

His Vocabulary.
He was an only child. They were very particular about his manner of speech, constantly correcting him so that he would use beautiful English. He, however, was allowed now and then to associate with other children. He played with a neighbor boy a long while one day and when he came home there was an ecstatic smile on his face.

"I like that boy, mother," he said. "I like him very much. He swears beautifully. He knows every word."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Grows Only in Four States.
Bromine, useful in medicine, photography, the manufacture of dyes and in certain metallurgical operations, is produced commercially in only four states of this country—Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Last year's output was 1,379,496 pounds.

Fortunate.
"Have any luck hunting?"
"The greatest ever."
"How was that?"
"I went out with an amateur and came back alive."

Nearly every man, when he reads a good joke and remembers and tells it well, thinks to himself afterward: "What a witty fellow I am getting to be!"

If every man was compelled to act as his own fool-killer there would be an epidemic of suicides.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAIN EXTERMINATED. Guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

The average woman is fond of pets, but her husband is not in that class.

Lewis Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Even a fast man may not make a rapid recovery when he's ill.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 2c package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

Smiles make a better salve for trouble than do frowns.

CATARRH IN HEAD.



MR. WM. A. PRESSER.

MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER, 1723 Third Ave., Moline, Ill., writes:
"I have been suffering from catarrh in the head for the past two months and tried innumerable so-called remedies without avail. No one knows how I have suffered not only from the disease itself, but from mortification when in company of friends or strangers."

"I have used two bottles of your medicine for a short time only, and effected a complete medical cure, and what is better yet, the disease has not returned."

"I can most emphatically recommend Peruna to all sufferers from this disease."

Read This Experience

Mr. A. Thompson, Box 65, R. R. 1, Martel, Ohio, writes: "When I began your treatment my eyes were inflamed, nose was stopped up half of the time, and was sore and scabby. I could not rest at night on account of continual hawking and spitting."

"I had tried several remedies and was about to give up, but thought I would try Peruna."

"After I had taken a bottle I noticed a difference. I am now completely cured, after suffering with catarrh for eighteen years."

"I think if those who are afflicted with catarrh would try Peruna they would never regret it."

Peruna is manufactured by the Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

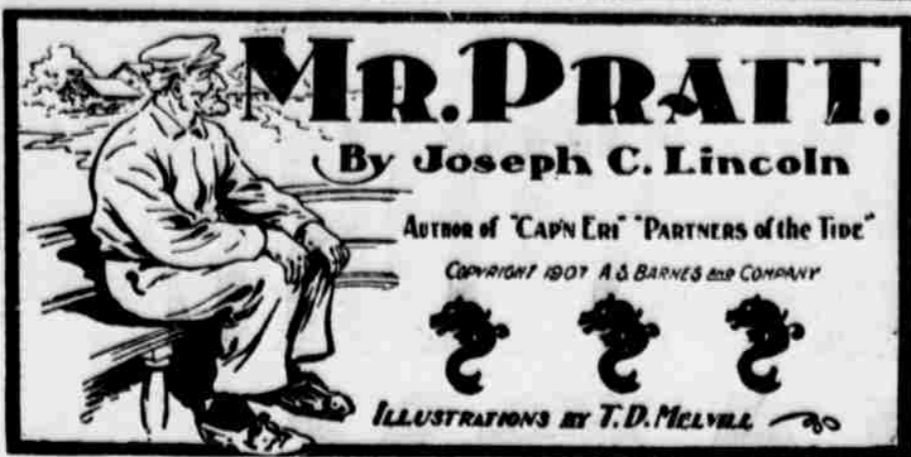
Kemp's Balsam

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or habit-forming drug.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition.

This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption. It has saved thousands of lives. A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses. At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1. Don't accept anything else.



MR. PRATT.

By Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of "CAPT. ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"
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Illustrations by T. D. Melville

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!" 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. 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 "Reddy," 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. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Hopper 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. They lived on the island and Owner Scudder brought ridiculous presents as a token of gratitude. Innocent Hartley and Hopper in search for claims robbed a private "quabough." Late at night their island home was disturbed by wild yells. Hopper was found in a fright at what he supposed was a ghost and he immediately tendered his resignation. In charge of a company of New York post-children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone Island.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.
"I'll go you," says Martin, shucking his jacket. "Sol, what do I do next?"

I showed him. I started 'em even on cucumber beds. They hoed like they went by steam. You never see such ambitious farmers in your life as they was—just then.

"Kind of hard work, ain't it?" says I, watching their front hair get damp and stick to their foreheads.

"Work?" says Van. "This is recreation, man!"

"All right," I says. "Heave ahead and recreate. I've got to work, myself."

So I went in and swept out the dining room. Once in a while, through the open window, I'd get a sight of 'em laying into the cucumber beds, with the sun blazing down. I grinned. When the boot's been on one leg too long it's kind of nice to see somebody else's corns get pinched.

When they come in to dinner they was just slopping over with joy. Gardening was more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But I noticed that when Van got up from the table he riz kinks in his back, and Martin moved his shoulders slow and easy and said "Ouch!" under his breath when he reached too far.

They didn't seem to be in any real hurry to get back to work, either. Stayed on the porch, and smoked two cigars instead of one. I had to chuck out a hint about getting them seeds covered up quick afore they'd leave their chairs. Then they went, and I could see the hoes moving; but they moved slower.

They turned in right after supper, which was unusual. Next morning I didn't hear a word about gardens. The conversation was pretty limited and doleful, being separated with grunts and groans, so to speak. When Van Brunt dropped his napkin he hollered to me to come and pick it up, and Hartley fed with his left hand and kept the right in his jacket side pocket. They didn't seem to enjoy that meal half so much as I did.

"Well," says I, to brighten things up: "I calculate them cucumbers is ready to eat, pretty nigh, by this time. Started on your corn, yet? No? Well, you mustn't lose no time. It's late in the season now. Come along with me and I'll get you going."

I headed for the door as I spoke. They looked at each other again.

"It's pretty cloudy for planting, isn't it?" asks Hartley. "We might be caught in the rain, you know."

"Rain your granny!" says I. "Them clouds is nothing but heat fog. It'll burn right off."

"Wait till we finish our cigars, skipper," says Van.

"No," says I. "You can smoke and plant at the same time. Smoke 'll drive away the mosquitoes."

They got up then and followed me out. The hoes was laying by the beds and I handed 'em one apiece. They took 'em, not with what you'd call enthusiasm, but more the way the boy took the licking—believing 'twas more blessed to give than to receive. The cucumber beds was begun beautiful, the first hills rounded up fine and lovely. But the tail-end ones looked like the pauper section of the burying ground, more useful than ornamental. I showed 'em how to plant the corn and went away, leaving 'em leaning on their hoes, with a kind of halo of mosquitoes around their heads. My talk about smoke was more or less sarcastic; the mosquitoes on Horse-foot Ozone was smoke-cured and fire-proof.

I got the breakfast work done about ten o'clock and then 'twas time to go after the pig and the hens. I took the skiff oars out of the barn and then walked around by the gardens to see how things was getting on. There laid the hoes by the place where the corn-hills was intended to be, but there wa'sn't any corn-hills nor any Heavenly

I loaded the critters into the skiff—the pig fairly sung psalms while I was doing it—and then the Twins climbed aboard.

"All right, skipper," says Van. "Shove off."

"Just a minute," says I. "What am I going to do—take the next train? This transport seems to be pretty well loaded."

It was Van Brunt who was on the amidships thwart. Hartley was up in the bow, with the pig between his knees. The chicken coop was piled in the stern. I ain't no dime show dwarf, and where I was going to stow myself was too much for me.

"Humph!" says Van. "It does look standing room only. Here, skipper; you kneel on the back seat. I'll row."

I didn't exactly kneel, but I straddled across the stern somehow, with the butt end of the hen roost in my lap and my feet over each rail just clear of the wet.

Nate's boy shoved us into deep water. He had to take off his shoes and stockings to do it, and he was laughing so that he made mighty poor head-way.

"You pesky young one!" says I, losing my patience. "If you don't tend to your job I'll get out and duck you. What are you giggling at?"

"I ain't giggling," says he. "I'm pushing. Ugh! Haw! haw! Ugh! There you be!"

He gave us a final shove and then went back and rolled around in the bushes. Somebody was having a good time if we wa'n't.

We moved off stately and slow, like an ocean liner leaving her dock. We didn't have any band, but the pig and hens furnished music. The skiff's rill was almost a-wash and my heels dipped on every little wave.

Van rowed like a good one till he got about two-thirds of the way across. Then the tide got a grip on us and he commenced to go slower and groan.



We Moved Off Stately and Slow, Like an Ocean Liner Leaving Her Dock.

'em, you'd better be getting the rest of them seeds into the ground. What's the present standing of that cucumber bed?"

Van didn't open his eyes. "You win it," he says, lazy.

I stopped rowing and looked at him over my shoulder.

"Meaning—what?" says I.

"Just that. You win the bet. Likewise you cultivate the cucumbers. Martin and I, in convention assembled, have nominated you for secretary of agriculture. We resign."

I'd been expecting it. And I'd made up my mind what to say. But I hated to say it. Thinks I: "I'll wait till I get back to Ozone."

So I didn't answer, but went on rowing again. The tide was going out fast and 'twas a hard pull, three of us in that little skiff, but by and by we reached the main. And there was Scudder's hired boy waiting for us.

"Hello," says I. "Where's Hully Ann—Mrs. Scudder, I mean?"

"She couldn't come," said the boy. "But I fetched the hens and things. Here they be."

He had the hens—a dozen of 'em—jammed into one lath coop. The door of it was fastened with a shaky wood button.

"Handle 'em kind of careful," says he. "That button undoes itself sometimes."

"Where's the pig?" says Hartley. "Here he is."

We could hear him. He wa'n't in a box at all, as he'd ought to have been according to contract, but setting in the sand with his hind legs tied together with string. He was whirling in circles with his tail for a pivot, so to speak, and he seemed to be mainly squeal. Little he was, and thin—pooped to me to be thin as Nate's milk of human kindness—but the Heavens fell down and worshiped him like he was a hog angel.

"Humph!" says I. "Is that the 'dear'?"

"That's the dear," says Van, patting him at long distance.

Well, he weighed four pound and cost six dollars, so that's dear enough for anybody.

"Ho! ho!" whoops Hartley. "Oh, dear me! This is worth the price of admission."

"Ha! ha!" cackles Van, puffing for breath, and shoving the pig out of his lap. "This is the best ever! The floating garden of Eden! Or the ark! Say, Martin; I begin to sympathize with Noah."

"Noah sent out a dove, if I remember right," says Hartley. "Wonder if it would work with a chicken? Where's our Ararat, skipper?"

I was mad clean through. Here was twice that I'd been made a fool of on salt water. I wa'n't used to it and it hurt.

"The ark was afloat for 40 odd days; you want to remember that," says I. "And this skiff won't float 40 minutes, loaded the way she is, if she drifts outside that point."

"Then she mustn't drift there," says Van, cheerful. "I don't want to get wet—not now, with James gone. This is the only presentable suit I've got left. If this is wrecked you'll have to press it, Sol."

My, but I was hopping! Talking about pressing clothes and us next door to going to the bottom!

"I'll press nothing," says I. "And I'll say right now, Mr. Van Brunt, that I won't tend to them gardens. You hear—"

Van waved his hand. "Your salary from now on," he says, "will be—"

"No, it won't. My salary's big enough. It's me that's short—short about 26 hours out of the 24. If I was two men I might do what's needful, but as 'tis I can't. I like you both first-rate—when you ain't too crazy—but either you'll have to get me a helper or I'll have to quit. That is, if we get out of this mess alive, which ain't likely."

All the time I was preaching this way I was tugging at the 'midships thwart. Finally I got it loose and shoved it over the stern. I was going to try to scull with it.

The Heavens was completely upset. Not by the fear of drowning—drat 'em. I don't cal'late they was afraid of anything—but my talk of quitting seemed to knock 'em silly.

"By Jove! you know," says Van. "This is serious, skipper. You can't mean it."

"You bet I can!" I says, sculling like all possessed with one arm and fighting pullets with the other.

"You're not going," says Van, decided. "You're—simply—not. Is he, Martin?"

"I should say not," says t'other Twin. "Sol, if you want more money—or assistants—or anything, why, all right. But we want you. And we're going to keep you."

"That's settled then," says Van, quick. "What kind of help do you want—and how many?"

"Well," I says, cooling down a mite—of course I was pleased to find they liked me so well. "Well," I says, "if you could get somebody to cook and help 'round the house maybe I—"

"A cook?" says Van. "Good! We get a cook—two cooks—ten of 'em, if you say so. And we get 'em quick."

"Let's get ashore first," says I. "I've got to make the point there or we'll get—"

"Our finish, hey?" he says, ending the sentence for me. "All right; make the point." Then he got out a cigar and went to smoking.

But I wa'n't by no means sure we would make the point. 'Twas the eastward end of Ozone Island I was aiming for. The tide set in strong there and I could see that the skiff would pretty nigh hit the beach, if I had luck.

We zigzagged along. Pretty soon we got to where the waves was running higher. They commenced to slop into the boat.

"She'll go under, sure's you're born," says I. "If I can only keep her up till we get into shoal water."

"I seem to have acquired the cast-away habit," says Van. "Once in that other boat of yours, Sol, and now in this one. I must swear off. This is getting monotonous."

The swells run bigger as we neared the point. The skiff was half full and the slopping and the motion stirred up the menagerie. Such squealing and squawking and flapping you never heard nor saw. Them hens was all over us and the pig underneath.

We riz on a wave and begun to capsize.

"Here we go!" I yelled. "Stand by!"

Over we went. The hens had the best of us in a way—they could fly after a fashion. I wished I could. Lucky the water wa'n't more than waist deep.

I plowed through the sand and undertow and got to the beach. Hartley come next, totting the pig by one leg. The "dear" wriggled loose and headed for the pines, hurrahing like a sawmill. The most of the hens had gone on ahead.

"Humph!" says somebody. "You're pretty wet, ain't you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wise Old Noah.

A Sunday school teacher in Bryn Mawr was questioning her class about some prominent men of the old Testament. "Now, Henry, can you tell me who was the wisest man in the Bible?" she asked.

"Noah!" Henry answered promptly. "Oh, no, Henry," the teacher said, "you don't mean Noah; you mean Solomon, don't you?"

"No, ma'am; I mean Noah."

"What makes you think that Noah was the wisest man?"

"Well," said Henry, "my papa says a man like Solomon, with 600 wives and 800 porcupines, is a blamed old fool, while Noah knew enough to get in out of the wet when it began to rain."

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Licorice of Senna which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects always by the genuine.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLELY BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

A SPEEDY ONE.



Miss Tapps—Of course, some typewriters are extremely expert. Clerk—Oh, yes. I know of one who married a rich employer in less than three months.

TOLD TO USE CUTICURA.

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema—Had Been Tortured and Disfigured But

Was Soon Cured of Dread Humor.

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highlandtown, Md., Jan. 9, '08." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Work of Women Inventors.

Women are said to have been issued more than 6,000 patents by the United States office. They are not all domestic by any means, either, as some of them are for car couplers, night signaling, life rafts, car wheels, machines for manufacturing ozone and a typewriter for the blind. A pocket sewing machine and a sash that will go up without sticking are other inventions by women.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist 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.

The Most Dangerous Capital.

London, which used to boast of being the quietest and safest capital of the world, has become noisier than Paris and more dangerous than New York. Nearly 300 persons are now killed annually by street accidents, and how many more just escape with their lives cannot be computed.—Outlook.

Good Judge of Human Nature.

"Jones says he can usually tell men's occupations from their appearance."

"Yes, Jones can. He can spot a collector as far as he can see him."—Detroit Free Press.

When a young man tells a girl that he'll love her forever and ever no doubt he believes he is telling the truth all the time.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" THAT IS LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

It is not what we intend, but what we do makes us useful.—More.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A good detective makes light of his ability as a shadow.

