

-lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk with-

out a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



"Get up, Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry, I should merely say-"

Yes, I know, pa; but then—I go to Sunday school-and you don't."

## Sniffles and Nerves.

Keep to yourself during warm, nerve-irritating weather. It is related that an Atchison man and wife dearly love each other. She is a perfect lady, and apologizes when she says "shucks." But one night, when they were sitting on the porch, presumably enjoying the tender twilight, she suddenly picked up a stool and threw it at his head. "I am not insane," she said, calmly, when he turned a frightened gaze on her; "I am simply worn out by the manner in which you sniffle at the end of every sentence!"-Atchison Globe.

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.

Why He Remembered.

By some shuffling of the social cards the clergyman and the dog fancier were at the same afternoon tea. The wandering talk unexpectedly resolved itself into the question. Who were the 12 sons of Jacob? Even the cleric with the reversed collar had forgotten, but the doggy man reeled off the names without error, from Reuben down to Benjamin.

The clergyman looked surprised. "Oh, I'm not great shakes on Scripture," said the man with the fox terriers, "but those are the names which some chap gave to a dozen pupples I'm willing to sell."

Expert Pocket-Picking.

An old lady was accosted in a London street by a well-dressed and refined-looking stranger, who effusively claimed her as a friend. "I really don't believe you remember me!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, and the old lady, never doubting that her memory was at fault, confessed that she could not quite recall the name. "Ah, but I have changed it since you knew me," said her interlocutor, gayly, and after a few more lively speeches she passed on, having possessed herself meanwhile of the old lady's purse.

No Deception.

"I bought some boom lots in a coast town. Feller wrote me the land might all be gone in a week if I didn't buy

"That's an old dodge." "But he told the exact truth. The ocean is carrying it off in chunks."-S. Louis Republic.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Good Digestion Follows Right Food.

Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as dropping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of Cause and Effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young wom-

an writes her experience thus: "Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines

seemed uscless. "A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly, and as a last resort I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human



10年。司四國 海外对

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 sultor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. "The Heavenlies" hear 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. Twins agree to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwich. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reidy," from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a fierce storm, which followed the picnic.

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

I presumed likely that I understood -more maybe that he thought I did. Headache is a fair to middling excuse, but I judged there was other things. a nod's as good as a wink to a blind of note in my mind to get the pumps time I got a chance at him alone.

Hartley left me and went over to down the road to the shore. I was loafing along, going over to myself the doings of the afternoon and wondering what Van Brunt would say and so on, when I come out into the clear And the meeting house clock struck

I jumped like I'd set down on a hot stove. I hadn't no idea it was as late as that. The pig and the Page girl and the rest of the mix-up had put all notion of time out of my head. I yanked out my watch to make sure that that clock was right, and then I glanced at the sky. Over to the east'ard a big, fat, gray fog bank was piling up. 'Twas high water at two, Eastwich Port cove is a nasty place to get out of at low tide, and here was an easterly fog coming.

As a general thing I don't take anybody's wash when it comes to handling a boat or looking out for weather and such, but now I was ready to sing small. A ten-year-old boy brought up along shore would have known better than to do as I'd done. Don't make no odds how good an excuse I had fo forgetting; no excuse is good where it comes to sailboating. I went down that hill like the man in the tin coffin went to Tophet, "clinketty jingle." I jumped fences and cut across lots. and I'm ready to swear right now that there's more horse briars to the square inch in Eastwich Port than in any other place on the Lord's green earth. I bust through the pines and come out on the beach yelling: "Hi! Turn out. everybody! Get aboard now. Live-

And, by time! there wa'n't a soul in sight. For no less than twenty-two and a half minutes by my watch I walked up and down that beach, seeing the tide go out and bellering "Ahoy!" and "Where are you?" at the top of my lungs. And then, lo and behold you, here comes Van Brunt and Lord James, poking along as if they had all the time there was. Van had been over behind the point taking a swim and his lordship had gone along to set on his boss' trousers and keep the creases in, or some such mighty important job.

"All right, skipper; all right," drawls Van, cool as a Sunday school boy at an ice cream sociable. "You've ing for the last ten minutes. What al you and Martin have when you were up town? By the way, where is Martin?"

He was so everlasting comfortable and sassy and I was so biling hot and nervous that it made me mad.

snapped out. "Got a headache." "Headache, eh? Humph! What did you have up town and where did

you get it?" up stuck on a shoal all night if you ter's tell. Go for'ard on lookout, won't

don't get aboard that boat. Look at you?" them clouds." He looked at 'em. "Ah," he says;

very like a whale." I didn't know what he meant and I

didn't care. "Whale!" says I. "Well, we'll be lucky if we ain't the Jonahs. Get aboard with that basket, you Opper

what's-your-name, will you; if you want to fetch port to-night."

was round and he dassent talk back. Between us we loaded the dunnage. Then Van got aboard, deliberate enough to try a parson's patience, and I cast loose and got sail on the Dora into the sternsheets and jammed the was "disconnected with my base of Bassett. We'd made a start, anyhow. tiller into his hand. Then I took a supplies." made. Van commenced to ask me was trying to cast loose the peak hal more about Hartley, and afore I could liard, having a notion, it seemed, th tell him the news about the pig race it ought to belong to the jib. and the rest, the Dora Bassett run her | The squall struck ug. The

nose on a sand flat and there she stuck. I was afraid of that tide all

along I tried to get her off with the oar, but 'twas no go. Then I pulled the skiff alongside—the one we'd been towing astern-and got into that and tried that way. But that wouldn't work either. Finally I jumped overboard up to my waist and then I got her off.

But she stuck again afore we got out of the cove. I splashed and shoved and worked for another half hour or so, the wind dying out and the fog drifting in. Time I got her affoat this time and had listened to a steady stretch of Van Brunt's lazy sarcasms, my temper was worn to shoe-strings. Consarn the man! It didn't seem to make no difference to him whether he got home that night or a week from

We got out of that blessed cove and into the channel somewheres around six o'clock. Then 'twas a dead beat home and the breeze pretty nigh gone. A few minutes, and the fog I'd seen them two look at each other shut down on us, wet and thick and ever go to sea again with a parcel things commenced to liven up. when they met, and-well, they say heavy as ever I see it. We poked along for an hour or so more and horse, and I ain't blind. I made a sort then 'twas 'most dark and we wa'n't sheet! Cast it off! Here comes half way to Wellmouth, Lord James to working again on Lord James next in his usual position, hanging on to from one side to t'other as if he was the railroad depot and I kept on afraid of being hit when he wa'n't with the boom once or twice and it off! Lively!" now he ducked whenever the tiller squeaked. He certainly looked like

split into pieces, same as a rotten scared, don't say a word. Not scared tops'l. The Dora Bassett heeled over for myself, you understand-no, intill I thought she was going on her beam ends. His lordship turned loose tight plank under me and a pair of a yell like a tugboat whistle, lets go the tiller and dives headfirst into the cockpit amidships. As for me, I was swinging over the side with my whole weight on the jib downhaul, pawing 'em know the jib from the rudder, air with my feet, and trying to get back my balance.

That downhaul was old and some rotten. It broke and I went overboard with a howl and a splash.

I went down far enough to begin to see glimpses of that blue place I was speaking of just now. Then I pawed up for air. When my head stuck out of water there was something big and black swooping past it. I made a grab and caught hold. As luck would have it 'twas the skiff we was towing astern.

I climbed into that skiff like a cat up a tree. I was full of salt watereyes and all-but I could see the Dora Bassett flopping ahead of me with her gaff halfway down her mast. Seems the halliard had broken just after the downhaul did.

I roared, a sputtering kind of roar. And then Van's head stuck out over the sloop's stern.

"God sakes!" says he. "Are you drowned?"

"Drowned!" I hollers, "Think I'm a pesky lubber just cause you-" I had to stop here to cough. I was a regular tank, as you might say, of salt water.

"Good heavens!" says Van. "Do they always do that-boats, I mean?" "Always do-" I wassomadat myself and all creation that I could scarcely answer. "Oh, suffering mighty! if of- Catch a hold of that tiller! Bring her into the wind! Cast off that mainanother one!"

I suppose mainsheets are kind of the centerboard and moving his head scarce on the "Street." Anyhow I see that he didn't know what I meant.

"That rope at the stern," I hollers, looking. I'd pretty nigh scalped him dancing around in the skiff. "Cast

The second squall struck us. I see the Dora Bassett drive off in a sweepa statue of misery in a fountain, with ing half circle, the end of the boom where your dog is, if you want to place at the top of Meeting House hill. the fog dripping off his side-whiskers. knocking the tops of the waves to know." Van was stretched out on the locker, pieces and the spray flying like a



"Put - Your-Helm-Over-to-Port! Port! You Lubber, Port!"

neighborhood. Fact is, I didn't like the feel of things. I believed there was wind coming.

you fellers', 'll have to go for'ard and stern and Van had cast off one of 'em. got good lungs and you'd ought to be keep an eye out for shoals. We're on same as I ordered. careful of 'em. I've heard you whoop the edge of the channel here and I want to be in deep water afore a pretty nigh due."

His lordship just stared at me fishyeyed and pitiful. As for Van, he went on reciting something about being on James' distress signals. the sea, "with the blue above and the "He's gone home on the train," I blue below." He wa'n't going to stir -not him. -

"Look here," I says. "If we strike a sand bar and a squall strikes us at over to port." the same time we'll go below, way "Never mind where we got it," says down, where it's a big sight bluer . "You'll get a headache from setting than 'tis here, 'cording to the minis-

> So he went, though I doubt if he'd have known a bar when he see onenot that kind anyway.

Pretty soon the breeze give out altogether. And then, from off in the distance, I heard a noise, a rushing, roaring kind of noise.

"Hark!" I yells. "Do you hear that? Here she comes! Down with the jib. Haul on that rope, Mr. Van, will you? Lord James looked like he'd like to No, no! Tother one! Tother one! put another "ead" on me, but his boss Godfrey scissors! Here you Opper; hang on to that tiller! Keep her just

as she is." I made a long arm, grabbed that valet man by the collar, yanked him But it turned out that was all we'd flying leap for'ard where the Twin

while 'tending to that skiff.

blowing smoke rings and spouting waterfall. And, louder than the wind poetry. I'd been too busy to tell him or anything else, I could hear Lord a word about his girl's being in the James beliering for home and mother.

But 'twan't till afterwards that I remembered any of this. Just then that there was a good chance of the I had other fish to fry. There was "See here," says I, finally, "one of two or three ropes at the sailboat's

Only, as it happened, instead of the mainsheet he'd cast off the skiff's squall hits us. I cal'late there's one painter. Me and the Dora Bassett was parting company fast.

From out of the dark ahead of me come a yell, louder even than Lord "Sol!" hollers Van Brunt. "Sol

Pratt!" "Ay, ay!" I screams. "I'm all right. Never mind me. Put your helm

"Port what?" "Put-your-helm-over-to-port!

Port! you lubber! PORT!" My manners had gone overboard when I did and they'd missed the skiff. 'Twas quiet for a minute. Then, from further off comes the screech:

"What-part-of-the-damn-thing -is-port?" "Never mind!" I yells. "Keep-her -just—as—she—is. You'll-fetch-Better-take-reef. ip-all-right.

Slack-that-main-sheet!" Then I had to quit and grab up the oars and bring the skiff bow on to the seas. When I got her headed right I couldn't see nor hear nothing of the Dora Bassett. As Major Philander Phinney says when he gets to telling how much better General Grant would have done if he'd took his advice, I

CHAPTER VI. Ozone Island. I was pretty busy for the next good

deed. When I get drowned, with a oars in my hand, 'twon't be in the bay, I'll tell you that. But I was scared for Van Brunt and his lordship in the Dora Bassett. They didn't either of and the valet was too crazy frightened to be of any use if he had.

But Van was sure to be cool enough, and the broken gaff would act like a double reef, so that was some comfort. And the squall wa'n't going to amount to nothing-'twas only a fair breeze even now-so if Van had sense enough to keep the tiller straight and let her run they'd fetch up somewheres alongshore, I judged. And, to make me hope still more, the squall had brought a complete change of up the bay instead of out to sea.

So I squared my shoulders and laid to the oars, heading for where, judg-Twas darker than a black kitten in a nigger's pocket, but I callated to be able to hit the broadside of the United States somewheres. I got aground on the flats five or six times, but along towards midnight I butted ashore at the little end of nowhere where there was nothing but bushes and sand and pines, no sign of civilization. And by

this time 'twas pouring rain. After a couple of years of scratching and swearing and falling down I come out of the scrub into a kind of clearing. Then I discovered a barbed wire fence by hanging up on it like a sheet on a line and located the back of a barn by banging into it with my head. Then a nice talkative dog come out of the barn and located me, and

While me and the dog were conducting our experience meeting, a light showed in an upstairs window a little ways off and somebody sticks their head out and wants to know

what's the matter. "Who are you?" he says.

"My name's Pratt," says I. "Where are you?"

"Well," I says, " judging by the feel and smell I'm on top of the pig-sty. But I ain't real sure. I can tell you

"What are you doing round here this time of night?" he says.

I told him as well as I could. The dog was having a conniption fit, trying to bark itself inside out, and I had to say things over three or four times so's a body could hear. But the feller at the window wa'n't satisfied even then. I never see such a woodenhead.

"What Pratt did you say you was? he hollers. I told him my name and where I

hailed from. "Sol Pratt?" he says. "Of Wellmouth? What are you doing way

over here?" "Blast it all!" I yells. "If I wa'n't half drowned already I should say I was getting wet. Turn out and let a feller into the kitchen or somewheres, won't you? And tie up this everlasting

That seemed to wake him up some and in ten minutes or so he comes poking out with a lantern. I knew him then. 'Twas Ebenezer Holbrook Huldy Ann Scudder's sister's husband who lives over in the woods on the line between South Eastwich and West Ostable. There was another man with him and blest if it didn't turn out to be Nate Scudder himself Him and Huldy was visiting over there, same as he said they was going

Nate had more than a million questions to ask. Ebenezer tied up the dog-the critter pretty nigh broke down and sobbed when he found I wa'n't to be fed to him-and we went into the kitchen. Then Mrs. Holbrook and Huldy Ann, rigged up tasty and becoming in curl papers and bed quilts. floated downstairs and there was more questions.

When Nate found out that one of his lodgers was cast adrift in the bay he was almost as worried and upset as I was. But Ebenezer agreed with us sloop's getting ashore safe. He said why didn't I turn in on his setting room lounge for the few hours between then and sun-up, and in the morning me and Nate could take his yawl dory and cruise alongshore and hunt. So I done it, though 'twas pre cious little sleep I got.

About six o'clock we started. thought first I'd go up to Eastwich village and telegraph to Hartley. Ther I thought I'd better not; no use to scare him till I had to. Nate had heard about the pig chase and Hart ley's doings over there and he pes tered the life out of me with questions about that.

'Queer that boy should turn out to be his brother, wa'n't it?" he says. "Whose brother?" says I, leaning out over the yawl's side and watch

ing for signs of the Dora Bassett. 'Why, Hartley's." he says. "Brother!" says I. "'Twan't his

brother. No relation to him." "I heard different," he says. heard 'twas his brother, name of Oscar Dennis. And that woman from the school was his brother's wife. Some says she ain't living with her husband and some say Hartley's right name is Dennis and that she's his wife and he was down here hiding from her. Seems when that boy first dove into the crowd 'twas because he'd seen Hart ley. They say that when that woman and this Hartley met, she sings out: 'My God! my husband!' That's what some says she said, and others says-

Author Poorly Remunerated. For "Middlemarch" George Ellot got And \$40,000 and for "Romola" \$35,000.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO CURE A COUGH

Or Break a Cold in 24 Hours

Mix two ounces of Glycerine and & half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure with a half pint of Straight Whisky. Shake well and take a tea-

spoonful every four hours. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only by The Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and is put up only in half-ounce vials, each vial securely sealed in a round wooden case to insure its freshness and purity.

The Changing Times.

Times have changed since 450 years ago, when Halley's comet, for whose reappearance astronomers are now looking, was in the heavens. Then the wind with it; now 'twas blowing back | Christian world prayed to be delivered from "the devil, the Turk and the comet." Now it says the devil is not as black as he has been painted, the ing by the wind, the land ought to be. Turk is a negligible quantity and the comet would be rather welcome than otherwise.-Boston Transcript.

Not Anxious at All.

"One word of our language that is almost always misused," said the particular man, "is 'anxious.' You will hear people exclaim how anxious they are to see a certain play, or anxious to get a new hat, or anxious to take a trip to Europe, when they are not anxlous at all, but eager or desirous. If anxious were used only in the right place we wouldn't hear it half so often."

With a smooth iron 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 use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Not a Philosophic Enterprise. "Young Mr. Bliggins is thinking of proposing.'

'Yes." answered Miss Cayenne; "but I doubt if he will ever do so. The only way for a man to get courage in such matters is to stop thinking."

The Split Skirt.

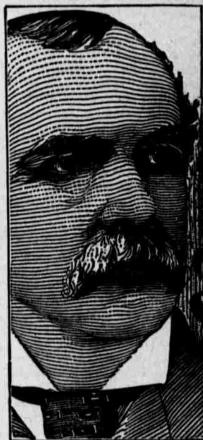
Patience-I see half of the people call them sheath skirts, and the other half call them directoire gowns. Patrice-Yes; I was sure there'd be a split about it.

Some men haven't sense enough to let well enough alone. When one girl refuses to marry them they ask another.

One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

To feign a virtue is to have its op posite vice.-Hawthorne.

## UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Ca-tarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the cor-rect name for most cases of dyspep sia. Only an internal catarrh rem-

edy, such as Peruna, is available. Peruna Tablets can now be procured. Ask your Druggist for a Pres Peruna Almanac for 1909.

