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Quaker Oats
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quantity or the same
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Marriage.

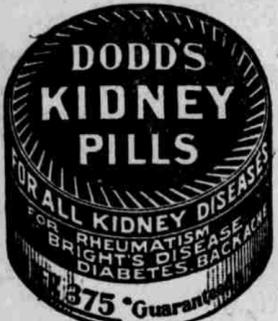
A game of chance in which the chances are about even. The man leads at first, but after leaving the altar he usually follows breathless in his wife's trail. The rules are very confusing. If a masked player holds you up some night at the end of a long gun, it is called "robbery" and entitles you to telephone the police; but if your wife holds you up for a much larger amount the next morning at the end of a long hug, it is termed "diplomacy" and counts in her favor. In this, as in other games of life, wives are usually allowed more privileges than other outlaws.—Judge.

Don't Risk Your Life

By neglecting Constipation. It leads to autotoxemia. There is just one right remedy for Constipation, that is NATURE'S REMEDY (No. 1) tablets. It's different from all others because it is thorough. It corrects the entire digestive system and the kidneys, cures Dyspepsia and Rheumatism. Its easy and sure to act. Take one tonight—you'll feel better in the morning. Get a 25c Box. All Druggists. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis.

Bringing Up.

"They're bringing the baby up to be a mollycoddle."
"How so?"
"They have the nurse take it out in a go-cart, instead of giving it an automobile."



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Do you realize that ALL of the material needed to build the very best rural telephone line will cost you, and your neighbors, less than \$25.00, each?

We have brought the telephone within the reach of all.
Free Bulletin No. 11, gives full instructions.

Western Electric Company
Omaha, Nebraska

Dr. Perry's Ordeal

By ROSE AMELIE KELLY

Dr. Perry closed his office door with a sigh of relief.

"It is hard for a doctor to snatch a holiday," the housekeeper said. "You must hurry, sir, or you'll miss your train."

Haste and excitement lent animation to a face usually wooden in expression. Always a pleasure to visit his mother, Dr. Perry joyfully anticipated the present holiday because the girl he was to marry was to be a guest, also. He was stepping into the automobile when his housekeeper called him:

"Dr. Raymond wants you at the telephone."

Reluctantly he turned back. "Can you come to me at once, Jack? I am in desperate trouble. Gordon is dying."

"The boyish excitement vanished as Dr. Perry answered: "I will be with you as quickly as possible."

"Dying!" he pondered as he sped onward. "Incredible! He was doing so well last night."

Gordon was a friend who had fallen ill at a hotel and had been moved to the doctor's house. Raymond was Jack's best friend. He was greatly beloved and skillful, with one weakness, recurring at long intervals.

"I am in an awful position, Jack," were the doctor's first words. "I know you will help me. I dare not ask anyone else." With a gesture that told everything, he pointed at two vials. "The wrong one—I fear I've done for him!"

One glance showed Jack that the alcoholic craving had returned, hence the mistake. As they talked they neared the sickroom.

"You may rely on me, certainly, Raymond."

"Thank you. Nurse may suspect, but she's loyal."

Jack had a talent for rapid diagnosis. The holiday face was gone; the physician resumed mastery. The patient, at first glance, seemed to be past human aid. Heroic treatment would be necessary. Raymond and Nurse Anna felt the relief of trusting a strong will. In the absorption of science and the effort to save life, mother and sweetheart were completely set aside. Now they despaired; again they were rewarded by hope. At a critical moment Dr. Raymond collapsed.

Again the work went on. At midnight a servant handed Jack a telegram. Acute anguish convulsed his countenance as he read:

"Mother dangerously ill. Wants you, Dr. Montgomery with her."

"ELLINOR."

His precious mother dying, needing him, and he pledged to help a stranger! It was terrible. If he could but wake Raymond. Going to the bed he shook him, only to see him doze again under the influence of the narcotic.

"God help me! I've burned my ships," Jack groaned. "Oh! Mother, mother! I gave my word! You would bid me keep it."

He sent a message: "Impossible to leave till morning. Critical case. Love to mother. Ask Montgomery to stay. JACK."

An hour later came a telegram from his fiancée:

"Come at once. Mother worse. AGNES."

Great beads stood on the son's forehead as he ministered to the stranger. Suddenly he responded to the treatment.

In the library of the homestead Agnes Armistage paced, paused at the French window to peer into the night, longing for the rumble of wheels bringing her fiancé.

"Ellinor!" she raved. "This is cruel! I will never forgive him—never! To refuse to come to his dying mother! A critical case! Indeed! Any one could attend to a stranger. There is absolutely no excuse for him."

The girls went again to the mother's room. No one needed Agnes. She returned to the library, woefully disappointed in the man she loved. Cruel, she deemed him. In their brief engagement there had been one flaw—jealousy—not personal but of his work, of the absorption, the power of concentration that excluded her. Foolish little woman! Had she but known life better she would have rejoiced that a great ambition possessed him.

Above, the stricken mother lay, sinking. Always her eyes watched the door.

"The last train will bring him, mother," Ellinor said, softly.

"Take this," Dr. Montgomery coaxed. "It will give you strength to see Jack."

With an effort she took the medicine she had refused before. It stimulated the failing heart.

"If we can carry her over the hour when vitality is lowest I will have hope," the old doctor whispered to Ellinor. The chill, gray dawn crept through the casement. Birds twittered. The melancholy that comes after a night's watching gripped the hearts of the nurses. Ellinor feared that the grayness was creeping over her mother's face. At the window she listened. Ah! Wheels on the gravel!

"Mother! He's coming in agony. Wait for Jack! He's coming!"

A step on the stair, and Jack had come!

"Mother! Little mother!"

On his knees, he kissed the dear hands, the wrinkled cheeks. Ineffable joy lighted the fine old face.

"I was slipping into the dark, laddie. I waited for you," she murmured, faintly. "I'll stay now, please God."

Then Jack took possession of the room, sending doctor and nurse to rest. Alone with his mother, he stroked her hands. Contented, she slept. For hours neither stirred. With a wealth of love and gratitude her son watched. When the nurse relieved him he thought of Agnes, resting under the home roof.

He found the family at breakfast. Agnes was silent. Dr. Montgomery talked of the patient. Ellinor asked no questions. The old doctor, quick to read faces, saw trouble ahead. Agnes left the room. A maid let a door bang. Both men started nervously. Those who had been calm in a great crisis were unnerved. Jack followed Agnes to the library. It would be soothing to rest on her sympathy.

"Dearest," he said softly, laying a caressing hand on the bright brown hair.

"Why did you not come, Jack? What patient in the wide world kept you from your mother?"

There was scorn in the tone—reproach and sadness. He who had been strong was weak before her.

"It was life—or death," he answered.

"And your mother hovered between life and death! Who was she preferred to a mother?"

The doubt stung.

"I do not discuss my patients, Agnes."

Yet, had she trusted, something might have been said without disloyalty to Dr. Raymond. The moment passed. She doubted. Both were overwrought. It was not the moment for argument. So, with tempers tried words were spoken to be bitterly regretted.

"Take back your ring, Jack. You are free."

The sweetness of summer came in, but it brought no soothing. Through Jack's set lips no reassurance came. Stern, severe, as youth can be, Agnes refused forgiveness.

"Then it's good-by, dear? But—I wish you could have trusted me—unproved."

Kissing her forehead, he went out by the window, to disappear beyond the grapevines. When he returned he did not see her. Again he became nervous. When next he came downstairs Ellinor told him that Agnes had gone.

A month later Ellinor motored with her brother to the golf club. Alone on a corner of the veranda she looked up to see Dr. Raymond. His face was beautiful. A new light illuminated it. To himself and his friend he had kept the vow registered on that fateful night. Henceforth he was "master of his soul." Ellinor had always been his ideal. Hitherto he had felt that he had no right to seek her. To-day he sank gladly into the seat beside her. Jack was on the lawn with a group of golfers. Dr. Raymond eyed him keenly.

"What's wrong with Jack, Ellinor? He's gone to a shadow."

Instinctively the girl knew she might speak.

"You know he and Agnes have broken their engagement."

"Impossible! They were made for each other. Surely it is a passing cloud."

"It's past mending, I'm afraid. But if anyone can help us I believe you can. Mother and I think it hinges on some question of professional ethics—somebody's secret that puts him in a wrong light."

Then she told him of her mother's sudden illness—their night of suspense—and the outcome.

Dr. Raymond listened silently. The voice that said: "Thank you, Ellinor," was husky. With a gesture habitual to him when touched deeply, he covered his eyes with his left hand.

As Ellinor spoke Dr. Raymond sprang to his feet.

"Wait for me here, please."

Quickly he crossed the lawn to Agnes. Plunging into the story, he began:

"Agnes, I am going to confess and throw myself on your mercy. We were boy and girl together. You know my fault. You were brave enough and kind enough to lecture me because of it. God helping me, it is over because of it. Thank you for your Jack."

"Not my Jack. It's all over."

"It's not over, Agnes. Listen!"

Agnes told the story.

"He would keep his pledged word, Agnes. He would not see me dishonored, my career spoiled. Now, child, tell the world. Clear him. Strong enough to sacrifice mother, wife, happiness, for friendship and honor. Be proud, Agnes, proud and glad."

"How can I look him in the face again?" the girl cried, sadly. "I failed him. I doubted. Lately I have known it, but I was too proud to call him back. Tell the world! Never! He would not permit such treachery."

"Ah! Here they come."

Ellinor and Jack crossed the smooth green turf and stood before them. Dr. Raymond sprang to his feet. Grasping the hand of his friend he wrung it hard.

"Confessions are in order, Jack. Let Agnes do her share. Come, Ellinor. Drawing her to a quiet nook he pleaded for her love. But what he said or what she answered has nothing to do with the story.



HE KNEW.
Bings—This is a hard, hard, old world.
Bangs—So you've been thrown out of an automobile too, eh?

WELL KIDNEYS KEEP THE BODY WELL.

When the kidneys do their duty, the blood is filtered clear of uric acid and other waste. Weak kidneys do not filter off all the bad matter. This is the cause of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills cure weak kidneys.

Rev. A. B. R. M. Weaver, Georgetown, Tex., former editor Baptist Herald, says: "At a Baptist conference at Jackson, Tex., I fell from a platform and hurt my back. I was soon over the injury, but the kidneys were badly disordered, passages painful and often bloody. Doan's Kidney Pills cured this trouble completely."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 50 cents a box.

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But when they had amassed \$10,000 the man, because he had the power, took the money and purchased with it, not the automobile which he had led his faithful wife to expect, but a home.

"Brute!" she cried, and when next a mob of suffragettes came that way she joined them. Who could blame her?—Puck.

Futile Dissension.

"So you and your husband are always quarreling?" said the family lawyer.

"Yes," answered the young woman. "What do you quarrel about?"

"I forget the subject of the first quarrel. But we have been quarrelling ever since over who was to blame for it."

Takers of the United States Census will use Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen because it is always ready and sure.

An empty human heart is an abyss earth's depths cannot match.—Annie C. Lynch.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GILROY. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Give truth a square deal and it will not be crushed to earth.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

A brother is a young man who flatters his grown-up sister.

"I may reap what he sows—and reap what his wife sows."

Pass Along
The Good Word

That Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to-day and has, for over 40 years, been the standard Blood-purifier, Stomach Strengthening and Liver Invigorator sold by druggists. It's not a secret nostrum but a medicine of known composition—a medicine so good that the best physician prescribe it knowing that its ingredients, which are printed on its outside wrappers and attested under oath, are the best known to medical science for the diseases for which it is advised.

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not his greater profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A man seldom has enough spare time to convince a woman that she's mistaken.

DAVIS' PAINKILLER has no substitute. No other remedy is so effective for rheumatism, lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, or acid of any sort. Put up in 25c, 50c and 100c bottles.

When a fool gets angry he furnishes the proof of his foolishness.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Alkoy, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

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—from over-eating, drinking—bad liver and constipation get many a one, but there's a way out—Cascarets relieve and cure quickly. Take one to-night and feel ever so much better in the morning.

Cascarets—10c box—weak's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

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