By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VIII. The picule came off on Saturday afternoon. The weather, which throws a wet blanket upon the festivities of such occasions, was highly propitious, and several hundred persons, young and middle-aged, turned out. The place selected for the picnic was a field of several acres, bordering upon a pond. This had been fitted up by the proprietor with swings, and a roofed building, without sides, under which were placed rough five cents a week. There's Dick Stores, board tables for the reception of provisions. A number of oak trees with their mine, gets a dollar a week. He's only broad branches furnished shelter.

Besides these arrangements for enjoyment, there were two boats confined by fron chains, which were thrown around trees near the brink of the water. After enjoying the swing for a time, there was a proposition to go out in the boats. The boats could comfortably accommodate eight persons each. This number had ain't a boy of my age in Stapleton that's been obtained, when Joshua came up.

"You will have to wait till next time." said Ralph Morse. "We've got the full number."

"No, I'm going this time," said Joshua. rudely, and clambered in and took his place as steeraman.

The other boat had already set off, and, as it happened, under the guidance of Walter Conrad, who had long been accustomed to managing a boat, having had one of his own at home.

"They've got a great steerer on the other boat," said Joshua, sneering. "Where are you steering. Joshua?" sked Ralph, suddenly, for the boat near ly half turned round. The fact was that

Joshua himself knew very little about steering. In speaking of Walter's want of skill, he had precisely described him-"I understand what I'm about," answered Joshua, suddenly reversing the

direction, and overdoing the matter, so as to turn the boat halfway round the "I hope you do," said Ralph, "but it don't look much like it."

"I was looking at the other boat, Joshua condescended to explain, "and the rudder slipped

Walter's boat kept the lead. His perfect steering made the task easier for the rowers, who got the full advantage of their efforts. Joshus, however, by his uncertain steering, hindered the progress of his boat

"('an't we beat the other boat?" ask ed Joseph Wheeler, who was rowing. "! can row as well as either of those fel-

"So can I," said Tom Barry; "let's

The boats were about five lengths sport, the rowers in the foremost Load not having worked very hard, when Tem and Joe began to exert themselves. The Intention was soon manifest, and epirit of rivalry was excited. "Do your best, boys!" said Walter.

"They're trying to catch us. Don't let

The rowers of the two boats were about evenly matched. If anything, however, Tom and Joe were superior, and, other things being equal, would scoper or later have won the race. But Joshua, by his original style of steering, which became under the influence of excitement even more unreliable, caused them to lose perexptibly.

"Can't you steer straight by accident, Joshua?" asked Tom, in a tone of vexa

"I know more about steering than you do, Tom Barry," growled Joshus, Artting red in the face, for he could not bely seeing that he was not appearing to

"Show it, then, if you do," was the reply. "If we had your cousin to steer us, we could soon get ahead."

This was very mortifying to Joshua. He did not care to be outdone by any one, but ly disagreeable. "It isn't the steering, it's the rowing,

he said. "You don't row even." "Won't you try it, then," said Joe "and show us what you can do?"

"No: I'd rather steer."

Joshua considered that the steersman' place was the place of honor, and he was not disposed to yield it. Meanwhile Walter, from his place in the first watched the efforts of his rivals. He was determined to keep the lead which he had secured, and had little fear of los-

"Give way, boys!" he cried; "we'll distance them, never fear !"

After making the turn, the Arrow met the Pioneer after a little distance. There was abundant room for the bosts to pass each other, if they had been properly managed. There was no fault in Walter's steering, but, by an awkward blunder of Joshua's, the Pioneer veered in her course so that the Arrow struck her. to use a nastical term, amidships, she was being impelled rapidly at the time, the shock was considerable, and the fright still greater. The girls jumped to their feet acreaming, and Joshua himself turned pale with fright, but recovered himself sufficiently to call out angrity, "What made you run into us?"

"It's your own fault, Joshua," sold Tom Barry, angrily. "You're the most stupid steerer I ever saw. What made you turn the boat?"

"It's his fault," said Joshua. "Let somebody else steer," said Joe Wheeler. "A baby could steer better than

So a younger boy was put in Joshua's place, much to his mortification, and he was degraded, as he considered it, to the

rank of a passenger "I'm going ashore," he said, sourly "Let me out here." "All right," said Tom Barry. "I guests

we can get along without you. Here, you fellows on the Arrow, just wait a minnte, till we've landed Joshua, and we'll money in any other way, he meant to berrace you back."

True to his determination, Joshua fumped off at the head of the inlet, and

the Pioneer was turned by her new pilot the whole, stronger, and more skillful the village, but probably in some adjointhan those on the Arrow. On the other ing town. hand, Walter steered perfectly, while Joshua's successor, though he made no had blunder, was a novice.

The result was that the race was a clear one. Finally the Arrow came in a "I should like to look at some of your length shead, and Walter felt with quiet shawls," said the woman satisfaction that the victory had been Joshua knew very little about his fath-

pained by his efforts. ful through life in paddling his own cause. portion of the shelves, pulled down half Joshua went home, sulkily, and was not a down and showed them to his custeen again on the sienic grounds. . temer.

CHAPTER IX.

One morning, a few days later, Joshua was walking moodily up the village road with his hands in his pockets. He was reflecting, in a spirit of great discontent, on the hardships of his situation.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "eighteen years old, and father treats me like a boy of ten. I'm most a man, and rll he gives me for pocket money is twentywhose father isn't a qualter as rich rs sixteen, too."

One important difference between himself and Dick Storrs did not occur to Joshua. Dick worked in a shoeshop, and it was out of his own wages that his father allowed him a dollar a week. Joshua earned nothing at all.

"It's mean!" reflected Joshua. "There so meanly treated, and yet my father's "I'm going," he said, unceremoniously, the richest man in town. I wish I knew what to do to get a little money."

At this moment he saw Sam Crawford approaching him. Sam was perhaps year younger than Joshua. He had formerly lived in the village, but was n w in a situation in New York, and was only in Stapleton for a few days.

"I'm going round to the ice cream saloon. Won't you come with me?" "Yes, if yoa'll treat. I haven't got any

"How are you, Joshua?" said San.

"You ought to have. The old man's

"That's so. But he's getting meaner every day." "Look here!" said Sam, suddenly: "! have an idea. Did you ever buy a lottery

ticket?" "No," answered Joshua. "There's a fellow I know in New York that drew a prize of a thousand dollars, and how much do you think he paid for

ticket?" "I don't know." "Five dollars. How's that for high?" "How long ago is that?" asked Joshua, becoming interested

"Do you know him?" "Yes, I know him as well as I know rou. He is clerk in a store just opposite ours. When he got the money he gave half a dozen of us a big dinner. We nad a jolly time.

"Only two months ago."

"A thousand dollars for five!" repeat al Joshua. "He was awfully tucky." "The fellow I was speaking of gets lottery papers regularly. I'll ask him

for one, and send it to you as soon as I get back to the city." "I wish you would," said Joshus. Wouldn't it be something great if I

could draw a prize of a thousand dol-"I'll bet it would. It would make you

care much for his twenty-five cents Joshua and Sam went into the cream saloon, which was kept open dur

ing the summer only, in a small candy store, by a maiden lady who made scanty income from such limited patron age as the village could afford. Joshua plied his companion with further ques one, to all of which he readily replied though it is doubtful if all the answers were quite correct. But Nam. having been in the city a few mouths, wished to be thought to have a very extensive acquaintance with it, and was unwilling to admit ignorance on any point.

Early the next week Sam returned his duties in the city, and Joshua await ed impatiently the promised lottery papers. Sam did not forget his promise. On the third day after his departure s paper came to the village postoffice, di-

"Joshua Drummond, Feq.

This was promptly taken from the fice by Joshun, who had called on an average twice a day for this very paper. It moved to be printed on rellow paper. and fairly bristled with figures, indicating the large sums which were weekly distributed all over the country by the benevolent managers of the lottery. Here was a scheme in which the principal prize was but a thousand dollars. However, the tickets were but a dollar each, and a thousand dollars for one was certainly handsome return for a small outlay. There were others, however, in which the principal prize was five thousand dollars, and the tickets were, in due proportion,

five dollars each The more Joshua thought it over, the more convinced he was that a large son money was likely to come to him through the lottery if he could only manege to raise money enough to buy ticket. But the problem of how to get the necessary five dollars he was as far

as ever from solving. While in this state of mind he happened one day to be in the store at noon and alone. Nichols, the head clerk, wished to go to dinner, and was only waiting for Walter to get back from an errand. grumbled. "My dinner will get cold."

"I'll take your place till he gets back, Mr. Nichols," said Joshua, with extraordinary kindness for him. "Much obliged, Joshua," said the salesman. "I'll do as much for you another time. I don't think you'll have long to

No sooner had he gone than Joshua. after following him to the door, and looking carefully up and down the street, walked behind the counter with a hasty

step and opened the money drawer. There was a small pile of bills in compartment, and in the other a collection of currency. He took the bills into his hand, and looked over them. His hands trembled a little, for he contemplated a row-that was what he called it-five dollars from the money drawer and ex-

pend it in a lottery ticket, Singling out a five-dollar bill from the The Arrow and the Pioneer took their pile, he thrust it into his vest pocket. places side by side, and the race com- He had scarcely done so when he was menced. The boats were similar, and thus startled by hearing the door open. He neither had the advantage on this score. | made a guilty jump, but perceived, to his But the rowers on the Ploneer were, on relief, that it was a woman not living in

"What can I show you, ma'am?" he asked, in a flurried manner, for he could not help thinking of what he had in his

er's stock. He did know, however, where He hoped that he would be as success | the shawls were kept, and going to that

"Are they all wool?" she asked, critically, examining one of them.

"Yes," answered Joshua, confidently, though he had not the slightest knowledge on the subject. "What is the price of this one?" asked

the customer, indicating the one she had in her hand. "Five dollars," answered Joshua, with some hesitation. He knew nothing of the price, but guessed that this would be

about right. "And you say it is all wool?" "Certainly, ma'am."

"I guess I'll take it. Will you wrap it up for me?" This Joshua did awkwardly enough, and the customer departed, much pleased with her bargain, as she had a right to b., for the real price of the shawl was nine dollars, but, thanks to Joshua's ig-

norance, she had been able to save four. Joshua looked at the five-dollar bill he had just received, and a new idea occurred to him. He replaced in the drawer the bill be had originally taken from it and substituted that just received.

"I won't say anything about having sold a shawl," he said, "and father's never know that one has been sold. At any rate, till I get money enough to replace the bill I have taken.'

Just then a little girl came in and inquired for a spool of cotton. Joshua found the spools, and let her select one. Then he burriedly folded up the shawls and replaced them on the shelves. He had just finished the task when Walter entered.

"Are you tending store?" he said, in

"Yes," said Joshua. "Nichols got tired waiting for you, so I told him I'd stay till you got back.' "I had some distance to go and that

detained me. Did you have any custom-"Yes, I just sold a speel of cotton to little girl."

"I met her a little way up the road, holding the spool in her hand." "Well," said Joshua, "I guess I'll go now you've got back." He went across the street to his fath-

er's house, and, going up into his room, locked the door, not wishing to be interrupted. Then, opening his desk, he took out a sheet of paper, and wrote a note to the address given in his lottery circular, requesting the parties to send him by return of mail a lottery ticket. added, shrewdly, as be thought, "If this ticket draws a prize, I will keep on buying; but if it don't I shall get discournged and stop." "I guess that'll fetch 'em," thought

He folded up the paper, and, inclosing

the bill, directed it. The next thing to do was to mail it. He decided, though upwillingly, on account of the trouble, to walk to the next postoffice, a distance of three miles, to post his letter there. Joshua returned home, feeling tired

and provoked, but congratulating himself that he had taken the first step toward the grand prize which loomed in dazzling fifth performance of "The Witching prospect before his eyes.

CONTRACTOR AND ADDRESS OF THE

(To be continued.)

IF SUN ALWAYS SHONE.

Development of Sleep Appears to If the sun always shope we should been developed. It is true, nocturnal animals sleep and wake just as much has passed the mark of 300 performas diurnal open; and a drowny owl, succes and has enjoyed the third long blinking and nodding in the light of lest run in the history of Chicago theat daytime, is a familiar object. But, ricals, will be sent on an eastern tour then, all such animals are themselves at the urgent request of managers who descendants of creatures which were buy, watched its success in Chicago. once for many ages diurnal. The habit itself viewed abstractly, is one which March 8th and for two weeks thereafter could never have arisen except from the the theater will be occupied by "The

an average of about eight or nine hours l'lace and the tilel" will give way out of every twenty-four, save for the March Zhi to "Honeymoon Trail," fact that eight hours is about the av- which is the latest product of the she moves away?" erage time during which there is an brilliant young authors of "The Girl absense of light in which the animal Question," "The Time, the Place and there are any animals in Mars, we Salle hits. and wake alternately for a period setting and is woven around material which would be entirely determined by the duration of day and night in their own planet.

Observe, too, that this most fundamental distinction due to day and night la wholly relative to the sense of sight, and can affect only those types of life which are not sufficiently high to have evolved for themselves eyes.

Plants, it is true, being dependent for their growth upon the chemical action of rays of sunlight that fall upon their surface, have an equally wide distinction of day functions and night functions with the highest animals; they eat and digest in the light, and grow or repair themselves through the hours of darkness.

But the lowest of animals have no such marked division of nocturnal and diurnal habits; with ceaseless industry they roll through the waters by day and night alike, seeking by touch alone whom or what they may devour in their native element. If they rest occasionally for digestion and repair, it is at "I wish Walter would harry up," he Irregular periods sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for hours or even days together. If dried up, they main mummled for a year; if you moisten them once more, they start at once on their travels. In other words, they have no distinct periodicity of their own.

But as soon as eyes are evolved, and in proportion to the perfection and height of their development, animals begin to divide their lives markedly into two main portions, a waking and a sleeping one; a more and a less ac tive. While light is supplied them, they perform all motive functions; the moment night comes on they retire to nests or lairs and become torpid and

His Only Fear. "Of course, I love you, Jack," said the wilful daughter of the wealthy Mr. Fruffley, "but it's one sure bet that keen expectation. papa will kick about you."

"Well," replied Jack Poorley, "he can kick about me all he pleases if he'll only not kick me about."-Philadelphia Press.

Always Absent. Quizzem-To what religious denomination do you belong? Stayaway-I'm a Seventh Day Ad rentist.—Kansas City Times.

Room for Much More. · His Hostess-Don't you think you've had enough ice gream? Freddie-No, mum. I don't feel at ret!-Stray Stories.

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

MAJESTIC.

That vaudeville is encroaching more and more upon what is known as the legitimate dramatic stage is again evidenced at the Majestic Theater, Chicago, by the engagement of the noted English actress, Miss Constance Crawley, for the week of Morch 9th, when she will play an adaptation suitably condensed of Sardou's famous play, "La Tosca," which she will play for the first time in America at The Majestic Theater. She is supported by Arthur Maude, an actor of distinction, and by her English company. Among the other features on the bill, all of which range above the average in consequence, are the Pianophlends, a distinct novelty in which five planes are made use of, and a company of ten people engage in a series of comedy situations enlivened by a somewhat novel use of the piano. Dan Burke and his dancing girls, Bob Daily and company, who are rare entertainers, may be depended upon to fill in a most interesting half bour. Charles Wayne and Gertrude Des Roche play a brilliant comedy, while Wallace Moody, the distinguished composer and singer. assisted by Grey Elliott will contribute some of the best vocal music which has yet been heard in vaudeville. By way of additional variety the Georgettys. famed as acrobats, who present entirely novel feats will be in evidence, while Roberts, Hayes and Roberts in a stirring cowboy comedy, Kelly and Rose, singers, and Harry Barnes, a general entertainer, are among the others on the bill who are certain to gain ap-

GARRICK.

Owing to the great success of The Witching Hour" at the Garick Theater two weeks of the time formerly allotted o Blanche Rates has been cancelled in order to extend the engagement of the Thomas play, which will, however, be forced out March 20th for a road tour. owing to previous bookings.

Augustus Thomas, the author of The Witching Hour," is credited with having more stage successes than any other American dramatist, Bronson Howard not excepted, and it that he never attended any school after bis twelfth year.

Scats are now selling for the seventy Hour" in the Garrick Theater. Approprinte souvenirs will be distributed on tirls ampletous occusion.

LA SALLE THEATER.

"Honeymoon Trail," a new musical comedy by Adams, Hough and Howard. is amounteed as the successor of "The never go to bed; sleep would not have Girl Question" at the La Saile Theater. Chicago, "The Girl Question," which It will deport from the La Salle

regular alternation of light and dark. Time, the Place and the Girl," present ed by a company bended by John E. There is no particular reason why Young, Elizabeth Goodall, Fred Walton we or any other suimals should rest on and Jessie Huston. "The Time, the

gathered to the authors during a recent

nutrical stock company will be found

Manager Mort II. Singer announces that the new Princess Theater. most beautiful playhouse in Chicago, will be finished for its premier performame May 1st.

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS OF THE "FOLLIES OF 1907."

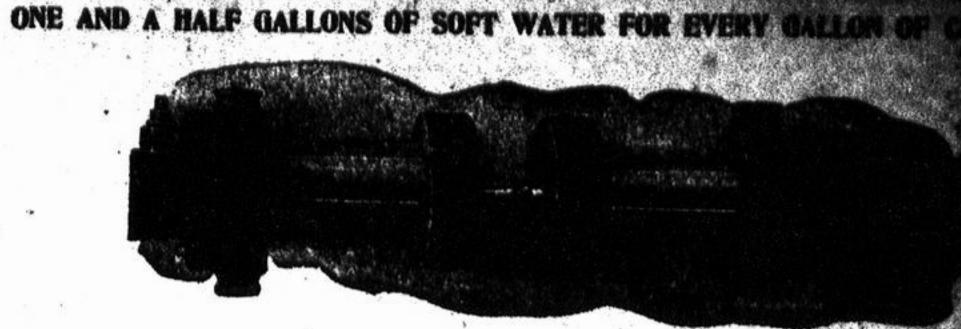
Big Ziegfeld Show Enjoys Record Breaking Successful Run at Big Chicago Auditorium.

Reginning Monday night, March 9th, the Ziegfeld Musical Revue, "Follies | of ENG," starts on its last two weeks the record breaking engagement. Inditation Theater. Over 129,000 persons have witnessed this big fine show since its remarkable opening at Auditorium four weeks ago, one of the principals, which include Bickel and Watson, Lucy Weston, Graco LaRne, Annabelle Whitford, Frank me a compliment in my life." Mayne, Lillian Lee, Grace Leigh, Marins Libby. Florence Tempest, William Powers, Dan Baker, James Manly and Dazie, America's greatest dancer, have become Chicago favorites, and the songs and whistled all over town. There an array of pretty girls, who appea: as drummer girls, Peacock girls, Gibson bathing girls, Dixle girls, fencing gris, sea-shore girls and the famous Ziegfeld beauty girls.

Manager Ziegfeld has again proven to the public that he is the peer of musical comedy producers, and his new Revue, "Follies of 1908," which is promised to theater-goers of Chicago next summer, will be looked forward to with

Marconi, the wireless telegraph in ventor, was once cautioned by a porter, who said that the man of sci- sion many times to employ a certain ence was working too hard and gaining odd character of the town known as fame at the expense of flesh. "I am Aunt Cecilia Cromwell. The old womnot like the Italian admiral, Libertini, an had not been seen in the vicinity then," said Mr. Marconi, laughing. "Lib. of the house for a long time until reertini," he went on, "had won many cently when the lady of the house battles and great renown, and at a said to her: "Good morning, Aunt Ceball given in his honor one lady said cilia. Why aren't you washing nowto another: 'But how frightfully fat adays?" "It's dis way, Miss Annie," our dear admiral is getting.' 'Yes,' replied Aunt Cecilia indulgently, "I's said the second lady. "Isn't it fortu- been out o' wahk so long dat now, when nate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able I could wahk, I finds I's done lest make to wear all his medala."

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prompt use of Rexall Americanitis. To all conditions of nervous derangement, exhaustion and debility it brings permanent relief.

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NO FAULT OF HERS.

iouvvvvvvv "Flue day; must be a weather breed er, sure," remarked Mrs. Benton, shaking her head at God's sunshipe, as she leaned over the Peckham gate for a minute. "Say, Abby Peckham, what we going to do without Mis' Good, after

Abby chuckled as she flapped out wet might get about with comfort. If the thirl," "The Umpire," and other La grass to whiten, "I was just thinking of her when you called this splendid would naturally expect them to sleep "Honeymoon Trail" has a California day a weather-breeder. I'll bet she used to laugh, when she was staying nights with me late last fall-that aw The full strength of the La Salle ful cold, stormy time, you know. Every night, when we'd pull the bedclothes up to our chins, she'd say, with her teeth chattering. 'I tell you, Abby. we're going to have it nice and warm after this.' And every day, when the

sky got the blackest, she'd look out of the window and tell me this was the clearing-up shower, sure." "That's Mis' Good all over," Emily Benton agreed, without resenting the comparison in the least. come into a room without making everybody in it feel better. I don't know how she does it, but somehow she always leaves me thinking that I'm going to be rich an' happy an' well real soon." That afternoon, when Mrs. Good ran into Mrs. Peckham's for a farewell

"Pshaw!" Mrs. Good exclaimed. smoothing down the skirt of her bine and white callen dress, while her plump face grew rosier with the praise, "Pshaw Abby! Why, I've known Emily Benton always, and she never paid

visit. Abby told her what Mrs. Benton

"Well, she's paid you a good one now, and you'd better salt it down and remember it," Abby answered

"Pshaw! It's ridiculous. I don't de a thing of the kind, Abby, and you sung in the "Follies" are being played know it. Why, of course"-apologetically-"I always think things are coming out all right, because they do. And of course I always think the weather's going to be better, because why, Abby, that's my way !"-Youth's Companion.

> Treatment of Invalida. "I made it a point," said Goodley, "to

tell bim be didn't look very sick." "That was a mistake," said Wiseman. "When a man's sick he likes to be told that he looks it; a woman likes to be assured that she doesn't."-Philadelphia Press.

A Richmond housekeeper had occatan'e fo' it."

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