

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton. Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of rechools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran telis Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir. Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then descreted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains stanch in her friendship. Fran is ordered before Superintendent Ashton to be punished for insubordination in school. Chairman Clinton is present. The affair ends in Fran leaving the school in company of the two men to the amazement of the scandal-mongers of the town.

CHAPTER X .- Continued. "Lem me!" Jakey pleaded, with fine

admiration. 'Well, I rather guess not!" cried Bob. "Think I'll refuse Fran's first re- was to be seen. quest?" He sped upstairs, 'uncom monly light of foot.

"let's run off and leave him."

bovishly. They burst from the building like a They continued merry. Jakey even

it; he regretted his short trousers When Ropert Clinton overtook them, or no call, he went. he was red and breathless, but Fran's street, then fell, desperately wounded. foot-race without spectators.

called his attention to the ambuscade. "It's a good thing," she said innocently, "that you're not holding my band-" and she nodded toward the boarding house. Abbott looked, and turned for one despairing glance at Bob; the latter was without sign of

"What shall we do?" inquired Fran, as they halted ridiculously. "If we run for it, it'll make things worse."

"Oh, Lord, yes!" groaned Bob; "don't wake a bolt!"

Abbott pretended not to understand. "Come on, Fran, I shall go home with you." His fighting blood was up. In his face was no surrender, no, not even to Grace Noir. "Come," he persisted, with dignity.

"How jolly!" Fran exclaimed. "Shall we go through the grove?-that's the longest way." Then let us go that way," respond

ed Abbott stubbornly. "Abbott," the school director

warned, "you'd better come on over to my place-I'm going there this instant to-to get a cup of tea. It'll be best for you, old fellow, you listen to me, now-you need a little er-a-some-a tittle stimulant." "No." Abbott returned definitely. He

had done nothing wrong, and he resented the accusing glances from across the way. "No, I'm going with "And don't you bother about him.

Fran called after the retreating chairman of the board, "he'll have stimulant enough."

## CHAPTER XI.

The New Bridge at Midnight. It was almost time for summer vatendents of public schools, Abbott Ash- | was morally impossible. ton found the closing week especially boarding house, after the last paper ing there; she drew a package from

For the Sake of Romance and Adven-

ture Do Not Discourage the

Seeker of Treasure.

For the sake of romance and ad-

venture and all that puts color into

life it is to be hoped that the failure

of the expedition which recently went

to the Isle of Cocos in search of pirate

gold will not mark the end of treasure

hunting. In the interest also of the

good town of Panama, where the treas-

ure seekers are wont to outfit and buy

supplies, we should point out that

negative results never really proved

anything. There may be gold on Co-

cos. There may be millions of pieces

of eight and pewels galore and wine

which the buccaneers, who had more

than they could drink, laid aside for a

rainy day. Because many treasure

hunters have ransacked Cocos from

end to end no man can say that the

next treasure hunter will not find that

for which all the others have labored

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS ILLUSTRATIONS BY O · IRWIN · MYERS COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)

the night, and making his way rapidly country solitude. Like all reprehens- ed in her lap. ible habits this one was presently to revenge itself by getting the "professor" into trouble.

One beautiful moonlight night, h was nearing the suburbs, when he made a discovery. The discovery was his nightly wanderings was not altogether a weariness of mental toil; sectrying to escape from the thought of roll of her acquaintances. Was she glad you came." Fran. He had not known this. He had simply run, asking no questions. It was when he suddenly discovered Fran in the flesh, as she slipped along a crooked alley, gliding in shadows, that the cause of much sleeplessness was made tangible.

Abbott was greatly disturbed. Why should Fran be stealthily darting down side-alleys at midnight? The wonder suggested its corollary-why was he running as from some intangible enemy? But now was no time for introspection, and he set himself the task of solving the new mystery. As Fran merged from the mouth of the alley, Abbott dived into its bowels, but when he reached the next street, no Fran

Had she darted into one of the scattered cabins that composed the fringe Now," whispered Fran wickedly, of Littleburg? At the mere thought he felt a nameless shrinking of the "I'm with you!" Abbott whispered heart, Surely not. But could she possibly, however fleet of foot, have rounded the next corner before his storm, Fran laughing musically, Ab- coming into the light? Abbott sped bott laughing joyously, Jakey laugh- along the street that he might know ing loudest of all. They sallied down the truth, though he realized that the the front walk under the artillery fire less he saw of Fran the better. Howof hostile eyes from the green veranda | ever, the thought of her being alone in the outskirts of the village, most asswaggered, fancying himself a part of suredly without her guardian's knowledge, seemed to call him to duty. Call

It seemed to him a long time before heribboned hat was clutched triumph. he reached the corner. He darted antly in his hand. It was he who first around it-yonder sped Fran like a discovered the ambuscade. He sud- thin shadow racing before the moon. denly remembered, looked across the She ran. Abbott ran. It was like a

ed over Abbott's head, had not Fran ning a ravine in whose far depths murmured a little stream. The bridge was new, built to replace the foot-



But Whose Hearts Are We King and Queen Of?"

bridge upon which Abbott and Fran had stood on the night of the tentmeeting. Was it possible that the superintendent of instruction was about to venture a second time across this ravine with the same girl, under the same danger of misunderstanding, revealed by similar glory of moonlight? not be enough simply to warn; he should escort her to Hamilton Gregory's very door, that he might know she had been rescued from the wide white night; and his conscience was like cheeks, making the most fascinatpossibly upheld by the knowledge that cation. Like ail conscientions superin- a sudden advent of a Miss Sapphira

Fran's back had been toward him new bridge over running water." fatiguing. Examinations were nerve all the time. She was still unaware testing, and correction of examination of his presence, as she paused in the papers called for late hours over the middle of the bridge, and with critical her. Her body was very slight-but tamp. Ashton had fallen into the eye sought a position mathematically her face was . . . It is marvelous reprehensible habit of bolting from the the same from either hand-rail. Stand- how much of a woman's seriousness

the makers of romance. All the world

loves or should love them. The news

of the day is too much hardened with

heavy reading. One wearies at last

of political and social reform, of di-

vorce and murder in sordid bar-rooms.

of the cost of living and the course

of the markets. There is a craving

for something not so commonplace,

for something less prosaic, for some-

thing which has a touch of moonshine

in it. Let us not, therefore, discourage

the treasure hunters with cold reason

er fan their enthusiasm and keep it

forever aglow so that as long as news-

papers exist there may be now and

then a tale of Cocos island wedged in

Who Knows the Shaddock?

the shaddock isn't the grape fruit at

And here is a man who says that

all—that they are no more alike than the instrument room at the Gorgona pigs are like gazelles. "I have," he shops. From the cocoons the instru-

says, "never seen a shaddeck here in | ment makers will take threads for use

the market. The shaddock is a big in all the engineers' transits on the

between the tariff and the trusts.

like a dash of cold water. Let us rath-

from town as if to bathe his soul in ings, bent over the package as it rest-

Abboti, without pause, hurried up. His feet sounded on the bridge.

reading a list from the package? Abbott trod noisily on the fresh pine

Fran swiftly turned, and the moonswer when you heard your name

"Fran!" Abbott exclaimed. "Here all alone at midnight-all alone! is it

possible?" "No, it isn't possible," Fran returned satirically, "for I have company." Abbott warmly urged her to hasten back home; at the same time he drew nearer and discovered that her lap was

covered with playing-cards. "But you musn't stay here," he said mperatively. "Let us go at once."

"Just as soon as I tell the fortunes. Of course I wouldn't go to all this trouble for nothing. Now look. This card is Fran-the queen of hearts. This one is Simon Jefferson-and this one is Bob. And you-but it's no use telling all of them. Now; we want to see who's going to marry.'

Abbott spoke in his most authoritative tone: "Fran! Get up and come with me before somebody sees you here. This is not only ridiculous, it's wrong and dreadfully imprudent."

Fran looked up with flashing eyes. I won't!" she cried. "Not till I've told the fortunes. I'm not the girl to go away until she's done what she came to do." Then she added mildly. "Abbott, I just had to say it in that voice, so you'd know I meant it. Don't be cross with me." She shuffled the cards.

"But why must you stay out here to

do it?" he groaned. "Because this is a new bridge. I'd hate to be a professor, and not know that it has to be in the middle of a new bridge, at midnight, over running water, in the moonlight. Now you keep still and be nice; I want to see who's going to get married. Here is Grace Noir, and here is Fran . .

"And where am I?" asked Abbott, n an awed voice, as he bent down.

Fran wouldn't tell him. He bent over. "Oh, I see, I see!" he cried. "This is me-" he drew a card from the pack-"the king of hearts." He held it triumphantly. "Well. And you are the queen of hearts, you said."

"Maybe I am," said Fran, rather breathlessly, "but whose hearts are we king and queen of? That's what I want to find out." And she showed her teeth at him.

"We can draw and see," he suggested, sinking upon one knee. "And yet, since you're the queen and I'm the king, it must be each other's hearts-" He stopped abruptly at sight of her crimsoned cheeks.

"That doesn't always follow," Fran told him hastily; "not by any means For here are other queens. See the queen of spades? Maybe you'll get her. Maybe you want her. You see, she either goes to you, or to the next ly, "it's something always in my card. "But I don't want any queen of

spades," Abbott declared. He drew Conscience whispered that it would the next card, and exclaimed dramatically, "Saved, saved! Here's Bob. Give her to Bob Clinton." "Oh, Abbott!" Fran exclaimed, look-

ing at him with starlike eyes and roseing picture he had ever beheld at midnight under a silver moon. "Do you mean that? Remember you're on a

Abbott paused uneasily. She looked less like a child than he had ever seen was to be found in this girl. He rose

party of six any time. The juice

tastes very different from the grape

fruit." He also declares that the grape

fruit should not have any bitter taste

-that this taste is imparted to it by

falling on the ground, the spray from

the rind being sent through the pulp

by the fall. "If," he says, "Americans

could get the fruit of the grape fruit

as it is picked they would never again

eat the fruit that has been knocked

about from hand to hand." All of

which is referred to the scientific

men, who say that the shaddcck and

the grape fruit and the pomelo are all

citrus decumana, and consequently

Spiders Work for Canal.

Official notice that six large spiders

were working for the Panama canal

came out when Colonel Goethals ar-

ranged for a man to care for them in

the same thing.-New York Mail.

had been graded, no matter how late | her bosom, hastily sealed herself upon | with the consciousness that for a mothe boards, and, oblivious of surround- ment he had rather forgotten himself. He reminded her gravely-"We are talking about cards-just cards."

"No," said Fran, not stirring, "we are talking about Grace Noir. You say Fran was speaking aloud, and, on you don't want her; you've already that account, did not hear him, as he drawn yourself out. That leaves her came up behind her. "Grace Noir." to poor Bob-he'll have to take her, she was saying-"Abbott Ashton-Bob unless the joker gets the lady-the twofold: First, that the real cause of Clinton — Hamilton Gregory — Mrs. joker is named the devil . . . So Gregory-Simon Jefferson-Mrs. Jef- the game isn't interesting any more." ferson-Miss Sapphira - Fran - the She threw down all the cards, and ond, that he had, for some time, been Devil-" She seemed to be calling the looked up, beaming. "My! but I'm

> He was fascinated and could not move, though as convinced as at the beginning that they should not linger thus. There might be fatal consebeams revealed a flush, yet she did not | quences; but the charm of the little attempt to rise. "Why didn't you an- girl seemed to temper this chill knowledge to the shorn lamb. He temporcalled?" she asked with a good deal of ized: "Why don't you go on with your fortune-telling, little girl?"

"I just wanted to find out if Grace Noir is going to get you," she said candidly; "it doesn't matter what becomes of her. Were you ever on this bridge before?"

"Fran, Miss Grace is one of the best friends I have, and-and everybody admires her. The fact that you don't like her, shows that you are not all you

ought to be." Fran's drooping head hid her face. Was she contrite, or mocking?

Presently she looked up, her expres ion that of grave cheerfulness. "Now Were you ever on this bridge before?" Abbott was offended. "No."

"Good, good!" with vivacious enthusiasm. "Both of us must cross it at the same time and make a wish. Help me up-quick."

She reached up both hands, and Abbott lifted her to her feet. "Whenever you cross a new bridge."

she explained, "you must make a wish. It'll come true. Won't you do it, Abbott?" "Of course. What a superstitious

little Nonpareil! Do you hold hands?" "Honest hands-" She held out both of hers. "Come on then. What are you Abbott? But no, mustn't tell till we're across, Oh, I'm



'Now!" Fran Cried Breathlessly, "What Did You Wish?"

just dying to know! Have you made up your mind, yet?" "Yes, Fran," he answered indulgent-

mind. "About Grace Noir?" "Nothing whatever about Miss Grace

Noir." "All right. I'm glad. Say this:

"'Slow we go, Two in a row-

Don't talk or anything, just wish, oh, wish with all your might-

Abbott repeated gravely:

With all my mind and all my heart

"What are you going to wish, Fran?" It is an excellent fertilizer.

"Sh-h-h! Mum!" whispered Fran, opening her eyes wide. With slow steps they walked side by side, shoulder to shoulder, four hands clasped. Fran's great dark eyes were set fixedly upon space as they solemnly paraded beneath the watchful moon. As Abbott watched her, the witchery of

the night stole into his blood. The last plank was crossed. "Now!" Fran cried breathlessly, "what did you wish?" Her body was quivering, her face glowing.

"That I might succeed," Abbott anwered.

"Oh!" said Fran. "My! That was be great, and famous, and usefu!, and rich!" Abbott laughed as light-heartedly as

if the road were not calling him away from solitudes. "Well, what did you wish. Fran?" "That you might always be my

friend, while we're together, and after we part." "It doesn't take a new bridge to make that come true," he declared.

She looked at him solemnly. "Do you understand the responsibilities of being a friend? A friend has to assume obligations, just as when a man's elected to office, he must represent his party and his platform."

"I'll stand for you!" Abbott cried earnestly.

"Will you? Then I'm going to tell you all about myself-ready to be surprised? Friends ought to know each other. In the first place, I am eighteen years old, and in the second place I am a professional lion-trainer, and in you've said what you thought you had the third place my father is—but to say," she remarked. "So that's over. friends don't have to know each other's fathers. Besides, maybe that's enough to start with."

"Yes," said Abbott, "it is." He paused, but she could not guess his emotions, for his face showed nothing but a sort of blankness. "I should like to take this up seriatim. You tell me you are eighteen years old?"

"-And have had lots of experi-

"Your lion-training; has it been theoretical or-"

"Mercenary." Fran responded; "real lions, real bars, real spectators, real pay days.' "But, Fran," said Abbott helplessly,

I don't understand.' done with you. I tell you, I'm a showgirl, a lion-trainer, a jungler. I'm the famous Fran Nonpareil, and my carnival company has showed in most of the towns and cities of the United States. It's when I'm in my blue silks the district in order, and by the time and gold stars and crimson sashes, all this land tax rebate had been used kissing my hands to the audience, that

I'm the real princess." Abbott was unable to analyze his real emotions, and his one endeavor have a good road at the expense of was to hide his perplexity. He had always treated her as if she were older than the town supposed, hence the revelation of her age did not so much matter: but lion-training was so remote from conventions that it seemed n a way almost uncanny. It seemed to isolate Fran, to set her coldly apart from the people of his world.

"I'm going home," Fran said abruptly. He followed her mechanically, too absorbed in her revelation to think of the cards left forgotten on the bridge. From their scene of good wishes, Fran went first, head erect, arms swinging defiantly; Abbott followed, not knowing in the least what to say, or even

what to think. The moon had not been laughing at them long, before Fran looked back over her shoulder and said, as if he had spoken, "Still, I'd like for you to

know about it." He quickened his step to regain her side, but was oppressed by an odd sense of the abnormal.

"Although," she added indistinctly, 'it doesn't matter."

They walked on in silence until, aftter prolonged hesitation, he told her quietly that he would like to hear all she felt disposed to tell.

She looked at him steadily: "Can you dilute a few words with the water of your imagination, to cover a life? I'll speak the words, if you have the imagination."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ammonia water that has been used for washing may be used for plants.

piece of land known as the "Shake-

speare Border," and includes every

flower, shrub, and vegetable mention

ed by the poet. Every specimen is

labeled, not only with its botanic

name, but also with the quotation

from the play in which it is mention

Such an Obvious Solution.

After Cave Johnson had served his

ong and brilliant career in congress

ed,-London Mail.

LURE OF TREASURE HUNTING | dreams, the seers of wonderful vision, cause one shaddock would serve a | TRIBUTE TO BARD OF AVON | Warwick in Essex there is a worthy tribute to the Bard of Avon. It is a

Garden Contains Every Shrub, Flower or Plant Mertioned in Plays of Shakespeare.

Tradition has it that Shakespeare was a frequent partaker of the hospitality dispensed at a certain tavern in Brentford, and until recently this was the only direct association which this portion of Greater Londor could claim with the world's chief drama-

Now, however, a tram-ride to the Shakespeare garden in Raverscourt park, Hammersmith, brings the poet's devotees to a little green board which conveys this intimation: "This garden contains all the herbs and garden plants mentioned in Shakespeare's

Many an interesting hour may be pent here in an occupation at once terary and horticultural, in locating in garden-bed and printed page the bouts of the plants and flowers figure in Shakespearean

and had retired to the quiet private life, he once stepped into the office of his nephew, Robert Johnson, then a young lawyer of much promise, and finding the young man engaged in writing with a golc pen, had occasion to remark upon the extravagance of the rising generation. "Why is it," said he, "that every

young man now has his gold pen,

while those of my day were content to use their goosequills?" "I suppose," replied Robert in the most innocent manner possible, "it is cause there were more geese when you were a young man." On the estate of the countess of

CONSTRUCTING A GOOD ROAD

Some People Think Gravel Is Ever Lasting, but This Is Mistake, Says Missouri Writer.

Gravel roads if well built will last six to nine years. It suffers most when not needed, namely, in very dry weather in summer or when frozen hard in open winter. In the first place the road bed

should be well made, but not too rounded, as this induces waste. Where seepy spots occur a natural drain should be built crosswise of the road, made of coarse rock to let the water out to the side of the road. Gravel should be at least eight inches deep in the center and wide enough Judge. for two teams to pass.

We once helped to build a two-mile gravel road in Missouri which was built by the tax rebate system 20 years ago. It worked hardship on our district in this way, writes John Klingele of Hudrain county, Missouri, in the Iowa Homestead. Our district had a state road running north through the center. To the north of us two like a cold breath. Just wishing to road district met on our center line running north, and these two districts united with us. We built to the beginning of their near end of road, so it came to pass that they got the full benefit of their work while we only got part of it. Most of our people had no use for it as it was out of the way. To make matters worse, the road boss es of the other two districts drew their full quoto of road money at the expense of our district. This left our



"But you're going to, before I'm One of the Double Drags Made by the "365-Day Road Club" of Carth-

road boss the next year with 65 cents of road money and the poll tax to keep our district was in very bad shape. Our money nearly all went to others districts and it is not just for a few to the others.

When a boy 31 to 37 years ago we did a good deal of gravel hauling, and a few weeks ago I was surprised to go back and find how those roads changed. Where we helped build a good A Message of back and find how those roads changgravel road 32 years ago they have been hauling creek gravel every six to eight years and in this way they have a good road. They have the gravel near at hand, and with plenty of To those who suffer from disloaders a team averages one load an

I think if the law required four-inch tires, and then the doubletree and neckyoke were lengthened out to give the team more liberty, the roads would be much better. If we can't go with the four-inch we ought to stay off the road or use the spring wagon to get the necessaries of life. There is no excuse generally for cutting up the roads except about the first of March.

Our country roads will never be graveled, for long before we get over them we will have to start over again. Some people think gravel is ever-lasting, but that is a sad mistake. Even now we don't think of saving our surface dirt and do not employ the motto, "a stitch in time save nine," our roads must wait till the working time comes and go all to pieces if the weather is bad in that time.

Selecting Ewes.

A Canadian authority said the best time to purchase the ewes for a farm flock is in August just after the lambs have been weaned. We can purchase them as cheaply then as at any time and can make the best selection in choosing ewes that have raised lambs, as their milking qualities and strength can be ascertained. Besides, we will have them in good condition for the next crop of lambs.

Poultry Industry. The imports of the product of poul try culture into this country from foreign countries show that the field is still open to a large increase of the industry in the United States, and that the opportunity is waiting for those with sagacity and industry enough to take advantage of it.

Turkey at His Best. The turkey is not fully matured antil two years of age, and is in his prime at three years, and nearly as good at four years old. It is a mistake, theerfore, to sell off all the older birds and retain the younger ones for breeding purposes.

Price of Feeds. Feeds of all kinds have averaged

lower in price during the recent feed ing season than for several years. But they brought the same top prices when sold to the cows.

WAS DOWN ON 'STIMMYLANTS'

Evidently Good Wife Didn't Mean Jim to Take Anything That He Wasn't Used to.

"I think, madam." said the professionally polite young doctor to the wife of his first patient in the backwoods of a decidedly nonprohibition state, "I think that your husband needs a good stimulant of some sort

and I will leave for him some-' "No, sir!" she said, with marked decision. "You ain't a-goin' to leave Jim no stimmylants like ki-nine or tinksher of iron nor that malt stuff some folks takes nowadays without knowin' what it'll do to their systems. Me an' Jim is both down on all stimmylants. I'm goin' to fix him up a quart or so o' good rye whisky to take first thing in the mornin', an' I'll stir him up a good, strong whisky eggnog at noon, and let him have a steamin' hot brandy punch along in the middle o' the afternoon, an' give him a glass o' wild grape wine at night; but as for stimmylants, he ain't goin' to take none of 'em, long as I can help it."-

SCALP TROUBLE FOR YEARS

268 Harrison St., Elyria, Ohio.- "My case was a scalp trouble. I first noticed small bunches on my scalp which commenced to itch and I would scratch them and in time they got larger, forming a scale or scab with a little pus, and chunks of hair would come out when I would scratch them off. It caused me to lose most of my hair. It became thin and dry and lifeless. I was troubled for over ten years with it until it got so bad I was ashamed to go to a barber to get my

hair cut. "I tried everything I could get hold - and -, but received no cure until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment when the scale commenced to disappear. The way I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment was to wash my scalp twice a day with warm water and Cuticura Soap and rub on the Cuticura Ointment. I received benefit in a couple of weeks and was cured in two months." (Signed) F. J. Busher, Jan. 28, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

"Did the attorney for the defense cross-examine you?" "Oh, dear, no!" replied Mrs. Piflegilder, "he was just as pleasant about it as he could be!"-Woman's Home Companion.

No Crossness.

Easily Satisfied

It takes very little water to make a perfect pool for a tiny fish, where it will find its world and paradise all in one, and never have a presentiment of the dry bank.-George Eliot.

Etymological Dispute. "A chefonyear is a sort of bureau." "Tain't nothin' of the kind. It's a man what drives an auto."

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all Ask your grocer. Adv. Most of us like to take a chance. If a rose had no thorns the probabili-

ties are we wouldn't care to pluck it. Many have smoked LEWIS' Single Binder cigar for the past sixteen years. Always found in reliable quality. Adv.

It takes a truly great actor to realize that he isn't the whole show.

## **Good Cheer**

tress after every meal, such as Flatulency, Heartburn, Nausea, Indigestion, Cramps and Constipation, it is cheering to know that

## STOMACH BITTERS

has helped thousands back to good health during the past 60 years. We urge you to try a bottle also.

**DEFIANCE STARCH** Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha. Nebraska



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Live Stock Commission

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## Treasure hunters are of the earth's as six grape fruits. You would have work, these threads taking the place dramas salt. They are the dreamers of great to get more than 75 cents for it; be of platinum.