me a notice of the directors' meeting," said Doddridge Knapp.

Mr. Storey turned very red, and the King of the Street said in an undertone: "Just lock that door, Wilton."

"It must have been sent by mail," stammered Storey. "Hi, there! young man, what are you doing?" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet as I

turned the key in the lock. "Open that door again!"

"No you don't, Storey," came the fierce growl from the throat of the Wolf. "Your game is up."

"The devil it is!" cried Storey, making dash past Doddridge Knapp and coming with a rush straight for me.

"Stop him!" roared my employer. I sprang forward and grappled Mr. Storey, but I found him rather a large contract, for I had to favor my left arm. Then he suddenly turned limp and rolled to the floor, his head thumping noisily on a corner of the desk.

Doddridge Knapp coolly laid a hard rubber ruler down on the desk and I recognized the source of Mr. Storey's discomfort.

"I reckon he's safe for a bit," he growled. "Hullo, what's this?"

I noted a very pale young man in the doorway of the secretary's office, apparently doubtful whether he should attempt to raise an alarm or hide.

"You go back in your room and mind your own business, Dodson," said the King of the Street. "Go!" he growled fiercely, as the young man still hesitated. "You know I can make or break you."

The young man disappeared and I closed and locked the door on him.

"There they come," said I, as steps sounded in the hall.

"Stand by the door and keep them out," whispered my employer. "I'll see that Storey doesn't get up. Keep still now. Every minute we gain is worth \$10,000."

I took station by the door as the knob was tried. More steps were

heard, and the knob was tried again. Then the door was shaken and, picturesque comments were made on the dilatory president.

Doddridge Knapp looked grim, but serene, as he sat on the desk with his foot on the prostrate Storey. I breathed softly, and listened to the rising complaints from without.

There were thumps and kicks on the door, and at last a voice roared: "What are you waiting for? Break it in."

A crash followed, and the ground-glass upper section of the door fell in fragments.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," I said, as a man put his hand through the opening. "This revolver is loaded, and the first man to come through there will get a little cold lead in him."

There was a pause and then a storm of oaths.

"Get in there!" cried Decker's voice from the rear. "What are you afraid of?"

"He's got a gun."

"Well, get in, three or four of you at once. He can't shoot you all."

This spirited advice did not seem to find favor with the front-rank men, and the enemy retired for consultation. At last a messenger came forward.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to keep out."

"Who is he?" asked Decker's voice.

"There's another one there," cried another voice. "Why, it's Doddridge Knapp!"

Decker made use of some language not intended for publication, and there was whispering for a few minutes, followed by silence.

I looked at Doddridge Knapp, sitting grim and unmoved, counting the minutes till the injunction should come. Suddenly a man bounded through the broken upper section of the door, tossed by his companions, and I found myself in a grapple before I could raise my revolver.

We went down on the floor together, and I had a confused notion that the



I SPRANG FORWARD AND GRAPPLED MR. STOREY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Vision of the Night.

"You are a very imprudent person," said Luella, smiling, yet with a most charming trace of anxiety under the smile.

"What have I been doing now?" I asked.

"That is what you are to tell me. Papa told us a little about your saving his life and his plans this morning, but he was so very short about it. Was this the arm that was hurt?"

I started to give a brief description of my morning's adventure, but there was something in my listener's face that called forth detail after detail, and her eyes kindled as I told the tale of the battle that won Omega in the stock board, and the fight that rescued the fruits of victory in the office of the company.

"There is something fine in it, after all," she said when I was through. "There is something left of the spirit of the old adventurers and the knights."

I took her hand, and she let it lie a moment before she drew it away.

"I think I am more than repaid," I said.

"Oh, yes," she said, changing her tone to one of complete indifference. "Papa said he made you a director."

"Yes, I said, taking my cue from her manner. "I have the happiness to share the honor with three other dummies. Your father makes the fifth."

"How absurd!" laughed Luella. "Do you want to provoke me?"

"Don't mind me, Harry," interrupted the voice of Mrs. Knapp.

"But I must," said I, giving her greeting. "What service do you require?"

"Tell me what you have been doing?"

"I have just been telling Miss Luella."

"And what, may I ask?"

"I was explaining this morning's troubles."

"Oh, I heard a little of them from Mr. Knapp. Have you had any more of your adventures at Borton's and other dreadful places?"

I considered a moment, and then, as I could see no reason for keeping silent, I gave a somewhat abridged account of my Livermore trip, omitting reference to the strange vagaries of the Doddridge Knapp who traveled by night.

I had reason to be flattered by the attention of my audience. Both women leaned forward with wide-open eyes, and followed every word with eager interest.

"That was a dreadful danger you escaped," said Mrs. Knapp with a shudder. "I am thankful, indeed, to see you with us with no greater hurt."

Luella said nothing, but the look she gave me set my heart dancing in a way that all Mrs. Knapp's praise could not.

"I do hope this dreadful business will end soon," said Mrs. Knapp. "Do you think this might be the last of it?"

"No," said I, remembering my note I had received from the Unknown on my return, "there's much more to be done."

"I hope you are ready for it," said Mrs. Knapp, with a troubled look upon her face.

"As ready as I ever shall be, I suppose," I replied. "If the guardian angel who has pulled me through this far will hold on to his job, I'll do my part."

Mrs. Knapp raised a melancholy smile, but it disappeared at once, and she seemed to muse in silence, with no very pleasant thought on her mind. Twice or thrice I thought she wished to speak to me, but if so she changed her mind.

"I wonder at you," said Luella softly, as we stood alone for a moment.

"You have little cause."

"What you have done is much. You have conquered difficulties."

I looked in her calm eyes, and my soul came to the surface.

"I wish you might be proud of me," I said.

"I—I am proud of such a friend—except—" She hesitated.

"Always an 'except,'" I said bitterly.

"But you have promised to tell me—"

"Some day. As soon as I may." Under her magnetic influence I should have told then had she urged me. And not until I was once more outside the house did I recall how impossible it was that could ever tell her.

"Here's some one to see you, sir," said Owens, as I reached the walk and joined the guards I had left to wait for me.

"Yes, sir, you're wanted at Mother Borton's in a hurry," said another voice, and a man stepped forward. "There's the devil to pay!"

I recognized the one-eyed man who had done me the service that enabled me to escape from Livermore.

"Ah, Broderick, what's the matter?"

"I didn't get no orders, sir, so I don't know, but there was the devil's own shindy in the height of progression when I left. And Mother Borton says I was to come hot-foot for you and tell you to come with your men if ye valued your soul."

"Is she in danger?"

"I reckon the thought was heavy on her mind, for her face was white with the terror of it."

One of the men was sent to bring out such of my force as had returned, and I, with the two others, hurried on to Borton's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Captured a Prize.

Rollis—"Mr. Allmoney is all smiles," Molly—"Yes. He has captured a gridiron heroine." Rollis—"A gridiron heroine?" Molly—"Yes; a college girl who really knows how to broil a beef steak."—Judge.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM COOLED.

Time of Sentiment Evidently Long Past with Husband.

A certain well-known Bostonian has been married long enough to have acquired the average man's cynical attitude in respect of the written expressions of devotion indulged in before marriage.

One day the Hubbits was going over with his wife a mass of useless papers that had accumulated in the household. They unearthed several large boxes full of love letters. After a hasty glance at them, the husband said:

"No use keeping this junk, I suppose? Here it goes."

The wife was hurt. "Oh, Clarence," exclaimed she, "how can you be so brutal? Surely you don't want to destroy your own love letters to me?"

"Well, keep 'em, if you want 'em," cheerfully assented the husband, "but honestly, Helen, these seem too soft to file!"—Lippincott's.

BABY'S ITCHING HUMOR.

Nothing Would Help Him—Mother Almost in Despair—Owen's Quick Cure to Cuticura.

"Several months ago, my little boy began to break out with itching sores. I doctored him, but as soon as I got them healed up in one place they would break out in another. I was almost in despair. I could not get anything that would help him. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after using them three times, the sores commenced to heal. He is now well, and not a scar is left on his body. They have never returned nor left him with bad blood, as one would think. Cuticura Remedies are the best I have ever tried, and I shall highly recommend them to any one who is suffering likewise. Mrs. William Geeding, 102 Washington St., Attica, Ind., July 22, 1907."

TROUBLE AHEAD.



He—I fear the worst. She—What's happened, George? He—Your father has paid back that \$25 he borrowed.

He Would Talk.

"This is a busy wire, I tell you," roared the excited man in the telephone booth.

And from the other end of the wire came this: "I don't care, I will talk."

"Get off the wire!" shouted the other, beside himself. "You don't want to talk with me."

But it was no use. "I've paid ten cents to talk," came the answer, "and I'm going to do it." And talk he did, busy wrirp or not.

As He Saw It.

Once upon a time there was a very little boy who desired to go out for a walk with his nurse, but it was raining that day, so he couldn't. But he was consoled when informed that he might go the next day.

Alas! When the next day came rain was still coming down without abatement. The little boy looked desolately at the heavens.

"God is getting very careless," he said.

ASTONISHED THE DOCTOR

Old Lady Got Well with Change of Food.

A great scientist has said we can put off "old age" if we can only nourish the body properly.

To do this the right kind of food, of course, is necessary. The body manufactures poisons in the stomach and intestines from certain kinds of food stuffs and unless sufficient of the right kind is used, the injurious elements overcome the good.

"My grandmother, 71 years old," writes a N. Y. lady, "had been an invalid for 18 years from what was called consumption of the stomach and bowels. The doctor had given her up to die."

"I saw so much about Grape-Nuts that I persuaded Grandmother to try it. She could not keep anything on her stomach for more than a few minutes. She began Grape-Nuts with only a teaspoonful. As that did not distress her and as she could retain it, she took a little more until she could take all of 4 teaspoonfuls at a meal."

"Then she began to gain and grow strong and her trouble in the stomach was gone entirely. She got to enjoy good health for one so old and we know Grape-Nuts saved her life."

"The doctor was astonished that instead of dying she got well, and without a drop of medicine after she began the Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.