

NATURE'S SIGNALS.

The first indication of kidney disorder is often backache. Then comes pain in the hips and sides, lameness, soreness and urinary troubles. These are the warnings—nature's signals for help. Doan's Kidney Pills should be used at the first sign.



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

On Some Ministers.

The worst of these here shepherds is, my boy, that they reg'larly turns the heads of all the young ladies about here. Lord bless their little hearts, they think it's all right, and don't know no better; but they're the victims of gammon, Samivel, they're the victims of gammon. Nothin' else, and wot aggravates me, Samivel, is to see 'em awastin' all their time and labor in making clothes for copper-colored people as don't want 'em and taking no notice of flesh-colored Christians as do. If I'd my way, Samivel, I'd just stick some of these here lazy shepherds behind a heavy wheelbarrow, and run 'em up and down a 14-inch plank all day. That 'ud shake the nonsense out of 'em, if anythin' would.—Mr. Weller, Quoted by Charles Dickens.

Selfish Youth.

"Youth is apt to be selfish," said Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, the distinguished novelist, at a Matuchen picnic. "Woman in her youth," she went on, "is especially apt to be selfish. I never forget the story of the young man from Boston who stood in the center of Boston common in a down-pour of torrential rain. "As he stood there, soaked to the skin, a little boy in a mackintosh accosted him. "Excuse me, sir," said the boy, "but are you the gentleman who is waiting for Miss Endicott?" "Yes," the young man answered. "Well," said the boy, "she asked me to tell you she'd be here just as soon as it clears up."

Mrs. Wiggin's Idea of London.

During the recent visit of Mrs. Wiggin, the American author, in London, an interviewer called on her. With pencil poised, the interviewer asked: "And what do you think of London, Mrs. Wiggin?" "You remind me," answered the author cheerfully, "of the young lady who sat beside Dr. Gibbon at dinner. She turned to him after the soup. "Do, dear Dr. Gibbon," she said, "tell me about the decline and fall of the Roman empire."

Real Modesty.

"An actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackett at a luncheon in Pittsburg. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far. "This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that said: "Engagement wanted—small part such as dead body or outside shouts preferred."

A Fake Camera.

"Yonder is a beach camera fender," said the first bathing girl. "They are disgusting, I think." "This one is particularly disgusting," declared the second bathing girl. "After I had posed all morning for his benefit, he ate his lunch from that box."

Domestic Amenities.

"Hubby, I gave your light pants to a poor tramp." "And what am I going to wear this summer? Kilts?"

Right food is a basis

For right living. "There's only one disease," says an eminent writer—"Wrong living. "And but one cure—"Right living." Right food is supplied by

Grape-Nuts

It contains the vital Body and brain-building elements of wheat and barley—of which is

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

He decided to go direct to Dameron and speak to him of the defect in the deed, more from curiosity as to what the old man would say than with any idea of helping the situation on his part, considered professionally or personally; but he justified himself on the score of the old relationship between Carr and Dameron. Carr was out of reach; Leighton did not even know his exact address at this time. And there was old Rodney Merriam, his best friend, and there was Zelda! Dameron sat at his desk with a mass of papers before him as Leighton entered. The old man wore a serious air, to which the mass of papers contributed. A puzzled look crossed his face as he raised his eyes and regarded Leighton dreamily. Then suddenly, as though just recalling Leighton, he smiled and rose from his chair. "My dear Mr. Leighton, this is a rare honor; I am delighted to see you, sir."

He had never greeted Leighton so cordially before. "Pardon me, Mr. Dameron, I have come on an impertinent errand." "I can't imagine it," said the old man, graciously. "But I do so on the score of your old friendship with Mr. Carr. He is absent or I should have referred the subject of my errand to him. You undoubtedly have your own counsel—in Mr. Carr's absence."

"Myself! I have enjoyed Mr. Carr's advice through so many years that I feel I have a fair knowledge of the law. We have both—and he indicated Morris by a gesture—"we have both enjoyed the instruction of an excellent preceptor," and he bowed over his hands. "Well, sir!"

"I have just happened to learn of a deed given by you to the Patoka Land and Improvement Company for a block of lots lying south of town. Of course, it is a pure oversight, but you neglected to get an order of court, approving the sale. I thought I would mention it to you. It is a case of some importance. And now I am sure you will pardon me."

Morris turned toward the door, but the old man rose and extended his hand. "Ah," he began, with a droll air of coquetry, "we have had the same preceptor! You have a capital eye, Mr. Leighton. I quite admire it in you; and I thank you. I am aware of my provision you indicate. But I have provided for it. The judge is away from home just now and the gentlemen to whom I have sold were anxious to get title without delay. It doesn't look quite regular, I admit. My duties as trustee are nearly at an end. Only a few days more of responsibility. We will make a new deed if necessary—but the purchaser will be protected. We are all—honorable men!"

"Very good, sir; I am sorry to have disturbed you"—and Leighton went out. Dameron's manner had been odd; the old man had frequently spoken to him at home, but usually with cold formality; but his greeting a moment before had been with exuberant cordiality. Morris had never quite made Dameron out, and he was not satisfied with an explanation that the poorest lawyer at the Mariona bar would reject instantly. And the old man had deliberately lied about the absence of the judge of the court, whom Morris had seen but a few hours before.

The bubble that Ezra Dameron had blown upon the air was near the end of its perilous voyage. His dream of corn at a dollar a bushel—a dream wrought of the filmiest shadows—was dispelled. The danger of a great destruction of corn by mid-September frosts had passed. A member of the Chicago firm of brokers through whom he had been trading, had called that day, having paid a visit to Mariona merely to see what manner of man it was who had cast money upon the waters so prodigally, maintaining a fantastic dream of values at the expense of a small fortune.

Leighton's call had made Dameron uneasy. He had squandered his own property months before; and now Zelda's estate was largely dissipated; and he faced the necessity of rendering an account of his stewardship within a few hours. Leighton undoubtedly knew something of the transactions by which the real estate held by Ezra Dameron, trustee, had been sold; and if Leighton knew, then Rodney Merriam, who was at home again, would undoubtedly know at once. He must save himself; a plan had formed in his mind by which he could hide his duplicity and put off for a year—perhaps forever—the fact that the greater part of Zelda's property was gone. But first he must get into his own hands the option he had given Balcomb for the sale of the creek strip. The sale had hung fire unexpectedly; but he rejoiced that this property had been saved until the last; he firmly believed that he should ultimately bring back to the empty treasury the money he had thrown away; but while he waited he must study more minutely the conditions that created prices. In a short while, all would be well again; but he must retain his hold upon what remained of Zelda's property. Capital would be necessary for his future operations. The creek strip must be saved and held for a greater price than the option carried. He sent at once for Balcomb, who came in looking a trifle annoyed.

"I wish you wouldn't sent for me at the busiest hour of my busiest day, Mr. Dameron. I suppose you want to know about the purchase of the creek strip. Well, we're not quite ready to close it to-day. That's a big scheme of our money. That's paid in yet."

"Option—I must have back for Dameron!" And the old man—boldly in—

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estate beyond my trusteeship. Tomorrow is my daughter's birthday. My administration of her affairs is ended. I must trouble you to give me the paper."

"Not much, I won't! We've been delayed for a few days; but you've got to carry out the deal. That was part of the consideration when we took your lots; and moreover you accepted money on the option. The trusteeship doesn't cut any ice. Of course, your daughter is morally, if not legally, bound by your acts. I can't stop any longer. Before the 10th of October we'll be ready to close, and meanwhile you'll please be good enough to remember that approval of the sale of those lots. Some of these people we're selling to may be silly enough to have the title looked into—and I don't want any nonsense about it. You remember I fixed all that with my company to please you—merely to get that option. My own hands are clean, you understand, if anything happens. Good day, Mr. Dameron."

"But wait—I can't do it; I must have that option—" began Dameron, and there was a pitiful whine in his voice; but Balcomb went out and slammed the door.

J. Arthur Balcomb had enjoyed a successful year. Things were running smoothly with him; he had no doubt in the world that he could enforce his option on the creek strip of land whenever he wished. He knew Zelda Dameron, and he was quite convinced that she was not a girl to avoid obligations incurred by her father.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Morris expected Rodney Merriam to manifest wrath and indignation at the recital of Ezra Dameron's ill-doing, but the old gentleman in Seminary Square listened in silence, and at the end asked: "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"That's the rub—there's not much of anything that you can do. The trust is a wide-open thing. He isn't required to report to anybody and he gives no bond; but he must get the court's approval before he sells anything; and then he must reinvest the money in other realty. It is significant that he has been selling at desperate prices toward the end of his trusteeship. He must be hard up."

Merriam had never spoken of his brother-in-law to Leighton except in terms of respect, and he hesitated now. "My sister's idea in making that will," he began, quietly, "was to deal generously with a blackguard. It was her pride. She had made a mistake."

He paused and the blood rushed to his face. He was checking his wrath with difficulty. "His father ruined her life. We were all opposed to her marrying Ezra Dameron; but she was not a child, but a grown woman. She left her property to Zelda through him; and she wouldn't admit to the rest of us, even at the end, that she did not trust him. She doubtless thought his avarice would protect her child."

"As near as I can make out, all the property that Mr. Dameron will be able to turn over to his daughter will be the farm out here and the old homestead and the creek property. He sold the Dameron Block about two months ago. He has sold the original holdings and he has not bought any other real property with the money, as the will provided. There is, you know, no penalty for a non-performance of the obligations of the trust. His needs have undoubtedly grown quite recently, for he has been doing business with Balcomb—fooling away the property. Maybe he's insane!"

"Don't be a fool; he's sane enough; he's a thief, that's all!" declared Rodney, irascibly. "If Miss Dameron wished to take advantage of her rights she might have this last sale set aside. I will undertake to do that."

"And a nice lot of publicity we'd get out of it, too. No, sir, we won't do that sort of business. My family has lived in this town a good many years; and some of us have been fools, and some of us have failed; but Zelda has the right key. She's pitched it pretty high; but we'll keep it at the same note, if we can. How much did he get for those lots?"

"Twenty thousand dollars; but no doubt my friend Balcomb kept a handsome commission. I'll rather enjoy settling with him."

"He's one of the jewels produced by our college, isn't he?" particular star of my class. He was well fitted by nature to be a clerk in a rural general store, or more likely, a Barker for a circus side-show or the advance agent for a hair tonic. His education ruined him. He has the smooth facility of the superficial mind—even showed some literary gift, and wrote the best essays in the class."

"I know the type. A short horse, soon curried." "Here's the option on that piece of ground out on the creek. It might possibly be binding on Miss Dameron after the trusteeship has been closed. Balcomb's pretty smooth, and if the old man is in straits, you can't tell what he'll do."

"Let him blow it all in, Morris. I shall be disappointed if there's a cent left. He can have the money. I want the girl."

"Balcomb is undoubtedly swindling his associates in the land company; they are quite likely to sue. Balcomb wouldn't hesitate about throwing the blame for any irregularity on Dameron."

"Let him do it. What do we care for Dameron?" "But I thought you wanted to avoid a scandal, for Miss Dameron's sake—for all your sakes. I want to do the best thing and the right thing. You are anxious for publicity."

on, and tell her the whole matter. It is not a pleasant thing to do, but if we get her help—if that should seem the best way—" They were deeply engrossed and did not hear the bell or the servant opening the front door. "Uncle Rodney!"

Both men sprang to their feet. Zelda stood in the library door. "Glad to see you, Zee," said her uncle, quietly. She looked from one to the other and nodded to Morris. "You don't look so awfully glad, I must say. If I've come in upon a conspiracy I'll take myself off. The gloom here is so thick you could grow mushrooms in it."

"I'm glad you happened in, Zee. There's something I wish to speak to you about. We may as well discuss it now; and if it's agreeable to you, I should like Mr. Leighton to stay. It's a legal matter that we may want him to advise us about."

"You have a serious air. I have you haven't been breaking any laws, you two. Certainly, Mr. Leighton may stay."

"Sit down, Morris," said Merriam, deliberately. Zelda had taken a chair in the corner away from the smoldering fire, and Merriam found the chair that he liked least, with an unformed idea that such self-immolation fitted him better for an unpleasant task. He did not begin immediately, and while he collected his thoughts Zelda watched him with amusement.

"If you know how funny you look, Uncle Rodney, I'm sure you'd laugh. And you seem a little ultra-serious, too, Mr. Leighton. Please, uncle, don't scold me!" "Yes. Yes, to be sure," said Merriam, absent-mindedly, and Leighton and Zelda exchanged a smile. "I want to speak to you about your property. There are some things connected with your affairs that you must know."

"But father attends to everything—you'll certainly waste your talents on me. Do let us talk of something cheerful."

"You know that your property, what your mother had and wished to give to you, was left in trust. Your father is the trustee."

"Yes, I know that." "Your father's powers have been absolute. He is not required to give an accounting to any one—except, of course, to you, when he turns over the property on your birthday—that is, tomorrow."

"Yes, I believe to-morrow is the first of October. I understand perfectly that mother wished me to know that she trusted father—as she expected me to trust him. That is all very simple."

"Everything was left to your father's discretion, but there were a few minor requirements. In case he should sell real estate, he was to get the approval of the court; and he was to buy other real estate with whatever he realized."

"That's probably important, but not amusing. I really dropped in to ask what you were going to give me for my birthday. I'm almost sorry I came."

"Your father has sold some of the real estate—" "Of course, you escape a lot of trouble by not having real estate, so father says—taxes and all that. But once more, pardon me!"

The color was dying out of her face and she twisted her fingers nervously. Her heart was beating fiercely. It had come at last—this hour in which she must face an attack upon her father. She had known that it would come, and she knew that she should meet it. It angered her that the terms her uncle used were unfamiliar. Law and business were unknown worlds to her. She again followed her uncle's recital closely; he was speaking with a sharp precision that he had never used before in talking to her.

"Your father has sold a great deal of your property," he repeated; "and it appears that through neglect—he hesitated—"or forgetfulness, the court's approval was not secured in at least one case. Of course, this can be corrected."

(To be continued.)

TOO CONSPICUOUS IN COLOR. United States Will No Longer Have Gray Horses in Its Cavalry. The gray charger, long an inspiration for the poets of chivalry, is now passe. So say the high officials of the war department who look after the purchase of horses for the United States cavalry.

He may be just as vigorous, intelligent and faithful as his brothers of another color, but he's too conspicuous, they tell us, too apt to get his \$200 hide filled with lead. So he has to go. Horsemen of the National stock yards can no longer sell gray to the government, which they maintain is bad business all around.

Uncle Sam formerly owned \$240,000 worth of horses of this color. One troop in every regiment was known as the "Gray Troop." But on investigation the department decided that so much money in living targets was a bad investment, for in these days of high-power rifles the gray troop would be a shining mark for the infantry of the enemy before the boys and blacks and browns and sorrels could get close enough to be distinguished from the scenery.

Curling a Cramp. Is it in the leg? Does it come in the night? It may be easily relieved. Simply have a good strong cord. Then you are ready for the cramp. When it comes wind the cord around the place. Wind it rather tight, then give each end a sharp pull. That will relieve the cramp, which will not come on again the same night. For a permanent cure of these spasms one should go to a physician.—Philadelphia Record.

Restless Royalty. Before their marriage he said she should be treated like a queen. "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "he has kept his word after a fashion. His household is very like one of those little European monarchies."

When a girl marries in haste it's sometimes her last chance.

STATE CAPITAL LINCOLN CHAT.

Grand Army Encampment. Commander John F. Dierner of the department of Nebraska has issued general orders No. 3, giving particulars of the proposed trip of the Nebraska department to the national encampment.

The 44th national encampment will be held this year at Atlantic City, N. J., September 19 to 24. Department headquarters will be closed in Lincoln September 16 and reopen September 19, at the Boscobel hotel, Atlantic City, where Nebraska headquarters will be located during the encampment. This hotel is located on Kentucky avenue near the beach. The department commander desires that all Nebraska comrades will report and register their names on arrival at Atlantic City.

The official train will leave Lincoln over the Burlington route Friday, September 16, at 4:30 p. m., arrive at Chicago 8 a. m., the 17th; leave Chicago 10:30 a. m. same day over Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, arrive at Buffalo 1:25 a. m., the 18th; leave Buffalo 4 a. m. over the Lehigh Valley via Philadelphia and arrive at Atlantic City 6 p. m. the 18th.

The following named comrades are appointed aide de camps on the department commander's staff: F. Merriman, Post No. 1, Kearney. S. Woods, Post No. 3, Seward. George Curry, Post No. 4, Fremont. Wm. E. Garlow, Post No. 10, David City. B. F. Smith, Post No. 31, Juniata. E. E. Lyle, Post No. 90, Wahoo. J. F. Griffin, Post No. 94, Alma. John Griffin, Post No. 95, Pawnee City.

John H. Davidson, Post No. 136, Franklin. E. C. Coleman, Post No. 149, Greenwood. M. N. Kness, 152, Ayr. J. C. Knapp, Post No. 289, Palmer. J. B. Pepon, Post No. 214, Lincoln. All aide de camps on arriving at Atlantic City will report to Comrade J. S. Hoagland, senior aide and chief of staff, to receive instructions, as he will be in full charge to form and conduct the parade.

Set School Dates. All of the schools and colleges in and about Lincoln will open about the middle of September. From the fourteenth until the twentieth the students will begin to arrive for registration and the first week of the regular sessions. September 14 Wesleyan and Cotner universities open, as well as Union college. On the 15th the Nebraska military academy opens, and the Lincoln academy and state university open for registration on the 20th, and for attendance one week later. The Lincoln city schools, including the high school, open earlier than the other institutions, beginning actual work on the 12th. Every year the opening of the schools and colleges brings several thousand students to Lincoln and its suburbs.

Made Him Pay Fare. Attorney General Thompson has complained to the railway commission that a Union Pacific railroad conductor refused to accept mileage from a book bought by the attorney general more than one year ago. The railway commission will go after the railroad company for violating the Knowles law, which provides that railroads shall issue 1,000 miles of transportation for \$20, the mileage books to be good in any parson's hands for two years from date of sale.

Valuation of the State. Secretary Seymour of the state board of assessment has completed the total assessed valuation of the state by counties. The total is \$411,958,354, or an increase of \$12,972,535. The levy of 5 mills state tax this year on this valuation will raise a total tax of \$2,059,791, or \$134,630 less than the total tax charged against the various counties last year on a total assessed valuation of \$298,985,819 with a levy of 5 1/2 mills.

Dead Man's Identity. Major E. H. Phelps, state commander of the United Spanish War Veterans, has been informed that the unknown circus employee who died at Beatrice July 27 of sunstroke was Frank P. Fitzpatrick, a member of James W. Milne Camp No. 14, United Spanish War Veterans, Rockville, Conn. Adjutant John J. O'Neill of the Connecticut camp has written to Commander Phelps that the young man was a fine fellow and that he leaves two sisters. The Connecticut camp asks that the body be given a soldier's burial and that the camp will pay the regular allowance for burial and the purchase of a headstone.

Exercises at Summer School. Commencement exercises for the university of Nebraska summer school were held in Memorial hall, and though the class was smaller than a year ago the attendance of friends and other interested ones was encouragingly large. Chancellor Samuel Avery presided at the exercises and the address was given by Superintendent William Logan Stephens of the city schools, his subject being, "Some Problems to Be Solved by the Public Schools."

GAVE SIS AWAY.



Her Little Brother—Say, are you goin' ter marry my sister Bess? Her Sultor—Why, er—er—er don't know. Her Little Brother—Well, you are. I heard her tell you she was goin' ter land you tonight.

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR. Few parents realize how many estimable lives have been embittered and social and business success prevented by serious skin affections which so often result from the neglect of minor eruptions in infancy and childhood. With but a little care and the use of the proper emollients, baby's skin and hair may be preserved, purified and beautified, minor eruptions prevented from becoming chronic and torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings dispelled.

To this end, nothing is so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as the constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free 32-page Cuticura Book, telling all about the care and treatment of the skin.

Might Do It. "Do you know anything that will kill potato bugs?" asked the young man with the yellow fingers. "Yes," said the old lady with the gingham apron, crustily, "get 'em to smoke cigarettes!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The trouble with the man who knows nothing is that he is always the last to find it out.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Isn't it shocking when you hear a nice man complain of anything? Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See bottles.

Woman's inhumanity to man makes countless divorce lawyers happy.

DYSPEPSIA. "Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 25c. 50c. 75c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine name stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

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If We Have No Agent. In your nearest town, write us and we will arrange it so you may sell us your cream and receive the highest market price. HANFORD PRODUCE CO. SIOUX CITY

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