

## NEW THEORY IS RAPIDLY SPREADING OVER COUNTRY

L. T. Cooper's theory concerning the human stomach, which he claims to prove, with his new medicine, is being given more respect and comment every day.

Cooper claims that 90 per cent. of all ill health is due to stomach trouble. When interviewed about his theory recently, he said: "Stomach trouble is the great curse of the 20th century so far as the civilized races are concerned. Practically all of the chronic ill health of this generation is caused by abnormal stomachic conditions. In earlier days, when the human race was closer to nature, and men and women worked all day out of doors, digging their frugal existence from the soil, the tired, droopy, half-sick people that are now so common, did not exist.

"To be sure, there was sickness in those days, but it was of a virulent character, and only temporary. There was none of this half-sick condition all the time with which so many are afflicted nowadays.

"I know positively that every bit of this chronic ill health is caused by stomach trouble. The human stomach in civilized people today is degenerate. It lacks tone and strength. This weakness has gradually come through a sedentary existence. I further know that few people can be sick with the digestive apparatus in perfect shape. The sole reason for my success is because my New Discovery medicine tones the stomach up to required strength in about six weeks' time. That is why I have had more people come and thank me wherever I have gone to introduce my medicine, than I have had time to talk with."

Among the immense numbers of people who are now strong believers in Cooper's theory and medicine is Mrs. M. E. Delano, a prominent resident of the suburb of Brookline, Boston, Mass. She says: "For several years I was broken in health, caused primarily by stomach and nerve troubles. I gradually became worse, until recently I was compelled to go without solid food for days at a time. I had sour stomach, palpitation of the nerves of stomach and heart, dyspepsia, and extreme nervousness. I suffered terribly with insomnia, and my liver, bowels and whole system gradually became deranged. I felt instant relief the first day I began this Cooper medicine. I now feel like a new being. Today I walked all over town, shopping—something I have not done for years.

"I make this statement wholly from a sense of duty. I feel I owe it to anyone who might find relief and renewed happiness as I have done."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

### A PARADOX.



Manager—That drinking song went very badly tonight.  
Stage Director—I know. The tenor had been drinking.

### DOWNWARD COURSE.

Kidney Troubles Grow Worse Every Year.

Charles S. Bailey, 808 Locust St., Yankton, S. Dak., says: "I suffered agony from kidney complaint and was almost helpless. The disease grew worse each year although I doctored and used many remedies. There were excruciating pains in my back and the urine passed too freely. Doan's Kidney Pills gradually helped me and soon I was cured. Some years ago I recommended them and have had no trouble since."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers, 50 cent a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



The Irish of Shakespeare. An Englishman and an Irishman were having an argument on the subject of Shakespeare. "I defy you," said the former, "to find a single Irish character in the whole of his works."

"Well, I can give you two, at all events," replied the Irishman. "Miss O'Phelia and Corry O'Lanus." He forgot Hamlet's intimate friend, who stood beside him while he was contemplating his uncle in devotion, and observed: "Now, would I do it, Pat, while he is praying."—Springfield Republican.

Every man should keep a fair sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—Beecher.

# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
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### SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance 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. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, author for the hand of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan found an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love for Helen. She was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$20,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie, suggested and bound in a cabin inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind, a "voice" appealed to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befall him. He went to Red Gate. At the canoe-maker's home, Donovan found the brothers—Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other in consultation. "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan returning met Gillespie alone in the dead of night. On investigation he found Henry Holbrook, the sailor, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosalind, who by night he had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mis-put. Her father, Arthur Holbrook, was the canoe-maker, while Helen's father was Henry Holbrook, the sailing brother. This cousin, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. Thus Helen's supposed duplicity was explained. Helen visited Donovan, asking his assistance in bringing Miss Patricia Holbrook and Henry Holbrook together for a settlement of their money affairs, which had kept them apart for many years. Donovan refused to aid. He met Gillespie and planned a coup. His making Gillespie give a number of forged notes to Rosalind, who he supposed was Helen, so closely did they resemble each other. Helen accepted the way for settlement of the Holbrook troubles. Gillespie had possessed the only evidence of Rosalind's divorce. The evidence is securely hidden. Helen suddenly appeared. Donovan prepared to substitute Rosalind for her.

### CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"She believes that I forged the Gillespie notes and ruined her father. Henry has undoubtedly told her so."

"Yes; and he has used her to get them away from young Gillespie. There's no question about that. But I have the notes, and I propose holding them for your protection. But I don't want to use them if I can help it."

"I appreciate what you are doing for me," he said quietly, but his eyes were still troubled and I saw that he had little faith in the outcome.

"Your sister is disposed to deal generously with Henry. She does not know where the dishonor lies."

"We are all honorable men," he replied bitterly, slowly pacing the floor. His sleeves were rolled away from his sun-browned arms, his shirt was open at the throat, and though he wore the rough clothes of a mechanic he looked more the artist at work in a rural studio than the canoe-maker of the Tippecanoe. He walked to a window and looked down for a moment upon the singing creek, then came back to me and spoke in a different tone.

"I have given these years of my life to protecting my brother, and they must not be wasted. I have nothing to say against him; I shall keep silent."

"He has forfeited every right. Now is your time to punish him," I said; but Arthur Holbrook only looked at me pityingly.

"I don't want revenge, Mr. Donovan, but I am almost in a mood for justice," he said with a rueful smile; and just then Rosalind entered the shop.

"Is my fate decided?" she demanded.

"The sight of her seemed to renew the canoe-maker's distress, and I led the way at once to the door. I think that in spite of my efforts to be gay and to carry the affair off lightly, we all felt that the day was momentous.

"When shall I expect you back?" asked Holbrook, when we had reached the launch.

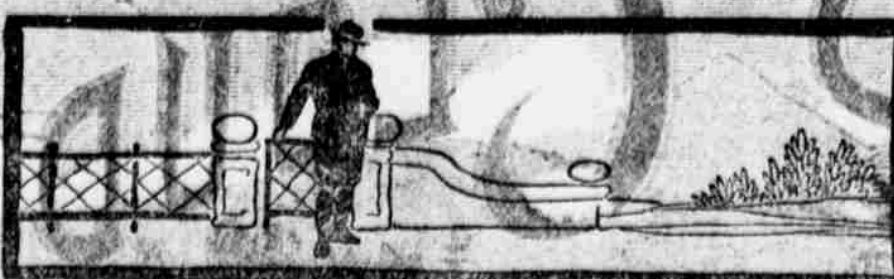
"Early to-night," I answered.

"But if anything should happen here?" The tears flashed in Rosalind's eyes, and she clung a moment to his hand.

"He will hardly be troubled by daylight, and this evening he can send up a rocket if any one molests him. Go ahead, him!"

As we cleared Battle Orchard and sped on toward Glenarm there was a sting in the wind, and Lake Annandale had fretted itself into foam. We saw the Siletto running prettily before the wind along the Glenarm shore, and I stopped the engine before crossing her wake and let the launch jump the waves. Helen would not, I hoped, believe me capable of attempting to palm off Rosalind on Miss Pat; and I had no wish to undecieve her. My passenger had wrapped herself in my mackintosh and taken my cap, so that at the distance at which we passed she was not recognizable.

Sister Margaret was waiting for us at the Glenarm pier. I had been a lit-



Had Wrapped Herself in My Mackintosh and Taken My Cap.

tle afraid of Sister Margaret. It was presuming a good deal to take her into the conspiracy, and I stood by in apprehension while she scrutinized Rosalind. She was clearly bewildered and drew close to the girl, as Rosalind threw off the wet mackintosh and flung down the dripping cap.

"Will she do, Sister Margaret?"

"I believe she will; I really believe she will!" And the sister's face brightened with relief. She had a color in her face that I had not seen before, as the joy of the situation took hold of her. She was, I realized, a woman after all, and a young woman at that, with a heart not hardened against life's daily adventures.

"It is time for luncheon. Miss Pat expects you, too."

"Then I must leave you to instruct Miss Holbrook and carry off the first meeting. Miss Holbrook has been—"

"—For a long walk"—the sister supplied—"and will enter St. Agatha's parlor a little tired from her tramp. She shall go at once to her room—with me. I have put out a white gown for her; and at luncheon we will talk only of safe things."

"And I shall have this bouquet of sweet peas," added Rosalind, "that I brought from a farmer's garden near by, as an offering for Aunt Pat's birthday. And you will both be there to keep me from making mistakes."

"Then after luncheon we shall drive until Miss Pat's birthday dinner; and the dinner shall be on the terrace at Glenarm, which is even now being decorated for a fete occasion. And before the night is old Helen shall be back. Good luck attend us all!" I said; and we parted in the best of spirits.

I had forgotten Gillespie, and was surprised to find him at the table in my room, absorbed in business papers.

"Button, button, who's got the button!" he chanted as he looked me over. "You appear to have been swimming in your clothes. I had my mail sent out here. I've got to shut down the factory at Ponsocott. The thought of it bores me extravagantly. What time's luncheon?"

"Whenever you ring three times, I'm lurching out."

"Ladies!" he asked, raising his brows. "You appear to be a little social favorite; couldn't you get me in on something? How about dinner?"

"I am myself entertaining at dinner; and your name isn't on the list, I'm sorry to say, Buttons. But to-morrow! Everything will be possible to-morrow. I expect Miss Pat and Helen here to-night. It's Miss Pat's birthday, and I want to make it a happy day for her. She's going to settle with Henry as soon as some preliminaries are arranged, so the war's nearly over."

"She can't settle with him until something definite is known about Arthur. If he's really dead—"

"I've promised to settle that; but I must hurry now. Will you meet me at the Glenarm boathouse at eight? If I'm not there, wait. I shall have something for you to do."

"Meanwhile I'm turned out of your house, am I? But I positively decline to go until I'm fed."

As I got into a fresh coat he played a lively tune on the electric bell, and I left him giving his orders to the butler.

I was reassured by the sound of voices as I passed under the windows of St. Agatha's, and Sister Margaret met me in the hall with a smiling face.

"Luncheon waits. We will go out at

once. Everything has passed off smoothly, perfectly."

I did not dare look at Rosalind until we were seated in the dining room. Her sweet peas graced the center of the round table, and Sister Margaret had placed them in a tall vase so that Rosalind was well screened from her aunt's direct gaze. The sister had managed admirably. Rosalind's hair was swept up in exactly Helen's pompadour; and in one of Helen's white gowns, with Helen's own particular shade of scarlet ribbon at her throat and wrist, the resemblance was even more complete than I had thought it before. But we were cast at once upon deep waters.

"Helen, where did you find that article on Charles Lamb you read the other evening? I have looked for it everywhere."

Rosalind took rather more time than was necessary to help herself to the asparagus, and my heart sank; but Sister Margaret promptly saved the day.

"It was in the Round World. That article we were reading on 'The Authorship of the Collects' is in the same number."

"Yes; of course," said Rosalind, turning to me.

Art seemed a safe topic; and I steered for the open, and spoke in a large way, out of my ignorance, of Michelangelo's influence, winding up presently with a suggestion that Miss Pat should have her portrait painted. This was a successful stroke, for we all fell into a discussion of contemporary portrait painters about whom Sister Margaret fortunately knew something; but a cold chill went down my back a moment later when Miss Pat turned upon Rosalind and asked her a direct question:

"Helen, what was the name of the artist who did that miniature of your mother?"

Sister Margaret swallowed a glass of water, and I stooped to pick up my napkin.

"Van Arsdell, wasn't it?" asked Rosalind, instantly.

"Yes; so it was," replied Miss Pat. Luck was favoring us, and Rosalind was rising to the emergency splendidly. It appeared afterward that her own mother had been painted by the same artist, and she had boldly risked the guess. Sister Margaret and I were frightened into a discussion of the possibilities of aerial navigation, with a vague notion, I think, of keeping the talk in the air, and it sufficed until we had concluded the simple luncheon. I walked beside Miss Pat to the parlor. The sky had cleared, and I braced a drive at once. I had read in the newspapers that a considerable body of regular troops was passing near Annandale on a practice march from Fort Sheridan to a rendezvous at some point south of us.

"Let us go and see the soldiers," I suggested.

"Very well, Larry," she said. "We can make believe they are sent out to do honor to my birthday. You are a thoughtful boy. I can never thank you for all your consideration and kindness. And you will not fail to find Arthur—I am asking you no questions; I'd rather not know where he is. I'm afraid of truth!" She turned her head away quickly—we were seated by ourselves in a corner of the room. "I am afraid, I am afraid to ask!"

"He is well; quite well. I shall have news of him to-night."

She glanced across the room to

where Rosalind and Sister Margaret talked quietly together. I felt Miss Pat's hand touch mine, and suddenly there were tears in her eyes.

"I was wrong! I was most unjust in what I said to you of her. She was all tenderness, all gentleness when she came in this morning." She fumbled at her belt and held up a small cluster of the sweet peas that Rosalind had brought from Red Gate.

"I told you so!" I said, trying to laugh off her contrition. "What you said to me is forgotten, Miss Pat."

"And now when everything is settled, if she wants to marry Gillespie, let her do it."

"But she won't! Haven't I told you that Helen shall never marry him?"

"I had ordered a buckboard, and it was now announced."

"Don't trouble to go upstairs, Aunt Pat; I will bring your things for you," said Rosalind; and Miss Pat turned upon me with an air of satisfaction and pride, as much as to say: "You see how devoted she is to me!"

I wish to acknowledge here my obligations to Sister Margaret for giving me the benefit of her care and resourcefulness on that difficult day. There was no nice detail that she overlooked, no danger that she did not anticipate. She sat by Miss Pat on the long drive, while Rosalind and I chattered nonsense behind them. We were so fortunate as to strike the first baton, and saw it go into camp on a bit of open prairie to await the arrival of the artillery that followed. But at no time did I lose sight of the odd business that still lay ahead of me, nor did I remember with any satisfaction how Helen, somewhere across woodland and lake, chafed at the delayed climax of her plot. The girl, at my side, lovely and gracious as she was, struck me increasingly as but a tame shadow of that other one, so like and so unlike! I marveled that Miss Pat had not seen it; and in a period of silence on the drive home I think Rosalind must have guessed my thought; for I caught her regarding me with a mischievous smile and she said, as the others rather too generously sought to ignore us:

"You can see how different I am—how very different!"

When I left them at St. Agatha's with an hour to spare before dinner, Sister Margaret assured me with her eyes that there was nothing to fear.

I was nervously pacing the long terrace when I saw my guests approaching. I told the butler to order dinner at once and went down to meet them. Miss Pat declared that she never felt better; and under the excitement of the hour Sister Margaret's eyes glowed brightly.

As we sat down in the screened corner of the broad terrace, with the first grave approach of twilight in the sky, and the curved trumpet of the young moon hanging in the west, it might have seemed to an onlooker that the gods of chance had oddly ordered our little company. Miss Patricia in white was a picture of serenity, with the smile constant about her lips, happy in her hope for the future. Rosalind, fresh to these surroundings, showed clearly her pleasure in the pretty setting of the scene, and read into it, in bright phrases, the delight of a story-book incident.

"Let me see," she said, reflectively, "just who we are: We are the lady of the castle perilsous dining al fresco, with the abess, who is also a noble lady, come across the fields to sit at meat with her. And you, sir, are a knight full of valor, feared in many lands, and sworn to the defense of those ladies."

"And you"—and Miss Pat's eyes were beautifully kind and gentle, as she took the cue and turned to Rosalind, "you are the well-beloved daughter of my house, faithful in all service, in all ways self-forgetful and kind, our joy and our pride."

It may have been the spirit of the evening that touched us, or only the light of her countenance and the deep sincerity of her voice; but I knew that tears were bright in all our eyes for a moment. And then Rosalind glanced at the western heavens through the foliage.

"There are the stars, Aunt Pat—brighter than ever to-night for your birthday."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The Devil and the Deep Sea." Hazlitt's "English Proverbs" gives the proverb as "Betwixt the devil and the Deep Sea," and quotes it from Clarke's "Paroemiologia," 1639, and adds this note of explanation: "On the horns of a dilemma. In Cornwall they say 'deep' sea, which may be right." Reddall's "Fact, Fancy and Fable" gives the following explanation of the proverb: "This expression is used by Col. Munroe in his 'Expedition with Mackay's Regiment,' printed in London in 1837. The regiment was with the army of Gustavus Adolphus and was engaged in a battle with the Austrians. The Swedish gunners did not elevate their guns sufficiently, and their shot fell among this Scottish regiment, so that 'we were between the devil and the deep sea.'"

"Did the repairer cause you any embarrassment by his charges?"

"No. He consented to take the car in part payment."—Cleveland Leader.

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTER

## GERMANY AND CANADIAN WHEAT

LOOKS TO THE CANADIAN WEST FOR HER SUPPLY.

A dispatch from Winnipeg, Manitoba, dated March 18, 1910 says: That Germany is "anxious to secure a share of Canadian wheat to supply her imports of that cereal." The recent adjustment of the trade relations with Germany has made it possible to carry on a Canadian-German trade with much fewer restrictions than in the past, and considerable development of trade between the two countries is now certain. The great men of the United States are alive to the wheat situation in this country now, and there is consequently the deepest interest in every feature that will tend to increase and conserve the wheat supply. With its present 650,000,000 bushel production of wheat and all efforts to increase it almost unavailing, and the rapidly growing consumption of its increasing population, there is certainly the greatest reason for the anxiety as to where the wheat is to come from that will feed the nation. The United States will be forced as Germany is to look to the Wheatfields of Canada. One province alone raised last year one-eighth as much as the entire production of the United States, and but a twelfth of the wheat area has yet been touched. The Americans who have gone to Canada, are to-day reaping the benefit of the demand for Canadian wheat and they will continue to join in the benefits thus reached for a great many years. Splendid yields are reported from the farms of that country, and from land that the Government gives away in 160 acre blocks, and from other lands that have been purchased at from \$12 to \$15 an acre. John Munter, near Eyebrow, Saskatchewan, a former resident of Minnesota says:

"Last fall got over 30 bushels of wheat to the acre and had 30 acres of it; also 20 acres spring breaking on which I had flax of which I got almost 20 bushels per acre. Had 20 acres in oats and got 70 bushels per acre and 500 bushels potatoes on one and three quarter acre, and can therefore safely say that I had a fine crop and am well satisfied with my homestead."

He is considered but a small farmer, but he will be one of the big farmers, some of these days. There are many others, hundreds of others, whose yields were beyond this, and whose average under crop was vastly greater. The story of the experience of American farmers in the Canadian West is a long one. The time to go, would appear to be now, when splendid selections may be made, and where land can be purchased at prices that will be doubled in a couple of years.

Queer Attribute of Salmon. Only about 20 per cent. of salmon spawn before they return up the river from the sea, and those that do return after spawning are coarse, and, when cut up, white in the flesh; in fact, are known as bull trout, for so-called "bull trout" are not a different kind of fish, but are plainly salmon which have spawned.

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. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

From the first to last, and in the face of smarting disillusion, we continue to expect good fortune, better health, and better conduct; and that so confidently, that we judge it needless to deserve them.—R. L. Stevenson.

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