

Daily Toil the Common lot. In all the civilized countries of the world 6 per cent of the persons over ten years old have to work for a living.

Good Maxim. Never talk of your designs until they have been accomplished, and even then the less said the better.

WHAT WERE THEY THERE FOR

Reporter's Seemingly Superfluous Question as to Happenings at Cabinet Meetings.

Postmaster General Meyer is of a serious turn of mind, but he has a bit of humor in his makeup, nevertheless. Being looked upon as the shrewdest politician in the president's cabinet, he is the objective point for newspaper correspondents on cabinet days.

Last week as Mr. Meyer emerged from the White House a newspaper man asked:

"Mr. Postmaster General, can't you give us some news about the cabinet meetings?"

"There really is nothing to say," replied the cabinet officer. "We discussed nothing of especial importance."

"Do you mean to say you did not discuss politics?" the newspaper man queried.

The postmaster general burst into laughter. When he recovered his usual serenity he said:

"Do you suppose we were all muzzled?"

A JOB FOR TWO.



"What you fellows got in that box?" "It's all right, officer. We're takin' home Mamie Casey's hat wot she wore at de lawn party last night!"

Here's a Good One.

A friend of mine told me of a curious experience. He was carefully staking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when they got his wind, and a big cow elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him, and, being unable to stop herself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped after the fast retreating herd, leaving him the possessor of some 80 pounds of ivory, valued at about \$250.—Circle Magazine.

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.

No Romance About It.

The stricken man constantly moaned the name of the young woman who had killed him. "Tell her," he said to the medical man, "that her cruelty killed me. Tell her I am dying from a broken heart." The medical man shook his head. "Aw, go on," he said. "That would be shamelessly unprofessional. Your heart's all right. It's your liver that's the trouble."

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.

Placing the Bother.

"They say we are not to be bothered by the big hats much longer." But, really, we don't care how much longer they are—it's the height and width that bother us.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nebraska Directory

M. Spiesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery The Best in the West. OMAHA, NEB.

TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS 1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

Dain Hay Tools are the Best Instant on having them. Ask your local dealer, or JOHN DEERE OMAHA

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES A 50¢ per day. Cash or time payment. Rewritten, rest applied. We ship anywhere where free examination. No charge. Write for big catalog and list of S. J. Swanson Co., 421 Woodman St., Omaha.

The Roof with the Lap All Nail Heads Protected CAREY'S ROOFING Nail and Fire Resisting Ask your dealer or SUNDERRLAND ROOFING & SUPPLY CO. Omaha, Nebraska.

PLATTSMOUTH NEWS-HERALD

R. O. WATTERS, Business Manager PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

(Copyright, 1905, 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 gaming. 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 pranks. 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. Giles and Richard planned elopements. Sir Peter objected to the plan to wed Daphne. By clever ruses Giles and Richard eloped with Lady Arabella and Daphne, respectively. The latter pair were married. Daphne was pleased; Arabella raved in anger.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Arabella answered his appeal by a laugh of scorn, which seemed to cut him like a knife; and then, shaking me off, he shouted to her:

"I know why you will not be mine. It is that plious, hypocritical hound, Overton. But I tell you now, my lady, if you marry him, I'll have his life. Take note of what I say—I'll have his life."

To which Arabella, after a pause in which her face grew deeply red and then pale again, said:

"Your own life is in jeopardy. The abduction of an heiress is a capital offense, and you shall be tried for your life if it takes every shilling of my fortune to do it. You shall see what you have done!"

I shuddered at these words, for I saw it was no idle threat. If Giles contemplated violence toward Overton, I had not the slightest doubt that Arabella was fully capable of keeping her word in the dreadful business. Daphne thought so, too, for she ran forward, and putting her hands over Arabella's mouth, cried:

"No, no! dear Arabella, take that back!"

"But I will not take it back," replied Arabella; "and I shall lodge information against this wretch as soon as I can return to Scarborough—which I shall do in the post-chaise; luckily, I have money with me."

Under the terrible threat of prosecution, Giles recovered himself surprisingly. He lost his frantic air, and, drawing himself up, remarked quite calmly:

"Just as your ladyship pleases." His change of manner seemed to infuriate Arabella, who shrieked at him:

"You shall be hanged for this!" "Anything to oblige your ladyship," responded Giles, as cool as you please.

I felt that this painful scene could no longer continue, and said so.

"Lady Arabella," said I, "my wife"—how Daphne's eyes glowed as I spoke—"and I are returning immediately to Scarborough; you had best go with us; and when you have seen and consulted with Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw it will be time enough to determine upon your course."

"My course is already determined upon," she replied; and no one who saw her could doubt it.

"And so is mine," said Giles, now in possession of all his usual manliness. "I return to London, where I shall duly report myself to the admiralty, and later to Sir Peter Hawkshaw; and if the lady thirsts for my blood, begad, she can have it."

"Giles Vernon," said I, "you have been unlucky. I can not say more, because I am in the same boat with you. But you have done nothing unworthy of a gentleman, and nothing to make either Daphne or me love you the less, no matter what befalls. So here is my hand upon it."

We grasped hands, and, turning to Daphne, he removed his hat and proceeded to kiss her, saying to me: "By your leave." And Daphne said to him: "Good-by, dear Giles."

The proceedings seemed to fill Lady Arabella with disgust. She haughtily refused my hand to assist her into the chaise, and announced that she would go to the village of Springfield, near by, for rest and breakfast; and, willy-nilly, Daphne and I had to follow in the post-chaise.

Never shall I forget that dismal wedding journey back to Scarborough. I began, for the first time, to fear the

reproaches of the world in general, and Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw in particular, in regard to running away with an heiress. I had one comfort, however; Daphne fully believed in my disinterestedness; and I can sincerely say I wished Daphne's fortune at the bottom of the sea, if I could but have wooed and won her in the ordinary course of events.

Lady Arabella traveled just ahead of us, but took occasion to show her anger and resentment against us in every way. About half the distance to Scarborough we met full in the road a traveling chariot, and in it were Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw.

We found that the hostlers had earned their money, and that the Hawkshaws' chaise had broken down at least once in every stage.

When we met and stopped, Arabella alighted, and so did we, and so did the Hawkshaws; and the first word that was spoken was by Daphne.

"Uncle Peter," she said, "don't fly at Richard. If you must know it, I ran away with him; for I am sure, although he is as brave as a lion, it never would have dawned upon him to run away with me, if I had not put the idea in his head and kept it there."

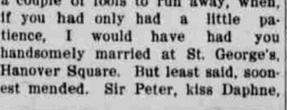
"Sir," I said, "and madam," turning to Lady Hawkshaw, "I beg you will not listen to this young lady's plea. I am wholly responsible for the circumstances of our marriage. I can, however, and do, call heaven to witness, that her fortune had nothing to do with it, and I should have been happy and proud to take her, with the clothes on her back, and nothing more."

Sir Peter began to sputter, but Lady Hawkshaw cut him short.

"Exactly what you said, Sir Peter, within an hour of our marriage."

Thus were Sir Peter's guns dismounted.

"And, Richard and Daphne, you are a couple of fools to run away, when, if you had only had a little patience, I would have had you handsomely married at St. George's, Hanover Square. But least said, soonest mended. Sir Peter, kiss Daphne."



Playing with Her Lap-Dog the While.

And shake hands with Richard." And as I am a sinner, she actually forced Sir Peter to do both, although I saw he mortally hated it.

Arabella's turn came next. She advanced and said, with a bitterness that struck a chill to my heart:

"Sir Peter, as you know, I was carried off by that wretch who disgraces his uniform, Lieut. Giles Vernon; but he did not succeed in forcing me to consent to a marriage. And I call upon you, as my next friend, to aid me in the prosecution which I shall immediately set on foot against him for the capital offense of the abduction of an heiress; and I hope to bring him to the gibbet for it."

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Arabella Stormont was as good as her word; for that day, two months, Giles Vernon was put upon trial for his life at York assizes for the abduction of an heiress. Sir Peter Hawkshaw refused absolutely to countenance Arabella; and my Lady Hawkshaw, who never had bowed her head or abased her spirit to mortal man or mortal woman before, went upon her knees, imploring Arabella to give over her revenge—for revenge it was, pure and simple—but Lady Arabella laughed at her. Lady Hawkshaw rose from her knees, crying out:

"You have some deep and unknown reason for this; but it will come to naught, it will come to naught!"

But Arabella found a person ready to her hand, who was most active in the matter. This was Sir Thomas Vernon of Vernon court. It was he who lodged the information with the public prosecutor against Giles, and assumed the part of Lady Arabella's champion. Of course, there was some ground for the version of the story which was started in Arabella's interest, that a frightful outrage had been committed by dragging her off against her will; and that only the most determined courage had saved her from a marriage repulsive to her; that Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, her next friends, had basely deserted her; and that Sir Thomas had chivalrously taken up her cause. It is true that the relative characters of the Hawkshaws and Sir Thomas Vernon discounted much of this; but the actual facts in the case looked so ugly for Giles that there was no trouble in securing his prompt arrest and delivery in York jail.

The breach between Lady Arabella and the Hawkshaws, as well as Daphne and myself, was too great to be bridged over; and, having thrown herself, so to speak, in Sir Thomas Ver-

non's arms, she accepted the protection of a relative of his, one Mrs. Whitall, a decayed gentlewoman, and went to live at a small town near York until the assizes, when she would be called upon as the chief witness for the prosecution. Great stories were immediately put forth that Sir Thomas Vernon was deeply smitten with Arabella's charms, and that, after a visit with Mrs. Whitall to Vernon Court she looked very kindly on Sir Thomas. All this might be true, and Sir Thomas might flatter himself that he had won her favor; but, knowing Arabella well, I did not credit her with any sincere desire to be kind to Sir Thomas Vernon, although she might make him think so, for her own purposes. I suspected, however, a motive far deeper, in any matter connected with Sir Thomas Vernon. Overton was the next heir after Giles; Sir Thomas was extremely rickety, and not likely to be long-lived; and if, by merely telling what had happened, Lady Arabella could sate her resentment, which was deep and furious, against Giles, and at the same time greatly benefit Overton, I think she would not have weighed Giles' life at a penny. My Daphne, whose faith in human nature was angelic, in her belief in ultimate good, prayed and besought Arabella to leave the country before the trial came off; but Arabella only said contemptuously:

"You are a child and a chit. Giles Vernon contemplated doing me the greatest wrong a man can do to a woman. Do you think I shall let him go unpunished? If so, how little do you know Arabella Stormont!"

Then I, from loyalty to Giles, and not from any hope I had from Lady Arabella, went to her and made my appeal. She heard all my prayers without the slightest sign of relenting, playing with her lap-dog the while. At last, I said to her:

"Tell me, at least, who is to be benefited by the conviction of Giles Vernon? Not you, certainly; for you will be loathed and shunned by all."

"The person dearest to me in the world," she replied; "the person I love better than my life or my soul," and then, as she had admitted too much, she stopped, turned pale, and seemed altogether disconcerted. She had, in truth, admitted too much. The person she had ever loved better than her soul was Philip Overton.

I had the self-possession to leave her then, and went off by myself to think over the strange motive which had been revealed to me. Arabella's infatuation for Overton had always been abnormal, touched with unreason. And could fate have woven a closer web around Giles Vernon than in making him fall so madly in love with Arabella Stormont?

Giles had promptly surrendered himself, rightly judging a trial better than being a fugitive from justice and a deserter from the naval service. He repaired to York, after having duly reported to the admiralty, and was jailed immediately, and indicted.

The Hawkshaws, my Daphne and I remained in Scarborough during the two dreadful months that passed before the trial came off. Sir Peter easily got leave from the admiralty for me, hoping, not only that my testimony, but the example of the felicity in which Daphne and I lived, might not be without its effect upon the jury that tried Giles.

Offers of money to assist in his defense came from many quarters and from several ladies—two in especial, her grace of Auchenair and Mrs. Trenchard. Lady Hawkshaw, however, claimed the privilege of bearing the expenses of the trial out of her private fortune, which was large. Sir Peter and she had it hot and heavy, he desiring to contribute; and for one of the few times in his life, he carried his point against her. Two great barristers were to be brought from London to assist Giles in his defense, besides another one in York itself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHILD EVINCED REAL HEROISM.

Pathetically Brave in Hour That Brings Terror to Us All.

A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman. Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell and the father said:

"Don't you want to go, Willie?" The little lip quivered, but the child answered, "Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness.

The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent, they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief and asked:

"Why, am I going back with you?" "Of course you are; why not?" "I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what, to him, had evidently been a summons to leave the world.

Now It Is Different.

"De sayin' 'bout a soft answer turnin' away wrath," said Uncle Eben, "were promulgated in a previous age when dar weren' none o' deshere telephone young ladies sayin' 'Louder, please!'"

THE WRONG OBJECTIVE POINT

Mule's Lack of Consideration Responsible for Ike's Being Late at His Duty.

An Atlanta merchant has frequent occasion to rebuke Ike, his dinky porter, for his tardiness in reporting for duty in the morning. Ike is always ready with a more or less ingenious excuse.

"You're two hours late, Ike!" exclaimed the employer one morning. "This sort of thing must stop! Otherwise, I'm going to fire you; understand."

"Deed, Mistah Edward," replied Ike, "it wa'n't mah fault, dis time! Honest! I was kicked by a mule!"

"Kicked by a mule? Well, even if that were so, it wouldn't delay you for more than an hour. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that."

Ike looked aggrieved. "Mistah Edward," he continued solemnly, "it might have been all right if dat mule kicked me in dis direction; but he didn't—he kicked me de odder way!" Lippincott's.

HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

Cuticura Soon Cured His Eczema.

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

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

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

A doctor of divinity should believe in the faith cure.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

Why Actors Wear Long Hair. Why do actors so often wear long hair? Perhaps this is the reason: There once was a statute in England under which actors found wandering were liable to be branded through the right ear. The long hair concealed the decoration and thus the custom was started.

Alcohol and Tuberculosis. The most prominent tuberculosis specialists in the country agree that alcohol will not cure consumption. Dr. S. A. Knopf says: "Alcohol has never cured and never will cure tuberculosis. It will either prevent or retard recovery." Dr. Frank Billings of Chicago and Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch, ex-presidents of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis; Dr. Lawrence F. Flick of Philadelphia and Dr. Edward L. Trudeau of Saranac Lake, the founder of the anti-tuberculosis movement in this country, are all of the same opinion.

Objection to Women Golfers. "Farmers don't mind renting their fields to golfers, but they are strongly opposed to women."

"Why?" "Because woman golfers are always losing hairpins and hatpins and stickpins in the grass. Follow the trail of a woman's foursome with a pin cushion and I'll guarantee you a cushionful of pins at the end of the ninth hole."

"But why does the farmer mind that?" "Because afterward when his sheep and cattle graze in those fields they swallow pins. Pins, I needn't tell you, are injurious to the health."

Leave it to Him. A Wichita man was fussing because of his aching teeth. "Why don't you go to a dentist?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, I haven't got the nerve," was the reply.

"Never mind that," replied the friend, "the dentist will find the nerve all right."—Kansas City Journal.

Painful Insomnia. "What sort of a hat is a wide-awake?" "Why, a hat without a nap, of course."

Cheering Him Up. "Bill," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought you a few fahrs, Bill. I fought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wraef, yer know. Don't get down-hearted, Bill. Lummy, don't you look gashly! But there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer yer up a bit. Nice little room you 'ave 'ere, but as I sez to meself when I was a-comin' up: 'Wot orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!'"—London Globe.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.



Libby's Food Products

Libby's Vienna Sausage

Is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a meal-time necessity, to be served at frequent intervals.

Libby's Vienna Sausage just suits for breakfast, is fine for luncheon and satisfies at dinner or supper. Like all of Libby's Food Products it is carefully cooked and prepared, ready to serve, in Libby's Great White Kitchen—the cleanest, most scientific kitchen in the world.

Other popular, ready-to-serve Libby Pure Foods are:

Cooked Corned Beef
Peerless Dried Beef
Veal Loaf
Evaporated Milk
Baked Beans
Chow Chow
Mixed Pickles

Write for free booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat". Insist on Libby's at your grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

Charms Children Delights Old Folks Post Toasties

The crisp delicious, golden-brown food, made of Indian Corn.

A tempting, teasing taste distinctly different—all its own.

"The Taste Lingers