

NO SLEEPING BAG FOR THEM

Laplanders Preferred the Snow and the Open Air, and So Had a Comfortable Night.

Sir Henry Lucy tells in the Cornhill Magazine a good story that he had from Nansen, the explorer. It amusingly illustrates the hardy health of the Laplanders.

Part of Nansen's equipment for his trip across Greenland consisted of two sleeping-bags made of undressed skins. On the first night of the journey Nansen and his two Norwegian companions got into one of the bags, pulled the mouth tight across their necks, and so slept in the snow with only their heads out.

Before retiring for rest, Nansen saw the three Laplanders had engaged for the expedition cozily tucked into the other sleeping-bag. When he awoke in the morning, almost numb with cold, he observed that the bag in which he had tied up the Laplanders was empty, and that they were nowhere in sight. He was afraid they had deserted him, and scrambling out of the bag, went in search of them. He found the three men fast asleep behind a hillock of snow that they had scraped together as a protection against the wind.

"Ah, master," they said, when asked to explain this extraordinary conduct, "we couldn't sleep in that thing. It was too hot, so we got out and have had a comfortable night here."

DREW THE LINE.



Mrs. Wood B. Swelle—Do you care for pate de foie gras?
Old Man Newriche—No, ma'am, I draw the line on grass. Baled-hay breakfast foods are my limit!

Truth About Old Age.

George F. Baer, the famous Philadelphia railroad man, said on his seventieth birthday:

"I agree with Professor Metchnikoff about the wisdom of the old. Professor Osler made it fashionable to decay gray hairs, but my experience has been that the old not only possess wisdom, but they seek it also."

With a smile Mr. Baer added: "The only people who think they are too old to learn are those who really are too young."

English Stump Speech.

A correspondent, "Old Briny," sends us the following specimen of frenzied stump oratory: "Feller blokes! Thanks ter th' gov'ment, yer got yer d'minishin' wage, and yer little loaf, an' all that. Watcher get ter do now is ter go fer devil-ootion and local anatomy, an' go like blind!" (Loud cheers.)—London Globe.

At 2 A. M.

Mrs. Klatter—What is it a sign of when a man stumbles going up stairs?

Mrs. Klubmann—I know very well what it's a sign of when my husband does it.

If a newly wedded man has no secrets from his wife it is rather hard on the other women he might have married, but didn't.

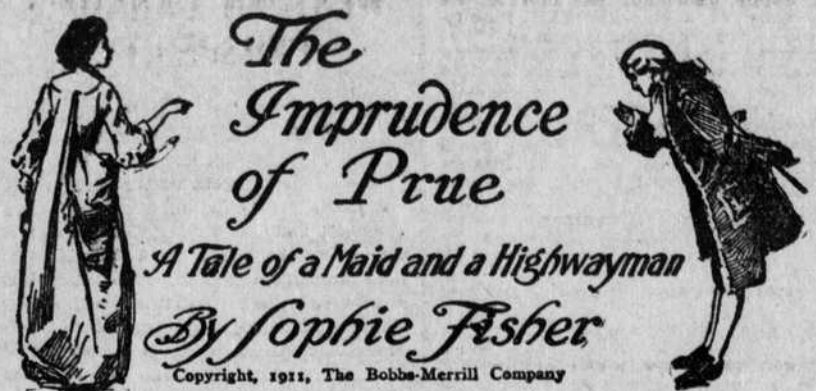
Political arguments lose us more friends than they gain votes.

Thin Bits of Corn Toasted to A delicate Light Brown—Post Toasties

To be eaten with cream and sugar, or served with either way insures a most delicious dish.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Baitle Creek, Mich.



The Imprudence of Prue
A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman
By Sophie Fisher

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SYNOPSIS.

In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Brook, widowed at 16 and still a widow at 20 and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman. She, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

The two girls live with their grandmother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, extravagant, and always in debt.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)

Sir Geoffrey made no further protest, but considering that the benefit to himself was so undeniable, gave in gracefully, and pledged himself to his lady's service with many courtly vows. Indeed, the tempting prospect of Prue, divested of her debts and free in three days to bestow herself upon him, rose before him in such glowing colors, that even Lord Beachcombe's wager was cast into the shade, and only served to add luster to the vision of his fickle and inconsequent mistress, reduced to sweet reasonableness and proper wifely submission by the judicious use of her discreditible secret.

He, therefore, took his leave, having contented himself for the moment with the tips of Prue's fingers to kiss, and leaving the cousins to the delightful occupation of turning over their recovered wardrobes, and devising the means of making a resplendent appearance at court with their present possessions and the thrifty outlay of Lady Drumloch's 50 guineas.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEDDING.

"My mind misgives me," said Margaret, when the two girls were at their toilet the next morning. "This is not too late, Prue, for reflection, and if I betide thee, dear, I shall feel as if I had brought it on thee."

Prue turned from her mirror with a petulant gesture. "Tell me, Peggie, truly," she said, with an air of deep concern, "do you think the best of a dress that has trussed my hair too high on top? Would not a curl or two more on the neck be an improvement? Prithee, unpin this lock and let it fall intelligently behind my ear. Ah, that's better!" She turned back to her mirror, and regarded her reflection critically. "Am I too pale, Peggie? Do you think a touch of rouge—the least touch—would be becoming?"

"For the wedding, do you mean? Faith, I always thought a pale, pensive bride more interesting. Not that you are either. A shade more color would spoil you. I think you are even a little flushed."

"You are pale, Peggie," said Prue, looking fixedly at her. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I dreamed all night of troubled water, Prue. You know that's ill luck. 'Tis not too late to give up this foolish marriage."

"Foolish marriage! Why, Peggie, 'tis the first wise one I have ever contemplated. And as for a dream, why I dreamed three times running of a black cat, and if anything bodes good luck, that does."

"But suppose after all the object of the marriage should fail?" urged Margaret.

"Fall! How can it fall?" cried Prue pettishly. "Besides, you know the motto of the Wynnes: 'Towards fayle, Well, I have failed, but never enough, yet not from cowardice, God wot! And still I am always hoping to win. I scarce know what.'"

"Your new motto will suit you just as well," said Peggie. "Nil timere." "Ha ha," the motto of the De Cliffes. Was ever such audacity as this Robin's? I've a mind to ask him, when the deed is done, if he has any directions to give about his hatchment, or if I shall refer the matter to the head of the house."

"Oh, Prue, are you utterly heartless? I declare, since I have seen the poor young man I am sorry for him and I wish I had not helped to turn his execution into jest."

"Would you have me weep?" said Prue, almost sternly. "There is always time enough for that when there is nothing else to be done. Ah, I hear Sir Geoffrey's voice. You are dressed, Peggie, prithee go down to him and bring me word whether he has done his part and is ready—and willing—to give away the bride."

She turned for a last look in the mirror as Peggie hurried away, and the half-scoffing smile with which she surveyed her own charming reflection had none of the levity with which she had so easily deceived her cousin. Yet it certainly was not a picture to provoke disdain. Never had the willful beauty looked to greater advantage. The restless brilliancy of her sparkling eyes, the changeful color that flushed and paled her cheek with each quick-drawn breath, the nameless but irresistible charm that animated every feature, might have excited a more complacent glance. But Prue, though by no means prone to deal severely with herself, was a good deal more ashamed of her scheme than she would have cared to own, even to herself, and perhaps secretly longed for some insurmountable obstacle to stop her in spite of herself.

She was determined, however, that she would not be the one to raise a difficulty. She was so unexpectably mortified by the new light yesterday's events had thrown on Sir Geoffrey's wooing that the idea of placing a barrier between herself and him, gave her keen satisfaction. That the possibility of her inheriting a fortune from her grandmother should have influenced his pursuit of her ever so slightly, wounded her vanity, that nerve-center of her being; and that he should have lent his countenance and help to a scheme that would give her, even nominally, to another man, no matter how brief or indefinite the tenure, dealt it an almost mortal blow.

"He has yet a chance," she murmured. "He may have found on reflection that he can not bring himself to sacrifice me for the sake of a couple of thousand pounds' worth of debts, and he may implore me to refrain for his sake. I might not be persuaded—one can never answer for oneself—but he would come out of it without dishonor." She mechanically smoothed a ribbon here and adjusted a founce there and, half turning, tried to obtain a full view of her back in a glass two feet square. "'Tis provoking to be obliged to dress by guess-work," she commented. "If I were to marry an old man, I could have three or four tre-women and a dressing-room with the walls all covered with

mirrors, so that I could see every side of myself at once. Pahl what is coming over we that I could even think of such a creature? What with marrying criminals and receiving offers from usurers the Viscountess Brooke must have made a pretty pass!"

With which she made a deep curtsy to as much as she could see of the Viscountess Brooke in the little looking-glass, and running out of the room met Miss Moffat coming up stairs.

"Hasten, Prue," she whispered breathlessly. "All is arranged. Sir Geoffrey has the license in his pocket and a parson in his carriage. If the bride is ready—" She had entirely recovered from her brief spasm of reluctance and was as merry as a child and as reckless of consequences.

"The bride is quite ready," cried Prue. "Nothing lacking except—" "Except what?" inquired Peggie, as she broke off abruptly.

"Oh! a trifle or two; nothing worth mentioning," laughed Prue, snatching up her cloak and hood and running lightly down stairs, where Sir Geoffrey awaited them, not altogether at ease about his own part in the affair, and palpably relieved that Prue was in the best of spirits and inclined to treat the whole adventure as a frolic.

"'Tis all your own fault—and Peggie's," she laughed in her sauciest mood. "If I were not the most good-natured person in the world I should scold you both soundly and refuse to make a fool of myself for your amusement."

"Will you change places with me and let me take your chance?" cried Peggie. "It can not make much difference to Robin."

"What, when I am all dressed up in ribbons and laces for the wedding? No difference, forsooth! What do you say to that, Sir Geoffrey?"

"I was just going to suggest that you were altogether too fine a bride for the occasion," said Sir Geoffrey, rather glumly. "A less resplendent toilet would be less likely to attract attention."

"Eclipse me then under this big cloak," she replied, giving it to him. "Do you think you foolish man, that I am dressed up like this to wed a potpad? I am on my way to Marlborough House to dine with the Duchess, and must hasten or I shall be late and may chance to get a box of the ear for my first course."

Robin Freemantle sat at the rough table in his cell, writing busily. Several of his written sheets were spread out before him, and when he finished the last and signed his name to it he threw the pen down and sat drumming on the table with his fingers. It was an idle action but by no means idly performed, for the frown on his forehead and the movements of his long, sinewy hands were full of purpose, and angry purpose, too.

Presently the frown died away and a look of wistful sadness replaced it. He took up the written sheets and turned them in his fingers as though half-disposed to tear them up, smiling bitterly as he glanced from page to page.

"What good will it do me," he muttered, when my bones are rotting in an unmarked grave, to bequeath a feud to perhaps unborn generations? Shall I sling down my mother's reputation for the lawyers to fight over, like dogs over a bone, when I am not there to protect it, and when the outcome of the struggle will interest me as little as it will interest them?"

A dim vision, more imagination than memory, rose before him of the fair, young mother who had faded from his life twenty-three years ago, and beside it another face radiant with life and laughter, a pair of blue eyes sparkling through curled lashes, a pair of round, white arms gleaming in the darkness, a scarlet mouth—every nerve tingled at the thought that his own had touched it, and might again. But no! she had been merely playing with him. How could he have been fooled by the ruse of a spoiled beauty to feed her own vanity and punish his audacity? She wanted to marry him!

It was fantastic, absurd, and what could be more improbable than the reason for such a folly? She had wanted, it perhaps, or merely wished to amuse herself at the expense of the darling highwayman who had robbed her of a kiss. Well, she had had her way. He had shown her she had but to beckon and he was ready to follow, and that had doubtless ended her whim.

"She will not come!" he said, aloud, in a tone of poignant disappointment, that plainly showed how he clung to the promise he feigned to discredit. The jailer opened the door noisily. "Visitors for the highwayman," he announced. "More fine ladies and gentlemen."

Robin sprang to his feet, looking eagerly from one to another. Whatever his expectations were, the first glance disappointed them. A plump-faced, watery-eyed little man, in rusty black, entered first, conducting Margaret Moffat by the hand in a ceremonious fashion, that had something in it reminiscent of the time when he did not need filling up with wine, and he remembered that he was a student and a Doctor of Divinity. And close behind him, followed Sir Geoffrey Beadesert—tall, handsome, dressed with the sober elegance that became his arm a lady, enveloped from head to foot in a hooded cloak, that completely concealed her.

"May I inquire—" Robin began. Then his glance fell upon Margaret, whose air of coquettish simplicity would not have misbecome my lady's confidential maid, and recognizing her, his hopes rose again, and he burst into a hearty cry, "Oh, my fair friend; have you come to end my solitude once more? What! Sir Geoffrey Beadesert? I can not say I anticipated the honor of a visit from you. I fancied you had already seen more of me than you are wont to." "Sir Geoffrey approved. "My good fellow," he said haughtily, "I have no personal enmity toward you; I merely did my duty as a citizen in appearing as a witness against you."

Robin negligently, "I was thinking of the time when I and my friends were chasing you and yours, and the constables shot my horse—poor Firebrand, I wonder what became of him—and turned the tide of battle."

"Sdeath, fellow!" Sir Geoffrey began fiercely, but Prue checked him with a light touch on the arm.

"Pray, gentlemen, do not waste time quarrelling; what does it matter now who fled and who pursued?"

At the sound of her voice, at once gentle and imperious, the two men

dropped their warlike air, and Robin, who was astounded to recognize Prue in Sir Geoffrey's companion, seemed petrified into a statue of expectancy. "If we can have a few minutes' privacy—" she suggested.

Sir Geoffrey beckoned to the jailer, and after a murmured conference, enlivened by the clinking of coin, the latter consented to see that they were uninterrupted for as long as they wished.

While that was being arranged, Prue approached Robin with a timid air. "Master Robert de Cliffe—or Robin Freemantle"—she said, "I thank you for consenting to my wild scheme, and I pray you, forgive me if it seems heartless."

"Madam, I deem myself fortunate, if my death be of any use to you," he replied, with a ring of bitter sadness in his tone.

Prue, greatly surprised by the voice, which had none of the roughness of the robber's greeting on Bleakmoor, looked more closely at Robin, and discovered that he was young, handsome, and by no means ferocious looking.

"I would not have you feel harshly toward me," she said, in a low, thrilling voice. "It is not too late, even now, for me to withdraw if you deem me overbold."

A spasm of apprehension shivered through him. He had brought his dream so near realization only to snatch it from him? Could a woman be so cruel to a dying man? He met her questioning look with one of agonized supplication. "Withdraw—now!" he muttered, unable to voice the prayer of his eyes. "Then why come at all—to mock me?"

But Prue was quick to read men's hearts, and what she saw in Robin's translated his few abrupt words into a language that stirred her to pity. "Therefore, to console his (the jailer's) having by this time retired, she now threw off her wraps, and revealed such a vision of loveliness as fairly illuminated the dingy prison cell. His look of delighted surprise satisfied her.

"I recognize you now, but you are far, far more beautiful than even my dreams of you! And have you really made yourself so fine to gladden a poor prisoner's eyes?" said Robin, gazing with rapture upon the graceful figure in its gaily garb of brocade and lace, the lovely face from which eyes of the most dazzling brightness smiled alluringly upon him; the little hand, so tapering and dimpled stretched out to him with a gesture, half-entreaty and half command. As he took it in his, she blushed, a little remembering how he had behaved the other time she offered it. But this time, he bent his head and laid a courtly and reverential salute upon it.

"We have nothing to wait for now," said Sir Geoffrey, impatiently, observing this little episode. "Parson Goodridge, have you shown the papers to this gentleman, to make sure they are correct?"

Robin mechanically took up the papers the parson laid on the table, and read out the names from the marriage license. "Robert Gregory de Cliffe," he nodded approval and glanced further down. "Prue, widow of James Stuart Brooke and daughter of Benjamin Wynne and Mrs. Drumloch, his wife." All the titles had been eliminated, and there was nothing to show that the bride was not of plebeian origin. Robin smiled slightly. Was it worth while to be mysterious with a man who was virtually dead? He recalled that Peggie had made him promise to keep his marriage with "my lady" a secret, but it was apparent that he was not to be trusted with more of the secret than was absolutely necessary.

"It is quite correct," he said, laying the paper down.

"Then let us proceed to business. Master Goodridge, pray do your office quickly. Let us have no homilies on the duties and pleasures of matrimony," but make the ceremony brief and binding. We will not intrude on your privacy," he added, turning to Robin, "any longer than is necessary."

"I am ready," said Robin curtly. The ceremony was quickly performed. Robert Gregory and Prue duly accepted each other as man and wife for all the vicissitudes of their mortal life, severally vowed love, honor and all the rest of it, pledged themselves by giving and receiving of a ring, to share each other's worldly goods and finally received the blessing of the church, borne on the gin-flavored breath of Parson Goodridge.

A short 10 minutes having sufficed to make the Viscountess Brooke's widow the highwayman, Robin Freemantle's wife, the parson pocketed his dog-eared book, also a generous fee from the bridegroom, and took his departure.

"Do not forget to keep your own counsel," Sir Geoffrey warned him. "This has a most mysterious morning's work for you, Master Goodridge, and there is better to come when your testimony is wanted, if the secret be well kept."

"I shall keep it, never fear; I shall keep it," murmured the degraded creature, already drunk in anticipation of the glorious possibilities of a pocket so unusually well lined. "A secret is the only thing I have ever learned to keep."

And he disappeared, chuckling at his own wit.

Man's Love and Woman's.

Harriet Anderson in the Atlantic. To the woman feeling is everything; to the man, reason. The man loves her as the symbol of the All, this impersonality which compels his allegiance. He worships her as the highest idea of his life. She, on the other hand, loves him in particular, loves his personality, his immediate ego. To worship and to love impersonally are two abilities not native to woman. She is physically much more bound to him than he is to her. She becomes his flesh, and her fidelity is more a natural law than a moral question. His fidelity, however, is primarily a moral act, an act of his power and will. It is not always a sign of moral greatness. When a man is narrow in mind, and insignificant in quality, it is no effort for him to be faithful; but when he is high-minded, and glowing in personality, the effort becomes great. As he demands more from himself, he also demands more from his wife. He can be faithful if she grows with him; he can be faithful if she has once given him a moral act, an act of love, and changed the world for him, even though she herself has lost significance; but when she utterly blots out divine nature for him she deprives him of the highest to which he is by right entitled. For this reason, man must not be judged exclusively by the feminine idea of fidelity. A man of personality and strength who is not faithful to his vows, alone knows why he injures himself, and for himself he must be judged to clear or condemn.

For a Week or Two.

"Baseball is over for 1912."
"Yep."
"The fans are at a loss now for something to talk about, I suppose."
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Summer Styles.

Patience—I see the suffragettes have come out against the secret ballot.

Patrice—Yes, women, as a rule, prefer open-work.

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"There is a use for everything."

"Huh! Has any one ever found a sensible use for a phonograph?"

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