

NEW STRENGTH FOR OLD BACKS.

No Need to Suffer Every Day from Backache.

Mrs. Joanna Straw, 6 North Broadway, Canton, S. D., says: "For three years I suffered everything with rheumatism in my limbs and a dull, ceaseless aching in my back. I was weak, languid, broken with headaches and dizzy spells, and the kidney secretions were thick with solids. I was really in a critical condition when I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, and they certainly did wonders for me. Though I am 81 years old, I am as well as the average woman of 50. I work well, eat well and sleep well."

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

COMFORTING.



Doctor—Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm just the very man to—er—cure you.

Patient—Ah, that's lucky! You are quite familiar with my complaint, then?

Doctor—Familiar? My dear sir, I've had it myself—er—this 20 years!

PAINT EVERY YEAR.

No One Wants to Do It, But Some Paint Will Wear No Longer.

When you have a job of painting done you don't expect to have it done over again very soon. But to make a lasting job, several things must be taken into consideration—the proper time to paint—the condition of the surface—the kind of materials to use, etc. All these matters are fully covered in the specifications which can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit also includes a book of color schemes for both interior and exterior painting, and a simple instrument for detecting adulteration in the paint materials. The outfit will solve many painting problems for every houseowner.

Meantime while buying paint see that every white lead keg bears the famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. If your paint dealer cannot supply you National Lead Company will see that some one else will.

By Elimination.

"All the latest popular novels," sang out the train boy. Then, holding out a copy of the "The Guest of Queens" to a prosperous-looking passenger, he urged: "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest work, sir?"

The man looked annoyed.

"No! I am Booth Tarkington him self."

"Then buy a copy of 'Three Weeks,'" persisted the boy. "You ain't Elinor Glyn, too, are you?"—Everybody's Magazine.

The Small Brother Again.

It was the first warm night of springtime, and they sat out in the park under the stars. Suddenly there was the sound of a snapping twig in the tree near them.

"Dear me, George," she whispered. "What kind of a tree is that?"

George looked up and discovered a pair of juvenile eyes peering through the branches.

"H'm," he muttered, sheepishly. "Looks to me like a rubber tree."

Eyes Are Relieved By Murine

When irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,888 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine doesn't Smart, Soothe Eye Pain, Is Compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles; You Will Like Murine. Try It In Baby's Eyes for Severe Eye Strain. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Too Wise.

"Will you take a chance on kissing a pretty girl?" asked the young lady with the raffle tickets at the church fair. The crusty and confirmed bachelor held up his hands in horror. "What, me?" he gasped. "No, indeed, I don't take any such chances as those. Chap took a chance like that one time and six months later he married the young lady."

A Cure For Colds and Grip.

There is inconvenience, suffering and danger in a cold, and the wonder is that people will take so few precautions against colds. One or two Lane's Pleasant Tablets (be sure of the name) taken when the first snuffly feeling appears, will stop the progress of a cold and save a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Druggists and dealers generally sell these tablets, price 25 cents. If you cannot get them send to Dr. J. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

The Sorrow of it.

Scribbles—Jingleton's latest poem is certainly rhythmic and beautiful.

Critics—Yes; it's too bad it doesn't mean anything.

Kill the Flies Now

before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the season. Ask your dealer, or send 20c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The American eats more than his own weight in sugar every two years.

PLATTSMOUTH NEWS-HERALD

R. O. WATTERS, Business Manager

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawshaw's nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who spurned his attentions. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as midshipman on the Ajax by his uncle, Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, became the boy's pal. They attended a theater where Hawshaw's nephew saw Lady Arabella. Vernon met Philip Overton, next in line for Sir Thomas Vernon's estate. They started a duel which was interrupted. Vernon, Overton and Hawshaw's nephew found themselves attracted by pretty Lady Arabella. The Ajax in battle defeated French warships in the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER IV.

We took the Xantippe home—the Indomptable went to the bottom of the Bay of Biscay—but before our prize-money was settled up we were off again; Sir Peter dearly loved cruising in blue water. It was near two years before we got back to England to spend that prize-money; for, except the captain and Mr. Buxton and some of the married officers, I know of no one who saved any. Sir Peter, I understood afterward, spent much of his in a diamond necklace and tiara for Lady Arabella, in which he was most egregiously cheated by a Portuguese money lender, and the balance he put into a scheme for acclimating elephants in England, which was to make him as rich as Croesus; but he lost £1,000 on the venture, besides his prize-money. In those two years I grew more and more fond of Giles Vernon. We generally contrived to have our watch together, and we were intimate as only shipmates could be. He talked much of what he meant to do when he got ashore with money to spend, and assured me he had never had above £20 of his own in his life. In the course of many nights spent in standing watch together, when the old Ajax was sailing like a witch—for she was a capital sailer at that time—he told me much about his early youth, and I confided to him the story of Betty Green. Giles' career had been the common one of the younger branches of a good family. His father had been a clergyman, and, dying, left several daughters, who married respectably, and this one son, who was put in the sea service very young. At that time several lives stood between Giles and the title and estates of Sir Thomas Vernon, and other lives stood between Giles and Overton; but those had passed away, leaving these two distant kinsmen as heirs to a man that seemed rightfully to have earned his title of "wicked Sir Thomas." I asked Giles if he knew why Sir Thomas, who so cordially hated his heirs, had never married. Giles replied that Sir Thomas showed no inclination to marry until he was near 40. Then his reputation was so well established that he was generally looked askant upon; his character for truth was bad and at cards was worse. But he had induced a lady of rank and wealth to become engaged to be married to him. His treatment of her was so infamous that her whole family had declared war against him, and had succeeded in breaking off several very desirable alliances he would have liked to make. Of course a man of his rank and wealth could find some woman—alas!—to take him; but Sir Thomas was bent on money, with an inclination toward rank, and was the last man on earth to marry unless he had a substantial inducement; and several more years had passed without his being able to effect the sort of marriage he desired. Meanwhile, his health had broken down, and he was now a shattered man and prey for the doctors. All this was very interesting to me, especially as Sir Thomas' two heirs would one day have the experience of shooting at each other, and possibly deciding the matter of heirship by the elimination of one or the other from the question.

We both got promotion, of course, and that brought us into the gunroom; but we were as intimate there as in our reefer days in the cockpit. On a glorious October morning in 1799, our anchor kissed the ground in Portsmouth harbor.

When we reached Portsmouth, the news of our good fortune had preceded us, and we were welcomed with open arms by men, women, and children—especially the women. All the prize-money brought back by any single ship during the war was insignificant compared with ours. The men were seized with a kind of madness for spending their money. The spectacle of an ordinary seaman parading the streets of Portsmouth with a gold-laced hat, a gold-headed stick, and watches and jewelry hung all over him was common enough, and he was sure to be an Ajax man. Sad

to say, the pimps and the worst class of men and women soon got the money away from our poor fellows.

The officers, in their way, were but little behind the men in their lavishness. Champagne was their common drink, and several of them invested in coaches!—the last thing they would ever have a chance of using.

Giles Vernon, although the most wasteful and profuse man I ever saw, desired to spend his money in London, Portsmouth being too small a theater for him. But the pressing affair of the satisfaction he owned Capt. Overton had to be settled. After much hard thinking, Giles came to me on the day after we reached Portsmouth, and said: "Dicky boy, read this letter and give me your opinion of it."

This was the letter: "H. M. S. Ajax, May 17, 1799. "Capt. Philip Overton: "Dear Sir: This is to inform you that I have reached Portsmouth, after a very successful cruise in the Ajax, when we took the Indomptable and Xantippe and a large amount in specie. My share is considerable—more money in short than I ever saw, much less handled, in my life. I would like a month in London to spend this money before offering my carcass to be made full of holes by you. Dear sir, consider: If I escape your marksmanship, the month more or less will be of little account; and if I fall, I shall miss the finest chance of seeing the world I ever had in my life. I think, sir, with diffidence I say it, that my record in the Ajax is enough to make plain I am not shirking the satisfaction I owe you, but I would take it as a personal favor if you would put it off to this day month, when I will be in London. And as I shall eat and drink of the best, 'tis ten to one I will be much fatter and therefore be a much better mark for you. I am, dear sir, Your obliged and devoted servant, "GILES VERNON."

I pointed out to Giles that, although the tone of the letter was quite correct, the writing and spelling were scarce up to the standard—I was more bookish than Giles. But he replied with some heat: "Who, while reading the communication of a gentleman, will be so base as to sneer at the grammar or spelling?" So the letter went as it was, and in reply came a very handsome, well-expressed letter from Capt. Overton, not only agreeing to postpone it a month, but for six weeks, which pleased Giles mightily. I wish to say, although Giles was inexperienced with the pen, he had no lack of either polish or ideas, and was as fine an officer as ever walked the deck.

The matter with Overton finally settled, and the ship being paid off, Giles and I started for London, as happy as

When I reached Sir Peter's house about noon, the same tall and insolent footman that I had seen on my first visit opened the door for me. Lady Hawshaw, wearing the same black velvet gown and the identical feathers, received me, and sitting with her were Daphne Carmichael and the glorious, the beautiful, the enchanting Lady Arabella Stormont.

If I had fallen madly in love with her when I was but 14, and had only seven and sixpence, one may imagine where I found myself when I was near 17, and had £2,000 in a bag in my hands. Lady Hawshaw's greeting was stiff, but far from unkind; and she introduced me to the young ladies, who curtsied most beautifully to me, and I may say, looked at me not unkindly.

"Is that your prize-money in that bag, Richard?" asked Lady Hawshaw, immediately. I replied it was.

"Jeeves," she said, "go and make my compliments to Sir Peter, and say to him that if he has nothing better to do, I would be glad to see him at once. And order the coach."

James departed. I sat in adoring silence, oblivious of Daphne, but gazing at Lady Arabella until she exclaimed, pettishly: "La! Have I got a cross-eye or a crooked nose, Mr. Richard, that you can't take your eyes off me?"

"You have neither," I replied, gallantly. "And my name is not Mr. Richard, but Mr. Glyn, at your ladyship's service."

"Arabella," said Lady Hawshaw in a voice of thunder, "be more particular in your address to young gentlemen."

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" pertly replied Lady Arabella. "But such very young gentlemen, like Mr. Glyn, or Mr. Thin, or whatever his name may be, are always difficult to please in the way of address. If you are familiar, they are affronted; and if you are reserved, they think you are making game of them."

By this speech I discovered that although Lady Hawshaw might rule her world, terrorize Sir Peter, and make the lords of the admiralty her humble servants, she had one rebel in the camp, and that was Lady Arabella Stormont. I saw that her remarks displeased Lady Hawshaw, but she endured them in silence. Who, though, would not endure anything from that cherub mouth and those dazzling eyes?

Sir Peter now appeared and greeted me.

"Sir Peter," said Lady Hawshaw in her usual authoritative manner, "you will go in the coach with me to the bank, with Richard Glyn, to deposit his money. You will be ready in ten minutes, when the coach will be at the door."

"I will go with you, madam," replied Sir Peter; "but I shall order my horse, and ride a-horseback, because I do not like riding in that damned stuffy coach. And, besides, when you and your feathers get in, there is no room for me."

"You ride a-horseback!" sniffed Lady Hawshaw. "Even the grooms and stable boys laugh at you. You are always talking some sea nonsense about keeping the horse's head to the wind, and yawing and luffing and bowing at the bowline, and what not; and, besides, I am afraid to trust you since Brown Jane threw you in the park."

It ended by Sir Peter's going in the coach, where the little man lay back in the corner, nearly smothered by Lady Hawshaw's voluminous robe, and pishing and pshaving the whole way.

But I was quite happy—albeit I was the victim of Lady Hawshaw in having my money kept for me—for on the seat beside me was Lady Arabella, who chose to go with us. She made much game of me, but I had the spirit to answer her back. After placing the money, we took an airing in the park, and then returned to dinner at five o'clock. I neither knew nor cared what became of Daphne; for was I not with the adored Lady Arabella?

That night Lady Hawshaw was at home, and I had my first experience of a London rout. The card tables were set on the lower floor, for although Lady Hawshaw hated cards, yet it was commonly said that no one could entertain company in London without them.

"Grand-Nephew—My Lady Hawshaw desires that you will come and bring your money with you to our house in Berkeley Square, and remain there."

"P. HAWKSHAW, C. B."

Great was my distress when I got this letter, as I foresaw there would not be much chance under Lady Hawshaw's eagle eye of seeing the kind of life I wished to see. And I was obliged to go, for Sir Peter was the only person on earth likely to interest himself at the admiralty for me; and I might stay and wither on shore while others more fortunate got ships, if I antagonized him. And when Lady Hawshaw commanded there was but one thing to do, and that was to obey.

So, with a heavy heart, I took myself and my portmanteau and, in a canvas bag, my 2,000 guineas to the admiral's great fine house in Berkeley Square. My parting with Giles was melancholy enough; for, with the womanish jealousy of a boy, I was unhappy to think he would be enjoying himself with some one else, while I was suffering the hardship of having my money taken care of for me.

Giles had no more forgotten the Lady Arabella than I had, and on reading this note, exclaimed: "Zounds! I wish Peter and Polly had sent me to stay in Berkeley Square, with that divine creature under the same roof. Do you think, Dicky, we could exchange identities, so to speak?" But on my reminding him that Lady Hawshaw had demanded my prize-money, and would certainly get it, his ardor to stand in my shoes soon what abated.

PROVED POINT BY HOLY WRIT

Granddaughter of Gladstone Proved She Had Not Read Scriptures for Nothing.

Miss Dorothy Drew, who was presented at court a few days ago, was the favorite granddaughter of the late W. E. Gladstone, and among the stories told of her childhood days is the following: One morning she refused to get up, and, all other things failing, Mr. Gladstone was called to her. "Why, don't you get up, my child?" he asked. "Why, grandpa, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" replied Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disapproves of early rising—says it's a waste of time," rejoined the child. Mr. Gladstone was unable to agree, but Dorothy was sure of her ground. "You listen, then," she said, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, taking up her Bible she read Psalm 127:2, laying great emphasis on the words: "It is vain for you to rise up early."—"Tit-Bits."

SHE KNEW.

The Masher—Does your sister know I am waiting out here for her?

The Boy—Yes! She gave me a nickel to tell her when you had gone.

RASH ALL OVER BOY'S BODY.

Awful, Crusted, Weeping Eczema on Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Dismal Failures.

Cure Achieved by Cuticura.

"My little boy had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible, and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score or more physicians failed utterly and dismally in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. George F. Lambert, 139 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 26 and Nov. 4, 1907."

A Frank Opinion.

Once a youth thought it his solemn duty to learn something about Henry James. So, to the great admiration of his frivolous friends, he picked up "The Wings of the Dove" and disappeared into its pages.

Two weeks later he was thinner, but still at it, when one of the aforementioned frivolous friends came into the room, and, for the first time showed interest.

"Say," he observed, "is 'The Wings of the Dove' a collection of short stories or one long story?"

The deliver into James glanced up from the pages.

"One darned long story," he replied, throwing his whole soul into the words.

Judge Will Wait and See.

An earnest plea was made by Attorney Charles Pettijohn to Judge Pritchard of the criminal court for leniency to a client who had entered a plea of guilty to larceny. The burden of the attorney's argument was that his client was the father of twins and was tempted to theft in order to feed the mouths of the infants.

"Your honor, I will say frankly," said Mr. Pettijohn in closing, "that if I were the father of twins and needed food for my family, I would not hesitate to go out and steal it."

OLD SOAKERS

Get Saturated with Caffeine.

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years was troubled with stomach trouble.

"I have been treated by many physicians but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect a cure. I was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured my stomach.

"I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles and stopped using it. I tried tea and milk in its place, but neither agreed with me, then I commenced using Postum. I had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste.

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia.

WARNING TO ALL CONCERNED

Simple and Comprehensive Sign Put Up by Small Boy with a Grievance.

The Langworths lived in a corner house so easily accessible from the street that they were constantly annoyed by persons ringing to ask where other possible inhabitants of that block were to be found. Finally, goaded to desperation by these interruptions, the family boy attempted to put a stop to the nuisance.

"I guess," said he, complacently, "there won't be any more folks asking if the Browns, the Biddles or the Hansons live in this house. I've fixed 'em."

"What have you done?" queried Mrs. Langworth.

"Hung out a sign."

"And what did you print on it, ladie?"

"Just five words," replied Harold, proudly: "Nobody lives here but us."—Lippincott's.

EASE.

Drather Sitdown—Dat's a mighty short stub yer smokin', Dusty.

Dusty Dodgework—Yep! I knows it; dat's de way I allers like 'em; you don't hev ter pull de smoke so fur!

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.

A Little Slip.

Rev. Mr. Spicer had for three days enjoyed the telephone which had been his last gift from an admiring parishioner. He had been using it immediately before going to church.

When the time came for him to announce the first hymn, he rose, and with his usual impressive manner, read the words. Then in a crisp, firm tone, he said: "Let us all unite in hymn six double o, sing three."—Youth's Companion.

Vases in Autos.

Vases of flowers have for some time been an adjunct of the closed automobile. Now some smart broughams have a vase of flowers beside each door. The hanging vases of Japanese porcelain are the favorites, though the metal cases into which a vase slips are also used.

And Saves Time.

"He lets his wife do just as she pleases."

"Nothing startling about that."

"No; but he does it without an argument."

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TYPENRITERS at Cost Prices.

JOHN DEERE Implements the Best

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DO YOU WANT CASH

DRAIN TILE

STACK COVERS