

Eating for Strength.

The greatest pleasure to be derived from eating is the pleasure one gets in the knowledge that his food is giving him greater strength and vitality.

Because of this fact there is a constant increase in the consumption of Quaker Oats; every time the strength making qualities of Quaker Oats have been tested by scientific investigation or by experiments in families it has been found to be a food without an equal.

It builds the muscles and brain without taxing the digestive organs; it costs so little anyone can afford it, and it is so carefully prepared and packed that it is absolutely pure and clean. A Quaker Oats eating family is always a healthy family.

Quaker Oats is packed in regular size packages and also in large size family packages. The latter very convenient for those not near the store.

NO PLACE FOR A PAINTER.



Visitor—Does the painter Mater live here? Landlady—No; they are all respectable people in this house.

RECIPE FOR CATARRH.

Furnished by High Medical Authority. Gives Prompt Results.

The only logical treatment for catarrh is through the blood. A prescription which has recently proved wonderfully effective in hospital work is the following. It is easily mixed.

"One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint first-class whiskey." These to be mixed by shaking well in a bottle, and used in tablespoon doses before each meal and at bedtime.

The ingredients can be gotten from any well stocked drugstore, or he will get them from his wholesale house.

Worth the Expense.

The story that Sir John Fisher of the British admiralty tells with the greatest enjoyment—and he tells many, and all with zest—is of an old boat-swain on his flagship who fell into a little money and retired. One day the admiral visited him at his country box, to find the old sailor possessed of an apparently useless man servant.

"What do you want with him?" asked Fisher.

"Every morning," explained the old sailor, "he comes to me 'ammock and tells me to roll 'out. 'The h'admiral wants to see you," he says to me. 'I'and I says to 'im, 'Tell the h'admiral to go to 'ell,' says 'H."

Misery.

The neighbor's dog sits out on the front lawn and howls dully. The man in the window looks out and yells: "Sh-h-h, you beast!" The dog continues to howl. The man again comes to the window and this time hurls a shoe at the dog. Still the animal howls. Another shoe follows. The next day the man's wife goes around in her stocking feet because she can't find her shoes. The man hasn't the price of another pair of shoes for her, and the next night the dog howls louder than ever.

Christmas Post Cards Free.

Send 2c stamp for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Christmas, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 792 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

Not Expecting Too Much.

"I suppose your remarks in congress will be listened to with great interest?"

"My friend," said the statesman, "in congress a man is lucky to get a chance to make a speech without expecting people to listen to it."

The danger from slight cuts or wounds is always blood poisoning. The immediate application of Hobbins Wizard Oil makes blood poisoning impossible.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, and the last duty well done.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder cigar.

Good company and good discourses are the very sinews of virtue.—Izaak Walton.

DOCTOR YOURSELF

When you feel a cold coming on by taking a few doses of Perry Davis' Painkiller, it is better than Quinine and Saker. The large size bottles are the cheapest.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.



ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry Donovan, sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Gillespie lay on his back, wrapped in my dressing-gown, his knees raised, his handkerchiefs folded across his chest. Since bringing him into the house I had studied him carefully and, I must confess, with increasing mystification. He was splendidly put up, the best-muscled man I had ever seen who was not a professional athlete. His forearms and clean-shaven face were brown from prolonged tanning by the sun, but otherwise his skin was the pink and white of a healthy baby. His short light hair was combed smoothly away from a broad forehead; his blue eyes were perfectly steady—they even invited and held scrutiny; when he was not speaking he closed his lips tightly.

I half believed the fellow to be amusing himself at my expense; but he met my eyes calmly. If I had not caught a lunatic I had certainly captured an odd specimen of humanity. He was the picture of wholesome living and sound health; but he talked like a fool. The idea of a young woman like Helen Holbrook giving two thoughts to a silly youngster like this was preposterous, and my heart hardened against him.

"You are flippant, Mr. Gillespie, and my errand with you is serious. There are places in this house where I could lock you up and you would never see your button factory again. You seem to have had some education—"

"The word does me great honor, Donovan. They chuckled me from Yale in my junior year. Why, you may ask? Well, it happened this way: You know Rooney, the Bellefontaine Cyclone? He struck New Haven with a vaudeville outfit, giving exhibitions, poking the bag and that sort of fake. At every town they invited the local sports to dig up their brightest amateur middle-weight and put him against the Cyclone for five rounds. I brushed my hair the wrong way for a disguise and went against him."

"And got smashed for your trouble, I hope," I interrupted.

"No. The boys in the gallery cheered so that they fussed him, and he thought I was fruit. We shook hands, and he turned his head to snarl at the applause, and, seeing an opening, I smashed him a hot clip in the chin, and he tumbled backward and broke the ring rope. I vaulted the orchestra and bolted, and when the boys finally found me I was over near Waterbury under a barn. 'E'll wouldn't stand for it, and back I went to the button factory; and here I am, sir, by the grace of God, an ignorant man."

"How did you find your way here, Gillespie?" I demanded.

"I suppose I ought to explain that," he replied. I waited while he reflected for a moment. He seemed to be quite serious, and his brows wrinkled as he pondered.

"I guessed it about half and for the rest, I followed the heaven-kissing stack of trunks."

He glanced at me quickly, as though anxious to see how I received his words.

"Have you seen anything of Henry Holbrook in your travels? Be careful now; I want the truth."

"I certainly have not. I hope you don't think—" Gillespie hesitated.

"It's not a matter for thinking or guessing; I've got to know."

"On my honor I have not seen him, and I have no idea where he is."

I had thrown myself into a chair beside the couch and lighted my pipe. My captive troubled me. It seemed odd that he had found the abiding place of the two women; and if he had succeeded so quickly, why might not Henry Holbrook have equal luck?

"You probably know this troublesome brother well," I ventured.

"Yes; as well as a man of my age can know an older man. My father's place at Stamford adjoined the Holbrook estate. Henry and Arthur Holbrook married sisters; both women died long ago, I believe; but the brothers had a business row and went to smash. Arthur embezzled, forged, and so on, and took to the altitudinous timber, and Henry has been busy ever since trying to pluck his sister. He's wild on the subject of his wrongs—ruined by his own brother, deprived of his inheritance by his sister and abandoned by his only child. There wasn't much to Arthur Holbrook; Henry was the genius, but after the bank went to the bad he sought the consolations of rum. He and Henry married the Hartridge twins who were the reigning Baltimore belles in the early '80s—so runeth the chronicle. But I gossip, my dear, sir; I gossip, but it is against my principles. Even the humble button king of Strawberry Hill must draw the line."



"I Suppose I Ought to Explain That."

When Ijima brought in a plate of sandwiches he took one gingerly in his swathed hand, regarded it with cool inquiry, and as he munched it, remarked upon sandwiches in general as though they were botanical specimens that were usually discussed and analyzed in a scientific spirit.

"The sandwich," he began, "not unhappily expresses one of the saddest traits of our American life. I need hardly refer to our deplorable national habit of hiding our shame under a blithe and misleading exterior. Chicken sandwiches in some parts of the world are rather coarsely marked, for purposes of identification, with pinfeathers. You may covet no nobler fame than that of erator of the Flying Sandwich of Annandale. Yet the feathered sandwich, though more picturesque, points rather too directly to the strutting lords of the barnyard. A sandwich that is decorated like a fall bonnet, that suggests, we will say, the milliner's window—or the plumed knights of sounding war—"

With a little sigh, a slow relaxation of muscles, Mr. Gillespie slept. I locked the doors, put out the lights, and tumbled into my own bed as the chapel clock chimed two.

In the disturbed affairs of the night the blinds had not been drawn, and I woke to find the room flooded with light and my prisoner gone. The doors were locked as I had left them. Mr. Gillespie had departed by the window, dropping from a little balcony to the terrace beneath. I rang for Ijima and sent him to the pier; and before I had finished shaving the boy was back, and reported Gillespie's boat still at the pier, but one of the canoes missing. It was clear that in the sorry plight of his arms Gillespie had preferred paddling to rowing. Beneath my watch on the writing table I found a sheet of note-paper on which was scrawled:

Dear Old Man, I am having one of those nightmares I mentioned in our delightful conversation. I feel that I am about to walk in my sleep. As my blankets are a trifle buggy, pardon loss of your dressing-gown. Yours, R. G.

P. S.—I am willing to pay for the glass and medical attention; but I want a rebate for that third sandwich. It really tickled too harshly as it went down. Very likely this accounts for my somnambulism.

When I had dressed and had my coffee I locked my old portfolio and tossed it into the bottom of my trunk. Something told me that for a while, at least, I should have other occupation than contributing to the literature of Russian geography.

CHAPTER IV.

I Explore Tippecanoe Creek.

My first care was to find the garden of St. Agatha's and renew his pledge of silence of the night before; and then I sought the ladies, to make sure that they had not been disturbed by my collision with Gillespie. Miss Pat and Helen were in Sister Theresa's pretty sitting room, through whose windows the morning wind blew fresh and cool.

"This is a day for the open! You must certainly venture forth!" I began, cheerily. "You see, Father Stoddard chafe well; this is the most peaceful place on the map. Let us begin with a drive at six, when the sun is low; or, maybe, you would prefer a little run in the launch."

They exchanged glances.

"I think it would be all right, Aunt Pat," said Helen.

"Perhaps we should wait another day. We must take no chances; the

relief of being free is too blessed to throw away. I really slept through the night—I can't tell you what a boon that is!"

"Why, Sister Margaret had to call us both at eight!" exclaimed Helen. "That is almost too wonderful for belief!"

"Oh, the nights here are tranquility itself! Now, as to the drive—"

"Let us wait another day, Mr. Donovan. I feel that we must make assurance doubly sure," said Miss Pat; and this, of course, was final.

It was clear that the capture of Gillespie had not disturbed the slumber of St. Agatha's. My conscience pricked me a trifle at leaving them so ignorantly contented; but Gillespie's appearance was hardly a menace, and though I had pledged myself to warn Helen Holbrook at the first sign of trouble, I determined to deal with him on my own account. He was only an infatuated fool, and I was capable, I hoped, of disposing of his case without taking any one into my confidence. But first it was my urgent business to find him.

I got out the launch and crossed the lake to the summer colony and began my search by asking for Gillespie at the casino, but found that his name was unknown. I lunched about until lunch time, visited the golf course that lay on a bit of upland beyond the cottages and watched the players until satisfied that Gillespie was not among them, then I went home for luncheon.

A man with bandaged arms, and clad in a dressing gown, cannot go far without attracting attention; and I was not in the least discouraged by my fruitless search. I have spent considerable part of my life in the engaging occupation of looking for men who were hard to find, and as I smoked my cigar on the shady terrace and waited for Ijima to replenish the launch's tank, I felt confident that before night I should have an understanding with Gillespie if he were still in the neighborhood of Annandale.

The midday was warm, but I cooled my eyes on the deep shadows of the wood, through which at intervals I saw white sails flash on the lake. All bird-song was hushed, but a woodpecker on a dead sycamore hammered away for dear life. The bobbing of his red head must have exercised some hypnotic spell, for I slept a few minutes, and dreamed that the woodpecker had bored a hole in my forehead. When I roused it was with a start that sent my pipe clattering to the stone terrace floor. A man who has ever camped or hunted or been hunted—and I have known all three experiences—always scrutinizes the horizons when he wakes, and I found myself staring into the wood. As my eyes sought remembered landmarks here and there, I saw a man dressed as a common sailor skulking toward the boathouse several hundred yards away. He was evidently following the school wall to escape observation, and I rose and stepped closer to the balustrade to watch his movements. In a moment he came out into a little open space wherein stood a stone tower where water was stored for the house, and he paused here and gazed about him curiously. I picked up a field-glass from a little table near by and caught sight of a swarthy foreign face under a soft felt hat. He passed the tower and walked on toward the lake, and I dropped over the balustrade and followed him.

The Japanese boy was still at work



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Miss Julia Marlowe

"I am glad to write my endorsement of the great remedy, Peruna. I do so most heartily."—Julia Marlowe. Any remedy that benefits digestion strengthens the nerves. The nerve centers require nutrition. If the digestion is impaired, the nerve centers become anemic, and nervous debility is the result.

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For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, have the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

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Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin.

It is an excellent antiseptic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuralgia or rheumatic pains.

All druggists keep Sloan's Liniment. Price 25c. 50c., & \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, BOSTON, MASS.



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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Supposed Relic of St. Peter.

It is announced that a remarkably interesting discovery has been made in the catacombs of Priscilla at Rome in the form of the following inscription: "In isto loco Petrus fuit." Signor Marucchi, the eminent archaeologist, is convinced, after careful study of circumstances, that the Petrus is none other than the Apostle St. Peter.