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The THOUSANDTH WOMAN by ERNEST W. HORNING. Author of 'The Amateur Cracksmen', 'Raffles', etc. ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIV—Continued. Toye cocked his head at both questions and answer, but inclined it quickly as Cazalet turned to him before proceeding.

"I went in and found Henry Craven lying in his blood. That's gospel—it was so I found him—lying just where he had fallen in a heap out of the leather chair at his desk. The top-right-hand drawer of his desk was open, the key in it and the rest of the bunch still swinging! A revolver lay as it had dropped upon the desk—it had upset the ink—and there were cartridges lying loose in the open drawer, and the revolver was loaded. I swept it back into the drawer, turned the key and removed it with the bunch. But there was something else on the desk—that silver-mounted truncheon—and a man's cap was lying on the floor. I picked them both up. My first instinct, I confess it, was to remove every sign of manslaughter and to leave the scene to be reconstructed into one of accident—seizure—anything but what it was!"

He paused as if waiting for a question. None was asked. Toye's mouth might have been sewn up, his eyes were like hatpins driven into his head. The other two simply stared.

"It was a mad idea, but I had gone mad," continued Cazalet. "I had hated the victim alive, and it couldn't change me that he was dead or dying; that didn't make him a white man, and neither did it necessarily blacken the poor devil who had probably suffered from him like the rest of us and only struck him down in self-defense. The revolver on the desk made that pretty plain. It was out of the way, but now I saw blood all over the desk as well; it was soaking into the blotter, and it knocked the bottom out of my idea. What was to be done? I had meddled already; how could I give the alarm without giving myself away to that extent, and God knows how much further? The most awful moment of the lot came as I hesitated—the dinner-gong went off in the hall outside the door! I remember watching the thing on the floor to see if it would move.

"Then I lost my head—absolutely. I turned the key in the door, to give myself a few seconds' grace or start; it reminded me of the keys in my hands. One of them was one of those little round brass keys. It seemed familiar to me even after so many years. I looked up, and there was my father's Michael Angelo closet, with its little, round brass keyhole. I opened it as the other door was knocked at and then tried. But my mad instinct of altering every possible appearance, to mislead the police, stuck to me to the last. And I took the man's watch and chain into the closet with me, as well as the cap and truncheon that I had picked up before.

"I don't know how long I was above ground, so to speak, but one of my father's objects had been to make his retreat sound tight, and I could scarcely hear what was going on in the room. That encouraged me; and two of you don't need telling how I got out through the foundations, because you know all about the hole I made myself as a boy in the floor under the oilcloth. It took some finding with single matches; but the fear of your neck gives you eyes in your finger-ends, and gimlets, too, by Jove! The worst part was getting out at the other end, into the cellars; there were heaps of empty bottles to move, one by one, before there was room to open the manhole door and to squirm out over the slab; and I thought they rang like a peal of bells, but I put them all back again, and apparently nobody overheard in the scullery.

"The big dog barked at me like blazes—he did again the other day—but nobody seemed to hear him either. I got to my boat, tipped a fellow on the towing path to take it back and pay for it—why haven't the police got hold of him?—and ran down to the bridge over the weir. I stopped a big car with a smart shaver smoking his pipe at the wheel. I should have thought he'd have come forward for the reward that was put up; but I pretended I was late for dinner I had in town, and I let him drop me at the Grand Hotel. He cost me a fiver, but I had on a waistcoat lined with notes, and I'd more than five minutes to hand at Charing Cross. If you want to know, it was the time in hand that gave me the whole idea of doubling back to Genoa; I must have been half-way up to town before I thought of it!"

He had told the whole thing as he always could tell an actual experience; that was one reason why it rang so true to one listener at every point. But the sick man's sunken eyes had advanced from their sockets in cumulative amazement. And Hilton Toye laughed shortly when the end was reached.

"You figure some on our credulity!" was his first comment. "I don't figure on anything from you, Toye, except a pair of handcuffs as a first installment!"

"You're right," said Cazalet, "but I'm an accessory all right—he dropped his voice—but I'd be principal if I could instead of him!"

But Toye had come back into the room, twinkling with triumph, even rubbing his hands. "You didn't see? You didn't see? I never meant to go at all; it was a bit of bluff to make him own up, and it did, too, bully!"

The couple gasped. "You mean to tell me," cried Cazalet, "that you believed my story all the time?" "Why, I didn't have a moment's doubt about it!"

Cazalet drew away from the chuckling creature and his crafty glee. But Blanche came forward and held out her hand. "Will you forgive me, Mr. Toye?" "Sure, if I had anything to forgive it's the other way around, I guess, and about time I did something to help." He edged up to the folding door. "This is a two-man job, Cazalet, the way I make it out. Guess it's my watch on deck!"

"The other's the way to the police station," said Cazalet densely. Toye turned solemn on the word. "It's the way to hell, if Miss Blanche will forgive me! This is more like the other place, thanks to you folks. Guess I'll leave the angels in charge!"

Angelic or not, the pair were alone at last; and through the doors they heard a quavering croak of welcome to the rather human god from the American machine. "I'm afraid he'll never go back with you to the bush," whispered Blanche. "Scruton?" "Yes."

"I'm afraid, too. But I wanted to take somebody else out, too. I was trying to say so over a week ago, when we were talking about old Venus Potts. Blanche, will you come?" (THE END)

ONE ON THE FLOORWALKER Presumably He Knew Duties of His Position, But He Was Not Proficient in Spelling.

The worst thing about the following is that it is true, and what's more, that it happened in one of Pittsburgh's stores.

The girl, stylishly attired, stepped up to the still more stylishly attired floorwalker and inquired where she would find the chiffon. The floorwalker consulted a notebook. Her surprise came when he gravely told her that they did not keep chiffon.

"Why!" she gasped, "you cannot possibly mean that." In her eagerness she stepped closer to the stylishly attired man than Eleanor Gale says a stylishly attired woman should, and looked over his shoulder at the notebook.

"Oh! I see," she said, flatly, as she moved off to ask the girl at the glove counter about the chiffons. The man had been looking under the s's.—Baltimore Star.

Trapping Partridges. How partridges are trapped in Virginia and North Carolina, in the winter, is described as follows: A net measuring from 15 to 30 feet, and about eight inches high, is put down with stanchions, horizontally in the center is an opening similar to the hoop nets for fishing, the opening in the net is cone-shaped, diminishing in size. The netter mounts a horse and starts at the distant side of the field, riding in a walk backward and forward, his objective point being the net. If he encounters a bunch of birds they will run before the horse as he then begins to so direct his horse as to drive them to the net, being always careful not to flush them. When he reaches the net the birds discover the opening and enter, the whole process being similar to driving sheep into a pen. When the birds are safe the netter dismounts and secures his game.

Food by Proxy. Most of us know some particular food or drink, the desire for which is stimulated in us by reading about it. But the writing must be skillful, or it not skillful, artlessly good. The cruder method of the stage produces the same effect; all smokers have experienced the almost overwhelming desire to smoke which comes upon them when someone lights a cigarette on the stage; these strange and rapid restaurant meals of the fashionable theater, when a party sits down at a table and is whirled through six courses in about five minutes, surrounded by champagne bottles in ice buckets and trays of liquors, have an absurdly exciting effect.

Not a Nation of Singers. In this country, though we have produced many fine voices, we have never become a nation of singers. There are, it is true, in most of the leading cities choral societies, but the singing of large groups of people is comparatively uncommon among us. Here is a matter for regret, for among all large bodies of singers where there has been more or less training the effect is beautiful and inspiring. In fact, there are few things in music more impressive than the singing of hundreds of voices.

Throttling a Scourge. Prediction is made by government health officials that in a few more years typhoid fever will be almost as rare as smallpox. This prophecy is based on the rapidly increasing use of the vaccine and consequent immunization of entire localities from the disease.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SMILLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.) (Copyright, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 23 EASTER LESSON.

LESSON TEXT—I Cor. 15:1-28. GOLDEN TEXT—Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep.—I Cor. 15:20.

If teachers can impress indelibly upon the minds of their scholars the fact that Jesus rose from the dead and is as truly alive today as when walking the hills of Galilee this repetition of the Easter story will not be vain. For the pupils to take notes of the points of the argument and to recite upon those notes at the end of the class hour would greatly help to fix the facts in their minds. This account considered today is perhaps the oldest written record we have of this great fact, written about 56 A. D., hence the significance of verse six.

I. The Triumphant Fact (vs. 1-4). If Christian workers would be more familiar with this passage they would more intelligently understand what the term "Gospel" means. The fact of the resurrection loomed larger in Paul's mind than the virgin birth; the former was and is the greater miracle. This, one of the supreme chapters of the Bible, tells us what the Gospel is, and what its results are to be. (1) What it is. Not a new cure for tuberculosis, nor a new social environment, but the good news of one who was God incarnate (Paul does not use his earthly name Jesus), Christ the Anointed One, who died for our sins just as the Scriptures had foretold, and was buried. On the third day, "according to the Scriptures," He rose again and is now and ever shall be alive. Any Gospel that ignores the incarnation, passion and resurrection of Jesus is false to the Scriptures and a lie. (2) The result of preaching or testifying to this great program is twofold: first, salvation, "saved, restored to right relations with God;" and second, perseverance, "wherein you stand." The "God-story," good news, evangel or gospel—they are all the same—is "the power of God unto salvation," and the strong doctrine of the resurrection will cause men to walk straight, to stand upright. "Christ died for my sins according to the Scriptures" (Isa. 53:5-10).

II. Witnesses to the Fact (vs. 5-12). Paul (v. 3) received the resurrection truth from many witnesses, whom he proceeds to enumerate, for it was not a matter of his own invention. The incredulity of the disciples at the first is frankly recorded (Luke 24:12). Jesus did not appear first to John, Pilate or the Sanhedrin, but to a woman, and the change of the apostles from a spirit of despair to that of confident, joyous certainty was most astonishing. There are eleven recorded appearances of Jesus after his resurrection, and not one of them was made to his enemies. Paul does not mention all of the appearances. He is probably naming only those persons, witnesses of his appearances, with whom he had conversed, or at least a few from each group. (1) Peter, referred to indirectly in Luke 24:34; (2) the apostles, to be exact, the first ten, Judas being dead and Thomas absent; (3) the apostles with Thomas present; (4) five hundred, the only record of this great company, though perhaps implied in the "brethren" of Matt. 28:10. "Half a thousand witnesses are enough to establish any case." Of those the greater number were alive twenty-five years after the event; (5) James, probably our Lord's brother, the honored head of the Jerusalem church; (6) "Then all the apostles," a larger circle than the twelve (see Luke 28:48, Acts 1:6-8). This may have been the appearance in the morn at the Sea of Galilee; (7) "me also."

III. The Fact Applied. (vs. 13-20). The Corinthians, to whom Paul was writing, did not deny Christ's immortality, but seemed to deny that the same power which had raised him could be applied to us who are only human. Paul answers this by presenting four arguments:

(1) The resurrection of Christ proves the possibility of the resurrection from the dead, if only of Jesus. The Sadducees taught the contrary. The Stoics taught that the dead were re-absorbed in God. To say Christ is not risen is to claim death as annihilation, to destroy faith in Jesus (v. 14) and to impugn the testimony of those who had seen him (v. 15). A dead Christ means dead Christians (v. 17) and our heaviest sorrow will be to face the grave (v. 18).

(2) The Christian is "in Christ," and his resurrection carries ours with it. Paul's emphasis upon this term "in Christ" (vs. 18, 19, 22, 23 and elsewhere) is important to note.

(3) Christ, the second Adam, brings life; our common human nature dies like as the first Adam, but our second Adam rose and "in him" we live.

(4) If Christ conquered death only for himself it was no real victory, nor could he give back to the Father a redeemed world. Death is the last "enemy" for until sin is banished it will be present (Rom. 6:23).



"You Broke Your Side of the Contract, Miss Blanche."