

TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

Protected Both Ways.
Two conservative ladies of old-fashioned notions were traveling in the west, and becoming interested in a young girl on the train, finally asked why she was making so long a journey alone. They were greatly shocked at her blithe explanation:
"Well, you see, my mother and step-father live at one end of the journey, and my father and stepmother live at the other. They send me to each other twice a year, so there isn't a bit of danger with four parents all on the lookout!"

Pure From Start to Finish.
There is perhaps nothing in daily use in the home in which purity is so important as it is in baking powder. On its purity depends the purity of the materials used, the success of the bakings, etc. And possibly the one thing that has served to make Calumet Baking Powder so much of a favorite with the critical cooks of the country, is the fact that Calumet is pure from start to finish. You can rely on Calumet's purity for the simple reason that every ounce of the materials used is first tested by experienced chemists and then mixed with the utmost care to insure its uniformity. And standing in the can or changes of weather, etc., cannot alter it in any respect.
But perhaps the best thing of all, is the fact that Calumet never fails. Every baking in which Calumet is used, is sure to come from the oven as light and as fluffy as you can wish. This not only means wholesome, tasty foods—but a big economy as well. Try Calumet next bake-day—it's the best baking powder made—for two World's Pure Food Expositions, one in Chicago, 1907, one at Paris, France, 1912—have given it the highest awards. Adv.

Daddy's Whack-Whack.
On the occasion of her last visit to a certain Baltimore household a young matron of that city found a little friend in tears.
"What's the matter with little Marie?" she asked, endeavoring to console the weeping child.
"Daddy has just given me whack-whack," the youngster replied between sobs.
"Thoughtless daddy!" exclaimed the young woman, repressing a smile. "And where did he whack-whack little Marie?"
"On the back of my tummy," was the answer.

Neglect and Cruelty.
"So you want a divorce?" said the lawyer.
"Yes," replied the woman with tear-stained cheeks. "He has been guilty of neglect and cruelty."
"In what respects?"
"He neglected to feed the bird while I was away and says the cruellest things he can think of about Fido."

Timely Reminder.
"We are still mining ore, growing cotton and manufacturing steel," said the American host.
"Why do you tell me that?" inquired the foreign visitor.
"I just want to remind you that the country is producing something besides politics."

Mooted Question.
"How's Willie getting on at that free thought Sunday school you're sending him to?"
"First rate, from last accounts. He asked his pretty lady teacher who it was that first bit the apple in the Garden of Eden. Willie says she looked him straight in the eye and said nobody knew; that they'd been trying to figure out for the last 6,000 years."

No Such Aspersions.
"Do you get a stipend for your weekly work?"
"Nothin' like that. I git reg'lar pay."

"GOOD STUFF."
A Confirmed Coffee Drinker Takes to Postum.
A housewife was recently surprised when cook served Postum instead of coffee. She says:
"For the last five or six years I have been troubled with nervousness, indigestion and heart trouble. I couldn't get any benefit from the doctor's medicine so finally he ordered me to stop drinking coffee, which I did.
"I drank hot water while taking the doctor's medicine, with some improvement, then went back to coffee with the same old trouble as before.
"A new servant girl told me about Postum—said her folks used it and liked it in place of coffee. We got a package but I told her I did not believe my husband would like it, as he was a great coffee drinker.
"To my surprise he called for a third cup, said it was 'good stuff' and wanted to know what it was. We have used Postum ever since and both feel better than we have in years.
"My husband used to have bad spells with his stomach and would be sick three or four days, during which time he could not eat or drink any thing. But since he gave up coffee and took to Postum, he has had no more trouble, and we now fully believe it was all caused by coffee.
"I have not had any return of my former troubles since drinking Postum, and feel better and can do more work than in the last ten years. We tell everyone about it—some say they tried it and did not like it. I tell them it makes all the difference as to how it's made. It should be made according to directions—then it is delicious."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN
BY BARONESS ORCZY.
Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Peticoat Rule," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.
The story opens in Brussels. Louise Harris, a charming English girl of family, friends and wealth, while absently 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 led 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 Mounford, 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 killed Lord Radcliffe in a November rain, runs into a tragedy.
The old man, passionately fond of Luke, claims that he has examined the papers and that the claimant is an impostor.
Suddenly the alleged Phillip de Mounford appears in London. After a sharp interview with Lord Radcliffe, his claims are recognized and he is installed as heir. Without explanation Luke is practically disowned. Phillip seems to exert an 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 Phillip de Mounford. Every circumstance and a very apparent motive points to the disappearance of Louise, the murderer. In vain Louise, in her blind faith, tried to prove Luke innocent. Every investigation brightens the chains of evidence.
The man who had been passing as the murderer of Louise, the startling development that the murdered man is not Phillip de Mounford but a common scoundrel denounced by his father and mother for the identity of the body of the murdered man, only complicates 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 does and Louise sees him and asks him pointedly for the truth. He confesses his guilt.
Here the heart of a woman discerns his lie and the real truth that he is protecting someone else. Immediately she asks her self—who? and intuitively reasons that Luke's love for his uncle must be bound up with the solution. In the meantime the uncle has been stricken and no one permitted to see him. She demands that she be allowed to talk to him. Her request is denied but she insists, finally the physician grants permission. Lord Radcliffe, who is said to him. Alone with him for a moment she rehearses the story to him, although he is apparently uncomprehending. The mention of Luke's name and the fact that he is accused of the murder Lord Radcliffe shows signs of indignation. When the physician returns he has to be taken down and witnessed. He dictates a statement. The so-called Phillip de Mounford, who has been passing as her heir was an impostor. Such a person had at one time existed and began the correspondence more than a year before. Lord Radcliffe met him in Brussels to examine the proofs which he found correct. In his indecision between his duty to the real heir and his passionate affection for Louise he invited the real Phillip de Mounford to ride with him through the streets of Brussels. Suddenly the impostor seizes him to solve the problem then and there the murder in the taxicab which Louise had witnessed.
The papers proving Phillip's claim were left in his room and his razor and room-mate knew how to use them and guessed the secret of his death, hence his arrival in London and his hold over Lord Radcliffe, until finally the old man's love for Louise prompted the second murder.

CHAPTER XXXVII—(Continued.)
The argument between the two men had lasted close on an hour. It was long past 10 o'clock when at last Louise saw them emerging through the lighted doorway. The next moment they were seated in the cab with her, Sir Thomas having given the chauffeur the address of Lord Radcliffe's house in Grosvenor square.
The doctor tried to be bland and polite, but he was not overly successful in this. He did not like being opposed, nor hearing his pronouncements combated. In this case he had been forced to give way somewhat against his better judgment, and all the way in the cab he was comforting himself with the thought that at any rate he would keep women away from his patient, and that he would in any case cut the interview very short, and demand its abrupt cessation very peremptorily. He would then be backed up by two nurses and we must do him the justice to say that he was honestly anxious about his patient.
Louise took no notice of the fashionable doctor's efforts at conversation. She preferred to remain quite silent for those few minutes which elapsed between the departure from Hertford street and the arrival at the east side of Grosvenor square. When she saw her uncle coming down the steps of the doctor's house in company with the doctor himself, she knew that the second victory had been won tonight; that Sir Thomas Ryder would be allowed to interview Lord Radcliffe. She had, of course, no suspicion of Dr. Newington's condition to the interview, but the victory gained was an important one, and for the moment she was content.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
THE HAND OF DEATH WAS ON HIM TOO.
A respectable looking butler opened the door in answer to Dr. Newington's pull at the bell.
"Luke had him time—on the day preceding the inquest—to put some semblance of order in his uncle's household. The doctor had sent in the nurses, and he had seen to a nice capable house-keeper being installed in the house. She took the further management at once in her own hands. She dismissed the drunken couple summarily and engaged a couple of decent servants—a butler and a cook.
The house, though no less gloomy, looked certainly less lonely and neglected.
Mr. Warren, who had been Lord Radcliffe's secretary for years, but who had been speedily given his congé when the impostor took up his permanent abode in the house, was installed once more in the library, replying to the innumerable letters and telegrams of inquiry which poured in with every post. Louise and Sir Thomas were shown into the room where the young man was sitting. He rose at once, offering chairs, and pushing his own work aside. In the meanwhile the doctor had gone up stairs.
Several minutes elapsed. No one spoke. Mr. Warren, who had always been deeply attached to Luke de Mounford, was longing to ask questions, which, however, he was too shy to formulate. At last there was a knock at the door and one of the nurses came in to say that Lord Radcliffe would be pleased to see Sir Thomas Ryder upstairs.
Louise rose at the same time as her uncle, but the latter detained her with a gesture full of kind sympathy.
"Not just yet, my dear," he said. "I'll call you as soon as possible."

"But," she asked anxiously, "I shall be allowed to see him, shan't I?"
"I think so," he replied evasively. "But even if you do not see him, you can trust me. Oh, yes, you can, he adds insistently, feeling the deeply troubled look that had crept into her face at his words. "I am going to do tonight what I often have to do in the course of my work. I am going to borrow your soul and your mind and allow them to speak through my lips. When I go upstairs, I shall only outwardly be the police officer searching for proofs of a crime; inwardly I shall be a noble-hearted woman trying to discover proofs of her fiancée's innocence. That will be right, dear, won't it?"
Stunned acquiescence, trying to appear content. Then she pleaded once again, dry-eyed and broken-voiced: "You will try and get permission for me to see Lord Radcliffe, won't you?"
"I give you my word," he said solemnly.
Then he went upstairs.
Mr. Warren, quiet and sympathetic, persuaded Louise to sit down again by the hearth. He took her muff and ery detail in London. The victim is Phillip de Mounford. Every circumstance and a very apparent motive points to the disappearance of Louise, the murderer. In vain Louise, in her blind faith, tried to prove Luke innocent. Every investigation brightens the chains of evidence.
The man who had been passing as the murderer of Louise, the startling development that the murdered man is not Phillip de Mounford but a common scoundrel denounced by his father and mother for the identity of the body of the murdered man, only complicates 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 does and Louise sees him and asks him pointedly for the truth. He confesses his guilt.
Here the heart of a woman discerns his lie and the real truth that he is protecting someone else. Immediately she asks her self—who? and intuitively reasons that Luke's love for his uncle must be bound up with the solution. In the meantime the uncle has been stricken and no one permitted to see him. She demands that she be allowed to talk to him. Her request is denied but she insists, finally the physician grants permission. Lord Radcliffe, who is said to him. Alone with him for a moment she rehearses the story to him, although he is apparently uncomprehending. The mention of Luke's name and the fact that he is accused of the murder Lord Radcliffe shows signs of indignation. When the physician returns he has to be taken down and witnessed. He dictates a statement. The so-called Phillip de Mounford, who has been passing as her heir was an impostor. Such a person had at one time existed and began the correspondence more than a year before. Lord Radcliffe met him in Brussels to examine the proofs which he found correct. In his indecision between his duty to the real heir and his passionate affection for Louise he invited the real Phillip de Mounford to ride with him through the streets of Brussels. Suddenly the impostor seizes him to solve the problem then and there the murder in the taxicab which Louise had witnessed.
The papers proving Phillip's claim were left in his room and his razor and room-mate knew how to use them and guessed the secret of his death, hence his arrival in London and his hold over Lord Radcliffe, until finally the old man's love for Louise prompted the second murder.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
A MERE WOMAN FIGHTING FOR THE THING SHE LOVED.
Louise reached the landing slightly out of breath. She knew her way about the old house very well. Two doors now were opposite to her. One of these had been left ajar—intentionally no doubt. It was the one that gave on a smaller morning room, where in the olden days Lord Radcliffe used to have his breakfast and write his private letters; the library being given over to Mr. Warren and to official correspondence.
From this side of the house and right through the silence that hung over it, Louise could hear very faintly rising from the servants' quarters below the murmur of the women who were chattering and giggling. The nurses then had not returned to their post. With the indifference born of long usage they were enjoying every minute of the brief respite accorded them, content to wait for the doctor's call if the patient had immediate need of them.
Through the chink of the door, the red glow of a shaded lamp came as a sharp crimson streak cutting the surrounding gloom.
Louise pushed open the door that was ajar and tiptoed softly in.
The little room had been transformed for present emergencies. The desk had been pushed aside, and a small iron bedstead fitted up for the night nurse. A woman's paraphernalia was scattered about on the massive early Victorian furniture: a comb and brush, a cap and apron neatly folded, a couple of long pins, littered the table which used to look so severe with its heavy inkstand and firm blotting pad. The piano had been relegated to a corner, and the portrait of Luke which always hung over the mantelpiece had been removed.
The door into the bedroom was wide open, and without any hesitation Louise went in. The bed was immediately in front of her, and between it and the hanging lamp beyond a screen had been placed, so that the upper part of the sick man's figure was invisible at first in the gloom, and the light lay like a red patch right across the quilt at the foot.
Louise advanced noiselessly and then halted beside the bed. The room was pleasantly warm, and the smell of disinfectants, of medicines, and of lavender water hung in the air—the air of a sick room, oppressive and enervating.

(Continued Next Week.)
Disarmament.
"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ speaks in the pauses of the cannon's roar, O'er fields of carnage by fiery scimitars reaped And left dry ashes; o'er trenches heaped With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe Down like a groaning diapason runs From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons Of desolate women in their far-off homes. Waiting to hear the step that never comes! O men and brothers! let that voice be heard, War! try peace; put up the useless sword! Fear not the end. There is a story told In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold, And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit With grave responses listening unto it; To the brands of his merciful bent, Buddha, the holy and benevolent, Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look, Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook. "O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate." The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace Of fear or anger, in the monster's face, In pity said: "Poor fellow, even thou I love." Lo! he upspoke the sky-tall terror sank To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank Into the form and fashion of a dove: And where the thunder of its rage was heard, Circling above him sweetly sang the bird: "Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song; "And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"—Whittier.

California has the least number of thunder storms, and Alabama and Florida have the greatest number. Florida has the most even temperature of any state.

hear them talking in the hall. Mr. Warren said:
"Don't go out, Sir Thomas. It's a horrid night. Fletcher will get you a cab."
And Sir Thomas replied: "Thank you."
"Won't you," said the younger man, "wait in the library?"
He had apparently rung a bell, for the man servant came into the hall and was duly told off to whistle for a cab. "I'd rather go into another room, for a moment, Mr. Warren, if I may," said Sir Thomas. "There are just one or two little questions I would like to put to you."
"Certainly, Sir Thomas," replied Mr. Warren with alacrity.
The two men went together into the dining room. Louise by shutting her eyes could almost see them sitting there in the stately and gloomy room, which she knew so well. She could call to mind the last occasion on which she had lunched there, with Lord Radcliffe and Luke and Edie and Jim. It was the day on which the impostor first forced his way into the house. Louise had a clear vision of him even now, just as she had seen him standing that day in the hall, before his interview with Lord Radcliffe. Parker was helping him with his coat and Louise had seen his face; the bricklayer's son who had come forward with his marvellous array of lies, and who had been so implicitly believed, that he himself had to pay for his lies with a most horrible death.
For that death now—and because of the impenetrable mystery which the impostor had taken with him to his humble grave—Luke stood in danger of being punished with death that was even more horrible than that caused by a stab in the neck under cover of darkness and of fog.
The one chance that there had been of finding a clue to the mystery had been dissipated by the silence of the sick man up stairs. The hand of death was upon him too. He also would take the secret of the bricklayer's son, silently, with him to the grave.
Louise's eyes, vacant and tearless, wandered aimlessly round the room. Dr. Newington was sitting at the desk, writing either a letter or a prescription which apparently required a considerable amount of thought. He seemed deeply absorbed in what he wrote and did not take time to refer to a small notebook which he took out of his pocket.
The scratching of his stylo against the paper was the only sound that struck Louise's ear. The rest of the house seemed lonely and still. Only from far away came the shrill screeching of the cat whistle.
Louise rose and went to the door, peeping out into the hall. It was deserted and the dining room door was shut. She slipped out into the hall. Dr. Newington apparently did not trouble himself about her. Very softly she closed the library door behind her. Then she ran swiftly up stairs.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
A MERE WOMAN FIGHTING FOR THE THING SHE LOVED.
Louise reached the landing slightly out of breath. She knew her way about the old house very well. Two doors now were opposite to her. One of these had been left ajar—intentionally no doubt. It was the one that gave on a smaller morning room, where in the olden days Lord Radcliffe used to have his breakfast and write his private letters; the library being given over to Mr. Warren and to official correspondence.
From this side of the house and right through the silence that hung over it, Louise could hear very faintly rising from the servants' quarters below the murmur of the women who were chattering and giggling. The nurses then had not returned to their post. With the indifference born of long usage they were enjoying every minute of the brief respite accorded them, content to wait for the doctor's call if the patient had immediate need of them.
Through the chink of the door, the red glow of a shaded lamp came as a sharp crimson streak cutting the surrounding gloom.
Louise pushed open the door that was ajar and tiptoed softly in.
The little room had been transformed for present emergencies. The desk had been pushed aside, and a small iron bedstead fitted up for the night nurse. A woman's paraphernalia was scattered about on the massive early Victorian furniture: a comb and brush, a cap and apron neatly folded, a couple of long pins, littered the table which used to look so severe with its heavy inkstand and firm blotting pad. The piano had been relegated to a corner, and the portrait of Luke which always hung over the mantelpiece had been removed.
The door into the bedroom was wide open, and without any hesitation Louise went in. The bed was immediately in front of her, and between it and the hanging lamp beyond a screen had been placed, so that the upper part of the sick man's figure was invisible at first in the gloom, and the light lay like a red patch right across the quilt at the foot.
Louise advanced noiselessly and then halted beside the bed. The room was pleasantly warm, and the smell of disinfectants, of medicines, and of lavender water hung in the air—the air of a sick room, oppressive and enervating.

(Continued Next Week.)
Disarmament.
"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ speaks in the pauses of the cannon's roar, O'er fields of carnage by fiery scimitars reaped And left dry ashes; o'er trenches heaped With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe Down like a groaning diapason runs From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons Of desolate women in their far-off homes. Waiting to hear the step that never comes! O men and brothers! let that voice be heard, War! try peace; put up the useless sword! Fear not the end. There is a story told In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold, And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit With grave responses listening unto it; To the brands of his merciful bent, Buddha, the holy and benevolent, Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look, Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook. "O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate." The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace Of fear or anger, in the monster's face, In pity said: "Poor fellow, even thou I love." Lo! he upspoke the sky-tall terror sank To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank Into the form and fashion of a dove: And where the thunder of its rage was heard, Circling above him sweetly sang the bird: "Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song; "And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"—Whittier.

California has the least number of thunder storms, and Alabama and Florida have the greatest number. Florida has the most even temperature of any state.



Every Boy and Girl Wants a Watch!

Liggett & Myers
Duke's Mixture

We want every smoker in this country to know how good Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture is. Every grain in that big one and a half ounce 5c sack is pure, clean tobacco—a delightful smoke in a pipe or any other way you wish to use it.

And with each sack you now get
A Free Present Coupon

These coupons are good for hundreds of valuable presents, such as watches, toilet articles, silverware, furniture, and dozens of other articles suitable for every member of the family.

You will surely like Duke's Mixture, made by Liggett & Myers at Durham, N. C., and the presents cannot fail to please you and yours.

As a special offer, during October and November only we will send you our new illustrated catalog of presents FREE. Just send us your name and address on a postal.



227 Bushels of Corn to the Acre
This crop was raised in the season of 1911 by a boy in Mississippi. Can you do as well on your high priced land? Living is pleasant in the south. You can be outdoors all the time and can raise from 2 to 4 crops a year. Alfalfa, cotton, corn, oats, cowpeas, cabbage, sweet and Irish potatoes, tomatoes and fruits of all kinds grow equally well.
Go South, Young Man and Grow Rich
For beautifully illustrated booklets and full information write to J. C. CLAIR, Immigration Commissioner, Room D600, Central Station, I. C. R. R., Chicago

SHE COULD ANSWER FOR HIM
Little Comfort for Candidate in Reason Assigned by Wife for Her Being Confident.

Mr. Williams, one of five candidates for the office of sheriff in one of the northern counties of Wisconsin, was making a house-to-house canvass of a rural district, soliciting votes. Coming to the house of Farmer Thompson, he was met at the door by the good housewife, and the following dialogue ensued:
"Is Mr. Thompson at home?"
"No; he has gone to town."
"I am very sorry, as I would have liked to talk to him."
"Is there anything I can tell him for you?"
"My name is Williams, candidate for sheriff, and I wanted to exact a promise from him to vote for me at the coming election."
"Oh, that will be all right. I know he will promise, for he has already promised four other candidates the same thing."—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Mean Hint.
"Men are what their diet makes them."
"You must have been eating a great deal of sheephead fish lately."

Don't Persecute Your Bowels
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.



PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS