A great idealist can never be ego-

God has made every man fit for his work. To create anything in reality is to put life into it.

It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated.

In order to find what is fairest you must delight in what is fair. There is no wealth but life. Life.

including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The helping hand is never empty. One to-day is worth aneternity of yesterdays.

There is nothing platonic about a man's love for himself. If a small boy is quiet his mother

wonders what ails him. Money makes the mare go-and sometimes she goes to the horse doc-

If a man expects a woman to re reasonable she thinks he is unreason-

SENTENCE SERMONS.

The greedy are always needy. Life is the mill in which men are

They are richest who give the world most refreshing. Making a name for gold does not

make a golden name. Truth rests on facts, but her face

reaches higher realms. Hope and aspiration joined make the energy of any life.

It ofte ntakes a great load to get a man down on his knees. An appetite for flattery attracts our

foes and repels our friends. Knew Him.

"William," said the head of the firm, looking at his watch, "I have business out of town this afternoon and may be detained several hours If anybody should call-'

'Ther' ain't no ball game to-day, Mr. Spotcash," interrupted the office boy. "I said nothing about ball games, William," rejoined his employer, eying him sternly. "However, my business is such that it can wait until some other day. That will be all just now, William.

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.

All of It. Newitt-But Dr. Price-Price doesn't esk for pay from poor patients.'

Markley-No, because he wouldn't get it. When he treated me he asked me if I had any money, and I said "yes," of course.

Newitt-Well? Markley-He said, "I'll take it."

Carriage to Match.

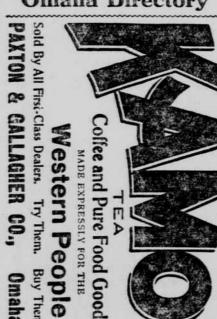
"I heard Miss Gadabout wondering the other day what sort of an electric she should get."

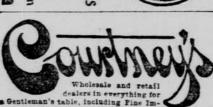
"I would advise her, if she wants something fitting, to buy a runabout." -Baltimore American.

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the

those who possessed none. fined art were always subdued by The nations which possessed a re-

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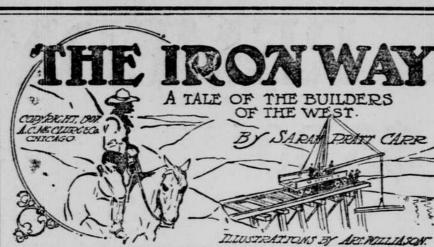
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phinean Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also, Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being builk. Vincent visits town where railroad much are working on the road and receives in the story of the control of the con built. Vincent visits town where railroad receives token of esteem from Stella. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young voman. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel landing. Vincent visits society circles of enemics of the Central Pacific railroad and opposing central Pacific railroad and opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boast. Flying his attentions Cadwallader insults her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In turn he proposes marriage, is rejected, leaves her declaring he will return the sort of a man she will leve. Stella hears from her lover, C deen, and of his phenomenal success. Final letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also on are working on the road and received pleas of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader on charge of wire tapping is also found. Impending disaster to Central Pacific is averted by protecting the Flora. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Stella and Alfred show leve for cach other despite hostility of Gideon. Alfred and Stella pledge their troth and former is compelled to leave on company business. Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of bucband's recent "strike." leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Gideon's advances. In showing Mrs. Hamilton, a niece of a rallroad official, about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment. Banquet in rallroad town is scene of more monopolization of Alfred by Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, decrying the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Viola's love for Alvin, a telegraph operator, is revealed. Gideon returns to Stella and finding offers of love rejected, makes a threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. When Stella discovers this she makes a desperate effort and books passage on stage, which is attempting to beat that of rival company.

CHAPTER XX.-Continued.

A deep rumble shook the town. The "Governor Stanford" raced into the station. Flying figures caught up mail and treasure and ran with them to the waiting coach. Passengers, their linen dusters floating back on the night breeze, hurried after, gulping Sally B.'s scalding coffee on the run and snatching her neatly packed hot

Stella, fastening her cloak and carrying a small valise in the other hand, came flying out of the hotel door Sh pressed her scant golden horde into the booking clerk's hand as she passed. "Give the change to Mrs. Sally," she said through set teeth, and ran around in the street to the opposite side of the stage. "Please help me up, sir," she called softly to the passenger on the box. "I've booked, and I'm to have the seat next you."

The man moved, intending to step down and help her up; but the hostlers cried: "All ready!"

"No, no! There isn't time," Stella called frantically, as she heard Uncle Billy answer the hostlers. "Reach me your hand!" she implored, her footon the forward hub

The passenger obeyed, and she was seated, the "luck rose" safe between her teeth, when Uncle Billy sprang up, crying "Let 'em go!" His face was full of disappointment in spite of the jovial replies he flung back to the torrent of good wishes from the bystanders. As he swiftly gathered the lines he caught sight of Stella

"Good Lord! You cain't go, honey!"

"I must! You'll-" The hostlers loosed their hold with a yell and the horses sprang out. With wild cheers behind them they plunged into the black night. The race was again on.

CHAPTER XXI The Race.

Eastward through thick darkness they flew. Stella, untimid, knowing | horses as the smart girl of to-day knows her pedigreed dog, yet marveled at Uncle Billy's timely discernment of every rut and hole; at the skill that slowed or gave rein to the galloping team with such nice calcula-

shiver. Uncle Billy felt it through the the glass unemptied. A woman came same sense that guided him over the unseen road. Shifting the lines to his right hand, with the other he pulled a buffalo robe from under the seat and adjusted it about her with quick

"Thank you." she said gratefully, and was silent on account of the stranger at her left. Yet a little later, under cover of the dark, the rose went into Uncle Billy's button-hole, and in answer to his low question Stella re- and take two houns fo' the 12 miles peated the booking clerk's news of to Sacramento; but we beat 'em! Had

Gideon. An inhospitable gray crept at last He took the Virginia mail and papehs into the sky, and showed the road into Sacramento like greased lightdully red. The lash went singing ning; and our train pulled out only through the air in long, unwinding 49 minutes aften their cars left Freecoils. Though no horse was struck, port.'

the six leaped to added speed. "Come on, boys! It's the day of yo' life!" Uncle Billy called cheerily. off again. 'You, Socks an' Boots, set 'em a pace

It was a trumpet call to the leaders. Indeed, all the horses caught the race spirit and stretched to their task with this side of Coburn's." almost human ardor.

"Misteh Montague, will you time us from that pine tree yondeh?" the a few short spaces. The sun rose in driver asked of the passenger on the other side of Stella. yet the brief glimpse cheered the trav-

mile had sped behind. "It would have been three twentyfour if old Snorteh and Posey had versation and stories. been leading. But I reckon we'll make this beat in pretty good shape with Socks and Boots.'

"Three forty-four," he said when a

"That's great speed. You can't a question from the other, "the Cali-

"No, sah; 'not as much of the time as I'd like to." Uncle Billy barely true again. "This is the best team I'll cess."

driver the company had.

harnessed and ready. A man to each, changing station. horse, they led them in line and hooked them up close upon the heels grily as soon as his feet touched the looked to the running gear, tested the look toward Stella. "Is that all the

kept adding territory till they had day be martyred to the race. eleven hundred and mo' miles, and upwards of twelve hundred head of

"They've sold most of their lines, haven't they?" the young man asked. "Yes. The po' stage driveh's getting steamed off the earth. I don't know

what'll become of him." "Oh, he'll get a job with the iron

"We wouldn't win in that business. What would I do with a train?" Uncle Billy asked earnestly. "I don't know how to hook up heh up, nothin' about the running geah, nor heh disposition. If she kicked I wouldn't know whetheh is was fo' cause or fo' deviltry '

"Perhaps not as an engineer; but as a conductor you'd be a shining suc-

Stella indorsed that opinion enthusiastically.

"Did the California Stage company start the Overland Express, Mr. Dodge?

"The western end, yes: and Louis McLane's operating it yet to Salt Lake. From there on it's the Old nigh leadeh's white clean up to his Man's goose. Been running daily eveh since '59."

"Daily or otherwise," laughed the

"When it's othehwise, it's the Old Man's end," the driver said with em-

"Keep yo' feet, you son of Poseidon!" he called suddenly as one of the "swing team" went down on his knees. "Oh. oh! He's bleeding. Uncle Billy! His knees-his mouth-

"Don't look, honey!" he said sympathetically. "It cain't be helped. We've got to win if it kills the stock." The change was made with incred. Yet he favored the poor stumbler ible swiftness. A fresh team stood when possible till they came to the

"What in-" Uncle Billy began anof the retiring team. Other men ground; but stopped, and sent a quick

way, they operated fo' hundred and and spent the short moment examinfifty miles as fah back as '53. They ing each poor animal that would that

"Yo' posy's brought one piece of luck, Stella," he said as he mounted again. "It's raining oveh there on them Placerville fellehs."

Stella looked south to the black clouds overhanging high summits, and hoped that Uncle Billy himself could outdrive the storm that was roaring northward. They flashed by a toll gate, the driver sending a flying greeting to the gatekeeper.

Stella drew a breath of relief for the horses as they looked into fair Summit valley, a green gem set in the midst of barren rock and perpetual snow, its smooth level the only reminder of the lake it had supplanted. Fresh horses at Tinker's, and on

"Ever seen Mr. Holladay's palace traveling coach?" Mr. Montague asked Uncle Billy a little later.

"No, sah; but I've heard of it. What does it look like?" "It's luxury on wheels; bullet-proof,

with kitchen, dining room and bedroom; all furnished gilt edged and sporting a chef." A long whistle was the only answer,

for they had rounded a point and were looking out upon Donner lake, 3,000 feet below. To-day no luxurious passenger

speeding fast asleep through 40 miles of snow sheds may know the magnificence of that vision, the splendor of that morning flight down the zigzagging steeps. A mile and a half as the crow flies, and but three miles over the crooked wagon road, to the beautiful blue lake that mirrors allke heaven and tragedy. The way was too steep and tortuous for speed; yet the horses kept their steady gallop, the coach pressing hard upon them; and now and again the wheels on one side or the other whirled high in air as they swung around some sharp point or into a clasping gorge.

Past tremendous reaches of dark forest. Over long stretches of rock yet unclothed by nature. Rattling across torrent-cut gorges, over earth "fills," through narrow cuts. Ever down, down! At last one more plunge and out upon the haunted shore of the cerulean lake, the smooth, secret lake, that carries within its soundless bosom remembered horrors that named

Along its level shores the road stretched in straight or winding spaces, a fine track for racing. The horses leaped forward to a dead run, that never slackened till, at Coburn's, beside the swift, tortuous Truckee, the relief team met them.

On again. Out from fir forests and rocky barriers, and into the desert ing banana skins on the pavement." boundaries.

Chamberlain's and breakfast! How glad they were to stretch themselves on earth once more! Yet no time for dallying.

"Made the last three miles in nine minutes!" Mr. Montague announced as he walked into the dining room.

waiters, steaming dishes, silent, busy iron. passengers-the scant halt passed like a gust; and again they were flying. Again upward, past the spouting, Tartarus-smelling Steamboat springs,

over the smooth Geiger grade, and at last into the gray, straggling city hung against the bare breast of Mount Davidson-Virginia, golden goal of their Superintendent Crocker, watch in

hand, stood on the hotel steps to welcome them, as Uncle Billy swung in with a grand finishing flourish. "One o'clock! Twenty-one hours and

five minutes from San Francisco! Hurrah for you, Billy Dodge!" Mr. Crocker cried; and rousing cheers echoed from the waiting crowd. "From Colfax our driver has aver-

aged a mile in four and a third minutes," Mr. Montague called, looking up from a quick calculation.

"By George, Montague! That almost beats engine and steamer! Hurrah again, boys!" "But where's the Placehville stage?"

Uncle Billy asked as he came stiffly up the steps, Stella by his side. "This came an hour ago," Mr. Crocker said, putting a dispatch in the

driver's hand. "Read that," he exclaimed exultingly. "Strawberry Valley, noon. Heavy rains, heavy roads, heavy loads,"

Uncle-Billy read. "We're in time, then?" Stella whispered softly. Uncle Billy nodded. Wilder cheers

made speech impossible eager deference paid to him; his non- devils! And don't take eternity fo' it, away! Strawberry Valley was 63 miles

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



GOAT MEAT AS VENISON

"I know it, Mr. Dodge," a hostler re-

Three Thousand Feet Below Was Donner Lake.

wheels, saw that the lumbering coach | team you've got for me? That stock's

Stella now saw Uncle Billy on duty, plied. "Charley's team went over the

silent, watchful, himself observed by grade last night-two killed soon as

all, the captain and autocrat of this they struck; and we had to give him

horseflesh battle against mountains your outfit. This is Livermore's stock,

Stella's heart as she noticed the "Cain't do it. Hook 'em up, po'

and time. A proprietary pride warmed just in. Will you wait for water?"

was everywhere safe to continue its plumb done up."

lurching, racking journey.

the station house.

acceptance.

anecdotes.

he rubbed his hands limber while

pacing slowly, or leaned in perfect re-

post against the rough porch pillar of

The bartender brought him a hot

drink. He sipped a little and returned

to the door with warm crullers; but

he shook his head with a smile and a word that made refusal as gracious as

"How is it the Chrysopolis didn't

break down between Freeport and Sac-

ramento?" asked a bystander, eager

Uncle Billy's lip curled. "The

a messengeh there on a race horse.

Scant were the moments, hardly

"We'll pass Gideon suah; he's got

powehful little the start of us." Uncle

Billy whispered to Stella as he took |

his seat. "He cain't get a fresh horse

They were now on the long, long

far western summits. It scon clouded:

elers and loosed their tongues; and

reaching a plural, before they were

they'd play that trick on us."

for news of the race. "I expected Knew What They Ate. Galeton, Pa .- For two or three days Our Government Cemetery in Mexico. Frank Mandl was peddling alleged snipes! They had it fixed to slow up

> market every day. game warden at Bralford, and he the year 1850 for the purpose of in-Mandl's premises with authority to ar. The United States who died or were rest him for violating the game laws. killed in that vicinity during the war Upon finding Mandl, the warden with Mexico and also for the purpose asked:

"Have you been selling deer meat?" "Sure I have," says Mandl. "Do you know that you are liable to arrest and a fine of \$100?" again

asked the warden. climb, though it dipped downward in Mandl by this time was frightened and admitted that he was guilty, but belated glory long after it had gilded declared he did not know he was do-

ing wrong. "Let me see the head of the animal," said the warden.

isolated exclamations expanded to con-Mandl couldn't find it, but after considerable search in the barnyard Mrs. On the box the two men exchanged Mandl brought it forth, horns and all. "That isn't a deer, it's a goat," said "Oh, yes," Uncle Billy responded to

"That is so," said Mandl. Then it make it much of the time, can you?" fornia State company's an old concern. was all off. Mandl was the first to tell bit by bit.—Symonds.

Consumers Enjoyed It Until They but his customers, who thought they had been eating venison.

"Though very few people are aware venison to his customers. It went of the fact," said an army officer the like hot cakes, for the price was readother day, "the United States governsonable and one has not the oppor- ment owns and maintains a national tunity to buy deer meat in the open cemetery in Mexico. It is located at San Cosme, near the City of Mexico, The news reached the ears of a and was purchased and established in came in great haste. He went to terring the remains of the soldiers of of interring the bodies of citizens of the United States who have died in that vicinity since that period."-Washington Star.

Strange Tattooing.

A London tattooer says that dragons and serpents are now popular with women. One of the strangest tasks he has been engaged on lately was to tattoo a will on a woman's back. It was a copy of a document drawn up in the usual way of a solicitor. It contained nearly 500 words, and he had to reproduce carefully all the signatures.

Character, like a coral reef, is made



Publisher-The third chapter in this manuscript is so blurred I can't make Author-Yes: that is where I used

London atmosphere. That is the fog,

A Woman's Duty.

The woman of taste keeps abreast of the fashions in a way-that is, she drops wornout styles and adopts whatever new ones she can adapt to her use. If she can afford it she patronizes first-class dressmakers and gets her money's worth by wearing her clothes two or three seasons without losing her prestige as a well-dressed woman. There is an advantage in this method, as you can see, and I have been told by women who use It that there is economy as well.

It is no economy to save at the expense of good looks. It is a woman's duty to look her best, a duty she owes to her family. If she can secure it by a small expenditure, so much the better, but to save by accepting shabbiness is not creditable save in dire stress of circumstances. Poverty is an excuse for shabbiness and nothing else is accepted by the world, save in the rare cases of shabby millionaires. -Chicago Journal.

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.

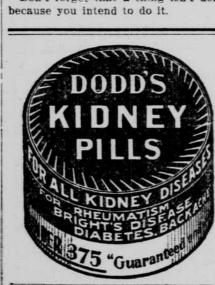
Things That Trip. "It's a fact," said the man who was given to moralizing, "that one cannot be too careful about trifles. Sometimes when a man's going along planning some big things some little thing that he's overlooked trips him up." "Yes." the plain man agreed, "and there should be a law against throw-

With a smooth fron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods. and it will be a positive pleasure to But no one replied. Hurrying use a Starch that does not stick to the

> An Effective Hint. "She won't ask directly for wine but when she is where it is, she always pretends to be taken with great

"I see; an all around case of sham You always get full value in Lewis'

Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. Don't forget that a thing isn't done



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remedies, when required, are to assist

nature and not to supplant the nature

al functions, which must depend ulti-

mately upon proper nouristment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always

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