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Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work.

All Druggists, Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

What More Did He Want? Achilles was sulking in his tent. "Why don't you build a tax-exempt house?" we demanded.



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Approved by The American People

**Semi-Solid Buttermilk**  
THE GREAT Poultry and Hog Feed  
100% PURE—No Adulterations



Makes Pigs Hogs  
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Quarter bbls., 140 lbs. . . . . 45¢ per lb.  
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You may deduct one-half cent per pound from above prices, for cash with order, during April and May.

**Consolidated Products Co.**  
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ALWAYS IN SEASON  
The dainty tastiness of these fine crackers make them a year round food for every day use.  
Served with salads and tart desserts. They make delightful sandwiches with your favorite fillings and make the daintiest, crispest Marguerites and other confections imaginable. Served with soups and with drinks such as tea, cocoa and chocolate, of course. There are a great many uses for Fairy Soda Cracker crumbs, such as making hamburger, meat loaf and croqueted dishes.  
A can of Fairy Sodas handy in your pantry will be economical help in preparing any meal. Name any delicacy. Ask your Grocer for I-TEN'S FAIRY SODAS and be sure you get the genuine.

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**Carter Portable STEEL GARAGE**  
Sectional, 12x16 ft. Circle sliding doors. Price \$100. F. O. B. Omaha. Can extend to any length. Shipping weight, 1250 pounds.

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**126 MAMMOTH JACKS**  
For your use. Price \$1.00. W. L. DeCLOW'S JACK FARM Cedar Rapids, Iowa

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W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, MO., 17-1921.

**CONDENSED CLASSICS**

HENRY ESMOND

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY  
Condensation by Mrs. Annie D. Hubbard, Littleton, Mass.



William Makepeace Thackeray was intensely loved by his friends and as much disliked by his enemies. Such personalities as Tennyson, Pitt-Rivers, Gerald and Charlotte Bronte were unwavering in their devotion, but the hangers-on in Great Street, the lesser fry who envied his social successes, regarded him as an insufferable snob.

He did indeed take a quite child-like delight in dealing with the socially eminent. He frankly liked to be pointed out as "the great Mr. Thackeray" and as frankly he resented the gross familiarity of Tom, Dick or Harry, who chanced to have known him in bohemia. But it was rather that he pitilessly discerned and detested the tony and the mean-spirited funkies than that he was a snob.

Thackeray lived at the period when wealth without manners or intellect generated widespread desire for social success. At the same time "The Back Kitchen" and "The Cave of Harmony," immortalized by Colonel Newcome, were the most eagerly frequented haunts of the day. Thackeray knew every aspect of this rather vulgar society. He was as much at ease with the prime minister of England as with the proprietor of the "Back Kitchen." With his keen satiric sense and sharp wit, the chronicler of snobs flayed it; with his tender heart and kindly humor the great novelist understood it in his own way he strove to regenerate it.

These qualities of heart and mind, which live in his books, created the puzzle of his personality: He was a cynic! By his life all wrought of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways; His heart wide open to all kindly thought; His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise!

IN the days when the Stuart was playing his losing game for England's crown, a sallow-faced, precocious boy was growing up, half-orphan, half-neglected, in Castlewood House, knowing all the secrets of its hidden chambers, where cavalier and priest could hide for a lifetime. Harry was reputed the illegitimate son of Thomas Esmond, Lord Castlewood, whose childless wife, herself an Esmond, had been a beauty and king's favorite once. After Viscount Castlewood had died, fighting for King James at Boyne Water, and King William's men had taken his lady prisoner, hiding in her bed, painted and powdered, resplendent in her brocaded gown and gold-cloaked red stockings—by her side the Japan box holding the papers of the Royalists—another kinsman, Francis Esmond, had taken possession of the old house.

"O dea certe," little Harry Esmond said in his heart, when Rachel, the new Lady Castlewood, in her lovely girlhood, met him in the yellow gallery, and there stirred in him the beginnings of a lifetime's devotion to her, to her beautiful children, Beatrice and Frank, and to his jovial, new patron, Francis, Lord Castlewood. As a loved kinsman now, Harry had grown to manhood, when suddenly the small-pox, ravaging the neighborhood, destroyed for a time Lady Castlewood's beauty, and her gay husband's heart turned to lesser loves, though he still cared enough to be wildly jealous, when Lord Mohun, a London blood made love to her. The two men fought, and Francis, foully murdered by Mohun, on his death-bed made a written statement that he had long known from the priest who heard Thomas, Lord Castlewood's, dying confession that Harry Esmond had a right to the name he bore, and was head of the house of Castlewood.

This paper, stained with the blood of his dear master, Harry burned, and vowed—thanking Heaven that he had been enabled to make the righteous decision—that his mistress should never know sorrow through him, and that little Frank should become Lord Castlewood in his father's stead.

Fate dealt hardly just now with Harry Esmond, for as he lay wounded and in prison as a result of his part in the duel, his dear lady, visiting him, chose to believe that he might have prevented her husband's death. Perhaps because she felt in her heart a tenderer love for him than she dared confess, she forbade him her home, and even her friendship. The living of the parish church of Castlewood, long since promised him, was given elsewhere, and Esmond would have been penniless and friendless had not the old dowager, his father's widow, who had long cherished pique against the younger and fairer Lady Castlewood, summoned him to her new house at Chelsea. As he kissed her withered hand and saluted her as Marchioness, something in his assured bearing made her guess that he knew he was her husband's true son and chief of the house. Half frightened,

she drew from him the story of his renunciation, and when he told her that his father's son would not aggravate the wrong his father had done her, and asked only for her kindness, her worldly old heart was touched. Henceforth he was "Son Esmond" to her, and when her influence at court had procured him an ensign's commission, she was proud of him in his laced scarlet coat.

Esmond served with some distinction under Marlborough abroad and was wounded at Blenheim, but the best thing his campaigning brought him was a chance encounter in St. Gudule's church at Brussels with Father Holt, the tutor of his boyhood, who told him his mother's story. She had been of that very tony, and a most tender, faithful creature. His father had deserted her, married her secretly, and again deserted her, and she had taken her broken heart to that convent. Esmond knelt by her grave, took a flower from the little hillock, and as he listened to the choir chanting from the chapel, realized afresh that love and humility were all that counted in life.

One great happiness had come to Esmond before this—he had seen his dear lady, her face sweet and sad in her widow's hood, in Winchester cathedral and when their eyes had met, the time of estrangement was passed. Knowing now how her heart had followed him, he dreamed that they might be happy together, but she saw more clearly. When, in their house at Walcotte, Beatrix, the 16-year-old maid of honor, with a scarlet ribbon upon the whitest neck in the world, came to meet him, he forgot her mother. No other woman of her day was like her for beauty and wit, and for ten years he was her slave, kneeling with his heart in his hand for the young lady to take, while she looked far higher than the nameless and fortuneless colonel. "Yes," she said, "I solemnly vow I want a good husband. My face is my fortune. Who'll come? Buy! Buy!" While marquises and lords were coming, eager for her, Esmond bore the torments of a hopeless passion, and his dear mistress suffered with him.

At last a sultor worthy of the prize appeared—the Duke of Hamilton—much Beatrix's senior, wealthy, and second to none in the kingdom. Esmond had to accept his fate. The wedding gift he made her was the splendid string of diamonds his father's widow had given him. As she accepted it with a cry of delight, her bridegroom-elect, with a darkening face, told her he did not choose the Duchess of Hamilton should accept presents from gentlemen who had no right to the names they bore. Her mother, to whom the old dowager on her death-bed had maliciously told Harry's story, answered for her: "Harry Esmond is his father's lawful son and true heir. We are the recipients of his bounty, and he is the head of a house as old as your grace's own." And Beatrix, from whom it had all been kept a secret, whispered to him, "Why did not I know you before?"

On the eve of marriage the duke died in a duel. Beatrix mourned him honestly, but Esmond dared hope for himself, and planned a bold move to win her love. All the Esmonds were heart and soul for the Stuart cause. Frank, the young viscount, who was fighting abroad, closely resembled the exiled cavalier. The two came together to Lady Castlewood's London house, the prince impersonating the viscount, and Frank, his valet, and were received with great joy. Stuart partisans came to the house by stealth, and the plot spread like a fever. The maid of honor contrived an interview between the prince and Queen Anne, his sister, whose health was failing, and all hoped that she would proclaim him her successor. Then Beatrix's friends began to fear for her, as the prince, who had no respect for women, was infatuated with her and she listened to him. Against her will they sent her to Castlewood. Suddenly the Queen was reported dying, and the prince could not be found. Beatrix had found means to tell him her whereabouts, Henry Esmond and Frank rode all night to Castlewood. Entering by the secret window, they found the prince and told him they came to avenge their dishonor. Taking from their old hiding-place the papers proving his birth and title, Esmond burnt them before the prince, with the words: "I draw my sword and break it, and renounce you. Had you completed the wrong you designed us, I would have driven it through your heart." Frank, breaking his own sword, echoed him: "I go with my cousin. I'm for the Elector of Hanover. It's your Majesty's fault. You might have been king if you hadn't come dangling after Trix!"

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room. She turned pale at the sight of her kinsmen, and looked at Esmond as if she could have killed him on the spot.

As they rode back into London, the herald was proclaiming: "George, by the grace of God, king." Queen Anne had died that night.

The cavalier escaped secretly to France, where Beatrix joined him. Frank had married a foreign countess, and Esmond's mistress was left alone. At last, as beautiful in her autumn as maidens in their spring, she listened to him, and consented to become his wife. In their Virginia plantation they built a new Castlewood, and found there an Indian summer of serene happiness.

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**Home Town Helps**

MAKES USE OF DEAD TREE

Ornamental Flowering Vine May Be Traced Over the Top, With Remarkably Good Effect.

The idea of growing an ornamental flowering vine over the dead trunk of a tree suggested a pergola top. After the tree had been saved off to the height desired, the bark and sapwood were peeled off with a drawknife, and a smooth, even surface thus secured.



The Trunk of a Dead Tree Is Converted Into an Attractive Pergola Over Which an Ornamental Vine Is Trained.

writes C. L. Meller of Fargo, N. D., in Popular Mechanics Magazine. A straight board and a level made it easy to bring the two branches of the crotch to the same height; trial determining the height that would appear best—in this case about 11 feet. The top is made of two 2 by 4-inch pieces resting in recesses on the sides of the trunk and having their tops flush. These pieces are each 12 feet long and the ends were curved, as shown. The 4-inch sides were nailed to the trunk, while the 2 1/2-foot crosspieces of the same stock, were nailed, broad side down; these were spaced about 8 inches apart and had their ends beveled on the underside. Two coats of oil, into which burnt umber had been stirred, gave the pergola a neutral brown color and, of course, helped to preserve the wood.

**NO ROOM FOR THE "KNOCKER"**

Indianapolis Newspaper Tells a Few Plain Truths, Straight Out From the Shoulder.

Indianapolis is fortunate in the quality of its citizenship. We are the most American of the great centers in the United States. We have few of the problems brought to other municipalities by alien elements. The city showed front-rank progress in the recent census report. It is leading in building construction and industrial progress. It is not perfect, but is much nearer to that goal than most cities and should not be labeled and slandered even by a few lightweight little or no influence.

The residents of Indianapolis know the truth and are not deceived by the city's trauders, but the effect on strangers may be serious and in any case cannot be of advantage to anyone. Those whose stock in trade is destruction instead of construction, hurtfulness instead of helpfulness, are pests who should be made aware of that fact by the loyal, public-spirited citizen. They may have to be endured, but it should be in the contempt they deserve and that will ignore them to the point of ostracism.—Indianapolis Star.

**Grow a Rain Tree, Get Water.**

It is estimated that one of the Peruvian rain trees will on the average yield nine gallons of water "per diem." In a field of an acre of one kilometer square, that is 3,250 feet each way, can be grown 10,000 trees separated from each other by 25 meters. This plantation produces daily 305,000 liters of water. If we allow for evaporation and infiltration, we have 135,000 liters, or 29,531 gallons, of rain for distribution daily. The rain tree can be cultivated with very little trouble, for it seems indifferent as to the soil in which it grows.

**Pillow Effective Weapon.**

With her pillow as her only weapon, a woman of Pleasantville, Fla., put to flight a robber who entered her home. The woman was awakened by a creaking on the stairway, and saw a man creeping up. She snatched up a pillow from her bed and, running to the stairway, she heaved the pillow with all her strength, catching the burglar full in the face as he stood up. At the same time she screamed. The impact of the pillow hurled the bandit down the stairway. He jumped through a window and escaped.

**Plan Early for Beauty.**

All healthy cities desire beauty. Not all have the chance to get it. Many achieve their greatness with such stupendous expense of fortune that beauty is wiped out before the city has time to lift its eyes from its labor to its landscape. The best time to plan for beauty is when the city is starting its growth.



**Stock Raising in WESTERN CANADA**

is as profitable as grain growing. Successes as wonderful as those from growing wheat, oats, barley, and flax have been made in raising Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. Bright, sunny climate, nutritious grasses, good water, enormous fodder crops—these spell success to the farmer and stock raiser. And remember, you can buy on easy terms.

**Farm Land at \$15 to \$30 An Acre**  
—land equal to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—grazing land convenient to good grain farms at proportionately low prices. These lands have every rural convenience: good schools, churches, roads, telephones, etc., close to live towns and good markets.

If you want to get back to the farm, or to farm on a larger scale than is possible under your present conditions, investigate what Western Canada has to offer you.

For illustrated literature with maps and particulars regarding reduced rates, rates, location of land, etc., apply to Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or  
G. A. COOL, DRAWER 197, WATERTOWN, S. DAK.  
R. A. GARRETT, 311 JACKSON ST., ST. PAUL, MINN.  
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**ORGANIZATION RESPONSIBILITY INTEGRITY**

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LIVE STOCK COMMISSION  
SHIP YOUR CATTLE, HOGS AND SHEEP TO US  
"SERVICE THAT SERVES"  
Accurate Market Reports Gladly Furnished Free  
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Most optimism is cheerfulness over other people's troubles.

**A Feeling of Security**

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

**Searchlight for Night Flying.**

A powerful searchlight of the new "dishpan" type has been built for the government for use in guiding aviators in night flight. This great beacon has approximately 3,000,000 candlepower. It is operated by two enormous motors and it can "pick up" an aviator three miles in the air. The light is set upon a wheel chassis and can be easily moved about. It will be transported by motor car ahead of the planes each day to the spot where the landing is to be made at night, and its rays will guide the aviator to the ground.

**From Bad to Worse.**

Dan—Why so serious, old man?  
Bert—I have good reasons. My mother-in-law's coming for a visit. She has "the gift of tongues."  
Dan—That's nothing; mine is a mind reader.

Dodging taxes establishes a perpetual state of anxiety.



**HASTENED WITH GLAD NEWS**

Footman Reasonably Felt He Had Something of Importance to Communicate to Employer.

Miss MacSwiney, the sister of the late lord mayor of York, relaxed enough at a dinner in New York to tell a story about the Irish earl of Dunraven.

"The earl of Dunraven," she said, "has a magnificent country seat, Dunraven castle, and Lord Lyons once sent him there a gift of a pair of emus.

"These emus were named after their giver, and, as they were rare birds, a great desire prevailed at Dunraven castle that they should propagate. This desire ran from the earl on down to the very stable boys.

"One day the earl was giving a stately luncheon when a footman rushed in, wild with excitement.

"Your lordship—oh, your lordship," he panted, "Lord Lyons has laid an egg."

**Carries His Own.**

Dolly (coldly)—The next time I speak to you in a street car I'll bet you'll raise your hard-boiled hat!  
Dick—But I won't—if I'm on my way to work.  
Dolly—Why, what's on your mind then?  
Dick—Two sandwiches and a cut of pie!—Buffalo Express.

When a woman has nothing else to do she washes her hair.

**He Turned the Corner—**

The man in the fog thought he was lost, but he turned the corner — there was his own home!

To many, troubled with disturbed nerves and digestion due to coffee drinking, help has seemed a long way off, but they found in

**POSTUM CEREAL**

at the corner grocery  
a delicious, satisfying table drink that makes for health and comfort.

**"There's a Reason"**

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Mich.

