

Smooth Jelly.
To prevent the gritty substance forming in grape jelly, preserves, etc., in one gallon of the fruit when hot add one teaspoonful of soda when a green scum arises which you skim off and it does away with all grit.

Tripe a la Lyons.
Cut into strips a pound of boiled tripe. Fry in butter with two large onions sliced, pepper, salt and minced parsley to season. When brown add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Serve with lyonnaise potatoes.

"Chance."
When you talk of chance, you are only confessing ignorance. The very spin of the coin is governed by the nerve, muscle (or manipulation) of the thumb and brain that spin it. The only chance about it is your ignorance of the forces that lift, twist and catch the coin. If you could calculate the physical and mental forces between the half-penny's leap and return you might buy the world. But you can't. And it's just that bit of blindness that we have to call chance.

First Thing You Remember.
What is the earliest thing that you remember? This would be a nice question for an after-dinner discussion. Miss Maud Allan, the dancer, in her small autobiographical essay, tells us twice over that her memory goes back to when she was five months old—five months! She was then given her first doll. She had been told of Santa Claus, and on Christmas eve had "sped down the broad staircase."

Rural Wit.
As a countryman was sowing his ground, two smart fellows were riding that way, and one of them called to him with an insolent air: "Well, honest fellow," said he, "tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied: "Tis very like you say, for I am sowing hemp."—Catholic News.

Poverty and Prosperity.
The problems of poverty and labor have become more and more puzzling the further we have gone along in national prosperity, and none feel the bewildering nature of the present state of things more than those who have daily to suffer from its sad effects.—International Theosophical Chronicle.

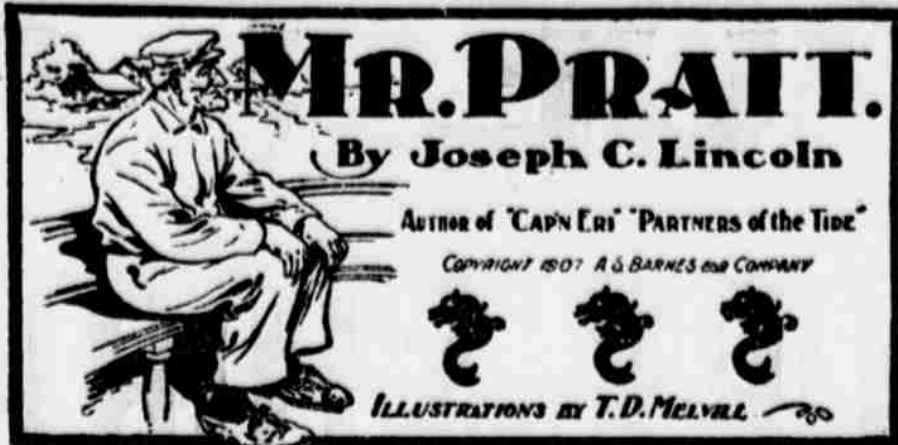
Awkward for the Aeronaut.
An element of humor characterized one of Mr. Spencer's Indian experiments. One day, after making a parachute descent, his balloon, traveling on, came down among some fisher-folk, who promptly unpicked the net to use for fishing lines, and cut up the balloon itself to make waterproof clothing!

The year 1909, the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, will be appropriately marked in The Century, which magazine has been the vehicle since its foundation for the publication of the most important Lincoln material. Unpublished documents from Lincoln's own pen and from that of one of his private secretaries are coming, and Lincoln portraits.

St. Nicholas is the one great magazine for children. St. Nicholas is the loved companion of more than one hundred thousand American boys and girls. St. Nicholas, brimful of delightful entertainment each month, is an influence for good in your children's lives that you cannot afford to let them be without. St. Nicholas will give your children a year's voyage to Storyland, the happiness of which they will never forget. Send for special subscription offers. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

Both are Disgusted.
Republicans and democrats alike cannot help being disgusted with the lying their hide-bound party organs have done during the past campaign. A paper whose proprietor either holds a federal job or is looking for one, cannot be depended upon to tell the unbiased truth about politics and even sometimes about other things. Why should your report about daily affairs be colored to suit the selfish interests or desires of the man who happens to have his money invested in newspaper machinery? You have a right to have pure news as well as pure food. And also, why not pure advertising? The paper goes into the home and is read by your children. You are trying to keep their minds clean and would raise a row if you found an immoral or impure book in the house. Why not guard what they read in daily papers as carefully? The Lincoln State Journal columns are the best evidence of its cleanliness. A whole lot of advertising is found in other dailies that is kept out of the Lincoln Journal. When you take The Journal you pay only for your own paper as it has no deadbeats; no bad bills. Everybody pays in advance and every paper is stopped when the time is out. It's a co-operative plan, every item of waste being eliminated and you get the benefit. Lincoln is your capital and The Journal your paper.

Lincoln Directory
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BROKERS AND DEALERS
Grain, Provisions, Stocks, Cotton
Office, 204-205 Fraternity Bldg.
Lincoln, Nebraska.
Bell Phone 612 Auto Phone 2122
Largest House in State



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. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful author for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. "The Heavens!" he heard a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.
"And while we're giving you the story of our lives, skipper," says Hartley, with one of his half smiles, "I want to say right here that our present surroundings aren't all that fancy painted 'em. They're too much in the lime light." This was just one of his crazy ways of saying things; I was getting used to 'em a little by now. "We're too prominent," he says. "The populace are too friendly and interested."

"Also," says Van, "the select bunch of feminines from the hotel have taken to making our front walk a sort of promenade. Martin and I are naturally shy; we pine for solitude."

There was more of this, but I managed to find out that what they wanted was a quieter place than Scudder's. A place off by itself, where they could be as natural as a picked chicken. I agreed to try and help 'em find such a place. And I said, too, that I'd think about the cooking idea. Money didn't seem to be no object—I could have my wages by the hod or barrelful—just as I see fit.

"Well," says I, getting up to go. "I'll see. Let me sleep on it for a spell, same's you fellers have done on Nate's pin-feather beds. But I ain't so sure about your staying all summer. How about that young lady friend of yours, Mr. Van Brunt? She may take a notion to send for you to introduce her to the king of China or the grand panjandrum with the little round bottom on top. Then you'd have to pack up and cut your cable." Van, he looked hard at me for a minute. I thought first he was mad at me for putting my oar in where it wasn't supposed to be. Then he laughed. "Sol," says he, "that young lady and I are kindred spirits. For a year I'm natural and happy, and she can nurse her Hooligans and go on charity sprees. Then—well, then we fall back on our respected parents and wedded—er—bliss. Hey, Martin?" Hartley, in the shadow of the vines, lit another cigar and nodded. But he didn't say nothing.

For the next three or four days I chased around trying to find a house and lot where them Heavenly lunatics could be natural. I located a couple of bully summer places, all trees and windmills and posy beds and hot and cold water and land knows what. But they wouldn't do; they "smelled of coupons," Van said. What they really wanted, or thought they wanted, was a state's prison in a desert, I judged.

For a week or ten days we kept the hunt up, but didn't have no luck. Whenever I'd think I'd uncovered a promising outfit the Heavens would turn to and dump in a cargo of objections and bury it again. After five or six funerals of this kind I got sort of tired and quit. It got to be July and their month at Nate's was 'most over. I was up there the evening of the third and I happened to ask 'em if they wanted me and the sloop for the next day. There was to be a Fourth of July celebration over to Eastwich and some of the boarders wanted to go and see the balloon and the races and the greased pig chase, and such like. If the Twins didn't care I'd take the job, I said. But they took a notion to go themselves. Van said 'twould be an excuse for me to give 'em another chowder, if nothing more. So, on the morning of the Fourth we started, me and Van Brunt and Hartley and Lord James, in the Dora Bassett. Talk about cruises. If I'd known—and yet out of it come—But there! let me tell you about it.

CHAPTER IV. The Pig Race.

I don't call 'em that I ever had a better run down the bay than I done that morning. 'Twas a fair wind, and a smooth sea, not the slick, groasy kind, but with little blue waves chasing each other and going "Spit! spit!" under the Dora Bassett's quarter as she danced over 'em. And that's just what she did—dance. There wasn't any hog-wallowing for her; she just picked up her skirts, so to speak, and tripped along—towing the little landing skiff astern of her—like a 16-year-old girl going to a surprise party.

An early July morning on the bay down our way is good enough for yours truly, Solomon Pratt. Take it with the wind and water like I've said; with the salt smell from the marshes drifting off from the shore, mixed up with the smell of the pitch-pines on the bluffs, and me in the stern of a good boat with the tiller in my hand

and a pipe in my face—well, all right! That's my natural life; and I don't need no book to tell me so, neither.

The Heavens enjoyed it, and they'd ought to. 'Twas clear then, though it got hazy over to the east'ard later on. But then, as I say, 'twas clear, and you could see the schooners strung out on the skyline, some full up, with their sails shining white in the sun, and others down showing the edge, with only their tops'ls showing. Far off, but dead ahead, just as if somebody had dipped their finger in the bluing bottle and smouched it along the bottom of the sky, was the Wapatomac shore, and away at right over the stern, was the Trumet lighthouse, like a white chalk mark on a yellow fence, the fence being the high sand bank behind it.

The Twins laid back and soaked in the scenery. They unbuttoned their jackets and took long breaths. They actually forgot to smoke, which was a sort of miracle, as you might say, and even Hartley, who had been bluer than a spoiled mackerel all the morning, braced up and got real chipper. By and by they resurrected that book of



"The Lunch 'Amper, of Course,' He Says. "The 'Amper for the Heat-ablep."

theirs and had what you might call a Natural Life drunk. I never see printing that went to a person's head the way that book seemed to go to theirs. I judged 'twas kind of light and gassy reading and naturally riz and filled the empty places same as you'd fill a balloon.

Everybody was happy but Lord James, and I could see that he wasn't easy in his mind. He set about amidsthips of the cockpit and hung onto the thwart with both hands, like he was afraid 'twould bust loose and leave him adrift. If the Dora Bassett had struck a derelict or something and gone down sudden I'd bet they'd have dredged up that Hopper valet and the thwart together. And then they'd have had to pry 'em apart. His lordship wasn't used to water, unless 'twas to mix with something else.

By and by Hartley shoves both hands into his pockets, tilts his hat back and begins to sing. More effects of the Natural Life spree, I suppose, but 'twas bully good singing. Might have been saying most anything, calling me a short lobster for what I know, 'cause 'twas some foreigner's lingo, but the noise was all right even if I did have to take chances on the words. I call 'em to know music when I hear it.

"Good!" says Van, when his chum stopped. "Martin, you're better already. I haven't heard you sing for two years or more. The last time was at the Delanceys' at home." Do you remember the dowager and 'my daughter?' Heavens! and 'my daughter's' piano playing! Agnes told the dowager that she had never heard anything like it. You and she were together, you know. Give us another verse."

But Martin wouldn't. Shut up like a clam and reached into his pocket for a cigar. "That was A No. 1, Mr. Hartley," says I. "I wish you could hear Solon Bassett play the fiddle; you'd appreciate it." Van he roared and even Hartley

managed to smile. As for Lord James he looked at me like I'd trod on the queen's corns.

Blessed if I could see what there was funny about it. Solon can play like an injun. Why, I've seen him bust two strings at a Thanksgiving ball and then play "Mrs. McLeod's Reel"—you know, "Buckshee, nanny-goat, brown bread and beans"—on 't'other two, till there wasn't a still foot in the hall.

We made Eastwich Port about noon and had dinner. I cooked up a kettle of chowder—fetched the clams along with me from home—and 'twould have done you good to see the Heavens lay into it. Lord James he skipped around like a hoppergrass in a hot skillet, fetching glasses and laying out nine or ten different kind of forks and spoons side of each plate, and opening wine bottles, and I don't know what all. When he holed in sight of the wharf that morning he was totting a basket pretty nigh as big as he was. I asked him what it was.

"Why, the 'amper," says he. "The which?" says I.

"The lunch 'amper, of course," he says. "The 'amper for the heatables." Well, I wondered then what in the nation was in it, for 'twas heavier than lead. I remember that the heft of it made me ask him if he'd fetched along some of the late Hannah Jane's left-over riz biscuit. But now I see why 'twas heavy. There was enough dishes and truck for ten men and the cook in that basket. We had my chowder and four kinds of crackers with it, and chicken and asparagus, and nine sorts of pickles, and canned plum pudding with sassa, and coffee and good loud healthy cheese, and red wine and champagne. When I'd

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blue streak seemed to have struck in again and he was kicking the sand, nervous-like, with his foot.

"Come on, Van," he says. "I want the walk."

"Not much," says Van. "Walking's almost as bad as running. I'll be here when you get back."

It may be that Hartley did want that walk, same as he said, but he didn't seem to get much fun out of it. Went pounding along, his cigar tipped up to the visor of his cap, and his eyes staring at the ground all the time. And he never spoke two words till we got to the fair grounds.

There was a dickens of a crowd, five or six hundred folks, I should think, and more coming all the time. Everybody that could come had borrowed the horses and carryalls of them that couldn't and had brought their wives and mothers-in-law and their children's children up to the third and fourth generation. There was considerable many summer folks—not so many as there is at the cattle show in August—but a good many, just the same. I counted five automobiles, and I see the Barry folks from Trumet riding round in their four-horse coach and putting on airs enough to make 'em lop-sided.

Hartley gave one look around at the gang and his nose turned up to 12 o'clock.

"Gad!" says he, "this, or something like it, is what I've been trying to get away from. Come on, Sol. Let's go back to the boat."

But I hadn't seen so many shows as he had and I wanted to stay.

"You wait a spell, Mr. Hartley," says I. "Let's cruise round a little first."

So we went shoving along through the crowd, getting our toes tramped on and dodging peddlers and such like every other minute. There was the "test-your-strength" machine and the merry-go-round and the "oasified man" in a tent: "Walk right up, gents, and cast your eyes on the greatest marvel of the age all alive and solid stone only two nickels a dime ten cents," and all the rest of it. Pretty soon we come to where the feller was selling the E Pluribus Unum candy—red, white and blue, and a slab as big as a brick for a dime.

Hartley stopped and stares at it. "For heaven's sake!" says he. "What do they do with that?"

"Do with it?" says I. "Eat it, of course."

"No!" he says. "Not really?"

"Humph!" I says. "You just wait a shake."

There was a little red-headed youngster scooting in and out among the folks' knees and I caught him by the shoulder. "Hi, Andrew Jackson!" says I. "Want some candy?"

He looked up at me as pert and sassy as a blackbird on a scarecrow's shoulder. "Bet your natural!" says he. I jumped.

"Lord!" says I; "I call 'em he knows you."

Hartley smiled. "How do they sell that—that Portland cement?" says he. "Give me some," he says, holding a half dollar to the feller behind the oil-cloth counter. The man chiseled off enough for a fair-sized tombstone and handed it out. Hartley passed it to the boy. He bit off a bunk that made him look like he had the mumps all on one side, and commenced to crunch it.

"There!" says I. "That's proof enough, ain't it?"

But he wasn't satisfied. "Wait a minute," says he. "I want to see what it does to him."

Well, it didn't do nothing, apparently, except to make the little shaver's jaws sound like a rock crusher, so we went on. By and by we come to the fence alongside of the place where they had the races. The sack race was on, half a dozen fellers hopping around tied up in meal bags, and we see that. Then Hartley was for going home again, but I managed to hold him. The greased pig was the next number on the dance order and I wanted to see it.

Maj. Philander Phinney, he's chairman of the Eastwich selectmen and pretty nigh half as big as he thinks he is; he stood on tip-toe on the judge's stand and bellowed that the greased pig contest was open to boys under 15, and that the one that caught the pig and hung on to it would get five dollars. In less than three shakes of a herring's hind leg there was boys enough on that field to start a reform school. They ranged all the way from little chaps who ought to have been home cutting their milk teeth to "boys" that had yellow fuzz on their chins and a plug of chewing tobacco in their pants' pocket. They fetched in the pig shut up in a box with laths over the top. He was little and black and all shining with grease. Then they stretched a rope across one end of the race field and lined up the pig-chasers behind it.

"Hello!" says Hartley, "there's our Portland cement youngster. He'll never run with that marble quarry inside of him."

PE-RU-NA AS A LAST RESORT



MR. WM. F. VAHLBERG.
Mr. William F. Vahlberg, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes:

"One bottle of Peruna which I have taken did more toward relieving me of an aggravated case of catarrh of the stomach, that years of treatment with the best physicians.

"I had given up hopes of relief, and only tried Peruna as a last resort. "I shall continue using it, as I feel satisfied it will effect an entire and permanent cure.

"I most cheerfully recommend Peruna to all who may read this. Peruna is usually taken as a last resort. Doctors have been tried and failed. Other remedies have been used. Sanitariums have been visited. Travel has been resorted to.

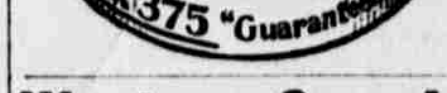
At last Peruna is tried. Relief is found. This history is repeated over and over again, every day in the year. It is such results as this that gives Peruna its unassailable hold upon the people. We could say nothing that would add force to such testimonials as the above. That people who have had catarrh and have tried every other remedy available, find relief in Peruna, constitutes the best argument that could be made.

Reached His Limit.
Little Henry had been very naughty and was shut up in a closet until he should express proper penitence for his misdeeds. Near by sat his mother, ready to extend pardon to the small offender at the first sign of sorrow. At last a faint sigh caught her ear. Creeping silently to the door, she discovered the child seated on the floor in a disconsolate attitude.

"Poor me!" he muttered, with another sigh. "Why can't I get out? I've done sorrier all I can sorry!"—Delineator.

Money Expended on Schools.
Last year New York city spent \$33,000,000 on its public schools; Chicago, \$23,000,000; Boston more than \$10,000,000; Philadelphia a little more than \$6,000,000. Though Philadelphia is the third city in population in the United States, it stood thirty-fourth in per capita expenditure on schools.

At Atlantic City Miss Emma Nutter was ordained into the ministry at the Methodist Protestant conference. For six years she was a licentiate preaching at a small church there and studying theology.



Western Canada
MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908

Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres offered to each settler.—160 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

"A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, whose visit to Western Canada, in August, 1908, was an inspiration.

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre as a result of one crop. Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Superintendent of Immigration Ottawa, Canada.
W. V. BENNETT,
361 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.



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