

Baking Made Almost Automatic
Science has done many wonderful things in the way of lightening kitchen-work, but possibly the most welcome of its many achievements is the preparation of a baking powder that makes baking almost automatic.

This wonderful baking powder is known as Calumet Baking Powder.
As you perhaps know from your own experience—baking is largely a matter of "luck." If your baking powder happens to be just right, your baking will be good. But if it varies in quality or in strength—so many baking powders do, your bakings are more than likely to be ruined.

Calumet Baking Powder puts a stop to the dependence on "luck." With it, all quickly-raised foods can be made without the slightest trouble—made pure and wholesome and tasty. For Calumet itself is pure in the can and in the baking—and so uniform in quality, so carefully prepared, that failures are impossible. You can judge of its purity, too, when you know that it has been given the highest awards at two World's Pure Food Expositions—one at Chicago in 1907 and the other at Paris, France, last March. Adv.

JUST THAT.



COOK—A fellow spends a lot of money for Christmas presents, and what has he to show for it?
HOOK—Pawn tickets, usually.

RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—"Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment, but nothing helped.

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston," Adv.

Free View of the Lake.
"Finest and viewfiest place. Baths and toilets on modernist principles. The hotel not being adapted for health resort of hills, is only preserved for the sojourn of passengers, tourists and sportsmen.
"Reputed excellent cooking. Noble, real, well-lain wines, different beers. The magnificent outlook is grandiose. Daily six trains to all parts of the globe. Free view at the lively lake."
—From a foreign hotel guide.

Same Thing.
"So you have given up getting married?"
"Yes; and you have given up your auto. What was the reason of that?"
"Cost of upkeep."
"That's what influenced me."

Deceased.
"Unfortunately the girl in the boat with him when he rocked the boat did not know how to swim."
"That was unfortunate."
"For him, yes. You see, she clawed him under the surface and stood on his face to keep her head above water."

TIRED BLOOD CAUSES WOMEN'S AILMENTS

(Copyright 1912 by the Tonitives Co.) Tired Blood causes Backache, Bearing Down Pains, Irregularities, Womb Trouble, Bloodlessness, Nervousness, Lack of Strength and other Complaints, peculiar to women. The blood becomes not only tired, but depleted, and a condition known as Anemia sets in. Much suffering, and perhaps life itself may be saved by a timely and thorough treatment of Tonitives, to so fertilize and enrich the blood, that it will not lack the elements necessary to perform its various functions. 75c. per box of dealers or by mail. The Tonitives Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOITER

Completely removed by internal medicinal treatment at home. Full particulars upon application. Address **E. B. STILES, Superintendent, 810 5th Str., Des Moines, Iowa**

HIDES TANNED

For Coats and Robes. When you lose a horse or a cow, save the hide and get a beautiful coat or robe made out of it.
Write for catalogue, and no doubt there is someone at your place whom you can refer you to, where you can see a sample of our work.

COWNE TANNING CO., 511 Market Street, Des Moines, Iowa
DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 14 oz. tin, 10c.



The Imprudence of Prue
A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman
By *Sophie Fisher*
Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS.
In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Brooke, widowed at 16 and still a widow at 20 and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her cousin Esser, is accosted by a highwayman, who, 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.

She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a new gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's, a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her approaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beau-desert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beau-desert, himself, had overheard her in debt, and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once seizes herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued.)

"Humanity," echoed the baronet, with ill-dissembled irritation. "Such angelic sentiments will become the cruel beauty whose path is strewn with bleeding hearts. But has my dear Prudence no pity to spare for the unhappy Robin, the highwayman's unexpected good luck?"

"On the contrary," laughed Prue, "she congratulates you on your escape; believe me, a far greater piece of luck than Robin's."

"Do not jest, dear one, I implore you," said Sir Geoffrey seriously. "You certainly have not considered the position this miscarriage of justice has placed you in. Let me lay before you the consequences—"

"Pray, do not," interrupted Prue, pettishly. "If I am resigned to the will of heaven, why persecute me with reasons for rebellion?"

Sir Geoffrey, with his hand upon his heart, bowed to the ground.

"Before such pieties, I am dumb," he said. "It is permitted to ask if you are reconciled to your creditors as well as to the means you took to rid yourself of them?"

"It is not," replied Prue, with over- powering dignity. "That is my private affair and I do not care to discuss it when Robin's messenger came a-rustling by the way, Sir Geoffrey Beau-desert. By the way, Sir Geoffrey—with an entire change of tone and manner—"you always know the latest news; do tell us why Mrs. Tewkesbury has gone home to her father, and why our husband is going to fight a duel or will merely horsewhip her hairdresser?"

The conversation drifted into safer channels, and Prue was soon her own bright, frivolous, enchanting self. Other guests dropped in; fashion, scandal, and the duchess's masquerade were discussed, and Prue had a saucy answer for every compliment and a ready laugh for every jest, and beneath her dainty bodice such a tumult of fear and shame and sharp sense of defeat, and with such strange, swift motions of something more than pain, and yet hurt her more than all the other emotions that quickened her pulse and sent the blood surging through her brain.

It was late in the afternoon, and Prue's guests were making their adieu when Robin's messenger came a-rustling, looking youth with a ruddy complexion and a shock of tow colored hair. He was dressed like the footboy of a prosperous tradesman, and carried an oilskin covered basket and a pair of sunbonnets, and on his breast, as if it were a badge of honor, he wore a ruddy sash with a gold tassel.

The messenger came to her, and she looked at him with a ruddy complexion and a shock of tow colored hair. He was dressed like the footboy of a prosperous tradesman, and carried an oilskin covered basket and a pair of sunbonnets, and on his breast, as if it were a badge of honor, he wore a ruddy sash with a gold tassel.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RED DOMINO.

Fashionable hours were early in the days of Queen Anne, and it was a well known fact that the imperious Sarah Churchill did not deign to receive the slightest unpunctuality at her entertainments. So by 9 o'clock the gorgeous drawing-rooms were well-filled and the steady stream of rank and file poured in the great stair-cases as fast as chairs and chandeliers could discharge their glittering loads.

The sight was a dazzling one; every nationality, every celebrity was represented. Cardinals paid court to the vicereines, princesses favored a host of titled and untitled admirers, and the commonalty of the age, as well as the duchess stood unmasked, to receive her guests, an endless procession passed of monks and devils, kings and clowns, swashbucklers, nuns, fairies, princes, allegorical and mythological personages, a veritable phantasmagoria, in which the mask and domino afforded just as much concealment as the wearer desired, but no more.

A ripple of laughter or a murmur of admiration at frequent intervals announced the arrival of some specially brilliant or humorous masker, and when the crowd was at its densest, a couple approached the dais, followed by a pair of attendants, one dressed as a shepherd, the other as a shepherdess.

Foremost came Prue, dressed as a shepherdess. Over a skirt of her grandmother's priceless lace, she wore a Watteau dress of white silk, brocaded with bunches of rosebuds which she carried gracefully in her hand, and a crown of holly leaves and a wreath of roses and a flowing knot of blue ribbon. The pearl-embroidered gloves covered her hands, in one of which she carried a crook all laced with fluttering ribbons, and in the other a silken cord, by which she led Peggy, admirably disguised as a lamb; of gigantic growth, to be sure, but delightfully and gracefully grotesque as she amped and pranced beside the little shepherdess, who at every other step, stopped to caress and encourage her.

The little procession was so irresistibly funny that the duchess, at first rather disturbed by the rising tide of laughter and applause, as soon as she set eyes upon the cause of it, joined in with the utmost heartiness, and even the queen, who sat beside her in a chair of state, vouchsafed a smile of genuine amusement, rare enough upon the face of that woman of few emotions.

Dancing was going on in the great ballroom, but Prue refused to dance.

"I dare not leave my lamb at the mercy of all these wolves," she declared, in a falsetto voice, that deceived no one. "Is there no grassy nook where I can repose, while my pet frolics round me?"

"Certainly," said a voice, which she recognized as Sir Geoffrey's. "There are secret retreats in the conservatory, sacred to Chlois and her flock."

"Including Strephon? No, thank you," and warning him off with her crook, she roamed about, launching the harmless arrows of her ready wit against such of the guests as she recognized, or pretended to.

Presently a voice began to murmur close behind her—

"Her hair, is ringlets rather dark than fair. Does don't turn her ivory bosom roll. And hiding half, adorn the whole. In her high forehead's fair half-round Love sits in open triumph crown'd. Her lips, no living bard, I ween, May show how red, how round, how sweet."

"Oh! hush!" cried Prue, in a great flutter; "how could you be so rash? You will be recognized." She turned a quick, timid glance backward, and was promptly reassured. The tall,

stately figure, picturesquely draped in a voluminous red domino, had nothing about it to attract attention, and a red mask with a deep fall of gold-lace concealed the entire face, except the firm mouth and strong, square chin.

"What made you come here, of all places in the world?" she asked, as she drew near. "Chiefly to see you, but partly because I had business here," he answered.

Poor Prue thought of the bank-notes, and almost collapsed. What business could a highwayman have at a ball unless to rob the guests while pretending to be one of them? Just then Peggy drew her attention by pulling at the cord.

"For heaven's sake," she whispered, "come out of this sheepskin, I shall die if I don't get to the air."

Prue signed to Robin to follow, and led her lambkin away. Outside the ballroom, they were soon in comparative solitude. In the card-rooms a few elderly people had thrown off their masks and given themselves over to the full enjoyment of whist and ecarte. Here and there a tete-a-tete was progressing behind the kindly shelter of albums or portfolios. In the lobby a sedate couple passed side by side over the latest number of the Spectator, upside down, while two or three portly, be-starr'd and be-ribboned fogies discussed the threatened Jacobite uprising over an exclusive bottle of Burgundy.

Prue was at home in every corner of Marlborough house, and had no difficulty in piloting her companions into a cool, dim-lighted conservatory, where the sound of voices and music reached the ear agreeably softened by distance.

"Every one has seen me," said Peggy; "I'll get rid of this sheepskin, and then I can dance."

"Peggy would rather dance than eat, sleep or go to church," remarked Prue, seating herself and making a little, half-hesitating, half-timid movement toward the seat beside her.

Robin was not slow in availing himself of the opportunity. There was something in Prue's manner that allured him, while it kept him at a distance. He longed to take her in his arms, as he had done once; yet he dared not touch her hand.

"I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you," she said, removing her mask. "You sent me something to-day—"

"Yes—oh! you don't know how happy you have made me by wearing them," he said earnestly.

"As! yes," she started and looked down at the gloves; "they are beautiful—just the very thing for my dress, too. But that was not what I meant." A deep blush burned his face under the mask. "I beg and implore you not to speak of anything else I sent," he said, in a low, tremulous voice. "Let me deceive myself into the belief that you acknowledge, at least, as my rightful privileges."

She raised her lovely eyes to his with a puzzled expression, then dropped them, a little embarrassed. "We will not discuss that," she said. "But unfortunately I can not avoid speaking about the money, because you see, I can not help knowing that you—that perhaps—that perhaps it honestly belongs to somebody else and you have no right to give it to me. There!" She looked apprehensively at him, fearing an outburst of rage, but he was quite calm, and the mask concealed any change of countenance.

"You are very scrupulous," he said coldly.

"Oh! I know you had no reason to expect honesty from me!" she exclaimed, with a touch of temper in her voice. "But when you threw your purse to me in the carriage, I had no opportunity of returning it and I never expected to see you again. Besides, you took mine and—"

She glanced at him out of the tail of her eye, but he did not accept the challenge. "You think, perhaps," she went on, quite angrily now, "that I have done a much worse thing for money than ever you did; but if I have married a robber—"

"If you must say these things about yourself, it shall not be to me. Insult me as much as you please, but do not accuse me of daring to blame you for anything you have done, or could do. Tell me, if I assure you that that money is my very own, will you take my word for it?"

She hesitated and softened. "Tell me truly—in what way your own? Do not fear to trust me."

"Trust you! Do you not know that you could charm any secrets of my own from me by a kind word? But this is no secret; it is the price of my birth-right, received in honest sale and barter over a lawyer's table. You will believe me, won't you?"

She put out both her hands, with a gesture of enchanting frankness. "I will believe anything you tell me," she said; "I know you would not deceive me."

He took the two little fluttering hands in his, and raised them one after another to his lips.

"I see you are not wearing a sling," she remarked. "Is your arm healed?"

"It was nothing; a broken collarbone is quickly cured," he said carelessly, though delighted by even so slight a token of interest from the woman who, he felt, was his own.

Prue, whose domino he borrowed, does not wear his arm in a sling, and I do not wish any difference to be remarked when he resumes it."

"Then you are here in some one else's disguise," she said quickly. "What will you do, my dear woman?"

"At midnight the right face will be found under this mask," he replied.

(Continued Next Week.)

Precarious Peace.

From the New York Press.

"On what a slender thread hang everlasting things!" A brigadier general on the Franco-German frontier gets an order which he misunderstands. As everybody knows, the mobilization officers of European armies have ready to hand a talent prepared long in advance, upon which they are to act when an order that means war is received by them.

The commander at Nancy imagines this is the sort of message that has come to him. He reaches into the pigeonhole for the Franco-German frontier order, and proceeds to carry the directions it contains. The result is a general alarm to the nine communes of the district, which mobilizes 5,000 reservists, establishes patrol and martial law, and has the whole country in a fever of excitement watching for the coming of the Germans.

What goes up in Chicago. Chancelleries are up. Horr'd rumors fly in every great city in the world. The crash has come. France has dropped the deadly spark in the powder train of Europe. So it goes until the general staff discovers what has happened, and unstrung nerves are quieted for the time. But when will they get the next shock? Any trifle will do it.

It is on slender threads, indeed, that the peace of Europe hangs.

Cruelty to a Pathetic Woman.

From the Chicago Post.

Newspapers which are exploiting Dr. Mary Walker's supposed intention to "attack" Miss Jane Addams are doing a singularly unkind and conscienceless thing to the poor old woman, in Europe. So it goes until the general staff discovers what has happened, and unstrung nerves are quieted for the time. But when will they get the next shock? Any trifle will do it.

It is on slender threads, indeed, that the peace of Europe hangs.



Father, I'm Glad You Smoke Duke's Mixture

Before we tell you about the boy and his air rifle, we want you to hear about Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture—the tobacco that thousands of men find "just right" for rolling—or tucking into a pipe.

Liggett & Myers
Duke's Mixture

This favorite tobacco is fine old Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf that has been thoroughly aged, stemmed—and then granulated. It has the true tobacco taste, for the very simple reason that it is pure tobacco.

Pay what you will—it is impossible to get a purer or more likeable smoke than Duke's Mixture. It is now a Liggett & Myers leader, and is unsurpassed in quality.

In every 5c sack there is one and a half ounces of splendid tobacco.

How the Boy Got His Air Rifle

In every sack of the Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a Free Present Coupon. These Coupons are good for all kinds of useful articles—something to please every member of the family. There are skates, sleds, balls and bats, cameras, umbrellas, watches, fountain pens, pipes, opera glasses, etc., etc.

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

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be secured with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, coupons from FOUR ROSES (10c), double coupons from FIVE PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Address—Premium Dept.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Lover's Unique Devotion.

An unusual manner in which a lover's devotion was shown occurred at Zurich, Switzerland, recently. A cobbler, whose sweetheart died, apprenticed himself to a stone-cutter in order to execute a fitting tribute to her memory, and after fourteen months he was able to carve a beautiful rose on a marble slab and write beneath: "Such was she." After it had been erected over her grave he returned to his first trade, and now repairs shoes as before.

ALBERTA THE PRICE OF BEEF

IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF CATTLE.

For years the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) was the Big Ranching Province of the West. The ranches of these ranches today are no longer the same. The cattle have been driven out of the province. The change has made many thousands of Americans, settled on these plains, wealthy. It has increased the price of live stock.

There is a splendid opportunity now to get a

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcherson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

This is a Bird of a Story.

The pigeons of the Stock Exchange are very much disturbed these days while workmen are removing a coat of gloom from the famous frieze near their residence. Much of their time they spend gleaning to the windows of J. P. Morgan's office across the street. Yesterday at noon James J. Hill and A. Barton Hepburn noticed them.

"Pigeons are active today," said Mr. Hepburn.

"Pigeons!" said Hill. "They're not pigeons, they're ravens bringing Morgan his dinner."—New York World.

Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-condition) in the newer districts and provinces either cattle or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid. In either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to J. N. Macfarlan, Denver City, Colorado, P. O. Box 2000, or to J. W. McNeill, Beechey, Ont., or to Canadian Government Agents, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

Neat Knock.

Hobey Baker, the football star, was lurching in his native Philadelphia. A young girl, over her queer alligator bear salad, mentioned the name of a Princeton sophomore who had played rather badly on his class team.

"He is an awfully nice boy," she said. "What was it he played on the eleven, Mr. Baker—halfback, quarterback, fullback?"

The handsome and herculean "Hobey" smiled.

"I think he played drawback," he said.

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 Bilelessness, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Locating the Fool.

A stout old gentleman was having trouble with the telephone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally he became so exasperated that he shouted into the transmitter:

"Who's the blithering fool at the end of this line?"

"He's not at this end," answered a cool, feminine voice.

Best Way to Find Out.

He—What would you say if I should kiss you?
She—Why ask for a mere guess when you can so easily get the exact facts?—Stray Stories.

A brave man is always ready to "face the music"—provided it isn't that old tune from "Lohengrin."

Identified.

Doctor—Are you anemic, Pat?
Pat—No, doctor—Irish—Life.

Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It takes a smart man to conceal his ignorance.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Rich in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS