

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time it!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night.

So Economical. "I want you to see my lovely new shopping bag," said a certain woman to a caller the other afternoon.

THE RIGHT SOAP FOR BABY'S SKIN

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and hair health generally.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt.—"We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot.



and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me."—Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine. It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

CONSOLATION PRIZE

By KATHERINE HOPSON.

"The race is to the fit. Because his sprained ankle debarred him from the skating party, I am invited to remain as the consolation prize. Otherwise, I should hardly have a chance to speak to the noted lion."

"Bitterness was not usually a quality of her nature, but she was still smarting from her sister Edith's laughing remark.

"Mr. Reynolds is safe with you," she had said. "I wouldn't trust him to an afternoon's tete-a-tete with any one else."

"Yes, he's safe enough. Any girl's admirer would be." Gail studied her reflection grimly. In spite of her disparagement, it was really a pretty face that looked back in the mirror—sensitive and high-bred, with delicate features and big serious eyes.

"The queer part of it is, Gail really looks like Edith," people were wont to declare, "but she is so sober, and her sister is all sparkle and charm."

It was this which had attracted Bertram Reynolds, a noted portrait painter, who was guest of honor at Mrs. Creder's house party. From the first he had paid marked attention to her beautiful niece, Edith, and had asked permission to paint her as the central figure in a new picture he was working on.

"Such a pity, too," Gail heard her Aunt Myra remark to Mrs. Kelley as they entered the former's little sitting room across the hall.

"Tears rose in Gail's eyes. 'Is that what every one thinks of me—merely a foil for Edith?'"

"It's true she is a picture," Gail admitted later as the skating party started off in the big sleigh. Edith's piquant face was aglow under the scarlet tam. The fur scarf was thrown carelessly about her shoulders revealing a glimpse of her snowy neck.

This brought to Gail a pang of realization of how her own sensitive throat always kept her from doing those graceful, careless things like other people. "I always have to bundle up like an old woman!"

As the sleigh disappeared from view, she turned with a sigh from the hall window to enter the library. Mr. Reynolds was comfortably ensconced in a big Morris chair, with Aunt Myra sitting near, crocheting and chatting pleasantly. Gail was glad she was there, and entered the room feeling a little less shy and constrained.

"How shall I entertain him all the afternoon?" she wondered; but soon found there was no occasion to worry about that, for Mr. Reynolds did the entertaining. He was telling about his student days in New York and Paris.

Gail found herself listening as to a fascinating romance. Even when a caller came to see her aunt on business and she left the room, Gail still felt interested and at ease—like other girls.

She was wearing a dress of warm gray, with a wide crimson girdle and touches of the same at the neck. Behind her were some heavy portieres of a deeper shade of red.

Suddenly, in the midst of what he was saying Reynolds broke off with: "Would you let me sketch you, Miss Bentley—as you are sitting now?"

In wonderment that any one should ask such a thing, she gave consent; and still chatting, Reynolds turned to his easel and began to work.

As his interest grew, he became confidential, and told her some of the hopes and plans for future work, and Gail forgot to be constrained and shy.

Mrs. Creder returned, and on seeing that her guest was well entertained, withdrew to attend to the hundred and one duties which were hers as hostess of a large house party.

Both Gail and the artist were surprised when the waning day told that the short winter afternoon was gone. A few minutes later the skaters returned with glowing accounts of the afternoon's pleasure.

"Will it always be like this, I wonder? Shall I just sit in chinks left by more fortunate people? Why is it—why?" She knew of many girls who were really much plainer than she, who had many attractions and good times.

It'll send every one invitations," declared Reynolds in his pleasant, cordial way.

Accordingly, the following April, all those who were among the guests at Mrs. Creder's house party received the coveted cards. Mrs. Creder invited her niece to stay with her that week. The evening before the exhibit she came into their room, her face abeam, and in her hand the evening paper.

"Read," she cried triumphantly, spreading it out before Edith.

There was a notice of Mr. Bertram Reynolds's famous annual exhibit of pictures which was to take place the next day. Near the close the article said: "The cream of the collection is said to be an unusual picture called 'Sympathy,' and the original is rumored to be a certain beautiful niece of a well-known society leader at whose house Reynolds was entertained last winter."

"Of course, Edith, it's that picture he painted of you in your mauve silk gown as you stood among the ferns. I thought from the first that was the most artistic pose he secured."

"He was so queer about not wanting any one to see his work after it was once started. A genius is always peculiar. I don't know whether I could really care for one or not." She gave a conscious little laugh.

Nevertheless, it was evident to Gail that Edith was highly flattered to be the central figure in a famous picture. Many of their friends dropped in that evening and laughingly alluded to the press notice. Every one was convinced it was Mrs. Creder said, and Edith received much good-natured banter.

Through it all Gail watched in silent wonder that she should be so blinded by the surface honor as to lose sight of the beauty of the underlying thought. And it was Gail who was least surprised of the three when a note came from Reynolds next morning inviting them to come a little earlier than the hour set for the exhibition.

"It is like him to want to spare Edith any embarrassment she might otherwise feel in viewing her own portrait before the others."

"It is an undeniable honor," declared Aunt Myra, and gave Edith's blooming cheek a playful pat.

When they arrived at the time appointed, Reynolds met them at the door of the studio. His manner was chivalrously courteous, and he showed them into the well-lighted studio where the pictures were hung. There were portraits of many noted people, besides pictures of imagination and idealism. The three ladies looked at all in turn as they went along, but their interest was at heart superficial, so eager were they to see the one of Edith in the mauve colored gown.

"The best is shown last," he declared, drawing aside the curtain which hung before it.

They stared in amazement. Instead of the one of Edith as they supposed, the picture showed Gail dressed in gray and crimson against a background of rich velvet curtains. But surprising as was this fact, what really caught and held their attention was the expression of her face. The dark eyes were luminous with a wonderful look of sweetness and sympathy. It was as though a veil had been drawn aside and her real soul for the first time revealed.

"Well, well, this is a surprise, to find our little Gail, instead of Edith, as we were led to suppose," said Mrs. Creder, recovering her poise. Her tone was playful, but Gail's sensitive intuition divined that she considered he had made a poor choice of subject. Yet no one could deny the effect he had attained was beautiful.

Reynolds laughed and passed off the situation in his easy fashion. For a few minutes they chatted lightly, then turned to review more carefully the other pictures. Just before the arrival of the first group of guests, Gail slipped back to gain one more glimpse of her picture alone.

"Did I look like that, I wonder? Did I ever look like that?" she questioned naively, as the sweet pictured eyes met hers.

"Like that and much more—to me," came Reynolds's quiet voice. She turned and saw him there beside her.

Looking up in shy surprise, she read in his eyes, not the surface admiration he had given Edith and others of the house party—but something infinitely deeper.

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Advice of a Red Man. Kate D. Sweetser, after compiling the material for her recently published "Book of Indian Braves," became much impressed by the pathos of Chief Joseph's surrender and the subsequent treatment his tribe received.

She quotes Joseph's opinion about the relations which should exist between white men and Indians. "There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike," he wrote. "They are all brothers. If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented, nor will he grow and prosper. Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we shall have no more wars."

Made in Great Britain.

The master of the mint reports a "great demand for small change." We have noticed it ourselves.

Dr. Wiley says Eve was created before Adam. And her first words were, "Where have you been?"

Lord Derby says a schoolboy thinks he knows far better than every one else. The schoolboy does not think he knows; he knows he knows.—John Bull

IN SCOTCH CAPITAL

Edinburgh Birthplace of Sky-scraper and Presbyterianism.

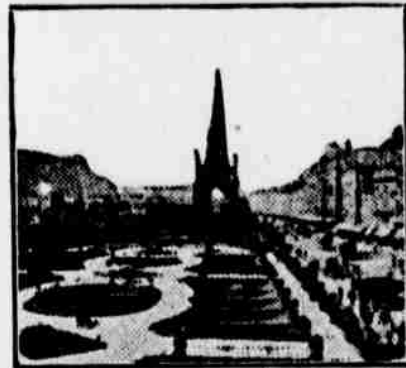
City Has Population of 350,000 People and Has Managed to Get Itself More Talked About in Literature Than Any Other.

Chicago.—Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, is situated in a cold north wind, on the south side of the Firth of Forth. It has about 350,000 people and has managed to get itself more talked about in literature than almost any other city of this size.

Edinburgh rambles over three great hills, and has been built with great care and good taste. Even the railroads in Edinburgh are aesthetic. They have made a valley into a great park and managed to make the city handsomer by passing through it.

Edinburgh's origin is lost in the Scotch mists of antiquity. It contains some very ancient features, including the castle, the tenements in the old town, and a number of prehistoric cairn houses. The tenements of Edinburgh are the earliest known sky-scrapers.

Edinburgh is so strongly impregnated with history that there are few old buildings in which some person of eminence did not die with his boots on, during some persecution or other. Presbyterianism was invented in Edinburgh by John Knox, and for many years was more unhealthy than cholera for those who caught it.



Prince Street, Edinburgh.

Queen of Scots was a popular resident of Edinburgh. Robert Burns belonged to several Edinburgh choral clubs. Climbing the 700-foot rock to attack Edinburgh castle was a favorite pastime 600 years ago, but now the great local diversion is selling clan tartans to American visitors with Scotch ancestors.

Edinburgh is literary and aesthetic, and looks with scorn upon Glasgow, which is twice as big but has a comparatively few rickety buildings, and no history to speak of, few kings having been beheaded there.

LOW-CUT GOWN SAVES GEM

Woman, Who Thought She Was Robbed, Finds Diamond on Inside of Her Dress.

New York.—Three women were chatting at the Grand Central station in the subway when suddenly one of them screamed and started to run after a local train, which was just pulling out. "Help! Help! I've been robbed," she shouted frantically to the guards on the outgoing train; but the train didn't stop. She said she was Mrs. George Barley, of this city. Mrs. Barley went to the police station and started to report her loss. Suddenly she stopped her tears and stared at the lieutenant at the desk. "There's something cold in—Oh, say, Mr. Policeman," she said, "look the other way, please."

WIFE IN HUSBAND'S WAKE

When He Swore, Smoked or Got Drunk She Followed His Example.

New York.—Admitting that when her husband swore at her she swore at him; when he smoked cigarettes, she smoked, too, and that once at her husband's suggestion she had become intoxicated "just for fun," Mrs. Helen Mantell, actor, for separation on the issue of John Mantell, son of Robert Mantell, actor, for separation on the grounds of cruelty, laughed her way through three hours of cross-examination in the Supreme court.

But before her laughter, the tears had flowed as she bowed her blushing face in her hands and told how her husband had once said to her: "I don't care if you go with every man in New York."

All the time she was testifying a blue-eyed baby girl was near the witness stand, dimpling her smiles and waving her chubby fists at her young mother as she told the story of her husband's alleged cruelty.

Weak Heart

Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, the heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

which contains no dangerous narcotics or alcohol. It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fevers; for the run-down, anemic, thin-blooded people, the "Discovery" is refreshing and vitalizing.



For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever. Here cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or exposed. Liquid given on the tongue, acts on the blood and glands, expels the poisonous germ from the body. Cures Distemper, Epizootic Shipping Fever and Catarrhal Fever. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and is the sure kidney remedy. Use and fit a bottle to each horse. Get this cure. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. From Booklet, "Distemper Causes and Cures." Special Agents wanted. Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

It's awfully hard for a girl with a pretty ankle to keep her shoe laces tied.

Astonishing Tobacco Remedy—Guaranteed to instantly remove taste for cigarettes or tobacco in any form, or money cheerfully refunded. Send for and receive wonderful remedy by return mail. Address Best & Co., Tobacco House Co., Wichita, Kansas.—Ad.

Interested the Feline. "Serenaded my girl last night." "Any member of the family come out?" "Only the cat."

Not That Kind. "Do you eat much meat, my dear sir?" "No, indeed, doctor; I am a valetudinarian."

Nimble-Footed. The preacher was a young man and nervous, but interesting. He was making an eloquent plea for the home life, and was descending eloquently on the evils of the club, telling his congregation that married men in particular should spend their evenings at home with their wives and children.

"Think, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the great, dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping baby with one foot and wiping away the tears with the other!"

English Exclusiveness. The Englishman, as everyone knows, is inclined to be individual and independent, if not exclusive. He is happy with his family in his country mansion, where a high hedge insures seclusion, and permits only the chimneys of his house to be seen from the road. He does not crave excitement and conviviality. He prefers the quiet and peace of the semi-rural suburb to the whirl of the city. He does not like to be within too easy access of the maelstrom. The automobile and the train and trolley care are quite speedy enough. With his family about him, and the city and its business cares at a safe distance, the Englishman is happy.—Suburban Life.

No Time to Discuss the M. C. of L. "Ah, Squire," began the village bore, upon meeting the Old Coder. "We had an argument last night about the high cost of living, and I'd like your opinion on—"

"Sorry, Orrin," interrupted the veteran, "but I haven't time to get mad now. I just met a feller from Grassy Hill who told me that my nephew, Walden, took a dose of horse medicine yesterday by mistake for cough remedy and now every time a motor car goes by he climbs a tree. I'm going to telephone Walden—"

"But what can you do for him by telephone if he has gone crazy and is roosting in a tree?" "Oh, I can call him down!"—Kansas City Star.

FRIENDLY TIP.

Restored Hope and Confidence. After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says: "Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts food, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friend I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CERTAINLY DID THE WORK

Effective Form of Isolation, Though It Did Not Get Approval of Dog's Owner.

Here's one of Walter Kelly's dog stories. Walter doesn't vouch for it, but it comes from a friend of his, so it's probably all right, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It seems that Kelly left town on a business trip some time ago, and left his blue-ribbon dogs in the care of a man who was supposed to know all about dogs. In about a week this man wrote that one of the dogs had developed symptoms that indicated mange, and asked for instructions. Kelly wired back as follows:

"Isolate dog at once. Take no chances of mange spreading." Sufficient instructions, and within the ten-word limit. When the owner got back home he asked the guardian if the dog had really developed mange. The man looked surprised and answered:

"Why, no—I isolated him right away like you said. But don't you worry; it didn't hurt him none. I done it with chloroform an' he never knowed what happened."

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Not Worth the Wear and Tear. The Beggar—Oh, lady—a halfpenny—but what a pity to open a beautiful bag for such a trifle!

Following the idea that conversation should be seasonable, peppery remarks should be taken with a grain of salt.

Ever notice that the girl with a broken heart always manages to save a few of the pieces?

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says: "The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. V. BENNETT Bee Building Omaha, Neb. Canadian Government Agent

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 5-1914.