

CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA

Caused by Disordered Action of the Kidneys.

Samuel D. Ingraham, 2402 E. Main St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "For two years I was crippled with sciatic rheumatism in my thighs and could not get about without crutches. The kidney secretions became irregular, painful, and showed a heavy sediment. Doctors were not helping me so I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I improved soon, and after a while was entirely free from my suffering. I am in the best of health now and am in debt to Doan's Kidney Pills for saving my life."

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

TENDER, BUT NOT LOVING.



Waiter (to customer, who had complained that his steak is not tender enough)—Not tender enough! D'you expect it to kiss you!

WESTON, Ocean-to-Ocean Walker. Said recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your had thoughts with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit." It cures tired, aching feet while you walk. 30,000 testimonials. Order a 25c package today of any Druggist and be ready to forget your aching feet. A trial package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Women to Fight Tuberculosis.

One million women, representing cities, towns, villages and isolated rural settlements in every section of the country, are to-day enlisted in a campaign against tuberculosis, according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In legislatures, in congress at Washington, in society gatherings, in churches and clubs, through speaking and writing—in every possible way, the women of the country are persistently fighting consumption.

With an organization established in every state of the country, under the direction of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and with associated clubs in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and the canal zone, the women of the country have entered a systematic crusade to carry the message of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis into every American home.

Logical Reasoning.

A certain young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well, this way: I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry. And if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

OVER THE FENCE Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once.

He says: "Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk."

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum."

"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum."

"My bowels became regular in two weeks, all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly."

"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again."

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Reason." 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.

SERIAL STORY

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

(Copyright, 1906, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who spurned his attentions. The lady, 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 Hawkshaw'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 Hawkshaw's nephew found themselves attracted by pretty Lady Arabella. The Ajax in battle defeated French warships in the Mediterranean. Richard Glyn got £2,000 prize money. He was called home by Lady Hawkshaw as he was about to "blow in" his earnings with Vernon. At a Hawkshaw party Glyn discovered that Lady Arabella was a poor but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for Glyn. Later she held Glyn and Overton prisoners, thus delaying the duel.

CHAPTER VI.

As Overton had said, the meeting was delayed exactly 24 hours. My courage always has an odd way of disappearing when I am expecting to use it, although I must say, when I have had actual occasion for it I have always found it easily at hand. I can not deny that I was very much frightened for Giles on the morning of the meeting, and, to add to my misery, I heard that Overton was considered one of the best shots in England.

The dreary breakfast gulped down; the post-chaise rattling up to the door—I had hoped until the last moment that it would not come; the bumping along the road in the cool, bright summer morning; the gruesome, long, narrow box that lay on the front seat of the chaise; the packet of letters which Giles had given me and which seemed to weigh a hundred tons in my pocket—all these were so many horrors to haunt the memory forever. But I must say that, apparently, the misery was all mine; for I never saw Giles Vernon show so much as by the flicker of an eyelash that he was disturbed in any way.

About half way from the meeting-ground we left the highway and turned into a by-road; and scarcely had we gone half a mile when we almost drove into a broken-down chaise, and standing on the roadside among the furze bushes were the coachman, the surgeon—a most bloody-minded man I always believed him—Mr. Buxton and Overton.

Our chaise stopped, and Giles, putting his head out of the window, said, pleasantly: "Good-morning, gentlemen; you have had an accident, I see."

"A bad one," replied Mr. Buxton, who saw that their chaise was beyond help, and who, as he said afterward, was playing for a place in our chaise, not liking to walk the rest of the distance.

Giles jumped out and so did I, and the most courteous greetings were exchanged.

The two drivers, as experts, examined the broken chaise, and agreed there was no patching it up for service; one wheel was splintered.

Mr. Buxton looked at Giles meaningly, and then at me, and Giles whispered to me:

"Offer to take 'em up. By Jupiter, they shall see we are no shirkers."

Which I did, and, to my amazement, in a few moments we were all lumbering along the road; Overton and Mr. Buxton on the back seat, and Giles and I with our backs to the horses, while the surgeon was alongside the coachman on the box.

Nothing could exceed the politeness between the two principals, about the seats as about everything else. Overton was with difficulty persuaded to take the back seat. Mr. Buxton seated himself there without any introduction. (I hope it will never again be my fortune to negotiate so delicate an affair as a meeting between gentlemen with one so much my superior in rank as Mr. Buxton.)

"May I ask, Mr. Overton, if you prefer the window down or up?" asked Giles, with great deference.

"Either, dear sir," responded Overton. "I believe it was up when you kindly invited us to enter."

"True; but you may be sensitive to the air, and may catch cold."

At which Mr. Buxton grinned in a heartless manner. The window remained up.

We were much crowded with the two pistol-cases and the surgeon's box of instruments, which to me appeared more appalling than the pistols.

At last we reached the spot—a small, flat place under a sweetly-blooming hawthorn hedge, with some verdant oaks at either end.

Giles and Overton were so scrupulous about taking precedence of each

other in getting out of the chaise that I had strong hopes the day would pass before they came to a decision; but Mr. Buxton finally got out himself and pulled his man after him, and then we were soon marking off the ground, and I was feeling that mortal sickness which had attacked me the first time I was under fire in the Ajax.

Overton won the toss for position, and at that I could have lain down and wept.

Our men were placed 20 paces apart, with their backs to each other. At the word "one" they were to turn, advance and fire between the words "two" and "three." This seemed to me the most murderous arrangement I had ever heard of.

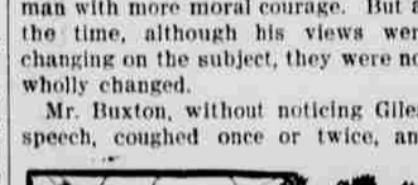
The stories I had so lately heard about Overton's proficiency with the pistol made me think, even if he did not kill Giles intentionally, he would attempt some expert trick with the pistol, which would do the business equally well. I knew Giles to be a very poor shot, and concluded that he, through awkwardness, would probably put an end to Overton, and I regarded them both as doomed men.

I shall never forget my feelings as we were placing our men, or after Mr. Buxton and I had retired to a place under the hedge. Just as we had selected our places, Giles, looking over his shoulder, said in his usual cool, soft voice:

"Don't you think, gentlemen, you had better move two or three furlongs off? Mr. Overton may grow excited and fire wild."

I thought this a most dangerous as well as foolish speech, and calculated to irritate Overton; and for the first time I saw a gleam of anger in his eye, which had hitherto been mild, and even sad. For I believed then, and knew afterward, that his mind was far from easy on the subject of dueling. I wish to say here that I also believe, had he been fully convinced that dueling was wrong, he would have declined to fight, no matter what the consequence had been; for I never knew a man with more moral courage. But at the time, although his views were changing on the subject, they were not wholly changed.

Mr. Buxton, without noticing Giles' speech, coughed once or twice, and



Overton Took Off His Hat and Bowed.

then waited two or three minutes before giving the word.

The summer sun shone brilliantly, turning the distant river to a silver ribbon. A shrill rustled musically in the hawthorn hedge. All things spoke of life and hope, but to my sinking heart insensate Nature only mocked us. I heard, as in a dream, the words "one, two, three" slowly uttered by Mr. Buxton, and saw, still as in a dream, both men turn and raise their pistols.

Overton's was discharged first; then, as he stood like a man in marble waiting for his adversary's fire, Giles raised his pistol and, taking deliberate aim at the bird still singing in the hedge, brought it down. It was a mere lucky shot, but Overton took off his hat and bowed to the ground, and Giles responded by taking off his hat and showing a hole through the brim.

"You see, Mr. Glyn," said Overton, "I have done according to my promise. It was not my intention to kill Mr. Vernon, but only to frighten him"—which speech Mr. Buxton and I considered as a set-off to Giles' speech just before shots were exchanged.

The two principals remained where they were, while Mr. Buxton and I retired behind the hedge to confer—or, rather, for Mr. Buxton to say to me:

"Another shot would be damned nonsense. My man is satisfied, or shall be, else I am a Dutch trooper. Certainly you have nothing to complain of."

I was only too happy to accept this solution, but more out of objection to being browbeaten by Mr. Buxton than anything else, I said:

"We shall require an explanation of your principal's observation just now, sir."

"Shall you?" angrily asked Mr. Buxton, exactly in the tone he used when the carpenter's mate complained that the jack-o'-the-dust had cribbed his best saw. "Then I shall call your man to account in regard to his late observation, and we can keep them popping away at each other all day. But this is no slaughter pen, Mr. Glyn, nor am I the ship's butcher, and I shall take my man back to town and give him a glass of spirits and some breakfast, and I advise you to do the same. You are very young, Mr. Glyn, and you still need to know a thing or two."

Then, advancing from behind the hedge, he said in the dulcet tone he used when the admiral asked him to have wine:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Glyn and myself, after conferring, have agreed that the honor of our principals is fully established, and that the controversy is completely at an end. Allow me to congratulate you both"—and there was a general hand-shaking all around. I noticed that the coachman, who was attentively watching the performance, looked slightly disappointed at the turn of affairs.

Straightway, we all climbed into the chaise, and I think I shall be believed when I say that our return to town was more cheerful than our departure had been.

We all agreed to dine together at Mr. Buxton's the next night, and I saw no reason to believe that there was any remnant of ill feeling between the two late combatants.

I returned to Berkeley Square that afternoon, with much uneasiness concerning my meeting and future intercourse with Lady Arabella; for I had not seen her since the occurrence in Sir Peter's study. Although my affection for her was forever killed by that box on the ear she gave me, yet no man can see a woman shamed before him without pain, and the anticipation of Lady Arabella's feelings when she saw me troubled me. But this was what actually happened when we met. Lady Arabella was sitting in the Chinese drawing room, her lapdog in her arms, surrounded by half a dozen fops. Lady Hawkshaw had left the room for a moment, and Arabella had taken the opportunity of showing her trick of holding out her dog's paws and kissing his nose, which she called measuring love-ribbon. This performance never failed to throw gentlemen into ecstasies. Daphne sat near, with her work in her lap and a book on the table by her, smiling rather disdainfully. I do not think the cousins loved each other.

On my appearance in the drawing room I scarcely dared look toward Lady Arabella; but she called out familiarly:

"Come here, Dicky!" (her habit of calling me Dicky annoyed me very much) "and let me show you how I kiss Fido's nose; and if you are a good boy, and tell me all about the meeting this morning, perhaps I may hold your paws out and kiss your nose"—at which all the gentlemen present laughed loudly. I never was so embarrassed in my life, and my chagrin was increased when, suddenly dropping the dog, she rushed at me, seized my hands, and, holding them off at full arm's length, imprudently a sounding smack upon my nose, and laughingly cried out: "One yard!" (Smack on my nose again.) "Two yards!" (Smack.) "Three yards!" (Smack.)

At this juncture I recovered my presence of mind enough to seize her around the waist and return her smacks with interest full in the mouth. And at this stage of the proceedings Lady Hawkshaw appeared upon the scene.

In an instant an awful hush fell upon us. For my part I felt my knees sinking under me, and I had that feeling of mortal sickness which I had felt in my first sea-fight, and at the instant I thought my friend's life in jeopardy. Lady Arabella stood up, for once, confused. The gentlemen all retired gracefully to the wall, in order not to interrupt the proceedings, and Daphne fixed her eyes upon me, sparkling with indignation.

Lady Hawkshaw's voice when she spoke, seemed to come from the tombs of the Pharaohs.

"What is this countryman I see?" she asked. And nobody answered a word.

James, the tall footman, stood behind her; and to him she turned, saying in a tone like thunder:

"James, go and tell Sir Peter Hawkshaw that I desire his presence immediately upon a matter of the greatest importance."

The footman literally ran downstairs, and presently Sir Peter came puffing up from the lower regions. Lady Arabella had recovered herself then enough to hum a little tune and to pat the floor with her satin slipper.

Sir Peter walked in, surveyed us all, and turned pale. I verily believe he thought Arabella had been caught cheating at cards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORLD'S CITIES HARD TO KILL.

Rome Twice Burned, Six Times Starved—Paris' Eight Sieges.

Few of the world's great cities have not faced, at one time or another, total destruction. But a city is hard to kill.

Take Rome, for instance. She has been swept by pestilence no fewer than ten times. She has been twice burned and six times driven to submission by starvation. Perhaps it is on account of her great vitality that she is called the Eternal city.

Paris has gone through eight sieges, ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it.

Constantinople has been burned out nine times and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges. In addition, she has been ruled by monarchs who were worse than a plague. Yet Constantinople still flourishes.

London has been decimated five times by plagues, in addition to visitations of typhus, cholera and other epidemics. She has been burned more or less severely several times.—Stray Stories.

What He Wanted.

"Sir," said the agent, addressing the man who had opened the door in answer to his knock. "I am introducing a patent burglar alarm and thought perhaps you might be interested."

"Well, I'm not," growled the man on the other side of the door. "What I want is a device that will put burglars to sleep instead of alarming them."



From the "Sunshine" Bakeries

This is where Takhoma Biscuits are made—models of their kind—the ovens are built of white tile on the top floor.

Sunshine and pure air is abundant. We employ the most modern methods—costliest materials—and with our infinite skill we make

Takhoma Biscuit

perfect. Yet they cost as little as the poorer kinds. Their goodness is protected by the thrice sealed carton—with "Sunshine" seal.

Be sure of the "Sunshine" seal—it's the sign you have the genuine.

Takhoma Biscuits are at your grocer's, 5c and 10c. Try them—see how good they are.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY



Magnetism. First Dancer—She's a very attractive girl. Second Sufferer—Yes, her father was a big steel magnate.

There is no need to suffer with soreness and stiffness of joints and muscles. A little Hamlin's Wizard Oil rubbed in will limber them up immediately.

A girl always likes to say "no" the first time a man proposes, just to find out what he will do next.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

The man who has faith in God is sure to have many other good things.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

How to catch fish is a study. How to lie about it comes natural.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 23-1909.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Diarrhea from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, Stomach, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Refuse Substitutes.

320 Acres of Land

IN WESTERN CANADA

WILL MAKE YOU RICH

50 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT, 601 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—M. E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grippe. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.



You Need a Tonic

if you feel languid and depressed all the time. The best thing to help nature build up the system is

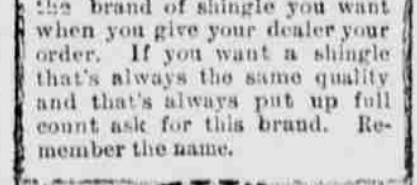
DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

This great tonic is not a false stimulant as many of the so-called "spring tonics." It is a natural strength-giver. For all run-down conditions of the health it is an invaluable remedy; imparts new life and vigor and builds up the entire system.

Sold by All Leading Druggists in two size bottles, 50c and 35c

You Should Specify

the brand of shingle you want when you give your dealer your order. If you want a shingle that's always the same quality and that's always put up full count ask for this brand. Remember the name.



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