

INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, get this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store.

A reformer never believes in himself as much as he wants others to believe in him.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Cruel. "You needn't speak to me for a month!" she said icily. "Then you expect to be through talking by that time?" he asked.

A Scholar. Bacon—Don't you think that man looks like a scholar? Egbert—Sure thing. Looks like one who would be at the foot of the class all the time.

Geordie and His Wheelbarrow. Geordie was wearily coming along the road pulling his wheelbarrow after him when he met the vicar, who asked would it not be easier to push the barrow?

The Alternative. Mrs. Casey (sitting up in bed)—Molke, did yez put out the cat? Mr. Casey—Ol did.

Cold Cured by Cold. "Without having gone anywhere near either pole," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "I have had my experience of the fact that intense cold outside stops the cold in the head."

SCHOOL TEACHERS. Also Have Things to Learn. "For many years I had used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much-loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning."

"The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head, and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head, and at times after exertion, a general 'gone' feeling, with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years."

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years back I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all."

"This time, however, my friends made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Soon I found myself improving in a most decided fashion."

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of "The Road to Wellville." Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

HER WEDDING GIFT

By B. MAYFIELD.

Olga Anderson had a new place. But a new place was far from a new experience to Olga. A widow with a baby of three must be prepared to follow the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, in search of employment. A concession must be made in the wages for the privilege of keeping the baby.

Her husband had died two months before the baby's birth, leaving her penniless. The first two weeks of the baby's life she had been too ill to care about the baby.

When the baby was two weeks old, Olga dragged herself from her bed in a free ward of a hospital, and placed her baby in a baby farm while she went to work as a general housemaid.

Olga had been one week in her new place, when the postman brought her two letters, one with a foreign postmark. They were the first letters Olga had received in years, and her curiosity and surprise were so great that she stood for some time in her kitchen looking them over without attempting to open them.

As her new mistress was out for the morning, Olga had a few hours to herself. She took the letters to her room for the difficult but delightful task of reading them.

She chose the one with the foreign postmark to read first. It was written in Swedish to the effect that an old sweetheart of hers was now a widow with two children.

He asked her for old sake's sake to come back and marry him. Financially he was well fixed. Write him favorably and he would send her the money.

Poor, poor Olga! She took another letter from the envelope. "Mrs. Anderson please come rite away to get your baby, I cant keep it no longer next monday when I get married, Mrs. Kimball."

And this was Monday. Suppose she pretended to herself that she never had received the letter. Why not borrow Helga's savings? Helga had offered them many times when she had been so hard pressed that she did not know which way to turn.

Her mistress was out. She had only a suit case of clothes. She could take that, shut the door, and no one would know what had become of her. Mrs. Kimball must find the baby a home. Maybe she would adopt her; she was to be married again. Each year the struggle had been harder. As the baby grew older the demands upon Olga increased, and she saw no hope of meeting them. She had cared for her baby more with a dull sense of duty than from mother-love. She felt no pang at the thought of abandoning her to her fate or Mrs. Kimball, as the case might be.

Instinct must have been keener than her feeble desire to free herself from her burdens, for she deliberately put on her hat and went for her baby. Although a bride of six weeks, it was Sylvia's turn to entertain the "Peoria Avenue Reading Club."

Her flushed face and more flustered manner were attributed by her friends to a perfectly justified anxiety lest her refreshments be subjected to the time-honored jest upon a bride's housekeeping. But this was not the cause of her excitement. Sylvia was a typical twentieth century bride, equipped with a domestic science course, and calm with the assurance that her sandwiches were toothsome and her cake a triumph of the culinary art.

"Girls," said Mrs. Jenney, as she sank into a deep leather chair and patted her rolls of beautiful brown hair with a hand adorned with a wedding ring almost as new as Sylvia's. "I just can not read De Morgan aloud—or to myself, for that matter. I will sew. Who will read for me? I suppose you blue stockings must have De Morgan. Anyway, I want to peep around at Sylvia's pretty new things."

"Oh, bother De Morgan and sewing beth," said Sylvia. "Let's talk. Nobody cares for De Morgan, unless it's Jane."

"You needn't blame me for De Morgan." "Enough; say no more. Put De Morgan on the shelf—the proper place for him, to my way of thinking. Please turn on the electricity under my new kettle. Now, isn't that cozy?"

"Sylvia wants to talk, so she can tell us how grand and good and noble, etc., etc., Carl is," said Clara. "Nonsense. Can't you remember when I wasn't married, sometimes I think I must have been born married to Carl. Just now he has gone on that mysterious journey known as The Road. I suppose in time I will get used to it. When that train pulled out of the depot this morning, I certainly felt all alone, with Mathew Arnold's 'mortal millions,' and you know it is

not given to any human being to be more alone than that."

Sylvia was always charming, but now her face took on such a variety of bewildering expressions that the impressions of her friends were almost as vivid as if they were viewing a mental panorama.

"When the train pulled out of the depot—" "Never mind the train, Sylvia; you said that once before, and it is well on its way to New York now," interrupted Mrs. Jenney, emerging from the depths of her easy chair.

"I skip the train, but I must insist upon the loneliness. And the nearer I approached my brand-new house the more lonely and deserted I felt, and my awe of my brand-new maid began to be almost fear. In fact, I began to think it was most unfeeling of Carl to go away and leave me with such a stranger."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Jenney, "comment me to a really companionable housemaid."

"I scorn your ignorance, and I pity you," laughed Sylvia. "When I returned home I found a baby less than three sitting on the porch. One hand was a red apple, held in a sheer linen pocket handkerchief like a bouquet. She had taken two bites through the handkerchief. She 'wept like anything' like the Walrus and the Carpenter, and held up a finger that a bee had not been able to resist kissing."

"See who I found on my doorstep," I said to Olga, who answered the bell. "Isn't she adorable? I wonder whose baby she is."

"Mine," acknowledged Olga, doggedly.

"Yours? Why—when—" "In her broken English or Swedish, as you please, she confessed that while I was at the station with Carl she had gone for the baby, as the woman who had been boarding the baby could not keep her any longer. Father's dead. She has been farmed out ever since. I said nothing, but I was busily thinking as I consulted 'first aid,' then applied some simple remedy to the bee sting. But I found nothing in 'first aid' to assist me with the problem or fact that the phlegmatic Olga was the mother of that beautiful baby. Later I stole into the room where the baby lay sleeping after a delectable feast of sponge cake and milk. The dear little 'pinkie' was bound with some soothing lotion in absorbing cotton. I watched the blood pulsing through the delicate veins on her white temples.

"A feeling of so much love and longing surged through me that my own heart seemed to stop beating—and miracle of miracles, when it resumed its regular work it seemed to me that it began to beat in time with the baby's. Having once experienced that thrill, I could not conceive of life without that little tune our hearts seemed to be singing together.

"In the kitchen Olga was polishing my wedding silver with so dull and listless an air, that it seemed nothing short of miraculous that it ever came out bright and shining. She turned such an apathetic face when I mentioned her name, that my compassionate and sympathetic frame of mind became almost pugnacious."

"It must have been the father who had some Olympian ancestor," interrupted Mrs. Jenney. "Poor soul, she never had and never would solve the problem of taking care of herself and that baby. She could marry an old sweetheart of hers if it was not for the baby. She begged me to let her keep the baby with her until she could find some one to adopt her. When I discovered that I was beside myself with joy.

"You girls may think I am crazy. You know grandma gave me \$300 to buy anything I wanted for a wedding present. It immediately popped into my head to buy that baby."

"My soul be on thy guard!" "What an idea!" "Just like Sylvia!" "In two hours' time I had that woman packed up, gave her my \$300. She promised never to come back and claim the child. She has gone."

"And the baby?" With her finger on her lip, Sylvia beckoned them into the next room. The baby was still asleep. Her yellow curls were damp on her forehead, one chubby hand tucked under her chin. A bare foot with the dearest, pinkest toes was peeping from under the cover. Sylvia glanced at the girls apprehensively. Their eyes were filled with tears, but Sylvia saw approbation and eternal allegiance to the new cause swimming in the tears.

"Have you really adopted that baby?" "What will Carl say?" "What will he do?" "Stillies, do you think if we women cannot resist that blessed lamb, that a mere man can?" (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

His Method. "How is it, colonel?" asked the hopeful young bunco-steerer, addressing the hoary-headed master of the craft, "that you have always been so successful in picking out juicy suckers and never have to waste your time on unprofitable subjects?" "I simply wait till I hear a man say that he is a pretty good judge of human nature," replied the veteran, "and then I know he is just what I am looking for."—Puck.

Apportioning the Task. "Mamma," said Bobby, at the conclusion of his nightly orison, "does Jesus hear prayers, too?" "Yes, dear," she said.

Bobby thought the matter over for a moment, and then said: "I s'pose Jesus listens to the little boys and girls, and God to the big folks."—Puck.

CONDITIONS OF CORN CONTEST

BASIS OF GRADING WORK AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING CONTESTANTS.

GOSSIP FROM STATE CAPITAL

Items of Interest Gathered from Reliable Sources and Presented in Condensed Form to Our Readers.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. The conditions for the 1914 Nebraska boys' corn contest, the first prize of which is a trip to Washington, D. C., has been announced by the extension department of the state farm. In the state contest, \$50, \$25 and \$10 are the first, second and third prizes offered, besides which there are five fourth prizes of \$5 each and ten fifth prizes of \$2 each. The state is divided into an eastern and western division, and the complete list of prizes will be awarded to the winners in each division, \$260 in all going to winners in the state contest. In each county where a contest is held under the direction of a county superintendent, prizes of \$10, \$5 and \$3 are offered. The Union Stock Yards company of Omaha contributes all the prizes.

The contest rules are as follows: Contestant must be a club member. Age, 10 to 18 years, inclusive. Each contestant shall agree to make a special study of securing, selecting, planting, cultivating and harvesting corn. Plot must be one acre, rectangular in shape. This acre may be part of a larger field which club member is caring for. The acre must be measured, corn husked and then weighed in the presence of two disinterested freeholders. Affidavit must be sent to county superintendent and state university agricultural extension department.

Corn must be weighed as per instructions sent out by the United States department of agriculture and the state department of agricultural extension. Ten ears of the corn must be exhibited at the county contest, and at the state contest.

In counties where no county contest is held, contestants are eligible to state prizes, but not to county prizes. No contestant shall be eligible to regular county or state prizes whose reports are not complete and who does not submit a written account, entitled, "How I Made My Crop of Corn."

In estimating profits, \$5.00 an acre shall be charged as rent of land. The work of each boy shall be estimated at 10 cents an hour, and the work of each horse at cents an hour. Manure will be charged at the rate of \$2.00 for each two horse wagon load. Enrollment closes June 1. Prizes will be awarded on the following basis:

- 1. Greatest yield per acre..... 30
 - 2. Best showing of profit on investment..... 30
 - 3. Quality and ten ear exhibit..... 30
 - 4. Best written crop report and history entitled, "How I Made My Crop of Corn"..... 20
- Total score..... 120

New Military Storehouse. The state board of educational lands and funds has completed a military storehouse on the state fair grounds and will soon remove all national guard stores from the basement of the state house to the new building. The board will also fit up two new rooms and two vaults in the basement of the state house for the use of the railway commission. After these rooms are fitted up the physical valuation department of the commission will be removed from the offices of the secretary of the senate on the second floor to the basement rooms. It was the original intention to move the physical valuation department to the fourth floor of the state house. The legislature appropriated \$1,500 for fitting up basement rooms. If the work costs more the excess will be paid out of funds of the railway commission.

Strawberries Valuable. "Farmers should not neglect the strawberry," says Secretary S. R. Duncan of the state horticultural society. "Every family should have a strawberry patch large enough to supply the household with fresh fruit throughout the berry season and enough surplus to can and preserve for winter use. Strawberries are the easiest fruit grown and bring quickest returns for the labor and money expended. Three hundred plants set out and well cared for ought, during an average season, supply a family of ordinary size with all the fruit they can use."

L. E. Wetting, for several years expert accountant in the employ of the Nebraska railway commission, has presented his resignation and it was accepted. He will sever his connection with the commission at once.

Impure Butter an Extravagance. The extravagance of producing cream and butter under unsanitary conditions is one of the things that is being emphasized at the second annual short course of the creamery butter makers in session at the state college of agriculture. Special emphasis is given in training men in practical work as station operators, factory men and butter makers. Owing to its practical nature a representative number of the dairy and creamery men of the state are in attendance.

The coming of cool weather will aid the fruit grower, declared Secretary J. R. Duncan of the State Horticultural society. The fruit men have no relish for a warm March. Such a month is likely to be followed by frost in April or May. Peach orchards are reported in excellent condition.

George S. Clair, the convict who disliked to obey prison rules on church attendance, has taken it all back, and has notified Warden Fenton that hereafter he'll be good and a regular attendant at chapel.

BOSWELL'S HOME IN DANGER

One of Few Examples of Domestic Architecture of Inigo Jones Likely Soon to Be Torn Down.

London.—London is in danger of losing one of the very few examples she has left of the domestic architecture of Inigo Jones, or, at any rate, of his school. This is the beautiful plastered black house now numbered 55 and 56 in Great Queen street and next to the headquarters of the Free Masons. The western portion of this building, No. 55, is built over the archway leading into New Yard, and is in the occupation of a firm of pencil manufacturers. The remainder and larger part of the house is made particularly interesting by the fact that, according to the London county council tablet let into the wall, James Boswell, the bi-



Boswell's House in London, England.

ographer of Dr. Johnson, once lived there. Indeed, it is as Boswell's house that most people recognize this beautiful building.

The construction of Great Queen street was begun in 1655, and there were 15 houses erected on the south side before 1623. Then came Inigo Jones, or his pupil Webb, to finish this side, which was originally intended to form one of the sides of a square. Nos. 55 and 56 are all that remain of this typical work of the Inigo Jones period. They were built between 1645 and 1660.

The street in its day was considered very grand. It must have been very beautiful, too, to judge by these fragments which remain, and which are now, it would seem, threatened with destruction.

In addition to the Boswell and the Inigo Jones connections there are other reasons which make it desirable that this house should, if possible, be saved to London. Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is said to have lived here, and if so, Reynolds must have served there from 1740 to 1745.

The names of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, James Hoole, Kitty Clive and many other famous people are also linked with the house, although there must be a good deal of guesswork connected with some of these.

LITTLE GIRL KILLS A BEAR

Attacked by Beast She Stops Its Charge With Rifle Bullets in His Brain.

Everett, Wash.—Ivy Thompson, fifteen-year-old Everett girl, rented a 22-caliber rifle from a sporting goods store and within a few hours had shot and killed a black bear within the city limits. The animal weighed, dressed, 300 pounds.

When the girl opened fire the bear was charging her. Miss Thompson planted two bullets in the animal's brain that brought Bruin to a dead stop at her feet.

Accompanied by her father, her uncle and her brother, the girl started out through Pigeon Gulch in search of a wildcat. Gyp, their dog, started out on a hot trail. They thought he was after a wildcat, but found he had treed a black bear. The animal hid in the hollow of a tree, but the men smoked the bear out. Ivy let fly a 22-caliber bullet at the animal. She missed and the bear charged her.

The girl did not lose her nerve, but throwing another shell into the rifle she fired again, this time hitting Bruin in the head. Another bullet killed the animal.

Quarrels With Wife, Whipped. Wilmington, Del.—When John Cavanaugh became quarrelsome with his wife she fled to the Rev. John Lynch, who answered her appeal for help. As a result Cavanaugh received blackened eyes and four fractured ribs.

When Youngsters Are at Their Best. Borton.—Girls and boys are at their best—mentally and physically—at 10 a. m., any day in January or early February, according to Frank E. Lahey of the English high school. At 4 p. m., they are at their worst, says Lahey.

One Way to Reach Heaven. New York.—If you want to go to heaven, chew your food well, says Dr. Louis R. Welschmiller, Y. M. C. A. physical director. "Quick lunches drive dyspeptics to the other place," said he.

DIZZY, HEADACHY, SICK, "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, distress, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Famous Authors Receive.

More than twenty famous authors held a reception at the Caxton hall, London, on Tuesday afternoon, February 3. They gave ten minute readings from their own works and autographed their books for sale by auction. The list of celebrities on the platform included Cicely Hamilton, Beatrice Harraden, Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, G. R. Sims and Eder Phillipotts.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Economy in Fuel. "The baby has been playing in the coal bin!" "Have the nurse wash him thoroughly and see that she saves all the coal dust."

Never Before Midnight. He—Does your husband stay out late at night? She—No; he generally comes in late at night.

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa.—"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache."



"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS