

WERE BOTH OF MIXED BLOOD

Points of Resemblance Between Englishman and Cowboy, as the Latter Understood It.

"The countess de Pourtales was a New York Lorillard," said a New York tobaccoist. "So on both sides, of course, she has blue blood. Yet she is without false pride.

"At a recent tobacco men's convention a director told me of a remark the countess made in Biarritz to an arrogant Englishman.

"This fellow boasted of his ancestry. The countess said that sort of talk wouldn't be understood in the wild west. She said an Englishman said to a Texas cowboy once:

"I have Tudor blood in my veins on the maternal side and through my father's family I am a Plantaganet."

"Is that so?" said the cowboy, brightening with keen interest. "My blood's a little mixed, too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot and my grandmother a Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Come and liquor up!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEVER DONE.



Slimkins—I hope you didn't mind my putting that little matter of \$5 in the hands of the bill collector yesterday?

Podger—Not at all; I borrowed a dollar from him.

SORE EYES CURED.

Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—All Other Treatments Failed, But

Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved, and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall always praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

Petter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston

Flies.

God bless the man who first invented screens, and God pity the man who is too indolent or indifferent to place them between his family and the spreaders of deadly disease. There is absolutely no excuse for the man or woman whose place of habitation swarms with flies and whines with the voices of mosquitoes. They can be kept out, and 25 cents spent in keeping them out is equivalent to keeping out a doctor who would cost \$25, or possibly to keeping out a much less welcome visitor.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Great Improvement.

The patient told the doctor all his symptoms. At the end of the recital the medical man looked severe.

"My dear sir," he said, "you must gradually give up whisky and soda."

Some months later he met the patient and inquired whether the advice had been followed.

"To the letter," replied the patient, beaming. "Why, I've already given up soda completely!"

A Rich Error.

"Printers' errors are always funny," said Gen. P. P. Parker of the Arizona G. A. R., "and I'll never forget one that was made over a Memorial day sermon some years ago in Phoenix.

"The Monday morning report of this sermon began:

"The Rev. Dr. John Blank greased the pulpit on the occasion"—and so on.

"Graced," of course, is what was meant."

Evidence.

"His wife married him to reform him."

"And she succeeded, didn't she?"

"I don't know; I didn't know him before he was married."

"Neither did I; but you can see that he don't amount to anything now."

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only relief for Swollen Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores. See. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

No, Not Nervous.

"They say he has degenerated into a panhandling bum."

"That's true. He is now nothing but a nervy wreck."

PLATTSMOUTH NEWS-HERALD

R. O. WATTERS, Business Manager

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

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 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 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. In the Overton-Vernon duel, neither was hurt. Lady Arabella humiliated Richard by her prank. Richard and Giles shipped on a frigate. Giles was captured by the French. Sir Peter arranged for his exchange. Daphne showed a liking for Glyn, who was then 21 years of age. Giles was released.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. "And how I am to live until I get another ship I am at a loss, my boy," Giles cried quite cheerfully. "Two courses are open to me—play and running away with an heiress. Do you know of a charming girl, Dicky, with something under £100,000, who could be reconciled to a penniless lieutenant in his majesty's navy? And remember, she must be as beautiful as the dawn besides, and of good family, and keen of wit—no luncheon of a woman for me." To this, fate impelled me to reply that Lady Arabella Stormont was still single.

"Faith!" cried Giles, slapping his knee, "she is the girl for me. I always intended to marry her. It only to spite her."

I was sorry I had raked up the embers of his passion of five years before, and attempted to cover my step by saying: "She is still infatuated with Overton, whom, however, she sees rarely, and that only at the houses of others; but he has ever looked coldly upon her."

"She'll not be coldly looked on by me. And let me see: There is her cousin you used to tell me about—the Carmichael girl—suppose you, Dicky, run away with her; then no two lieutenants in the service will have more of the rhino than we!"

I declare this was the first time I had remembered Daphne's £30,000. She had the same fortune as Lady Arabella. The reflection dampened my spirits dreadfully.

Giles saw it directly, and in a moment he had my secret from me. He shouted with delight, and immediately began a grotesque planning for us to run away with the two heiresses. He recalled that the abduction of an heiress was a capital crime, and drew a fantastic picture of us two standing in the prisoners' dock, on trial for our lives, with Lady Arabella and Daphne swearing our lives away, and then relenting and marrying us at the gallows' foot. And this tale, told with the greatest glee, amid laughter and bumpers of hot brandy and water, had a singular effect upon me. It sobered me at once, and suddenly I seemed to see a vision, as Macbeth saw Banquo's ghost, passing before my very eyes—just such a scene as Giles described. Only I got no farther than the spectacle of Giles a prisoner in the dock, on trial for his life. My own part seemed misty and confused, but I saw, instead of the lodging house parlor, a great hall of justice dimly lighted with lamps, the judges in their robes on the bench, one with a black cap on his head, and Giles standing up to receive sentence. I passed into a kind of nightmare, from which I was aroused by Giles whacking me on the back and saying in a surprised voice:

"What ails you, Dicky, boy? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Rouse up here and open your lantern jaws for a glass of brandy and rid yourself of that long face."

I came out of this singular state as quickly as I had gone into it, and, ashamed to show my weakness to Giles, grew merry, carried on the joke about the abduction, and shortly felt like myself, a light-hearted lieutenant of 21. I proposed that we should go to the play the next night—or rather that night, for it was now about four in the morning—and shortly after we tumbled into bed together and slept until late the next day.

Giles and I went to Berkeley Square in the afternoon, professing just to have arrived from Portsmouth. Giles expressed his thanks in the handsomest manner to Sir Peter for his kindness, and made himself, as usual, highly agreeable to Lady Hawkshaw. Neither Lady Arabella nor Daphne

were at home, but came in shortly after Giles had left. Lady Arabella made some slighting remark about Giles, as she always did whenever opportunity offered. Daphne was very kind to me, and I gave her to understand privately that I was ready to haul down my flag at the first summons to surrender.

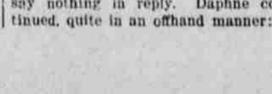
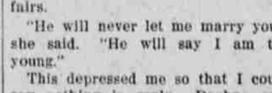
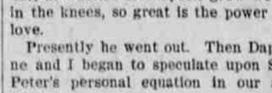
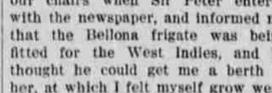
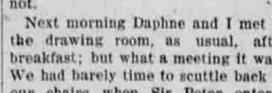
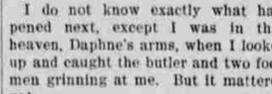
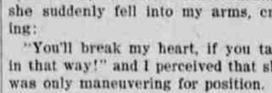
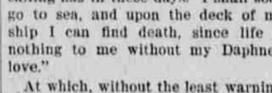
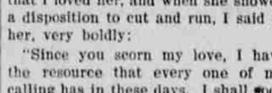
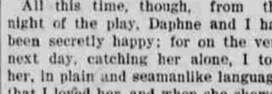
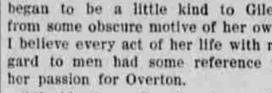
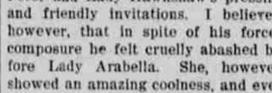
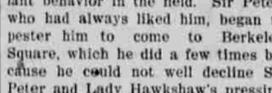
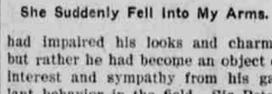
The family from Berkeley Square was going to the play that night, and I mentioned that Giles and I would be there together. And so, just as the playhouse was lighting up, we walked in. After the curtain was up, and when Mrs. Trenchard was making her great speech in "Percy," I motioned Giles to look toward Lady Hawkshaw's box. Her ladyship entered on Sir Peter's arm; his face was very red, and he was growing under his breath, to which Lady Hawkshaw contributed an obligate accompaniment in a sepulchral voice; and behind them, in all the splendor of her beauty, walked Lady Arabella, and last, came sweet, sweet Daphne.

The first glimpse Giles caught of Lady Arabella seemed to renew in an instant the spell she had cast on him five years before. He seemed almost like a madman. He could do nothing but gaze at her with eyes that seemed starting out of his head. He grew pale and then red, and was like a man in a frenzy. It was all I could do to moderate his voice and his looks in that public place. Luckily, Mrs. Trenchard being on the stage, all eyes were, for the time, bent on her.

I hardly knew how we sat the play out. I had to promise Giles a dozen times that the next day I would take him to Berkeley Square. When the curtain went down, he fairly leaped his way out of the playhouse to see Lady Arabella get into the coach.

That was a fair sample of the way he raved for days afterward. He haunted Berkeley Square, where he was welcomed always by Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, asked to dine frequently, and every mark of favor shown him.

Lady Arabella remained cold and indifferent to him. About that time Overton appeared a little in his old haunts, although much changed and sobered. Neither wounds nor illness



"If we should elope, he would make a great hullabaloo." This admirable suggestion at once commended itself to me.

"His hullabaloo could not separate us, if we were married," I replied.

"True," said Daphne; "and, after all, he and Lady Hawkshaw as good as eloped, and she was but 18—a year younger than I."

Thus was I supplied with another argument.

I again swear that I had not a thought of Daphne's fortune in all this. I would have taken the dear girl with nothing but the clothes upon her back.

True to his word, Sir Peter worked like a Trojan to get me a berth on the Bellona, and, meaning to do Giles the greatest service in the world, tried likewise for him; and mightily afraid we were that he would soon succeed.

This brought matters to a crisis with Daphne. I mentioned the word "elope" to her again, and she made a great outcry, after the manner of young women, and then began straightway to show me precisely how it might be done, protesting, meanwhile, that she would never, no, never, consent. We both agreed, though, that it was proper we should lay the matter of our marriage before Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw; but I saw that Daphne, who was of a romantic turn, had her imagination fired by the notion of an elopement.

"A pair of good horses and a light traveling chaise!" she exclaimed. "If only it were not wrong!"

"No, no! Four horses!" cried I; "and there is nothing wrong in either a two or a four horse chaise."

Daphne clapped her hands.

"A trip to Scotland—I have always longed for Scotland. I know a dozen people who have married in Scotland, and happy marriages, every one of them. But I forbid you, Richard, to think of an elopement."

"We shall set out at midnight; we shall not be missed until morning, and we shall have at least 12 hours' start. Then, at every stage we shall leave something behind, which will insure a broken axle, or a linchpin gone, for our pursuers."

We were both so charmed with the picture we had conjured up, that when I said: "Suppose, after all, though that Sir Peter consents?" Daphne's face fell; but presently she smiled when I said:

"If he does consent, why, then, there is no harm in our marrying any way we like, and he will excuse us for running away. And if he does not consent, there is no help for it—we must elope!"

I considered myself a casuist of the first order. I felt obliged to take the first opportunity of letting Sir Peter know the state of affairs, and, as usual, I determined to begin through Lady Hawkshaw.

"And," as Daphne shrewdly remarked, "they will certainly differ, so we shall at least have one of them on our side."

I sought Lady Hawkshaw and found her in her usual place, in the Chinese room. I began, halting, stammering and blushing, as if I were a charity schoolboy instead of a lieutenant in his majesty's service, who had been thanked by Lord Nelson.

"M-m-my lady," I stammered, "I have experienced so much k-k-kindness from you that I have come to you in the greatest emergency of my life."

"You want to get married," promptly replied Lady Hawkshaw.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPEND MUCH FOR AMUSEMENT.

Twenty-Five Millions Are Invested in Parks in This Country.

"It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale," says Frederic Thompson, in Everybody's.

"I suppose that more than \$25,000,000 are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about \$2,500,000. Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each.

"Luna park cost \$2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent \$240,000 on one show, of which \$68,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels—it was the representation of the Indian durbar—and I lost \$100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs \$5,600 a week to light Luna park, and \$4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers this season are \$2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit."

The Useful Hen.

"Country constables who make a living arresting speeding automobiles wouldn't have half so much trouble stopping the scorchers if they used a little ingenuity," says one of the offenders.

"Chains across the road and moving vans blocking the highway are all right to accomplish the purpose but they're cumbersome. My idea for causing a prompt slow-up is to scatter a lot of grain in a road and turn a lot of hens loose. They would block the road all right, and if there's one thing that will make a chauffeur slow up it's a hen. Dogs are bad enough, but a hen always runs the wrong way, and if the machine is going at any speed usually ends up under the wheels. Hitting a hen will sometimes throw the front wheels out of line and cause the car to swerve, so drivers almost invariably slow up and give poultry a chance to get out of the way. A hen speed trap is a great idea, to my way of thinking, and, of course, if one of the birds were killed the cost could easily be added to the driver's fine."

WOMEN SUFFER NEEDLESSLY

Many Mysterious Aches and Pains Are Easily Cured.

Backache, pain through the hips, dizzy spells, headaches, nervousness, bloating, etc., are troubles that commonly come from sick kidneys. Don't mistake the cause—Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women afflicted in this way—by curing the kidneys. Mrs. C. R. Foresman, 113 S. Eighth St., Canon City, Colo., says: "Three years I suffered with rheumatism, dropsy and kidney complaint, and became utterly helpless. I found relief after using two or three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and kept on until cured. Doan's Kidney Pills have been a blessing to me."

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

WHY HE LIKED TIGHT SHOES

Little Remark That Threw Great Light on the Home Conditions of Amos Dore.

"We always wondered a little how Amos Dore and his wife got along—really," "Aunt Em" Macomber said, frankly. "Some in the neighborhood said they'd never overheard a single loud or cross word on either side, but Lije Daniels always stuck to it that Amos was as misable at home as a man could be."

"He never spoke right out till Amos died and Mrs. Dore went back up-country to her folks. Then he let out."

"What?" queried Aunt Em's visitor.

"Well, Amos worked logging alongside of Lije every winter, and summers they had together most all ways, and it seems," said Aunt Em, impressively, "that Amos complained of his shoes hurting him about all the time. Finally Lije asked why he wore tight shoes."

"Why don't you get a pair big enough?" says Lije, one day.

"Well, I'll tell you," Amos says. "When I wear tight shoes I forget all my other troubles."—"Youth's Companion.

Youngster's Fellow Feeling.

A small boy, about five years old, was taken to an entertainment by his mother the other evening. It was 10:30 o'clock when they reached home and the little fellow was very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed.

"George," said his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at you." "Why, mamma?" he asked. "You didn't say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them."

"Aw mamma," came from the tired youngster, "what's the use of wakin' the Lord up at this time of night to hear me pray?"

Sees Extinction of Tuberculosis.

Dr. William Osler says: "Whether tuberculosis will be finally eradicated is even an open question. It is a foe that is very deeply entrenched in the human race. Very hard it will be to eradicate completely, but when we think of what has been done in one generation, how the mortality in many places has been reduced more than 50 per cent.—indeed, in some places 100 per cent.—it is a battle of hope, and so long as we are fighting with hope, the victory is in sight."

The Novel Type.

In a late magazine story a perfectly lovely girl is described as follows: "She was very small and dark, and very active, with hair like the color of eight o'clock—daylight and darkness and lamplight all snared up together, and lips like all crude scarlet, and eyes as absurdly big and round as a child's good-by kiss."

How do you like it? Would a girl who answered that description be worth shuns in everyday experiences?—Acheson Globe.

WON'T MIX

Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.

If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.

"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health for I began to suffer after each meal no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.

"I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin.

"My home cares were very heavy, for besides a large family of my own I have also to look out for my aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might, I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down.

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing.

"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic and in an incredibly short space of time I was myself again. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Trial will prove. Read the famous little book, "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.

HORSES WANTED

Want forty fine, heavy draught horses at once. Must be sound and weigh over 1600 lbs., state age, weight, height, color, condition and if possible send photograph. NAME PRICE.

Sunderland Bros. Coal Co., Omaha

Greenhorn Sailor Realized His Captain Had Given Him a Big Contract.

In the height of the recent wheat tumult Broker Patten, discussing the government's wheat estimates with a reporter, said calmly:

"But some of the men the government takes its figures from are greenhorns. Perfect greenhorns. As bad as the Dutch sailor, you know."

"The captain said to the sailor, when the ship came to port: 'Take a boat, run ashore and buy two dollars' worth of vegetables.'

"The sailor didn't know what vegetables were, so as soon as he struck land he said to a 'longshoreman: 'What is vegetables, mate?'

"'Oh, dried peas, for instance,' the 'longshoreman answered.

"So the Dutch sailor spent his two dollars on a huge sack of dried peas. When he drew near the ship again with his load the captain called him from the bridge:

"Well, have you got those vegetables?'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' said the sailor. 'Then,' said the captain, 'hand them up to cookie one at a time.'

"'Shiver my timbers!' said the sailor, 'I've got a job before me now, and no mistake!'

A PROUD PAIR.



"What makes that peasant so proud to-day?"

"Oh, he has the biggest rooster in town—and his wife the biggest hat." —Fliegende Blaetter.

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.

Absent All Around.

The absent minded professor returned home one evening, and after ringing his front doorbell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second story window: "The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor; "I'll call again." And he hobbled down the stone steps.—Lippincott's.

Her Decision and His.

An earnest stage aspirant dramatically announced to the manager that unless she could obtain an engagement she would kill herself. To quiet the lady the manager agreed to hear her recite.

He listened for a few minutes. Then he unlocked a drawer in his desk and handed her a revolver.—Lippincott's.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Nebraska Directory

TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS

1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

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Will Not Wear Out. Insist on having them—ask your local dealer or JOHN DEERE PLOW COMPANY, Omaha—Sioux Falls

REBUILT TRACTION ENGINES

at bargain prices. Write for list. LINIGER IMPLEMENT CO., Omaha, Neb.

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The Roof with the Lap All Nails Heads Protected CAREY'S ROOFING

Haill and Fire Resisting Ask your dealer or SUNDERLAND ROOFING & SUPPLY CO. Omaha, Nebraska.

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Of all varieties permanently cured in a few days without a surgical operation or detention from business. No pay will be accepted until the patient is completely satisfied. Write or call on FRANTZ H. WRAY, M. D. Room 306 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.