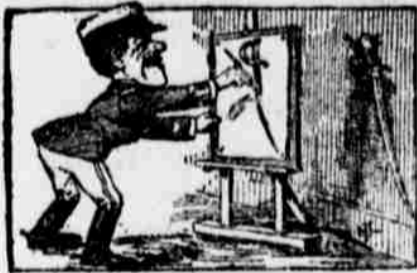


ONLY GOT BACK HIS OWN.

Umbrella Had Long Been Absent from Its Proper Hall Tree.

"Stories about umbrellas," said a New York physician, when that useful article was the subject of discussion, "are as numerous as fish stories, and often test just as severely the credulity of those who listen to them. This is a true one: A patient telephoned an hour after he had been at his office one morning that he had left his umbrella on the hall rack; would I see that it was kept for him? My servant found it, and that evening while we were at dinner he called, got the umbrella and came in to thank me. There he told a long story as to how he valued the umbrella because he had carried it a long time, and it was just the right weight and showed a dent in the silver handle which had been made by his little boy when he used it as a hockey stick. I saw my wife smile while the story was being told. She understood my wink, however, and we said nothing. But when the man had gone away with the umbrella under his arm we laughed, for we had recognized the umbrella which I had carried out and never brought back more than three years ago."

FROM A RECENT NOVEL.



"Whereupon he instantly drew his sword."

MIX FOR RHEUMATISM

The following is a never failing recipe for rheumatism. To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured of any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring.

Boston Profanity.

Katy, aged five, and a resident of America's seat of culture, ran to her father one morning, exclaiming: "Father, brother George swore." "Swore, did he?" inquired the parent, grimly, reaching for the slipper. "What did he say?" "He said 'ain't,'" responded Katy, solemnly.—Success Magazine.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes, Compounded by Experienced Physicians, Conforms to the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Murine Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

A good son is a good brother, good husband, good father, good kinsman, good friend, good neighbor and good citizen.—Chinese proverb.

It takes a lot of nerve to enable a young married man to enter a store and purchase a dozen safety pins from a former sweetheart.

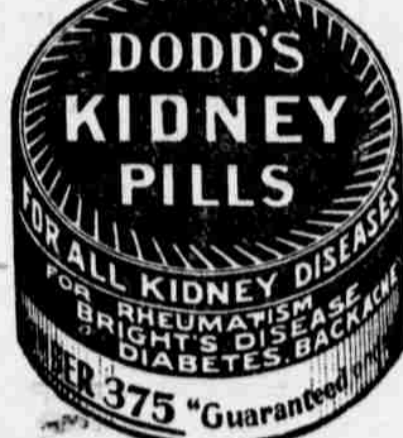
On the spot where the first white settlers of Seattle first set foot, Alki Point, has been built the South Alki Congregational church.

A good honest remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Nothing will so quickly drive out all pain and inflammation.

You can not learn to be a dramatic critic by reading the Acts.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAGO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Hemorrhoids, Blind, Bleeding or Prolapsing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

Even a girl has no use for the other side of a mirror.



Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tons of thousands by Bad Bowels—No difference. Constipation and dead liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—CASCARETS regulate—cure Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use CASCARETS, Life Saver!

CASCARETS cost a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

ONE DOLLAR A MONTH

will protect you against loss of income, doctor's bills, etc., in case you are sick or injured and are prevented from following your regular occupation. Benefits are paid promptly—the best policy ever offered.



MR. PRATT.
By Joseph C. Lincoln
AUTHOR OF "CAPN' ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL

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 luncheon. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick, Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urethra proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rented it from Scudder and called it "Ozone Island." In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone Island. In another storm Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped being wrecked, having aboard chickens, pigs, etc., with which they were to start a farm. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming compensation as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Hartley was so sunburned that you couldn't have told if he did blush. But he acted nervous and uneasy. "It was nothing," he said. "I knew the youngsters liked such things, and the stuff you get here isn't eatable. Then James is a success, Miss Talford, you say?" But he didn't get off quite as easy as that. Agnes looked up surprised and, I thought, pleased. "That you, Mr. Hartley," she said. "It was kind of you, and very thoughtful." Of course the Talford girl thanked him, too. He acted a good deal like he wished he hadn't come. But I guess that feeling wore off after a while. It seemed to me that Miss Page was considerable pleasanter to him than I'd seen her yet. She talked to him more and there wasn't so much of that chilly "hands-off" kind of manner in her voice. Two or three times they seemed almost friendly, as you might say, and toward the end of the day Hartley's blueness, that was always with him when she was in sight, had pretty nigh disappeared. He seemed quite happy, for him—not his usual careless, don't-care kind of jollity, either. One thing that I think Agnes noticed was the way the boy, Reddy, stuck to him. You could see that the little chap's idea of a first-class brick was Martin Hartley. And another sure thing was that Reddy was the Page girl's favorite. She was always running after him to see what he was doing, but he didn't get hurt, or such like. One time when she'd gone on this kind of an errand, and the Twins and Miss Talford and me was left together, I spoke up and says: "That small fire top is considerable on Miss Agnes' mind, ain't he?" Margaret Talford laughed. "He's the apple of her eye," says she. "She fairly worships him. I'm sure I don't know why, for he's the worst mischief-maker in the school. But Agnes' sympathy seems to run to the black sheep. Were you a black sheep, Mr. Van Brunt?" Van shook his head; very solemn. "I was," says he, "but the cleansing influence of the Natural Life has removed the upper coating. You can see that she doesn't find it necessary to run after me. I flatter myself that I'm rapidly becoming—what is it that our new cook says, skipper? Oh, yes!

fidgely. "I think probably I did. I don't remember." "I thought not," says she. "Now you must permit me to pay it to you. The boy is under my charge and I shall insist upon it." He was pretty short and sharp, I thought. "No, really," he said, "I've forgotten the affair entirely. No doubt I've been paid already. It was nothing, of course, and the boy was plucky and I took a fancy to him." She insisted, but he wouldn't give in. At last she says, looking hard at him: "I think," she says, "that your simple life is doing a great deal for you. You have improved in many ways—I have heard things—good things—about you that surprised me. I'm very glad." He didn't answer. Just then the valet brought the carriage up to the door and 'twas time to say good-by. I was pretty tickled with the day's work, take it altogether. Eureka got after me soon as we was back to the island, and she asked a couple of ton of questions. She wanted to know all about the school and especially about the Page girl and her chum. "You ain't told me all you know," says she, finally. "Tell the rest of it. What relation is this Agnes Page to Mr. Hartley?" I said she wa'n't no relation. At last, sort of in self-defense, I told the whole yarn about the engagement—Van's engagement, I mean. She bobbed her head. "I thought so," says she. "I don't care if Mr. Van Brunt is engaged to the Page one. He ain't in love with her. And Mr. Hartley is." "What are you talking about?" says I, soon's I could get my breath. "Just what I said. He's in love with Miss Page. And I'm going to help him get her." "Humph!" says I. "You be, hey? Well, how about poor Van? What do you want to shove him out into the cold for? He ain't done anything to you, has he?" She shook her sunbonnet and looked wise. "That's all right," she says. "I've got my ideas about him, too. Anyway I'm going to help Mr. Hartley." I thought and thought. And then, without exactly meaning to, I spoke my thought out loud. "I believe I'll help you help him," says I. She wa'n't a bit surprised. "Humph!" she says. "That's no news. You've been trying to help him for ever so long." What do you think of that? There wa'n't anything slow or dull about that Sparrow girl—not enough to fret yourself over, there wa'n't.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Lawn Fete.

It was August now. The nice weather held out right along and one day on Ozone Island was a good deal like the next. And yet it seemed to me that there was little changes. For instance, take the matter of reading. When we first arrived 'twas nothing but that Natural Life book; the Heavenly Twins was at it continuous, and such a thing as a newspaper or magazine was what Van Brunt called an "abomination." I couldn't get a paper even to kindle fire with; had to use poverty grass for that. But now the Natural Life sermon laid on the dining room mantel piece most of the time, with a layer of dust on it, and Scudder fetched the Boston and New York newspapers every day. And magazines and books began to come in the mail. I remember one day Hartley set reading the New York Evening Post, that part of it he called the "financial page." All at once he spoke. "By Jove! Van," he says, "Consolidated Tea Lead is up three points from last week's quotations. There must be something doing." Van looked at him, kind of sad and disappointed. "Martin," says he, "are you falling from grace? Get these behind me, Satan. Give me that financial sheet." Hartley laughed and tossed it over. "There!" says his chum, crumpling it up and shoving it into his pocket. "That disturbing influence is out of the way. Let us discuss the simple and satisfying subject of agriculture. There is an article on 'The Home Garden' in this month's number of The Rural Gentleman, which should be instructive to our friend Mr. Pratt, plowman of sea and soil. Skipper, lend me your ears. I'll return them shortly." Then he commenced to read that magazine piece out loud to me, very solemn, and stopping every once in a while to chuck in some ridiculous advice on his own account. This had got to be a regular thing. Every bit of farm news I had to hear. The garden was Van's pet joke. "What," says he, when the reading was done, "is the latest crop bulletin, Sol?" "I have the honor to report," says I, "that from the present outlook we'll have two cornstalks, one to-matter vine and three cucumber plants really in sight by to-morrow morning. That is, if the sand don't blow in and cover 'em up in the night." "Good!" he says. "I move that the report be accepted. Martin, don't let me see you wasting your time on the frivolity of the street when there are such serious matters to claim our attention." Which was all right, only that very afternoon I saw him, himself, out behind the barn, reading that Post financial page and looking mighty interested.

"most every day and they wanted to fish and shoot and the like of that. Once we went on a cruise after shore birds. I bagged a few, but the Twins couldn't hit a flock of balloons with a cannon, so they didn't have no luck. But a little later Van went out alone with Nate Scudder and I'll be blessed if he didn't come back with a dozen peep and ring-necks. Then the way he crowded over me and Martin was scandalous, till, a week later, Hartley himself went gunning with Nate and fetched home 15, bigger and better than his chum's. And after this, of course, 'twas nothing but what a great hunter Scudder was, and rubbing it into me. The hotel boarders and the town folks was mighty interested in the Ozone islanders by this time. The picnic boats from the Old Comfort house generally sailed close to our point to give the passengers a chance to look our outfit over. Sometimes the boats stopped, and then the Twins would take an observation from an upstairs window, and, if they liked the looks of the crowd, would come down and keep what they called "open house." "Open house" always meant more work for Eureka and me. Lucky for us, 'twas pretty seldom that the Heavens liked their callers' looks well enough to open up. The Baptist minister and his wife came over to call. There was going to be a "lawn fete and sale" at the church pretty soon, and the idea was to get the Twins to "donate" something. Van Brunt was full of his high links that day, and he took that poor parson and his wife in tow. First he carted 'em out to the henyard. He paraded up and down in front of the coops, pointing out the scraggly Plymouth Rocks as if they was some kind of freaks, like ostriches. He said they ate a bag of corn a day and laid one egg a week, so he figured that every egg was worth five dollars or so. What did the parson think of a donation of half a dozen of them eggs? "Not to eat, you understand," says Van; "but as rarities, as curiosities." The minister was a young feller, not long out of college, and pretty straight-laced. But he had some fun in him. "If I might suggest," he says, "I think one of the hens themselves would be more acceptable and profitable. Among our summer people there is a great demand for 'antiques.' Now one of those hens—" That tickled Van. He told Hartley afterwards that the minister was a trump. He donated liberal—not with eggs nor poultry neither—and promised that he and Hartley would attend the sale. And they did. And so did Eureka and me. The lawn fete was held in the meeting house front yard, and 'twas all rigged up fine with flags and tissue paper and bunting. There was a grab bag and a cake table and a fancy goods table, and I don't know what all. All the summer folks was there, and most of the town women and girls, and the prices charged for things would have been highway robbery if it hadn't been a church that was charging 'em. The Heavens bought and bought and bought. They bought everything—the foolishest things. Van bought three pair of embroidered suspenders and a crocheted tidy and a pin cushion, and Martin got a worsted afghan and a hand-painted soft pillow, so fresh that the paint come off on your hands when you touched it. And 'twasn't any quiet colored paint neither. And when you rubbed off one layer there was another underneath. Lucretia Daniels' daughter had painted it; she was taking lessons and her ma said that she'd painted that pillow over much as a dozen times, because the colors wa'n't "bleeding right" or the subject didn't suit her. 'Twas so stiff with paint on top that 'twould have been like ramming your head into fence to lay on it. We stayed till most everything was sold but a log cabin bed quilt that the Christian paupers at the poor-house had made. Nobody seemed to want that, although they was gay rags enough in it to build a rainbow. The minister's wife said she was so sorry. The poor things at the almshouse had worked so hard. "You wait a minute," says Van. "I'll get rid of it." He took out his vest pocket memorandum book and tore about ten pages into little squares. Then he made numbers on these squares with a pencil. Half of these he put into his hat, and, the next I knew, he was standing on a chair, waving the bedquilt with one hand and the hat with 'other. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Cure a Hopeless Headache.

I must go to some place where I can't take the first train back; where I won't live through the day expecting a letter from you. It ain't easy in these times for anybody to be really "out of reach." When we all know that we've only to go to the nearest telegraph office for news, we can't know what it would be like utterly to lose someone—unless death teaches us. The nearest approach to the sort of thing I mean—is this side of Kingdom Come—is the Klondike.—From "Come and Find Me," by Elizabeth Robins.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Operation Avoided. Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LENA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

Headache, Backache, Sideache, A Worn-out Feeling.

These are especially women's afflictions. They are caused by irregular working of some of the functions of the body. It is of the utmost importance to every woman to know that there is no medicine so valuable for her, so helpful, so strengthening, as

Lane's Family Medicine
(called also Lane's Tea)
This tonic-laxative is a great blood medicine and is the favorite regulating medicine of old and young. All druggists sell it in 50c. and 25c. packages.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Small Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Beutwood* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

W.L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50



The Reason I Make and Sell More Men's \$3.00 & \$3.50 Shoes Than Any Other Manufacturer is because I give the wearer the benefit of the most complete organization of trained experts and skilled shoemakers in the country. The selection of the leathers for each part of the shoe and every detail of the making in every department, is looked after by the best shoemakers in the shoe industry. If I could show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make. My Method of Tanning the Soles makes them More Flexible and Longer Wearing than any others. Shoes for Every Member of the Family, Men, Women, Boys, Infants and Children. For sale by shoe dealers everywhere. Absolutely free from harmful dyes and poisons. For full a country the household remedy in millions of homes. At all druggists, 25 cts.

PISO'S Coughing Spells are promptly relieved by a single dose of PISO'S Cure. The regular use of this famous remedy will relieve the worst form of cough, cold, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and diseases of the throat and lungs. Absolutely free from harmful drugs and poisons. For half a century the household remedy in millions of homes. At all druggists, 25 cts.