

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

Only One of Many. "That's a queerly cut dinner jacket you have on." "This is not a dinner jacket, it's a meal sack."

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

A Profitable Course. "Did you find the course profitable?" "Rather; tutored six men in it."—Lampoon.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamlin's Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Address the Garfield Tea Co. as above when writing for free samples of Garfield Tea, the true remedy for constipation.

Fortunate is the woman who remembers that frowns beget more wrinkles than smiles.

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.

A man would rather lose \$25 at the racetrack than give it to his wife to buy a bonnet.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Things past may be repented but not recalled.—Livy.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRUISES
DIABETES
BACKACHE
No. 375 "Guaranteed"

"A Little Cold is a Dangerous Thing" and often leads to hasty disease and death when neglected. There are many ways to treat a cold, but there is only one right way—use the right remedy.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

is the surest and safest remedy known for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy. It cures when other remedies fail.

Do something for your cold in time, you know what delay means, you know the remedy, too—Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

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Western Canada

MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908

Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres of land 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.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agents.

W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 11, 1909.

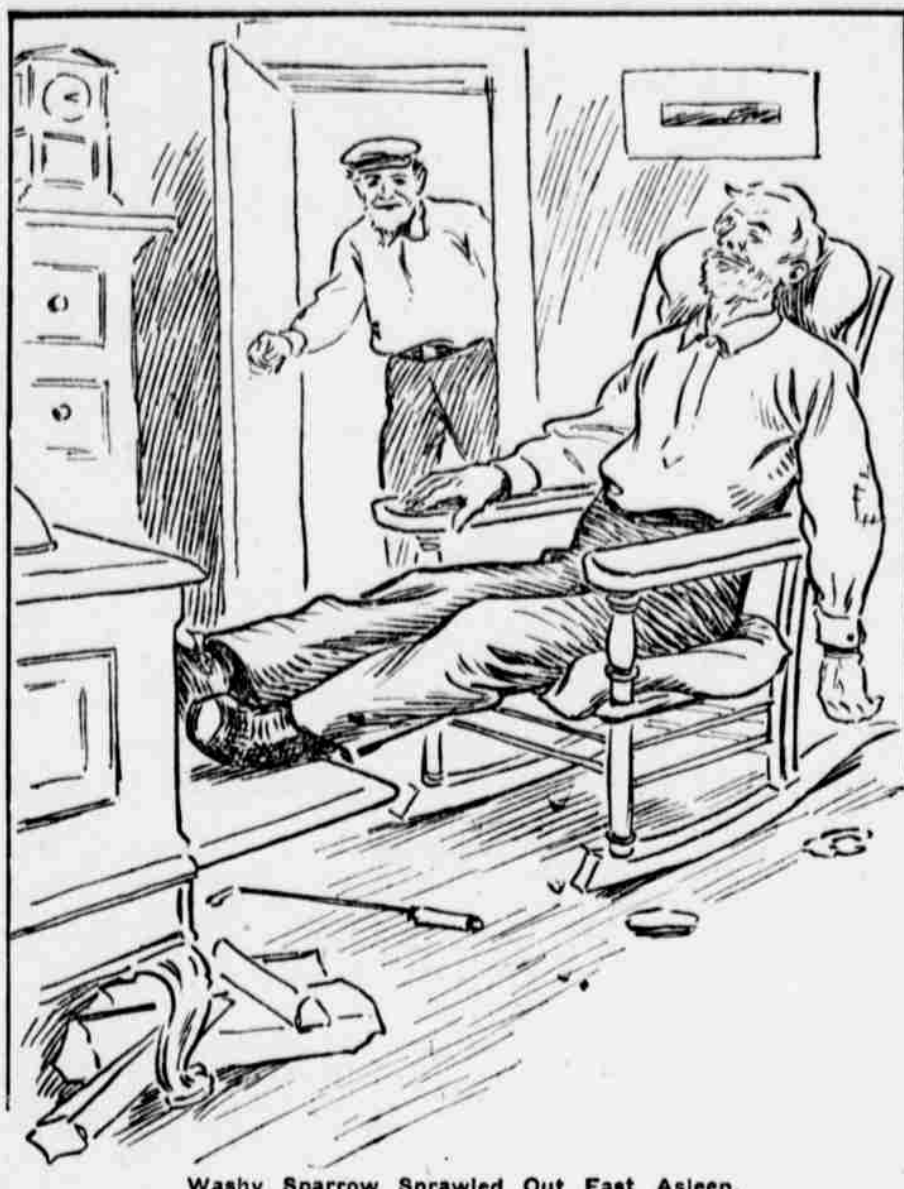
MR. PRATT.

By Joseph C. Lincoln

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL



Washy Sparrow Sprawled Out Fast Asleep.

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. 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 Eastwich, Hartley rescued a boy, known as Reddy, from under a horse's feet and the uncle 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 Tufford 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 consumption as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. At a lawn fete, Van Brunt shocked the church community by raffling a quit for the church's benefit. Hartley invented a plan to make Washy Sparrow work. In putting the plan into effect Hartley incurs wrath of Miss Page, for whom the "sick man" sent. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

She went out and shut the door. The patient set down on the lounge and looked at the cracks in the walls. The wind off the bay was singing through 'em and there was a steady hailstorm of sand coming with it. If fresh air was physis, Sparrow was certain to be a well man.

"Get undressed," says I. "Hurry up." "I'll freeze to death," says he, shivering.

"No you won't. Not in August. Maybe, later on, in December, 'twill be different. But, anyhow, freezing's a quick death, so they say, and I've heard you hankering to die quick ever since I knew you. Get into bed."

He took off his coat and vest and camped out on the lounge. There was plenty of bed clothes. I took up the lamp. Then I looked at him.

"There's one or two things more," says I. "To-morrow morning you'll be for coming into the house. Well, you can't come. You'll stay outside, same as Eureka says you will. And the skiff and sloop are locked and chained, so you can't run away in them. And Scudder won't take you, nor any letters from you, 'cause he's in the game, too. And when Miss Page comes, if she does come, you do you dare tell her one word. If you do—well, you won't die of consumption, anyhow."

I pounded my knee with my fist when I said it. It's a pretty average fist, fat's size is concerned, and I see him looking at it.

I said "Good-night" and went out and locked the door and took away the key. The fresh air cure had begun.

Next day was raw and chilly and the invalid put in the hours chasing what few patches of sunshine happened to come along. Eureka brought his meals out to him. He begged and pleaded to be let into the house, but 'twas no go. He spent that night in the toolhouse, same as he had the first.

For a week he stayed outdoors. Then he said he felt so much better that he guessed he could risk a day inside. Eureka was ready for him.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, pa," he says. "I thought they would, but, of course, you mustn't come in for

Next morning I got up early and come downstairs. 'Twas blowing hard and still raining. Eureka hadn't turned out yet. I opened the door of the kitchen and there I see a sight.

In the rocking chair by the kitchen stove was Washy Sparrow, sprawled out fast asleep. His feet was on the hearth of the stove, a piece of pie-crust was on the floor by his hand, his head was tipped back and his mouth wide open. And his face—oh, say! It was perfect peace and comfort.

The critter, so it turned out afterwards, had hunted around in the night till he found a cellar window unlocked. Then he'd crawled in and tip-toed up to the kitchen.

I went upstairs again and routed out the Heavens. I wanted 'em to see the show. We stood in the door and looked at it. Just then Eureka come along.

"My soul and body!" she sings out. Her dad heard her and woke up. First he just opened his eyes and stretched. Then he set up straight and turned round. He turned pale.

"Well, pa!" says Eureka, sharp, "what sort of doings is this? What do you mean?"

Sparrow stared at her; then at us. He started to speak. Then he happened to notice my fist; and he never said a word.

"The idea!" says Eureka. "After all I've done to cure you. Roasting in this hot kitchen and eating—is that apple-crust by your hand?"

She stepped across and opened the pantry door.

"My sakes alive!" she says. "I swan to man if he ain't ate everything in the buttery!"

"I—I—I—" stammers Washy, wild like. "I—I—I didn't mean to, but I was starved and—and half drowned, and—"

"Pie!" says Eureka. "Well, I never! Now we're in a nice mess; and all to do over again."

"I'm all right now, anyway," says Washy. "I ain't coughing none and the grub don't distress me a mite. Not half so much as that cussed blue milk."

"All to do over," says Eureka. "And I don't know as we'll ever cure you now. Get out door this minute. And you mustn't eat a thing, not even milk, for three or four days. Open that outside door, please, Mr. Pratt."

I opened the door. The rain come beating in, with the wind back of it. It hit Washy like a cold wave.

"I'm all right, I tell you!" he yelled. "I feel fine. Better'n ever I was, don't know's I ain't."

"Are you sure, pa?"

"Sure? Sure? I'm sure. Don't I know? I'm all cured."

"Well, that's a mercy," Eureka says. "I knew 'twas the right receipts, but I didn't think they'd work so quick. Mr. Van Brunt, pa's cured. He'll take that job at the hotel this very day; just as soon as it clears up a little."

The Heavens shouted and so did I. The cured man looked tolerable uneasy. He choked up and begun to sputter.

"Course you mustn't go if you ain't real well and cured for good, pa," says his daughter. "Maybe you'd better try the toolhouse and the milk a spell longer."

The door was still open. And the wind and rain was driving in. Washy swallowed, and answered slow:

"I'll—I'll go," he says. "But I'll have to work sort of easy first along, so—"

"Oh, no! you must work real hard, so's to get the exercise, or you'll have a relapse. Mr. Pratt, you'll tell Mr. Brown to see that pa works the way he'd ought to, won't you?"

I nodded. "He'll work," says I, decided.

At ten o'clock 'twas clear and I rowed the ex-consumptive dyspeptic over to the main and led him up to the hotel. I give him some advice as I went along.

That afternoon the Twins did nothing but tell Eureka that she was a wonder.

"Yes," says she, "I callate he's cured, at least for a spell. Anyhow, that 'Everybody works but father's song don't fit our family no more."

CHAPTER XVI.
The Natural Life.

Washy Sparrow's going to work was the biggest surprise Wellmouth had had since old man Ginn, owner of the Palace Billiard, Pool and Sippo parlors, got converted and joined the Good Templars. Nobody would believe it, of course, without seeing him do it with his own eyes, and there was so many folks round the hotel that Peter Brown said he was thinking of charging admission. Agnes Page heard the news and come posting over to find out what sort of cruelizing her pet invalid had had to bear. Van Brunt done the explaining; it was right in his line.

"It was the invigorating atmosphere of Ozone island that did it, Agnes," he said. "When we have finished ruralizing here I'm considering turning the place into a sanitarium. One week of Pratt's chowder and Eureka's corn muffins, coupled with the bay breezes and the odor of clam flats and seaweed, would make an Egyptian mummy turn flip-flaps. I have to lay violent hands on myself every day, or I, too, would be seized with the laboring fever."

She looked at him, kind of odd. "That is most alarming news," says she, "if true. I confess I hadn't noticed the symptoms. Your temperature appears to be normal at present."

"It is," he says. "I flatter myself that I am making a magnificent fight against the disease. My most rabid attacks are in the early morning, before I get out of bed. Then I feel the insane desire for work, hard work, creeping over me. But I am firm. I reason thus: 'The governor is sixty

odd and his heart is weak. Think of the shock that the news would be to him? Think—' and so forth. So I resolve to keep up the fight. By the time I am dressed and have had breakfast all yearning for work has left me. Don't you think I deserve credit?"

She said he did. Only he must be careful and not get up and work in his sleep. I listened with my mouth open as usual. Such crazy drivels from grown up men and women was too many for me. It wa'n't intended to be funny, of course, because they never smiled. It beat me altogether, and Eureka said the same. 'Twas her notion that all the lunatics that was crowded out of the asylums, or was too rich to be put into 'em, was sent to New York. It sounded reasonable enough to believe, sometimes.

Agnes saw Sparrow, of course, but Brown was by when she see him and Washy didn't dare say but he'd gone to work of his own accord. I callate that he figured that the gang of us would have killed him if he had. So the Page girl went back to Eastwich satisfied. And Eureka went home again nights and kept house for Lycurgus and her dad. But Hartley looked out that the most of the old man's ten dollars a week was turned over to her.

The Heavens' quiet Naturalness had pretty nigh disappeared altogether now. They was restless all the time. Mail was heavy and the telegram envelopes in the coal hod and around was thicker than ever. And Scudder come to Ozone three times a day.

By September I thought sure they'd be ready to quit and go home. They acted to me as though they was tired of the whole thing. I thought I'd sound 'em, so I says:

"I s'pose likely you'll be for shutting up this shop and getting back to the city 'most any day pretty soon now, won't you?"

Van Brunt looked at his chum and Hartley looked at him. Then they caught themselves doing it, and looked away quick.

"Why, skipper!" says Van, "what makes you say that?"

"Oh, nothing 'special," says I. "Only it seemed to me that you was kind of nervous and fidgety lately. Didn't know but you was anxious to be 'dealing' them stocks of yours, or something. You've been away from 'em a good while."

It was Hartley that answered. "Van is done with the stock market," he says, quick. "He has sworn never to touch it again."

"That's so," says I. "I remember hearing him swear that every ten minutes when we first come. But he's kind of knocked off swearing lately, so I forgot. But I did think you fellers weren't quite so keen on the Natural Life business as you was. You ain't read the gospel for a considerable spell."

They both looked sheepish and guilty.

"That's so," says Van. "We haven't. But we've been so confoundedly busy, gunning, and white plauging, and so on, that we haven't had time. And we've mislaid the book. If I knew where it was I should be—"

"Here 'tis, right on the mantel-piece," says I, reaching for it and knocking off the dust. "Why don't you take a set at it now? It's too foggy to do much outside."

So they done it. Hartley reading and Van listening. But 'twas a short session. When I come in, about 15 minutes later, the book was bottom up on the floor and the Twins was dealing what they called "cold hands" with cards for a quarter a hand.

That week was when we reaped our harvest from the garden. Two middling lean cucumbers and a tomatoer that was suffering from yellow jaundice. They was pretty sick vegetables, but the Heavens seemed to think they was something wonderful. They made more fuss over 'em than if they was solid gold. And they digested as if they was, too.

News come that Dewey, the Sparrow baby, was sick with a cold over to the Fresh Air school and Eureka was worried. Finally she decided to go over there for a day or so and see to him. Lycurgus would look out for pa. So she went and me and the Twins was left alone.

The day she went was beautiful and clear. Hot as July, and not a breath of wind. It acted to me like a weather breeder, and I said so; but all I got for the prophesying was Van's calling me a Jeremiah again. He had planned a gunning cruise for the next day.

That night I woke up about 12 o'clock and Marcellus' old slab castle was shaking like as if it had the palsy. The wind was roaring and screeching and the rain was just swashing against the windows. I turned out and put in a lively half hour shutting blinds and making things fast. Usually September is a pleasant month down our way, but sometimes we get a regular gale, and, when we do, we get all the back numbers without subscribing for 'em. I was soaking wet when I got to bed again.

Next morning 'twas worse than ever. The bay looked like a tortoise-shell cat in a fit, just a whirligig of black and white and yellow water. Scudder managed to get across, but his milk cans had upset in the dory and he said he wouldn't risk another trip till she fared off some.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Approval.

"Bliggins is constantly repeating the things his children say."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and I must say I enjoy hearing them. They are really much more entertaining than any original remarks of which Mr. Bliggins would be capable."

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for all women's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."

—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."

—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed.

Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also Lane's Tea)

the tonic laxative. This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists. It saves doctor bills. It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases. 25c. at druggists.

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I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines and give MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Murphy Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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PISO'S

Stop Coughing!

Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE. Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. Fine for children. At all druggists, 25 cts.

CURE