DISAPPOINTED.

The old countryman with the faded satchel stood in front of the side-show tent with a look of disgust on his face

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the olly-tongued individual who was telling the crowd about the wonderful wild man inside. "You look disappointed."

"I am," grunted the old man. "I heard that there was a crowd of barkers down at the side show and I ain't heard one of you bark."

LAUGHING CYNICISMS.

Tit-for-tat is a game that is older than golf.

Much is forgiven beauty at the court of injustice. Many a "saint" has a homely face

to thank for her halo. Fools never listen to the wise; but

the wise occasionally give ear to fools.

To be bad-for-something is stronger than to be good-for-nothing.

A dell hearing and a bad memory have proved immensely profitable afflictions.-Linppincott's.

QUAKER MUSINGS.

Many a girl will knit her brows who wouldn't darn a stocking. Most of try to forget the mean

things we know about ourselves. Enough is as good as a feast, but the average man wants a surplus.

Clothes don't make the man. Many a fellow with a coat of arms wears baggy trousers.

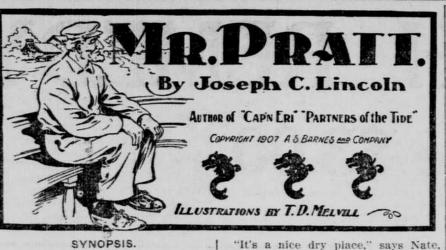
Don't judge by appearance. The man who wears a diamond pin may sometimes be really wealthy.

The only man who really loves his enemy as he loves himself is the fellow who is his own worst enemy.

Mud Slinging at Rockville Center. The other evening while the cast you all this rigmarole?" Parish hall some dastardly person the feller had heard it from somebody threw a large lump of mud in the else that had got it from somebody window and struck one of our finest else and so on and so on. Nigh's 1 ladies of our village in the back of could find out it had started from the neck. This cussedness must | Hartley's telling me that the boy was

punished .- South Side Observer.

One special advantage to readers of ed from that. Shows you what good The Lincoln State Journal is the fact soil there is for planting lies down that twice as much space is devoted our way. If lies was fetching ten to telegraph items from over the state, cents a barrel the whole neighborhood If anything happens in Nebraska you | would have been rich years ago. are more likely to read about it first in All the time me and Nate was pow-The Lincoln State Journal. It costs a wowing this way the yawl was sailing lot of money to pay correspondents in | up the bay towing my skiff behind all the small towns, telegraph tolls, but her. There was a nice fair wind and it's the right system, as is shown by a smooth sea and 'twas so clear after The Journal having the largest circu- the rain that we could see the hills lation among state readers. The Jour- across the bay. But no sign could nal aims to chronicle every death and we see of the Dora Bassett nor her every marriage in the state. In fact, passengers. I was getting more worit's a daily record of the doings not ried every minute. only of the people out over the state. but of all the details of the state inyour agricultural school, your hospital any farther, so we come about and and your penitentiary. Thousands of begun to beat back again the way best keep you posted on what you are getting for it. Nearly all of the ease will always get hold of a feller's trobles in state affairs in the past | tenderest place. hay occurred because citizens-maybe attention to what was being done. By my house if his chum's drowned?" the direct primary the humblest citizen is now just as much a part of the gover: ment as his more fortunate neighself may be entitled to a part of the vet. Ain't he liable for them days?" blame. In these times what you want he says. to read is a paper that dares to tell you the truth about all things and all want somebody else to feel that way, parties. There are no strings on The so I answers: Licoln Journal. Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent | He thumped the boat's rail. "Crazy Starches put on the market 25 years or not," says he, "I can't afford to lose age are very different and inferior to them days. I shan't give him back these of the present day. In the lat- none of his money." Then he thought est discovery-Defiance Starch-all in- a minute and begun to see a speck ju: ous chemicals are omitted while of comfort. "Maybe the shock of verted by us, gives to the Starch a sick," he says. "Then he'll have to strength and smoothness never ap- stay longer than the month." proached by other brands.



SYNOPSIS.

arguing, "and you might live there Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narforever and nobody could run away.' the solution of story, introducing well-to-do than Scudder of his town, and Edward n Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich w Yorkers seeking rest. Because of ter pair's lavish expenditure of money. "Humph!" says I, thinking of something I'd seen in a newspaper; "Hell's got all them recommendations " hatter pair's lavish expenditure of money. Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they fermed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. "The Heavenhes" hear a long story of the domestic wocs of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing scarch for another Hartley was looking at the Bar now.

All to once he grabbed me by the arm and pointed. "Sol," he says, "what's that stick-

ing up over the point there? There, most of it into the boat. It went betbehind those trees? Isn't it a boat's ter then." mast?" I looked, and looked once more,

From where we was you could see a gen unavailing search for another gen unavailing search for another unicile. Adventure at Fourth of July debration at Eastwich. Hartley rescued boy, known as "Reddy," from under a orse's feet and the urchin proved to be he of Miss Page's charges, whom she ad taken to the country for an outing, iss Page and Hartley wars semanted Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a fierce storm, which followed the picnic. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Hartley, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a second grabbed for the hat and I drove the still. yawl for Horsefoot Bar. I'd spied the

CHAPTER VI .- Continued.

"She never said no such thing," I spit. says. "She wouldn't swear if he was her husband four times over; she lying on her side in a little cove, just religious service. How about it, long breath. ain't that kind. And she ain't his wife as the tide had left her. Her canvas James?' nor his sister nor his sister-in-law was down in a heap, partly on deck His lordship looked sheepish. "Well, nor his grandmother's cat's aunt neith- and partly overboard, but she didn't sir," he says. "I don't know, sir. I She's no relation to him and seem to be hurt none. I beached the may 'ave been a bit nervous; I'm not neither's the boy. Who's been giving yawl just alongside of her, dropped | used to a boat, sir." the sail, chucked over the anchor and

like loons.

cease and the perpetrators must be a "brother outcast." Some idiot with poor ears and worse brains had thought he said "brother Oscar," and NEBRASKA TELEGRAPH ITEMS. the whole string of yarns had sprout-

We cruised along till we got abreast of the point from where the Old stitutions, most of which are located Home pier was in sight. But the in Lincoln. It's your state university, sloop wa'n't at the pier. No use going officers here and over the state are we'd come. Scudder was worried speeding your money and The Journal too, but his worriment had caught him in the pocketbook; proves how dis-"Look here, Sol," says he: "do you just like yourself-have not paid much | callate Hartley 'll want to stay to "I don't know," I says, impatient. "No, 1 guess not." "Well now, he agreed to take it for bor, and if things go wrong you your- a month and there's five days to run Talk about dropping an acquaintance! was a derelict barn and a half dozen I never was dropped like that afore! pig pens and hen houses stranded Look here, Mr. Van Brunt, afore you alongside of it. And there was Horse and me go to sea together again we'll foot bar all around us for a half mile have a little lesson in running rigging. or so, sand and beach grass and hop-I want to learn you what a main- toads, all complete. And beyond on sheet is." "Oh," he says, careless like, "I guess looking blue and pretty in the fore I found it, after a while. At any rate noon sunshine. And on tother side

ropes in sight." "You did?" says I, with my mouth open.

yours; it seemed to want to turn som- tograph of the last place the Lord

ersets. I judged that that sail made made; the one he forgot to finish. it ton-heavy so I told James to take the sail down. He didn't know how but we it! Now what is it?" decided that the ropes must have something to do with it. So I cut hadn't arrived that time when I 'em, one after the other, and the sail thought he was coming. I cal'inted came down."

"Sudden?" says I. "Well, fairly so. Some of it was in puzzled. the water and the rest of it on James. I resurrected him finally and we pulled what? What do you mean?"

"Did, hey?" says I. I was learning all. You old blockhead!" hollers Van.

seamanship fast. "Yes," says be. "If I were you I bang on the back; "Don't you see? It's part of Horsefoot Bar that was out of wouldn't have any sail on that boat. what we've been looking for all these sight from the rest of the bay. As She does much better without one. I say, I looked. Then I gave the tiller Then it began to rain and I got some a shove that brought the boom across of the dry sail over me. I believe I with a slat. It took Nate's hat with went to sleep then-or soon after." it and cracked him on the bald spot Nate Scudder's eyes was big as prelike thumping a ripe watermelon. Nate serve dishes. I guess mine was bigger playing cat's cradle along with the

"Good Lord!" says I. "Did his-did | knew it. Dora Bassett's mast over the sand- James go to sleep too?"

"No," says Van. "I think not. I be-In a jiffy we see her plain. She was lieve James was holding some sort of was out of his mind. He fetched a

"I shouldn't mind your praying, for the play to be given by Reliance It seems he'd heard it from a feller jumped over myself. Hartley and James," Van says, sober as a deacon; Hose Company were rehearsing in that lived next door to Ebenezer; and Scudder followed. We was yelling "if you didn't yell so. However, we got here on this island about five

Up through the bunch of scrub pines o'clock, I believe. Rather, the boat

"Humph!" says I, "I had a notion | There was the old Berry house, square that 'twas you that did the leaving. and weatherbeat and gray. And there one side was the bay, with the water if it's a rope I cut it. I cut all the was the mile and a half strip we'd just sailed across, with the beach and

mainland over yonder. Not a soul but us in sight anywheres. The whole lay-"Yes. That's an acrobatic boat of out would have made a first-rate pho

"Look at it!" hollers Van. "Look at

I begun to be sorry the keeper he was needed right now. Martin seemed to think so, too. He looked

"What is it?" he says. "What's

"Why this whole business. Island and house and scenery and quiet and giving the other Twin an everlasting weeks-it's the pure, unadulterated accept-no-imitations Natural Life!"

I set down in the sand. Things were coming too fast for me. If this kept on I'd be counting my fingers and rest of the loons pretty soon. 1

But, would you believe it, Martin Hartley didn't seem to think his chum

"By Jove!" he says, slow; "I don't

know but you're right." "Right? You bet I'm right! It's been growing on me ever since I landed. We'll be alone; no females, native or imported, to bother us. Here's a bully old house with some furniture, bedsteads and so on, already

in it. I broke a window and climbed in for a rummage. Jolliest old ark you ever saw. Here's a veranda to sit on, and air to breathe, and a barn for a cow and plenty of room for a garden and chickens-whew! Man alive, it's Paradise! And I want to locate the man that owns it. I want to find

him quick." He didn't have to say it but once. Nate Scudder was so full of joy that he had to shove his hands in his pockets to keep from hugging himself. "I own it," he says.

"You do! Scudder, you're a gem I begin to love you like a brother. Martin and I hire this place; do you understand? It's ours from this minute, for as long as we want it."

Nate commenced to hem and haw. Well, I don't know," he says. "I don't know's I ought to let .you have it. There's been considerable many folks after it, and-"

"Never mind. They can't have it. We outbid 'em. See?" "What will we do for groceries?"

asks Hartley, considering. "Scudder 'll bring 'em to us," says

Van. "Won't you. Scudder?" "Well, I don't know, Mr. Van Brunt.

I'm pretty busy now, and-"

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failing remedy for colds: One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris Compound and one-half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a tablespoonful every four hours.

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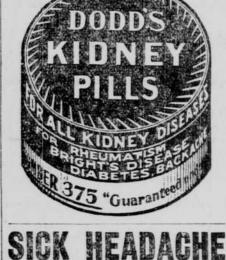
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Friend, what you'd get, first earn .--Browning.



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nature and not to supplant the natur. al functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. Toget its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

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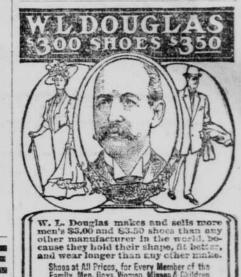
homesteader to 320 acres-160 free and 160 to be purchased at \$3.60 per acre. These lands are in the grain-raising area, where mixed farming is also carried on with unqualified moccess. A railway will shortly be built to Hudson Bay, bringing the world's markets a thousand miles nearer these wheat-fields, where schools and churches are convenient, climate excellent, railways close to all settlements, and local markets good.

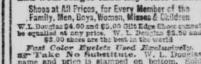
"It would take time to assimilate the reventions that a visit to the great empirelying to the North of us unfolded at every turn."-Goverspondence of a National Editor, who 'orisited Western Canada in August, 1908.

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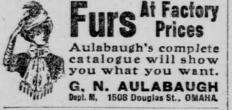
Cheer white goods, in fact any fine wash goods when new, owe much of the'r attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a marner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good 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.

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J

by mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue.

I was feeling just mean enough to

"Well, you can't hold a lunatic, 'cording to law. And you and Huldy Ann have agreed that he's crazy."

Trust Nate Scudder to see a silver

lining to any cloud-and then rip Contentment consists in wanting out the lining and put it in his pocket.

By this time he was beating in to wards where the Neck Road comes down to the beach. And there on the shore was a feller hailing us. And when we got close in it turned out well, sir.' to be Hartley himself. He was glad enough to see me, but

when he found that Van and Lord James had turned up missing he was in a state. He'd been kind of scared when we didn't come back during the night and had walked down to the beach in the morning to see if he could sight us.

We headed off shore again. Nate watched Hartley pretty close and I suppose when he seen that the Twin didn't show any symptoms of getting sick, he begun to worry again. He got out a piece of pencil and an old envelope and commenced to figure. "Mr. Hartley," says he, after awhile; "about them lady friends of yours over to Eastwich. Do you cal'late they're going to like where they are? Seems to me a place that's as easy to run away from as that ain't the best place for a boys' school. If they was on an island now, the scholars couldn't run off. I know a nice island they could have cheap. Fact is, I own it-that is, Huldy owns it; it's you what you want. in her name. That's it over there." Hartley didn't answer. I looked

where Nate was pointing. "Oh!" says I. "Horsefoot Bar. That's a healthy place for a school. Might do for a reform school maybe, if you wa'n't particular how the reforming was done."

Horsefoot Bar is a little island about five miles from the Old Home House, a mile and a half from the mainland. and two foot from the jumping-off place. By the help of Providence, decent weather, a horse, two whips, and a boat, you can make it from Wellmouth depot in three hours And was just as glad to see us. when you have made it. can set

in the sand ar " hang on to your hat out his hand. "So you got ashore all and listen to the lonesomeness. I'd right. Good enough. I was a bit fearforgot that Scudder owned it. When ful for you after you, left us last him and I sailed miniat morning we'd night." passed it on the outside; now we was After I left him! I liked that. And between it and the beach.

he was fearful for me.

"I Own It," He Says.

from away off ahead somewheres, anything to do with it." come the answer. I was so tickled I I never in my life! They say the

could have stood on my head. In a minute here comes Lord James the lazy. Van Brunt wa'n't lame, to meet us. His lordship looked yel- but-

"Well," says I. "I'll believe in spelow and faded, like a wilted sunflower, and his whiskers seemed to be runcial Providences after this." Van jumped out of the chair. ning to seed. But his dignity was on deck all right. "By George!" he sings out. "Talking

"Mr. 'Artley," says he, touching of special providences; Martin, come what was left of his hat; "'ope you're here.

"Where's Van?" asked Hartley, brisk. "Mr. Van Brunt, sir? Up at the 'ouse, waiting for you, sir."

"The house?" says Hartley. have kept me back with a chain cable. "The house?" says I. Then I remembered.

There is a house on Horsefoot Bar. It was built by old man Marcellus Berry, and in Marcellus' day they around you." built houses, didn't stick 'em together with wall paper and a mortgage, like they do now. Consequence is that, though the winter weather on Horsefoot made Marcellus lay down a considerable spell ago, his house still stands, as pert and sassy an old gableended jail as ever was. The house was there, and Scudder owned it Likewise he owned the sheds and barn in the back, and the sickly bunch of scrub pines, and the beach plum

bushes, and the beach grass and the poverty grass and the world-withoutend of sand that all these things was stuck up in. As for the live stock, that

was seven thousand hop-toads, twenty million sand fleas, and green-heads and mosquitoes for ever and ever, amen. We fell into the valet's wake and waded through the sand hummocks up uses 'em for boot-trees." to the house. And there on the piazza, sitting in a busted cane-seat chair with

his feet cocked up on the railing and the regulation cigar in his mouth, was Van Brunt, kind of damp and wrinkled so far as clothes went, but otherwise as screne and chipper a Robinson

Crusoe as the average man is likely to strike in one life time. Wa'n't we glad to see him! And he

away.

boots.

"Hello, skipper," says he, reaching

"We'll pay you for your course.'

"What about beds and cooking utensils and so on?" asks Hartley, considring some more.

"Scudder'll buy 'em for us some wheres.

"And milk, and eggs, and butter?" "Scudder-till we get our own chickens and cow."

"And-er-well, a cook? Who'll do the cooking?" *

Van Brunt stoops down and slaps me on the shoulder.

"Pratt," says he "Pratt will come here and cook for us, and navigate us, and be our general manager. Pratt's the boy!

"Hold on there!" I sings out. "Avast heaving, will you. If you think for one minute that I'm going to quit my summer job to come to this hole and live, ven're-

"You're coming," says Van. "Never the addition of another ingredient, in. t'other feller's drowning 'll make him we tore, still hollering. And then, came here herself; we didn't have mind the price; we'll pay it. Now shut up! you're coming.'

What can you say to a chap like Almighty looks out for the lame and that? I groaned.

"Live on Horsefoot Bar," I says. 'Live on it!'

"Horsefoot Bar?" says Van. "Is that its name? Well, it's Horsefoot Bar no more. I've been evolving a name ever since I began to breathe here. Breathe, Martin," he says. "Draw a good breath. That's it. That's pure ozone. He grabbed t'other Twin by the arm | Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to and led him down off the piazza and you, Ozone island."

up to the top of a little hill near the Scudder grinned. He was feeling house. The rest of us followed withready to grin at most anything just out being invited. I know you couldn't then.

"Ozone island?" says Hartley. I haven't visited many asylums and "Ozone island. A restful name. Well, wanted to see the patients perform. it's a restful spot. Isn't it, skipper?' "Look here, Martin," says Van, when "Yes," says I. "As restful as being we got to the top of the hill. "Look buried alive; and pretty nigh as pleasant.'

We all looked, I guess; I know I did. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



KEEPS THE SHOES IN SHAPE cats," ended the feed man. "Clerks

Feedstore Man Shows His Customer and typists, male and female, all such a New Writche.

they cost, you know, ten dollars a A pale clerk departed with a large pair-are learnin' to use oat trees inpaper bag of oats under his arm. stid. Shall I put you up a pair in "No," said the feed tore man, "he this here bag? Five cents is all." don't eat 'em for breakfast food. He

> Paris French in Canada. "Where does monsieur come from?"

"From New York." "New York? Why, I did not know

as can't afford made-to-order trees-

"No," I explained, "but I learned my

France.

ever, I can understand you."-Birge

"Yes, I do quite a city trade in Harrison. in Scribner's.



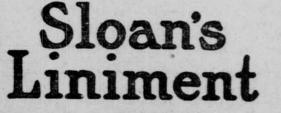


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Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U. S. A. Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free

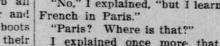
"Oats for boot-trees?" "Sure. Every night, as soon as he asked Jean. gets home, he takes off his wet and muddy boots, laces 'em up, and fills 'em with oats. What happens? The that French was spoken in New York." oats, like blotting paper, absorb all

the moisture out of the leather and French in Paris." swells accordin', plumpin' the boots

out splendid, restorin' 'em to their

"So, in the mornin', the man emp-

ties his oats back into the bag, and, that. Well!" he said, "decidedly it is no matter how slushy yesterday's not good French, that Paris French!" walkin' had been, he now puts on a Then, evidently with the kindly intent pair of perfectly dry, new-lookin of softening the blow, he added, "how-



I explained once more that Paris original shape, takin' every wrinkie was a city in the great country of

"Oh, yes, France. I have heard of