Senator Samuel A. Ettelson, speaking recently at a banquet, told the fol-

"A colored preacher stood up on a Sunday and said, 'My text this morning, brothers and sisters, am "What shall I do to be saved?" To me there seems only one way to be saved, and that am to quit this'ere extravagant living. Back to the simple life, say I. There am going to be no chance for you to be saved so long as you keep up this high living. If there is anything that is going to kill our race it is these'ere luxuries. Better go hungry and cold like the wolf. Go out and face the rains and fight the storms. Go wade like the crane. You will grow rugged and you will grow tough, but you'll walk like a man. Yes, sir, that am de way to salvation, that am de way to get saved.

"Just then a tall colored man, rising from his pew in the rear of the church, interrupted the preacher, shouting: 'This am no way to be saved. You just jump right through that back window and run just as fast as your legs will carry you, for the county sheriff am here with a warrant for your arrest for stealing them chickens from Massa Martin's coop last Friday night.' "-Chicago Tribune.

Not Used to "High Life." An old farmer was in London visiting his son, who had got on in the world, and who kept a large house, servants, etc.

When the two sat down to dinner the first night a manservant waited upon them, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the old farmer After watching his antics for a bit the guest exclaimed:

"What the mischief are ve dancin' about like that for? Can ye not draw in yer chair and sit down? I'm sure there's enough here for the three of us."-London Mail.

A FREE SURPRISE BOX. In another part of this paper you will find a large ad of the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Omaha, Neb. They offer to send to any reader a box of assorted biscuits absolutely free. Don't miss this opportunity. Cut out the coupon from their ad and mail it today.

Real Thing. Who was this great god Pan you read about who worked on pipes?" "I guess he was a boss plumber."

Every woman should have an aim in life, even if she can't throw a stone with any degree of accuracy.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Borrowed money often causes a total loss of memory.

It's a genuine surprise party if any one has a good time at it.

## TIRED BLOOD SHATTERS THE NERVES prominent nose.

(Copyright 1912 by the Tonitives Co.) ducing Neuralgia, Neuritis, Brain Fag, Nervous Headache, Melancholia, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Neurasthenia, Muscle Twitching. Nervous Debility, etc. The rational

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 50-1912.

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, whea Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell, agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the Plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell who forces his attentions on her, and is reseued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price, The Judge recomizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price, The Judge recomizes in the boy the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge in mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot, More land titles. Charles Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously her him part in the plot an

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.) Hannibal instantly sat erect and looked up at the judge, his blue eyes wide with amazement at this extraor dinary statement.

"It is a very strange story, Hannibal, and its links are not all in my hands, but I am sure because of what I already know. I, who thought that not a drop of my blood flowed in any veins but my own, live again in you. Do you understand what I am telling you? You are my own dear little grandson-" and the judge looked down with no uncertain love and pride into the small face upturned to his.

"I am glad if you are my grandfather, judge," said Hannibal very gravely. "I always liked you."

"Thank you, dear lad," responded the judge with equal gravity, and then as Hannibal nestled back in his grandfather's arms a single big tear dropped from the end of that gentleman's

able to endure prosperity with equani- clined to have anything to do with Betts." observed the judge. He mity-only unworthy natures are affected by what is at best superficial and accidental. I mean that the blight of poverty is about to be lifted from our lives."

"Do you mean we ain't going to be pore any longer, grandfather?" asked Hannibal.

The judge regarded him with infinite tenderness of expression; he was profoundly moved. "Would you mind saying that again.

dear lad?" "Do you mean we ain't going to be pore any longer, grandfather?" repeated Hannibal,

"I shall enjoy an adequate competency which I am about to recover, It will be sufficient for the indulgence of those simple and intellectual tastes I propose to cultivate for the future." In spite of himself the judge signed. This was hardly in line with his ideals, but the right to choose was no longer his. "You will be very rich, Hannibal. The Quintard lands-your grandmother was a Quintard-will be yours; they run up into the hundred of thousands of acres hereabout; this land will be yours as soon as I can establish your identity."

"Will Uncle Bob be rich too?" in quired Hannibal.

"Certainly. How can he be poor when we possess wealth?" answered the judge.

"You reckon he will always live with us, don't you, grandfather?" "I would not have it otherwise.

admire Mr. Yancy-he is simple and direct, and fit for any company under heaven except that of fools. His treatment of you has placed me under everlasting obligations; he shall share what we have. My one bitter, unavailing regret is that Solomon Mahaffy will not be here to partake of our altered fortunes." And the judge sighed deeply.

Retired Rear Admiral Wins Distinc-

tion With His Landscapes Done in

who retired from active service in the

United States navy four years ago.

Water Colors.



## THE **PRODIGAL** JUDGE By VAUGHAN KESTER ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

Hannibal.

"He was as inexperienced as a neither mercy nor generous feelingbut his courage was magnificent."

Presently Hannibal was deep in his account of those adventures he had

shared with Miss Betty. "And Miss Malroy-where is she now?" asked the judge, in the first pause of the boy's narrative.

"She's at Mr. Bowen's house. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Cavendish are here too. Mrs. Cavendish stayed down yonder at the Bates' plantation. Grandfather, it were Captain Murrell who had me stole-do you reckon he was going to take me back to Mr. Bladen?"

"I will see Miss Malroy in the morning. We must combine-our interests are identical. There should be hemp in this for more than one scoundrel! I can see now how criminal my disinclination to push myself to the front has been!" said the judge, with conviction. "Never again will 1 shrink from what I know to be a public duty."

A little later they went down-stairs, where the judge had Yancy make up a bed for himself and Hannibal on the floor. He would watch alone beside Mahaffy, he was certain this would have been the dead man's wish; then he said good night and mounted heavily to the floor above to resume his vigil and his musings.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Crisis at the Court-House. Just at daybreak Yancy was roused by the pressure of a hand on his shoulder, and opening his eyes saw that the judge was bending over him. every prospect of trouble-get your rifle and come with me!"

Yancy noted that this prospect of trouble seemed to afford the judge a pleasurable sensation; indeed, he had quite lost his former air of somber

and suppressed melancholy. "I let you sleep, thinking you needed the rest," the judge went on. "But ever since midnight we've been on the verge of riot and possible bloodshed. They've arrested John Murrell-it's claimed he's planned a servile rebel- folks out of a building their own squared his ponderous shoulder and There will be many and great wormed his way into his confidence. While he was speaking, the judge had Battered, shabby and debauched, he Nervous Strain tires the blood, and changes in store for us," continued made the arrest. He carried Murrell pushed his way through the crowd to was like some old war horse who Tired Blood starves the nerves, pro- the judge. "But as we met adversity into Memphis, but the local magis- the foot of the steps. with dignity, I am sure we shall be trate, intimidated, most likely, de- "That was very nicely said, Mr.

"Uncle Bob told me Mr. Mahaffy nolding him. In spite of this, Hues got hurt in a duel, grandfather?" said managed to get his prisoner lodged in jail, but along about nightfall the situation began to look serious. Folks child in the use of firearms, and he were swarming into town armed to had to deal with scoundrels who had the teeth, and Hues fetched Murrell across country to Raleigh-

"Yes," said Yancy. take Murrell into custody. Hues has him down at the court-house, but whether or not he is going to be able to hold him is another matter!"

Yancy and Hannibal had dressed by this time, and the judge led the way from the house. The Scratch Hiller looked about him. Across the street a group of men, the greater number of whom were armed, stood in front of Pegloe's tavern. Glancing in the direction of the court-house, he observed that the square before it held other groups. But what impressed him more was the ominous silence that was everywhere. At his elbow, the judge was breathing deen

"We are face to face with a very

deplorable condition, Mr. Yancy. Court was to sit here today, but Judge Morrow and the public prosecutor have left town, and as you see, Murrell's friends have gathered for a rescue. There's a sprinkling of the better element-but only a sprinkling. saw Judge Morrow this morning at four o'clock-I told him I would obligate myself to present for his consideration evidence of a striking and sensational character, evidence which would show conclusively that Murrell should be held to await the action of tne next grand jury-this was after a conference with Hues-I guaranteed his safety. Sir, the man refused to listen to me! He showed himself utterly devoid of any feeling of public duty." The bitter sense of failure and futility was leaving the judge. The situation made its demands on that basic faith in his own powers "Dress!" he said briefly. "There's which remained imbedded in his character.

They had entered the court-house square. On the steps of the building Betts was arguing loudly with Hues, who stood in the doorway, rifle in hand

"Maybe you don't know this is county property?" the sheriff was saying. "And that you have taken unlawful possession of it for an unlawful purpose? I am going to open them doors -a passel of strangers can't keep lion! A man named Hues, who had money has bought and paid for!"



"Do You Mean We Ain't Going to Be Pore Any Longer, Grandfather?"

smiled widely and sweetly. The sheriff gave him a hostile glare. "Do you know that Morrow has left town?" the judge went on.

"I ain't got nothin' to do with Judge Morrow. It's my duty to see that this building is ready for him when he's a mind to open court in it." "You are willing to assume the re-

sponsibility of throwing open these doors?" inquired the judge affably. "I shorely am," said Betts. "Why, some of these folks are our leading people!" The judge turned to the crowd, and

spoke in a tone of excessive civility. "Just a word gentlemen!-the sheriff is right; it is your court-house and you should not be kept out of it. No doubt there are some of you whose presence in this building will sooner or later be urgently desired. We are I beg you to remember that there will be five men inside whose prejudices are all in favor of law and order." He pushed past Hues and entered the court-house, followed by Yancy and Hannibal. "We'll let 'em in where I can talk to 'em," he said almost gaily. "Besides, they'll come in anyhow when "Well, the sheriff has refused to they get ready, so there's no sense in exciting them."

In the court-house, Murrell, bound Carrington and the Earl of Lambeth in the little railed-off space below the judge's bench. Fear and suffering had blanched his unshaven cheeks and given a wild light to his deeply sunken eyes. At sight of Yancy a smothered exclamation broke from his lips; he had supposed this man dead these many months!

Hues had abandoned his post, and the crowd, suddenly grown clamorous, stormed the narrow entrance. One of turned to Yancy.

"No matter what happens, this felis to be shot!"

struggling men, the floor shook be ashamed to be seen by my friends. neath their heavy tread; then they ness go from him.

itself out among the benches or swarmed up into the tiny gallery at man had hurried forward, intent on Miss Pansy Hutchins, Feb. 6, 1912. passing beyond the railing, but each had encountered the judge, formidable and forbidding, and had turned aside. Gradually the many pairs of eyes roving over the little group sur- Adv. rounding the outlaw focussed themselves on Slocum Price. It was in unconscious recognition of that moral force which was his, a tribute to the grim dignity of his unshaken courage; what he would do seemed worth considering.

He was charmed to hear his name pass in a whisper from lip to lip. Well, it was time they knew him! He made a gesture commanding silence. she neglected her friends so, she gave stipation, sniffs the odor of battle that the wind incontinently brings to his nostrils. "Don't let him speak!" cried

voice, and a tumult succeeded. Cool and indomitable the judge waited for it to subside. He saw that the color was stealing back into Murrell's face. The outlaw was feeling that he was a leader not overthrown; these were his friends and followers, his safety was their safety, too. In a lull in the storm of sound the judge attempted to make himself heard, but his words were lost in the angry roar that descended on him.

"Don't let him speak! Kill him!

Kill him!" A score of men sprang to their feet and from all sides came the click of rifle and pistol hammers as they were drawn to the full cock. The judge's fate seemed to rest on a breath. He swung about on his heel and gave a curt nod to Yancy and Cavendish, who, falling back a step, tossed their guns to their shoulders and covered Murrell. A sudden hush grew up out of the tumult; the cries, angry and jeering, dwindled to a murmur, and a dead pall of silence rested on the crowded room.

The very taste of triumph was in the judge's mouth. Then came a com. motion at the back of the building. A ripple of comment, and Colonel Fentress elbowed his way through the crowd. At sight of his enemy the judge's face went from white to red, while his eyes blazed; but for the moment the force of his emotions left him speechless. Here and there, as he advanced, Fentress recognized a friend and bowed coolly to the right and left. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Promises. A man usually wants the preacher to furnish proof that what he promises is going to come true, but he is willing to take the glib promoter's

Child Gave Life for Sister. Louis Brown, a motherless boy of six years, lost his life in a recent fire at New York, because he stayed by the side of his four-year-old sister Helen, and shielded her from the the smoke and flames. A fireman

searching through the burning building found the two children unconscious and clasped in each other's arms beneath a bed. The boy had wrapped his jacket about the little girl's head to protect her. She had tucked her head down on his breast and locked arms about his waist. Helen's condition is serious. The chil-

The Cook's Feat. A woman instructor at Wellesley college, who presides over one of the dining tables at which sit a dozen students, says that one day some

claimed: that way! I wonder how she does

WANTED TO FINISH THE JOB

Pride in His Work, Not Tender Heart, Was What Induced the Chauffeur to Return.

They were going along the public highway at a leisurely rate of forty miles per hour, when a decrepit hen and rooster started to do the chicken special-cross the road.

The front and hind wheels on the right side struck the poor, old, stiffjointed rooster amidships, and with one squawk he succumbed.

Immediately the man at the steering wheel started to slow down and to look about for a place to turn. His soliciaous wife turned to her seatmate and said: "Isn't that just like his tender heart?

He won't be satisfied unless he goes going to let all who wish to enter, but back and settles for that rooster. He just can't bear to feel he has injured anyone or anything." Then louder, to her husband, she

said: "George, remember that appointment. We haven't any time to go back for anything." Glancing at the clock near his feet and at the speedometer near by, he

sighed and said: "You're right Jennie: but I just know if I had turned back I could hand and foot, was seated between have killed that old hen just as easy as I did the rooster."-Judge.

RASH ON FACE FOR 2 YEARS

Sioux Falls, S. D .- "My trouble of skin disease started merely as a rash on my face and neck, but it grew and kept getting worse until large scabs would form, fester and break. This was just on the one side of my face, but it soon scattered to the other the doors, borne from its hinges, went ly at night, on account of its itching side. I suffered a great deal, especialdown with a crash. The judge, a and burning. I would scratch it and flerce light flashing from his eyes, of course that irritated it very much. This rash was on my face for about two years, sometimes breaking out low Murrell is not to escape—if he lots worse and forming larger sores. calls on his friends to rescue him he It kept me from sleeping day or night for a couple of months. My face look-The hall was filling with swearing, ed disgraceful and I was almost

"A friend asked me to try Cuticura burst into the court-room and saluted Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I would There's one way to get them-take Murrell with a great shout. But Mur- bathe my face with hot water and a rell, bound, in rags, and silent, his lot of Cuticura Soap, then I would put lips frozen in a wolfish grin, was a on the Cuticura Ointment. In less lips frozen in a wolfish grin, was a depressing sight, and the boldest felt than two days' time, the soreness and HOSTETT'S something of his unrestrained lawless- inflammation had almost entirely disappeared, and in four weeks' time you STOMACH BITTERS Less noisy now, the crowd spread could not see any of the rash. Now my face is without a spot of any kind. I also use them for my scalp and hair. at mealtime for a few days. It the back of the building. Man after They cured me completely." (Signed) does the work. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold

throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Your Liver

Protecting Valuable Interests. for putting in a load of coal?" "Well," replied the dealer, "you know coal is coal, and while it costs LIVER PILLS a little more, it is better to have anybody that handles it bonded."

Very Much So. When Mrs. Jibbetts was asked why a bald excuse. "What was it?" "The baby."

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Most of the so called theatrical stars | PATE are rockets.

There Were Others. "You," sighed the rejected lover, would find your name written in imperishable characters on my heart

could you but look." "So," murmured the fair young thing who was aware of the fact that the swain had been playing Romeo at the seaside for something like 20 years. "So? Then you must have a heart like a local directory by this time."-Tit-Bits.

Not to Be Caught Farmer (on one side of the hedge to boy on the other side)-Now, then, my lad, didn't I tell you not to let me catch you here again?

Boy (preparing to run)-All right,

don't make a fuss. You ain't caught

me yet!-Weekly Telegraph. Exception. "You can't put water colors in an oll

"You can, sea blue, can't you?"

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An old toper says that none are so blind as those who refuse an eye opener.

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has thirty-two paintings on exhibition is nothing left for them to do.-The in the Corcoran Art gallery at Wash-Christian Herald. ington, D. C., which is one of the finest public galleries in America and Authors and Their Books. one in which the knights of the pal-At the dinner given by the Harper ette and brush consider it quite a tripeople to Arnold Bennett just before umph to have their pictures exhibited To a singular genius he has added painstaking industry, and has pushed himself up into an enviable place among the best landscape painters in water colors in this country.

Painter in His Old Age

he sailed for England, a dinner which was attended by many of the literary lights that live in or near New York, a discussion came up as to whether in this day of the rapid output of lit-At a time in life when he was sup-Mr. Bennett said he was sure that guess I must be," the boy answered, posed to have finished his mission. many authors could, and he instanced and to be allowed to go back and sit the case of a young author he knew down in a corner and be very still, in London who was so hard up that the old hero of the Civil war and he could no get enough cash to pay thing, they say the Lord did it, and if Spanish-American war appears as vir- for his dinner. tle in his intellect as he was at thirty. An idea struck him He visited his to be me!"

and has become a master of art, rev-

eling in a realm of beauty, and trans-

ferring the beauty from his own soul

to canvas, to delight and bless his fel-

grizzled old veteran and this delicate

artist set to old men who think there

books."

"You must try to be like God, sonnie," said the kindly minister to the worried looking child who entertained him in the parlor while his mother, uperature a man could live by his books. stairs, was preparing for company. "I wrinkling his brows, "for God and me gets blamed for about everything that happens in this house. If it's a big any little thing goes wrong it's sure

publisher's and there asked for six

copies of his latest novel, which was

priced at five shillings, ordering that the books be charged to his account.

This was done. With the volumes under his arm he visited a secondhand book dealer in the neighbordren had been forgotten in the general scramble for safety.

> curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it, then ex "How clever of the cook to crimp it

hood, and, as the books were perfect-Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis, lows. What a beautiful example this ly new, he managed to sell the six of them for ten shillings, with which sum he had a rattling good dinner and an evening at the theater. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Bennett, "even the humblest author can live by his books-if he has published any Shild's Burden of Care.