

"Every Day Is Bake Day at Our House!"

writes an accomplished housewife, an enthusiastic patron of

DR. PRICE'S Cream BAKING POWDER

"It is Hot Biscuit, Muffins, Sally Lunn, Waffles, Pot Pie, and almost daily, now that the season has come, a Fruit Short Cake—all home-made, home-baked of course, and perfectly delicious! Home-baking, thus, with the aid of Dr. Price's Baking Powder, provides the most tasty food, which I know to be of absolute purity, clean and healthful, and with considerable economy."

Our correspondent has written for us the whole story.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Makes Home-Baking a Success and a Recreation, with food more healthful, desirable, and safe from all improper contamination.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO

JOHN'S FRIENDS WERE LOYAL

Young Bride Got Early Proof of the Way Men Will Stick by One Another.

The bridegroom of three months bade his wife adieu one morning and started on a business trip to a town 25 miles distant. The journey was to be made by automobile and he promised to return in time for seven o'clock dinner as usual.

But, no husband appeared when dinner was served and the anxious wife watched the hands of the clock as they journeyed on and announced that the hour was midnight, and still the husband failed to appear. The frantic wife sent telegrams to six friends of the groom living in the town where he might have gone, asking if he was spending the night with them. As dawn appeared a farm wagon drove up containing a farmer and the missing husband and furnishing motor power for a broken down automobile that trailed behind. Almost simultaneously came a messenger boy with an answer to one of the telegrams, followed at intervals by five others, and all of the telegrams said:

"Yes, John is spending the night with me."

In loyalty what surpasses man?

Blessed Sympathy.

Sympathy with animals blesses and humanizes men and women. To get into real relations with an animal is a liberal education. It is something to be really interested even in a plant and to observe the working of life in any sphere not our own. How much more when that life is directing a personality which consciously looks up to us and will love us if we will let it!—Christian Register.

Standard of Sanity.

Shakespeare was asked if Hamlet was sane.

"As sane as the Fourth of July," he replied.

Helpmates and soulmates are not always synonymous.

TERRIBLE, INDEED.



Hoyle—A woman is said to be as old as she looks.
Mrs. Hoyle—It would be terrible if she were as old as other women think she looks.

Noted Author.
"See that man over there with the black mustache?" said Tommy.
"Yes," said the visitor.
"Well," said Tommy, "he is the author of one of the most popular serials in a hundred years."

"Really?" said the visitor. "Why, he doesn't look like a literary man."
"No," said Tommy. "He isn't—he's the inventor of popped corn, the best selling cereal on the market."—Harper's Weekly.

Well Defended.
He whose study is among the shadows and lights of nature has an unsuspected coat of mail defending him among all the turmoil.—Mrs. Oliphant.

Stern Call of Duty.
Reform is not joyous, but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men!—Carlyle.

If there ever is a time when you are justified in cussing.
It is when the summer weather sets your appetite to fussing;
But there isn't any need to risk your soul and shock the neighbors—
Tempt your appetite with Toasties and go singing to your labors.

Written by W. J. MUSGROVE, Tempe, Ariz.

One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$1000.00 in May.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY BARONESS ORZVY.

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Patriotic Rule," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.
The story opens in Brussels. Louise Harris, a charming English girl of family, friends and wealth, while absent walking along the Boulevard Waterloo in a November rain, runs into a tragedy.

A man is found murdered in a taxicab; his companion who had left the cab some time before and told the chauffeur to drive to a certain address, has disappeared and is unknown.

The scene shifts to London. Luke de Mountford, Louise's affianced, the nephew and heir of the eccentric and wealthy Lord Radcliffe, is in trouble. An alleged direct heir, the unknown son of another brother, has notified Lord Radcliffe of his claims. The old man, passionately fond of Luke, claims that he has examined the papers and that the claimant is an impostor.

Suddenly the alleged Philip de Mountford appears in London. After a short interview with Lord Radcliffe his claims are recognized and he is installed as heir. Without explanation Luke is practically disowned. Philip seems to exert unlimited influence over Lord Radcliffe which puzzles his friends and defies investigation. Lord Radcliffe will explain to no one.

A year has passed since the tragedy in Brussels. Suddenly it is repeated in every detail in London. The victim is Philip de Mountford. Every circumstance and a very apparent motive points to the displaced nephew, Luke, as the murderer. In vain, Louise, in her blind faith, tries to prove Luke innocent. Every investigation brightens the chains of evidence. At the coroner's inquest the startling development that the murdered man is not Philip de Mountford but a common scoundrel denounced by his father and mother, who identified the body as their son, who plagues the situation. It does not in the least upset the appalling proofs of Luke's guilt. A warrant is issued for his arrest but because of his station in life the police secretly warn him to leave the country before the warrant is served. This he prepares to do. Louise sees him and asks him pointedly for the truth. He confesses his guilt.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

He looked the part and always acted it, and fewer blunders had undoubtedly been committed in the detective department of the metropolitan police since Sir Thomas Ryder took the guiding reins in hand.

"I suppose," he said at last, "that you've come to see me about this de Mountford business."

"I have," replied Colonel Harris, simply.

"Well, it's not a pleasant business."

"I know that," said the other, full of it, and it's all a confounded damnable business, Tom, and that's all about it."

"Unfortunately it's not 'all about it,'" rejoined Sir Thomas, dryly.

"That's what Louise says. Women are so queer about things of that sort, and the papers are full of twaddle. She is anxious about Luke."

"I don't wonder."

"But it's all nonsense, isn't it?"

"What is?"

Colonel Harris did not reply immediately; for one thing, he did not know exactly how to put his own fears and anxieties into words. They were so horrible and so far fetched that to tell them plainly and baldly to his brother-in-law, to this man with whom he was soberly smoking a cigar in a sober looking office, whilst handsome and taxicabs were rattling past in the street below within sight and hearing, seemed little short of idiotic. He was not a man of deep penetration—was Colonel Harris—not a great reader of thoughts or of character. He tried to look keenly at Sir Thomas' ebullient face, but all he was conscious of was a network of wrinkles round a pair of eyes which seemed to be twinkling with humor. Humor at this moment? Great heavens above!

"I wish," he blurted out somewhat crossly, at last, "you'd help me out a bit, Tom. Hang it all, man, all this official makes me dumb."

"Don't," said Sir Thomas, dryly, "let it do that, Will, and the speaker's eyes seemed to twinkle even more merrily than before."

"Well, then, tell me something about Luke."

"Luke de Mountford," mused the other, as if the name recalled some distant impression.

"Yes, Luke de Mountford, who is engaged to Louise, your niece, man, and who's breaking his heart with the drive these newspapers talk and I couldn't bear it any longer; so I've come to you, Tom, and you must tell me what truth there is in the drive and that's all I want to know."

Sir Thomas Ryder seemed, whilst the other thus put his mind to have suddenly made up his mind to say more than had originally been his intention. Anyway, he now said with abrupt directness:

"If, my good Will, by 'drive' you mean that in the matter of the assassination of Philip de Mountford, in a taxicab last night grave suspicion rests on his cousin, Luke, then there's a great deal of truth in the drive."

Colonel Harris received the sudden blow without apparent emotion. He had been sitting in an armchair with one hand buried in his trousers pocket, the other holding a cigar.

Now he merely glanced down at the cigar for a moment and then conveyed it to his lip.

"What?" he asked, "does that mean, exactly?"

"That unless Luke de Mountford will, within the next 48 hours, answer certain questions more satisfactorily than he has done hitherto, he will be arrested on a charge of murder."

"That is impossible," protested Colonel Harris, hotly.

"Impossible? Why?"

"Because—because—hang it all, man, you know Luke de Mountford. Do you believe for a moment that he would commit such a dastardly crime? Why the boy wouldn't know how to plan such villainy, let alone carry it through."

"My dear Will," rejoined the other, quietly, "the many years which I have spent at this desk have taught me many things. Among others, I have learned that every man is more or less capable of crime; it only depends what the incentive—the temptation, if you like to call it so—or the provocation happens to be."

"But here there was no provocation, no temptation, no—"

Colonel Harris paused abruptly. He felt rather than saw his brother-in-law's eyes in their framework of wrinkles resting with obvious sense of amusement upon his wrathful face. No temptation? And what of a peerage and a fortune lost, that could only be regained by the death of the intruder? No provocation? And what of the brother and sister turned out of the old home? The good, simple-minded man had sense enough to see that here, if he wished to speak for Luke, he was on the wrong track.

"What questions?" he asked abruptly, "does Luke not answer satisfactorily?"

"How he spent certain hours of yesterday evening."

"He was dancing attendance upon Louise and me?"

tory enough. At what time did you part from him?"

"Well, he escorted us to the Danish legation where we were dining."

"At what time was that?"

"Eight o'clock dinner."

"But he was not dining at the Danish legation?"

"No. He came and fetched us again soon after 11."

"That's right, but between while?"

"Yes, between 10 and soon after 11?"

"Well, I suppose—I don't know—yes, of course, I do. What a stupid ass I am. Luke told me himself that he was going to see his uncle at the Something Club in Shaftesbury avenue."

"The Veterans'?"

"Yes, that's it—the Veterans'! Luke wanted to persuade Radcliffe to go abroad for the benefit of his health—Algebras—that was it."

"Quite so," rejoined Sir Thomas dryly, "and Luke de Mountford went to the Veterans' club in Shaftesbury avenue, and he asked to see Lord Radcliffe, who was a more or less regular habitué at that hour. On being told that Lord Radcliffe was not there that evening, but that Mr. de Mountford was in the smoking room, Luke elected to go in and presumably to have a talk with his cousin."

"I didn't know that," said Colonel Harris.

"No, but we did. Let me tell you what followed. The hall porter of the club showed Luke into the smoking room, and less than five minutes later he heard loud and angry words proceeding from that room. That a quarrel was going on between the two cousins was of course obvious. One or two members of the club remarked on the noise, and one gentleman actually opened the smoking room door to see what was going on. He seems to have heard the words 'blackguard' and 'beggar' pleasantly intermingled and flying from one young man to the other. This witness knew Philip de Mountford very well by sight, but he had never seen Luke. But remember that Luke denies neither the quarrel nor the quarrel. The former lasted close on an hour, and Lord Radcliffe's journey to Algebras was the original topic of discussion. At about 9 o'clock Luke emerged from the smoking room. The hall porter saw him. He was then very pale and almost stared as he walked. Men do get at times intoxicated with rage, you know, Will."

"I know that, and I can well imagine what happened at that interview. Radcliffe had become such a confoundingly drunk, that he would not move or anything without this Philip's permission; and Luke was determined to get him down to Algebras at once. As Philip was at the club, he thought that he would tackle him then and there."

"Quite so. He did tackle him, and equally of course the two men quarreled."

"But hang it all, one's not going to murder every man with whom one quarrels."

"Stop a moment, Will. As you say, one does not murder every man with whom one quarrels. But you must admit that this is altogether an exceptional case. There was more than a mere quarrel between these two men. There was deadly enmity—justified enmity, I'll own, on Luke's side. We have already come across it was not very difficult—two or three of the servants who were in Lord Radcliffe's house before Luke and his brother and sister were finally turned out of it. They all have tales to tell of the terrible rows which used to go on in the house between the cousins. You will, I must know how Luke hated this Philip de Mountford?"

Again Colonel Harris was silent. What was the use of denying such an obvious truth?

"You wanted," continued the other man quietly, "to hear the truth. Will, and you've not it. For Louise's sake, for all our sakes, in fact, I made up my mind to tell you all or most—that is officially known to me at this moment. You must get Louise out of your mind at once, and keep English newspapers away from her."

"She won't come," said Colonel Harris firmly.

"Oh, yes, she will, if you put it the right way."

Which, saying on the part of the acute chief of our criminal investigation department was but a further proof—if indeed such proofs were still needed nowadays—of how little clever men know of common sense. Will, must know how Luke hated this Philip de Mountford?"

rejoined Sir Thomas, who was quite unconscious of the ignorance which he had just displayed. "It will be hateful for you, and quite impossible for Louise."

"Supposing," retorted the other, "that Luke is guilty, which neither I nor Louise will admit for a moment."

"That," rejoined Sir Thomas, "is as you please."

He put down his cigar, crossed one leg over the other, leaned back in his chair, and folded his tapering hands together, putting finger to finger, with the gesture of one who is dealing with a youthful mind, and has much to explain.

"Look here, Will," he resumed, "I have three men standing in my outer office at the present moment. Two of them have come back after having questioned the past servants of the Grosvenor square household. One was the butler, Parker, and an elderly housekeeper, both of whom are in service in the west end. The woman tried to screen Luke and to make light of the many quarrels which broke out between the cousins on all possible occasions, but she broke down under our fellows' sharp questions. She had to admit that the arrogance of the one man often drove the other to unguarded language, and that she had on more than one occasion heard the men servants of the house say that they would not be astonished if murder ensued one day. Well, we have these two witnesses, and can easily get hold of the two or three footmen who expressed those particular views. So much for the past six months. Now for last night. The third man who is out there waiting for me to see him is Frederick Power, hall porter at the Veterans' club. The story which he told to our Mr. Travers is so important in its minutest detail, that I have decided to question him myself so that I may leave no possible loophole to doubt or to inaccuracy in the retelling. I am going to send for the man now. You may come and sit round here, the other side of my desk from this position you will be able to watch the man's face, as well as hear what he has got to say. Now, would you like that?"

"Right you are, Tom," was Colonel Harris' brief method of acknowledging his brother-in-law's kindness, in thus breaking a piece of red tape, and setting aside a very strict official rule. He did as Sir Thomas directed, and sat down in the recess behind the chief's desk, in a comfortable arm chair with

his back to the curtained window.

He would not acknowledge even to himself how deeply stirred he was by all that he had heard, and now by the anticipation of what was yet to come. Emotion—like he was experiencing now—had never come his way before now.

He had lost his only son on the Modder River—that had been sorrow of an acute kind; he had laid a much loved wife to rest in the village churchyard close to his stately home in Kent; and he had escorted his late beloved sovereign to her last resting place on that never-to-be-forgotten day close on five years ago now; those three events in his life had been the great strains to which his nerves and sensibilities had been subjected in the past.

But this was altogether different. The sensations which the good man experienced were such that he scarcely knew them himself; he had faced sorrow before, never dishonor—some one else's dishonor, of course—still it touched him very nearly, for, though he might not be a very keen observer, he dearly loved his daughter, and dishonor seemed to be touching her, striking at her through Luke.

CHAPTER XX.

AND THAT'S THE TOWN.
Frederick Power was shown in.

I won't have you think that there was anything remarkable about the man, or anything that would—momentarily—distinguish him from any number of other hall porters, who wear a uniform and peaked cap, have the air of having seen military service, and wear a couple of medals on a well-developed chest.

He was perfectly respectful, all the more so because Sir Thomas was General Sir Thomas Ryder, K. C. B.—a fact which impressed the ex-soldier far more than any other exalted title, non-military in character, would have done.

He saluted and stood at attention, and as he gave answer to Sir Thomas' preliminary questions his words rang out clear and direct, obviously truthful, as if echoing in the barrack yard at 6 a. m. of a frosty spring morning.

"Your name is—"

"Frederick Powers, sir."

"You are hall porter at the Veterans' club in Shaftesbury avenue."

"Yes, sir."

"You were in the lobby of the club last night as usual?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. Philip de Mountford, who is a member of the club, was in the smoking room at 8 o'clock yesterday evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"He came almost every evening, I understand?"

"That's right, sir."

"Alone mostly?"

"Not often, sir. Lord Radcliffe was with him most evenings."

"And Lord Radcliffe and Mr. de Mountford dined together on those occasions in the club dining room?"

"Yes, sir."

"But last night Mr. de Mountford was alone?"

"Yes, sir. He had some dinner at about half past seven and then he went to the smoking room."

"Later on a gentleman called to see him?"

"That's right, sir. It was about a quarter past eight. The gentleman asked to see Lord Radcliffe, but I said that 'his lordship' hadn't come to the club this night. Then the gentleman asked if Mr. de Mountford was in, and I said yes."

"And you showed him into the smoking room?"

"I told 'im he would find Mr. de Mountford in the smoking room; yes, sir."

"Isn't that rather against club rules to allow strangers to walk in and out of the rooms?"

"Well, sir, the Veterans' is a new club—and the committee ain't very particular."

"So far the questions and answers had followed on one another in quick succession. Sir Thomas Ryder, with his clever lean head held somewhat on one side, appeared to be reciting a well-learned lesson, so even and placid was the tone of his voice and so indifferent the expression of his furrowed face. One leg was crossed over the other and his tapering hands, white and wrinkled like his face, toyed with a large ivory paper knife hardly whiter in color than they.

He had not told Frederick Power to sit down, as he might have done in the case of a witness who was a civilian. He preferred to keep the man standing, and at attention, confident that he would thus get clearer and sharper replies.

"Well, then," he resumed after a brief interval during which he had modified his position somewhat, but had not varied the placid expression of his face, "you told the visitor that he would find Mr. de Mountford in the smoking room. What happened after that?"

"The gentleman walked in, sir. And he shut the door, sir, after 'im."

"Did you hear anything that went on inside the room?"

"No, sir. I didn't pay no attention at first, sir."

"Then afterward? After awhile, you did pay attention, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. I did. The door of the smoking room is quite close to the entrance, sir, and presently I heard loud voices like as if the two gentlemen was quarrelling."

"Did you hear what was said?"

(Continued Next Week.)

A NEW SPELLING CONTEST

What word of five letters may be expressed in two?

A composition? S. A.
Discrepancy? D. K.
An English county? S. X.
To surpass? X. L.
A girl's name? L. N.
Another girl's name? K. T.

Requiring replenishing? M. T.
This list may be added to by an ingenious hostess; the above are merely given to show how the scheme is worked out. I heard some young people playing this game and a man who has passed the half hundred milestone said to me with longing in his voice, "Just listen; aren't they having a good time?"

Bon Voyage.

From the Denver Republican.
Such a death, that leaves so much undone and so many wonders half wrought, is nothing short of calamitous. But the last flight has been taken, with Death at the steering wheel, and the world can only stand with bared head gazing into the unknown and exclaim:

"Bon voyage, Wilbur Wright."

The Best Way.

From the York Dispatch.
A correspondent wants to know how to pronounce Chihuahua. The best way is to say Chy-hew-hwa and then laugh as though you knew better. It is a little bit of a joke, but it is a very funny one. The same treatment has been frequently applied to decollette with great success.

An unceremonious Market.
Simple Simon, aeroplaning,
Said he didn't know
That he'd ever seen the time
When 'lan' was quite so low.
Touched a harmless-looking lever,
Tumbled to his fate.
"Zounds!" said Simon. "What a sudden rise in real estate!"
—May Lippincott's.

Love may find a way—but it isn't always able to pay the freight.

Why be constipated when you can get Garfield Tea at any drug store? It will quickly relieve and its benefits will be realized.

Cheerful Outlook.
"Father, dear," said Amaranth, "Willie Smithers is going to call at your office this morning to ask you for my hand. Isn't there some little hint I can give him before he goes so as to make it easier for him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Blinks, "tell him to take either before he comes. It will save him much pain."—Harper's Weekly.

Singing and the Lungs.
It is well known that singing, like whistling, is a fine exercise for the lungs, and some doctors advise those who fear consumption to go in for singing for this reason.

At the same time they, of course, do not advance the claim that singing alone will save anyone from or cure consumption. Acquire the habit of taking the big deep breath, which is a primary requisite of any kind of singing, bad or good, and the physical joy derived from it will never allow you to relapse into lazy breathing.

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

How Mrs. Bethune was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I had cramps, backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband's told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do all my own housework, work in the garden and entertain company and enjoy them, and can walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the week. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl, and tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?

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.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Fresh, clean odor. Kills all season. Made of natural, non-poisonous material, and will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers at 5 cents per box, or by mail, 25 cents per box. KAROLD BOKER, 250 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEFIANCE STARCH—15 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" is SUPERIOR QUALITY.

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