



"Here is Positively the Last Chance to Secure This Magnificent—er—er—Lambrykin."

MR. PRATT.
By Joseph C. Lincoln
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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick. Hartley rescued a horse known as "Reddy" from under horse's feet and the urbin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rented it from Scudder and called it Ozone Island. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Fiske visited Ozone Island. In another story Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped being wrecked, having aboard chickens, pigs, etc., with which they were to start a farm. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming compensation as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. At a lawn fete, Van Brunt shocked the church community by raffing a quilt for the church's benefit.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouts. "Here is positively the last chance to secure this magnificent—er—er—lambrykin, made by the deserving poor to cover the restless rich. Competition has been so strong that no one person has been able to buy it. The only solution would be a syndicate, and the almshouse is opposed to trusts. Therefore I am authorized to—then he bent down and whispered: "Mr. Morton, kindly give me whatever small change you have left."

The minister looked puzzled, but he handed up a half dollar. Van Brunt reaches into the hat and takes out one of the folded slips of paper.

"Here you are sir," says he. "Treasurer that as you would your life. Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, this is a raffle. The minister starts it. Tickets are anything you please, provided it's enough. Come early and avoid the rush."

There was a kind of gasp from all the church people. The members of the sewing circle looked at each other with the most horrified kind of faces. The person, Mr. Morton, run forward. "Just a minute, Mr. Van Brunt, if you please," he sings out.

But Van waved him away. The summer folks, coming after them tickets like a whirlwind, laughing and shouting and passing up dollar bills. "Twa'n't hardly an' time afore the hat was empty and the Twin's jacket pocket was full of money. Then he fills up the hat with more pieces of paper.

"These are duplicates of the numbers sold," says he. "The drawing will now take place. Here, Bill!"

He grabs a little shaver by the coat collar and lifts him up to the chair. Old lady Patterson, the deacon's wife, set up a scream.

"Stop!" she yells. "My child shall not—"

"It takes but a moment, madam," says Van, waving to her, calm and easy. "Now, Julius Caesar, please take one of those numbers from the hat."

The boy reddened up and grinned and looked foolish, but he stuck a freckled paw in and took out a piece of paper.

apology for a house they live in. Don't ask Eureka. We must keep it a secret from her or she'll interfere. And we may as well not tell Van, either. He's so careless that he might give it away."

"All right," says I. "I'll ask Scudder. He knows most of everybody's business and Huldly Ann knows the rest."

So when Nate came, after breakfast next morning, I asked him.

"What do you want to know for?" says he, suspicious as usual.

"Oh, nothing. Just curious, that's all."

"They ain't going to move out, are they?" He seemed mighty interested.

"No, not," says I. "Where'd they move to? Think they're going to Washington to visit the president or the diplomatic corps?"

"Well," he says, "you needn't get mad. I didn't know but they might be coming over here. I don't mind telling you. Huldly Ann, my wife, owns the place, if you want to know."

I was surprised. He was a regular sand-flea for bobbing up where you didn't expect to him.

"She does?" says I. "Say, Nate, for the land sakes how much more of this country belongs to you and Huldly? And how much did you pay for it?"

He went on with a long rignarole about a mortgage and a second mortgage and "foreclosing to protect himself," and so on. All I see in it was more proofs that lambs fooling with Nate Scudder was likely to lose, not only wool, but hoofs, hide and tallow.

When I told Hartley he seemed real pleased.

"That makes it easy," he says. "Scudder will accommodate me by doing a little favor, won't he?"

"Sure thing!" says I, sarcastic. "Ain't he been accommodating you ever since you struck town?"

"Yes," he says, "he has. Scudder is a generous chap."

And he meant it, too! Why the good Lord lets such simple innocents as him and his chum run around loose for it—but there! No doubt he has his reasons. And what would become of the summer hotels without that kind?

Him and Nate was pretty thick for the next few days. Something was up, though as yet I wa'n't in the secret. Hartley made one or two trips to the village and he took neither nor Van with him. He asked me where the doctor lived and a lot more questions.

Van Brunt, too, was getting pretty confidential with Nate. I caught the two of 'em off alone by the barn or somewhere quite a good many times. They was always whispering earnest, and when I got in sight they'd break away and act guilty. There was something up there, too, and again I wa'n't in the elect. I began to feel slighted.

But in a little while Hartley's secret came out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to do all night. I wa'n't invited. The Twins had no use for me as gunning pilot.

That afternoon late Hartley comes over from the main, rowed by Scudder. The pair of 'em seemed mighty tickled about something.

"Well, Mr. Hartley," says Nate. "I'll see you to-morrow morning. It'll work all right; you see."

"Will he work?" laughs Hartley. "That's the question."

"I callate he'll make the bluff," snickers Scudder. "I don't know where he'll sleep nights if he don't. Land of love! Did you see his face when you sprung it on him? Haw! haw!"

When we got to the house Hartley calls in Eureka.

"You're going to stay here to-night," he says to her. "Mr. Pratt and I have an errand ashore early in the morning and Mr. Van Brunt will be back soon after, and hungry, I imagine. So you must be ready with his breakfast. It's all right. Your father understands."

Eureka was some surprised, but she said she'd stay.

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE IN FARM LANDS, "SOUTHERN ALBERTA IS A MIGHTY GOOD COUNTRY."

No stronger or better evidence can be given of the merits of a country than that which comes from the testimony of the settler who has determined to succeed. This is why we reproduce the following letter, which speaks for itself. These people were induced to go to Western Canada through the solicitation of a Canadian Government agent, who secured for them the low railway rates.

"Carmanagay, Alta., Canada, 12-15-08. "Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agency, 135 Adams Street, Chicago: We had audacity enough to tackle the proposition of buying four sections of land in Southern Alberta, thirty miles east of Clairholm and heading up on the Little Bow, and our two boys each got a homestead adjoining. We fenced three sections and the two homesteads, and built a house, barn, corrals and granary, and have since enlarged some of these buildings. We have broken 200 acres of land, which has been sowed to oats and wheat. During the severe winter of two years ago the winter wheat yielded only ten bushels to the acre, but the spring wheat went 24 bushels to the acre. In this country we must be prepared for storms and cold, at times 20 to 30 below zero, yet in the whole the winters are mild; and while there are exceptional crops, it is fair to say that the average farmer can depend on having a yield in average years of from 20 to 25 bushels to the acre for spring wheat; and winter wheat in our immediate neighborhood yields from 25 to 30 bushels to the acre on the average."

We have now quite a bunch of horses, over 50 in all, about 350 sheep, after having sold 140 for mutton this fall. We have 20 head of pure bred registered Shropshire, which are worth \$20 each. The average price received for mutton sheep was \$5.00 and a little over. Pork brings 5 and 6 cents a pound. We have about 30 head of cattle on our ranch now, and last winter they picked their entire living from our pasture, running to the straw stacks for shelter at night.

The increase of land values has been extraordinary. Our land four years ago cost us a little less than \$6.00 an acre. We have sold one section for \$15.00, but we would not sell any more for less than \$25.00 per acre, as we expect the railroad within four miles of our ranch within the next 18 months. Southern Alberta of Western Canada is a mighty good country for any man or woman who loves outdoor life, and who wants to get good returns for their labor and investment.

"We have been pleased with our treatment from the Canadian Government, and can heartily commend Southern Alberta as a splendid country in which to locate."

"Yours very truly, (SIGNED) "JAMES S. AINSLIE AND SONS."

Woman to Conduct Large Estate. Mrs. Jennie L. Doane of Brockton, Mass., has been appointed to administer the half million dollar estate of the late R. N. Packard and also to have complete control of his large shoe factory. Mr. Packard died suddenly without making a will. His heirs were a brother and two sisters, none of whom knew anything about his business. Mrs. Doane had been in the employ of Mr. Packard for a number of years and he had often spoken of her ability to his relatives, declaring that she had more brains than any two men of his acquaintance. For that reason his heirs asked to have her appointed and put in full charge of his business.

Cause for Complaint. Jones, the dairyman, loved his little bouts occasionally, and at such times celebrated riotously. He was prevailed upon to sign the pledge, and this piece of news was given wide publicity. But in a few weeks Jones turned upon his temperance friends and again sought old-time friends and acquaintances.

"The idea!" grieved Jones, as he told the waiter to duplicate an order. "Me driving a milk wagon, and those fellows advertising that I am on the water wagon!"—Judge.

WHY suffer with eye troubles, quick relief by using PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

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You might say of a legal wedding, "Certainly knot."

Getting Square. A tight-fisted man in a small town in Pennsylvania, who until recently had never been observed to take any interest in church matters, suddenly became a regular attendant at service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow townsmen.

"What do you think," said one of the business men to his friend. "Is it true that Jones has got religion?"

"No," was the reply; "it is entirely a matter of business with him. About a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50. The preacher was unable to pay it back, so there was nothing for Jones to do but to take it out in pew rent."

As for the talkers and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous without; for he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk of what he knoweth not. Therefore, set it down, that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral.—Francis Bacon.

Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful women who have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia, and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but nothing did me any good."

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I would never get well, when I read an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it."

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman and enjoy the best of health."

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks, 810 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.

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