

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

[From a series of elaborate chemical tests.]

Comparative digestibility of food made with different baking powders.

An equal quantity of bread (biscuit) was made with each of two kinds of baking powder—cream of tartar and alum—and submitted separately to the action of the digestive fluid, each for the same length of time.

The percentage of the food digested is shown as follows:

Bread made with Royal Cream of Tartar Powder:

99 Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with alum powder:

67 Per Cent. Digested

Royal Baking Powder raised food is shown to be of greatly superior digestibility and healthfulness.

PAID ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM LOANS. See R. H. Parker. Fresh Bread at the O'Neill Bakery. For Rent—A six room house. See R. H. Parker. 28-2

Try our pickles, they are fine.—Sanitary Meat Market. 16-1f

Subscribe for The Frontier, only 1.50 per year.

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When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all dealers.

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If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your cause. For sale by all dealers.

We are Exposed to Tubercular Germs

every day. Post-mortem examinations often show that tuberculosis had been arrested by strengthening the lungs before the germs gained mastery.

You can strengthen your resistance-power by taking **Scott's Emulsion**. It contains available energy in concentrated form, which quickly nourishes all the organs of the body. It repairs waste—makes rich, active blood and supplies energy to the starving cells. It's timely use enables the body to resist tuberculosis.

For stubborn colds and bronchitis nothing compares with **Scott's Emulsion**. Refuse substitutes—insist on **SCOTT'S**.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-67

MISS RANDALL'S CUSTOMER

A Case of Mistaken Identity

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Hester Randall surveyed the result of her morning's work with keen satisfaction. A snowy cloth was laid on her kitchen table, and piled thereon were loaves of crusty bread, sheets of featherweight biscuits and glistening rusks. There were tempting loaves of pound cake and several layer cakes as well as a platter heaped with sugared doughnuts and another of cookies.

Friday was always Hester's busiest day. She arose at 4 o'clock and baked all day to fill her orders for the dainties which were in great demand among her neighbors. On Friday evening, although she was tired and footsore, she would deliver the bread and cake. She would have to make several trips with the heavily laden basket before her weary body could seek repose.

Now she sat down and drank a cup of hot tea and ate a trifle of supper before she started out on her rounds. She was a plump, rosy little mite of a woman with bright brown eyes and brown hair that obstinately refused to turn gray, although Hester had passed her thirty-first year. Now she slipped into a thin white dress, for it was a hot evening, and, arranging her first basket load, went out into the gathering twilight.

At Mrs. Amos Blake's she left part of her fragrant burden and paused for a little chat.

"You know the Paige place has been rented for the summer, don't you, Hester?" asked Mrs. Blake after a while.

"No. I'm glad to hear it, though. It means another customer," laughed Hester.

"I spoke a good word for you. It's a lone man who has something to do with making a map of the county hereabouts and he was planning to get all of his meals at the hotel, but when I told him about how you baked for some of us lazy housekeepers he said he'd much rather have home cooking and he guessed he'd fuss over his own breakfast and supper. You know men like to fuss over cooking things. Now, Amos here is tickled to death whenever I let him get breakfast on Sunday morning. This isn't telling you about Mr. Chandler, though. I told him I'd speak to you and tell you to leave him some bread and cake, and he said he might not be home when you came, so he asked me to give you this dollar and tell you to leave a dollar's worth on his back porch every week. Have you got anything to spare?"

"Maybe I can make out some for him by giving up my own baking," replied Hester as she placed the money in the little bag dangling from her waist. "If I don't hurry it will be pitch dark before I get through. Good night."

"Good night, Hester. That cream cake looks so good I'm going to have a slice right away."

It was dark indeed when Hester Randall stopped with her third load of goodies at the gate of the Paige house. It was a small gabled cottage smothered in honeysuckle vines and for several seasons had been rented furnished to city people. It looked dark and deserted now as Hester opened the gate and made her way around the sandy path to the back porch. As she stood there, hesitating, the moon pushed a silver rim above the shoulder of High hill, so she waited until it rose in all its splendor and cast a pale glow over the Paige house and garden. It fell full on an open window where a white curtain languidly flapped.

As Hester opened her basket and laid a clean napkin on the porch a harsh voice from the open window startled her.

"What are you doing out there?" it snarled, and Hester was quick to reply.

"I'm leaving your bread and cake," she said with offended dignity in her tones.

"Well, hurry up and get out of here. I want to be alone!" rasped the voice.

It was a very indignant Hester who dumped several loaves of bread, a sheet of biscuit and some doughnuts and a layer cake on the back porch and hurried out of the yard with burning cheeks.

"What a crabbed, cranky old man he must be!" thought Hester as she went home and prepared for bed. "If it wasn't for the money I'd not bake another crumb for him. The idea!"

Unfortunately Hester could not give way to her injured feelings, for she needed every penny she could earn to pay off the indebtedness on the little house which was her inheritance from hardworking parents. So the following Friday evening found her once more standing at Mr. Chandler's back door with her basket of goodies. It was not yet dark, and she could see a large china dish on the floor, beside which lay something white and oblong. She pecked it up and in the waning light read her own name in bold, black characters. She tore it open and there dropped out another crisp dollar bill and a scrap of paper, on which was written:

"Everything was bully. Don't forget me this week. I like pie."

Involuntarily Hester smiled and tucked the note away in her bag with the money. Then she knelt down and lifted from her basket a flaky cherry pie, some bread and rolls and cake

which she piled in the dish Mr. Chandler had thoughtfully provided, and over the whole she threw a napkin. She was going down the steps when once more from the same open window sounded the harsh voice she had heard before.

"For heaven's sake, clear out of here! What are you hanging around for? You've got all my money and!"

Hester Randall did not wait to hear any more. With burning cheeks she hurried through the gate and away from the detestable stranger. Not if the little home she was working so hard to retain should be sold over her head would she ever sell another particle of her products to the boorish mapmaker who lived in the Paige house.

"Let him eat baker's trash," was Hester's ultimatum.

A few days later she was talking to Mrs. Blake.

"That Mr. Chandler is an old man, isn't he?" asked Hester.

"Oh, no; not so very old—leastways he don't appear so to me, Hester. His hair is gray as can be, but he is pleasant and boyish acting seems as he was as young as my Jimmy. He sets a lot of store by your cooking. You've never met him yet, have you?"

"Not exactly," admitted Hester. "I've heard his voice, though, and I don't see how anybody can think that's pleasant."

"Now, isn't that the funniest thing? Everybody thinks his voice is the nicest thing there is about him."

"I don't," said Hester, with decision. When the following Friday came Hester passed the cottage of Mr. Chandler with a scornful lift of her head. Not for the testy mapmaker were the toothsome dainties she had tolled over all day long. What if he did like pie? She wouldn't make pies for any man who spoke to her in such a manner.

As she prepared for bed that night Hester's anger abated a little as she thought of the breadless, cakeless, pieless state of Mr. Chandler. Somehow she could not reconcile Mrs. Blake's description of him or the boyishly enthusiastic note he had written with the surly voice which had twice accosted her from his window.

Saturday was Hester's lazy day. She rested from her hard work of the day before and usually occupied herself with some light needlework or she read a little. On this particular Saturday she was sitting on the front porch, her never idle fingers engaged with a bit of fancy work, when the gate opened and a brisk step sounded on the path. An instant later a tall form loomed at the foot of the steps.

The stranger was a handsome man—the handsomest she had ever seen, Hester admitted to herself as she took in with a swift glance the broad shoulders, the sun tanned countenance lighted by deep blue eyes and the crop of gray hair which made him appear young or old, as opinions might differ. He smiled and lifted a gray cap from his head.

"Miss Randall?" he inquired in the very nicest voice Hester had ever heard.

"Yes," replied Hester wonderingly. "My name's Chandler. I'm wondering if you realize, Miss Randall, that I'm simply starving for lack of your sustaining goodies?"

"I'm sorry," faltered Hester, blushing.

"Why did you forget me? But, there; I needn't ask that. Of course I'm your latest customer, and I suppose you didn't have anything to spare for me, eh?"

"That wasn't the reason," returned Hester, with sudden spirit. "I had plenty of time to bake for you, Mr. Chandler, but I don't care to keep a customer who—who talks to me in such a manner."

"How—how—I don't believe I understand," stammered Mr. Chandler in undoubted bewilderment.

Hester explained, painfully embarrassed at the amusement mingled with the concern on his face.

"It's that rascal, Peter," groaned Mr. Chandler. "You see, Miss Randall, Peter is a parrot that belonged to an aged cousin of mine, for whom I was named. When Cousin Phillip died he left me the dandiest collection of Indian relics, with the strict condition that I must personally care for Peter until he sees fit to shuffle off. Now, my cousin Phillip was something of a hermit, and I see by Peter's vocabulary that his master detested visitors. Now, permit me to bring you the ill-mannered Peter in order to verify my statements."

Hester assured him that she was already satisfied, and after she had enjoyed a good laugh at her own expense she filled the basket of the hungry Chandler and sent him away rejoicing, but that was not until an hour had passed, during which time they became acquainted.

Hester continued to leave her cookies on Chandler's porch, and once when she failed to bring it he went to her to find out what was the matter. He found that something had gone wrong with her oven and insisted on fixing it for her. They both knelt down, to see into the grate, and their heads touched. Before either of them knew what had happened Chandler had kissed her. Hester arose, apparently very much disgruntled, but when Chandler put his arm about her and kissed her again she didn't look as chagrined as might have been expected.

It was a year afterward that Mrs. Amos Blake picked the grains of rice out of her best hat and tucked it away in its bandbox. "I feel that I ought to have all the credit for Hester's marrying Mr. Chandler because I got him as a customer for her, but they say the road to a man's heart is by way of his stomach, and I suppose Hester's cooking counts a good deal too!"

A DOUBLE CONFESSION

The Singular Case of a Pair of Lovers

By JOHN R. OGELVIE

One of the questions as to what is and what is not allowable in the legal profession that laymen are not apt to understand is whether it is honorable for a lawyer to defend a client who has confessed himself guilty of the crime with which he is charged. One of the reasons why this is not only allowable for an attorney, but is his duty, is that the confession may be false. Many persons have labored under a hallucination that they have committed a crime of which they are entirely innocent.

I had a very singular case of this kind when I was practicing, before I went on the bench. A young man was accused of forging his uncle's will. He was heir-at-law to the property involved by reason of relationship to the testator. But several years before the will was drawn one was executed leaving the property to a woman who was his housekeeper. It was this housekeeper, Anna Blake, who accused the beneficiary under the second will with having forged his uncle's name to it.

Arnold Jefferson, my client, when I came to confer with him about his case, asked me whether I would defend a person who confessed himself guilty. I said that I would, whereupon he told me that in order to prevent his uncle's property from going out of the family and secure it for himself he had forged his uncle's name to the second will.

I was somewhat staggered at this, for if I proved him innocent I would divert the property from the channel in which the testator intended it to go and deprive the real owner of it that it might go to a criminal. I plied the young man with questions as to how he had come to perpetrate such a crime, and he told me that he was in love with a girl whom he would like to marry and did not consider himself able to do so with out this property. Besides, he believed that his uncle was intending to leave it to him at the time of his death.

If I declined to take the case and he could get no other lawyer to do so the judge would assign him counsel. Therefore I proceeded with it, though reluctantly, for it is not pleasant for a conscientious lawyer to defend a man who has admitted his guilt. I would content myself with trying to get my client off with as light a sentence as possible.

There was a chance for the young man in this—experts in chirography would be called who would compare the signature to the will with Jefferson's handwriting. These experts are apt to differ in such matters. The plaintiff called the most prominent one of the lot, who declared that my client must have written the signature to the will. I employed another expert, who testified that he could not have written it. But unfortunately of the five experts called four testified that there were certain strokes in the signature that were to be found in Jefferson's writing.

There were two signatures of witnesses to the will Jefferson was charged with forging. One of these persons, Edward Bronson, was dead; the other, Silas Ormsby, was not to be found. They were supposed to be myths, and the plaintiff's attorneys, though they had no proof that the defendant had written their names, threw out a broad hint that he had done so.

The case looked so desperate that I advised my client to produce his confession and throw himself on the mercy of the court. By this means he might secure a light sentence, whereas if he persisted in denying his guilt in the face of such conclusive evidence he would very likely get a heavy one.

He said that he would think the matter over. This was after court adjourned on Saturday, and I feared I could not keep the trial in progress more than a day or two longer. And as the case stood Jefferson was sure to be convicted. Sunday evening I received a call from a young lady, Miss Dora Wentworth, who turned all my expectations awry. She told me that it was she, and not Arnold Jefferson, who had committed the forgery.

I felt it incumbent upon me to subject her to a searching examination to get at the truth. She said that she was the person whom Jefferson was engaged to marry. He had been all a lover should be until about the time his uncle had died and no will was found leaving the property to him. Then she told him that a will would be found if she had to write one herself. This, she added, she had done.

I asked Miss Wentworth if she would sign a written confession to this effect, and she said she would. So I asked her to write it. Before she could again see Jefferson I went to the jail and, showing him her confession, asked him why he had made a false one himself. He seemed a good deal agitated at seeing the matter laid down in black and white. Then he burst out passionately:

"I didn't believe when she threatened to do this thing that she would be so desperate. Nevertheless when the second will was found I feared she had written and signed it. Preferring to suffer myself rather than that she should suffer for her crime, I have stood in the breach. And I propose before the court and the world to continue to stand in the breach. I

still claim what I have claimed—that I concocted the will, signed my uncle's name to it and put in the names of witnesses who had no existence."

Here was a mixed affair, and no mistake. A pair of lovers were each claiming to be guilty, and solely guilty, of a crime. Which was the innocent, which the guilty one? I had nothing by which to decide. I thought of the experts. Should I submit this new feature of the case to them? What would it avail? A preponderance of their evidence had proved Jefferson guilty. They could not be expected to go back on their former evidence by declaring that Miss Wentworth committed the forgery. I could get other experts who had not yet been brought into the case, but if they declared that Miss Wentworth had done the writing it would only prove expert testimony to be worthless.

Here I paused in my cogitations, for I was struck with an idea. I might produce Miss Wentworth's confession in court. It would probably be regarded a ruse to save her lover. But suppose I could get experts to testify that her handwriting had in the characteristics of the forged signature. I could at least save my client. The same evening I acted on this thought, and, though I had difficulty in finding even one expert who had not been called in the case, he had as good a reputation for skill in his profession as any of the others. To my surprise, he told me there was no doubt that Miss Wentworth was the guilty party.

That settled my course for the future. The next day when the court opened I produced the second confession and the affidavit of the expert in chirography that in his opinion the confessors had forged the signature to the will in question.

There was a great deal of confusion in what followed in court. The legal aspect of the case had entirely changed. Two different persons had confessed to have written a signature that could only have been written by one. After consultation with their client the plaintiff's lawyers took the ground that the second will was invalid because there was a confession on the part of the beneficiary under it that he had forged it. Therefore, the property going to Anna Blake under the former will, she had no interest in further criminal prosecution. They asked for an adjournment of the court and proposed to me that if my client would sign away all claim to his uncle's property they would drop the prosecution against him and so far as they were concerned would not prosecute Miss Wentworth.

I declined the proposition on the ground that it was impossible to prove either of the lovers guilty. But they, feeling confident that the chancery court would give their client the property under the earlier will, dropped the matter, and Jefferson went forth a free man.

My own solution of the problem involved in the two confessions was that Jefferson, being disappointed in inheriting the property, signified that the marriage could not take place. This threw in the way of Miss Wentworth a temptation that she could not resist. She concocted a later will, but her lover in order to save her from the consequences of her crime when criminal proceedings were commenced confessed himself guilty. Nevertheless it was not certain as to this or anything concerning the parties or the affair in which they were concerned. That either one or the other or both were guilty I did not doubt, but this opinion was rather based on the evidence than on the bearing or appearance of either of them. I could not throw off an impression that Jefferson was a fine fellow and Miss Wentworth was a lovely girl. And had not each attempted to relieve the other of the burden by a confession?

The matter of the inheritance was still in the chancery court when one day I received a letter from a man in Australia. I had that day received an invitation to the wedding of Arnold Jefferson and Dora Wentworth. I put the letter in my pocket and said nothing about it till I attended the wedding, which took place in a little church with no attendants except myself. Indeed, it had not been expected that even I would accept. When the clergyman who performed the ceremony came to the words "With all my worldly goods I thee endow" and the groom had repeated them I called a halt and produced the letter I had received from Australia. It read as follows:

Have seen in an American newspaper reference to the case against Arnold Jefferson. I was an intimate friend of the late William Jefferson and was one of the witnesses to a will he made a few weeks before his death. I return to America soon on business and will call upon you not long after you receive this.

SILAS ORMSBY.

Never shall I forget the look that passed between the bride and groom. Each had believed the other guilty of the forgery, but each had forgiven the other on account of the sacrifice involved in the act. A few rapidly spoken words passed between them, there was a quick embrace, and the ceremony proceeded. But they were both too much affected to make the responses intelligently.

The same day I stopped all proceedings in the chancery court as to the Jefferson will pending the arrival of the Australian. In due time the confessed forger inherited the property, enjoying it with his confessed forger wife.

If before handling this case I had quails of conscience in defending a criminal who I had every reason to believe to be guilty I certainly never had afterward. Our system of jurisprudence is based on hundreds of years' experience and should be followed unflinchingly.