

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

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

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder

as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female pills? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.

For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Drug-gists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable
—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilioussness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

DINNER GUESTS GO HUNGRY

Aged Royal Host Slept and Etiquette Would Not Permit That He Should Be Awakened.

Prince Leopold, the recently deceased regent of Bavaria, some weeks before his fatal illness, fell asleep at a dinner party immediately after the first course. His guests were restrained by etiquette from waking him, but continued their conversation in a low tone. The servants did not dare to continue serving the dinner.

The prince soon commenced to snore, and slept on for two hours, during which time no one allowed himself to leave his place. The guests sat fished in the same room with a marvelously appointed dinner. Finally Prince Leopold awoke. He took a hurried glance round the table and saw only a number of perfectly correct faces successfully pretending to have noticed nothing. Persuaded that his slight lapse had passed completely unremarked, he said quietly, "Now let us go and take coffee." The guests rose accordingly and proceeded to the drawing-room. They were served with coffee, liqueurs, cigars. The prince, thoroughly refreshed by his sleep, indulged in a great deal of excellent conversation, which lasted till midnight. The party then broke up, and the guests departed, fished with hunger.

How Long Will the Women Stand 'Em?

"I am a mean man," confessed the Erratic Thinker. "My father bore the same unenviable reputation, and I had an uncle who served a term in the penitentiary and was twice mentioned for the legislature. So no one need be surprised when I remark that perusal of the dry goods advertisements causes me to wonder how soon corsets will become so long that their wearers will be obliged to roll them up around the ankles to keep from treading on them"—Kansas City Star.

Quite Apparent.

"Do theatrical angels have wings?"
"Certainly. That is how their money flies."

Everybody From Kid To Grandad

Likes

Post Toasties

Thin, crisp bits of white Indian Corn, cooked to perfection and toasted to a delicate brown without the touch of human hand.

You get them in the sealed package

Ready to Eat

A dish of Post Toasties for breakfast and lunch, with thick cream or rich fruit juice, is a dish that epicures might chortle over.

Nourishing, economical, delicious, "more-ish."

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, Brookes, widowed at 18 and still a widow at 20 and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her country grooms, 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 circles.

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 Beaudesert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beaudesert is himself head over heels in debt and will Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

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

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantle, the highroad and plunged into a deep and narrow lane, showing few signs of use and leading into others as neglected and man-forsaken. When the lanes were wide enough the three rode abreast, with heads bent together in earnest conference. Papers were handed to Robin which he concealed about his person, and last instructions reiterated, to which he listened attentively, but without enthusiasm.

"You think I am sure of finding a boat at Halling, Percival?" he inquired, when the others became silent.

"We shall avoid Halling and seek the ferry a mile or so above," replied the younger of his companions. "The ferry is little used; indeed, I do not know how there comes to be one at all, for the road is unfrequented and I know of no habitation but the little inn where, however, there are always boats for hire, possibly the ferryman himself. The tide serves about 9 o'clock and with a favorable wind we should be below Rochester by moon-rise. No one will be looking for you on the Medway, captain, and before morning you will be safely in the city, and I, hope, on board the Petite Vierge, while the spies of the government are keeping strict watch for you between London bridge and Gravesend."

"I would give 10 years of my life," said Robin, moodily, "for one more day in England."

"Your life is not your own to give, Captain De Cliffe," said the third man, who, ever in this scuffle, kept his wide-brimmed beaver slouched so as completely to conceal his face. "It belongs to King James, and should you be arrested with these documents upon you, hundreds of lives, besides your own, may pay the price of your freedom."

"I do not need to be reminded of my duty, even by your grace," said Robin proudly.

"I know it well," returned the other pacifically, "and when you return with the king, in triumph, may it be so—His Majesty will know how to reward you."

"Aye, that he will," muttered Steve, who was close enough to catch the sense of the conversation, in which he was greatly interested. "What is your reward?" is the motto of the Stuarts."

"The highest reward King James can offer is to send me back as fast as horse and ship can carry me," cried Robin, fervently.

"Even now, captain," Steve broke in, "you are lucky in getting away alive. Don't forget there is a price upon your head and the law's protection—save the mark—will be withdrawn in a few hours. If you are taken, you will find wherever the flag of England flies."

"My life! When has it not been forfeit?" returned Robin carelessly.

"But your grace can be at ease; I have given my word to carry these letters safely to Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert, and I will do so, God sparing me."

"Enough! I should never have thought of doubting you, had not mine own eyes seen you at the masquerade with a certain fair courtesan whose spells are far more dangerous than sword or bullet. Right glad am I that fate drives you from her before we lose one of our most valued captives in the same snare that has entangled the feet of all his countrymen and modern. Let us lose no time, for the love of Heaven; your only safety lies in swift flight!"

And with malicious laughter, in which the other man heartily joined, he put spurs to his horse and urged the cavalcade to such speed as the heavy ground would permit.

In spite of their haste, the sun was sinking behind the mists that rose from the river, before they saw the shimmer through the trees. The road upon which they emerged from the bridge path took a sharp turn at this spot and passed close to a little inn—a mere peasant's cottage, for all the announcement on the creaking signboard of entertainment for man and beast, and further information as to the hire and sale of boats at the adjacent ferry.

"Go forward, Steve, and see what folks are about, and if there be a weatherly boat to be had, while we keep within this thicket out of sight of passers-by," said the duke, backing his horse into the wood, while Steve and Percival dismounted to reconnoiter the premises.

Steve quickly returned alone. "The ferry is close at hand," he said, "but I can find neither ferryman nor land-lord. However, there are boats aplenty at the landing, and if we press the river, before they see the land that contains Prue, on a mission, who contribute to the cause! The wind is fair, the tide is on the turn, I can hoist a sail and handle an oar, and 'twill be strange if we do not see the boat to fall into an ambush. And it would be well for Steve to stand sentinel at the bend of the road; he can warn us in time of any approaching wayfarer, for if I mistake not, the road over the waste of water can be plainly seen for several miles."

Left alone, Robin dropped the mask of careless gaiety under which he had hidden his dejection from his companions. He returned to the boat that contained Prue, on a mission, whose risks he had often braved without a thought except of audacious delight in danger and reckless defiance of the law from which he was an outlaw, he was now beset by a thousand apprehen-

sions for which he could have given no reason, but which chilled his loyal ardor and hung like an incubus upon his soul. How could he wish for his once-beloved Paris while Prue was in England? What cared he for the safe asylum of the French court while Prue in the English court was wooed by a score of suitors and pressed by dangers and temptations from which he was powerless to protect her? The setting sun seemed like an emblem of his own fate—except that it would surely rise again on the morrow, while he might sink forever into forgetfulness. "Oh! my heart's joy, my only love, shall we never meet again?" he murmured. "Oh! for one more look into those sweet eyes; one last kiss from those beloved lips! Must I go without a farewell word; without sure hope that she will ever bestow another thought on me? Before God she is my wife—yet the outlaw has no God—no country no wife—and how dare I hope that she will look to me for an hour's frolic, would not some day gladly be rid of me forever?"

Robin's reflections, painful and absorbing as they were, did not prevent his keeping a close watch on Steve, who now drew forth many signs of caution, retraced his steps. At the same time the distant sound of wheels became audible.

"Conceal yourself, captain, there are travelers coming this way; we must withdraw until they have passed," said Steve, pushing his way through the bushes and preparing to lead his horse farther into the wood.

"We are four," said Robin. "It would ill become us to turn tail without knowing what we fly from."

"Four? Would you attempt to draw his grace into a broil?"

"A broil! Pahaw!" cried Robin impatiently. "Some pious citizen in a post-chaise, belike, or passengers for the ferry."

"There's another carriage following the one you hear," said Steve. "Shall I warn the duke and Mr. Percival?"

"No, no! let us play highwaymen once more and frighten them away." As he did so a hand was laid somewhat roughly on his arm and the duke, in low but emphatic tones, interrupted him:

"A truce to this headstrong folly; your rashness will ruin everything."

"I'm in the right temper for a tussle," returned Robin resignedly. "Yet if these travelers do not molest us, may pass on their way unchallenged for some few paces farther into the thicket, just as a coach and four rounded the bend in the road and drew up not many paces away."

A man jumped out of the rumble, and hurrying to the inn-door, battered and looked at it, loudly shouting, "Ferry—ho, Ferry—where is the Ferryman? Ho, Landlord, open your door quickly and do not waste our time."

An upper window opened cautiously, just wide enough to show a night-cap and head within.

"Who calls for the ferry at this hour?" demanded a quivering voice.

"Why, 'tis early yet," replied the man; "we are travelers who would cross in your haste." "You have time to cool—your ferryman beds 't'other side the river and comes not over unless he brings a fare," said the landlord.

"Is there no way of calling him? He will be here, God damn it, and it worth while to come down and serve my noble master," cried the man.

"There's a horn chained to you post; blow it, if you will, an' he'll hear you, mayhap he'll bring his boat across. If you want food and drink, you'll find none fit for the quality nearer than Halling. My wife is sick a-bed and I'm lame with the rheumatics, but I'll come down and open the door to have patience, and the casement shut."

In the meantime the carriage door was opened and a man descended. His figure, which a ray of the setting sun brought into strong relief, was instantly recognized by Robin, who mutely and almost unperceivedly, what brings him across my path again? and pushing forward a little, caught the sound of his own name.

"I swear to you that Robin Freemantle is!" he shouted Robin.

Sir Geoffrey started and looked around. "What was that?" he exclaimed unseeing.

Prue instantly renewed her cries. "Help! help! If ye be true men, come to my masked and cloaked horsemen promptly advanced, leveling their pistols at Sir Geoffrey's head.

"Stand and deliver!" commanded the taller of them, in deep, vibrant tones.

At the sound of that beloved voice, Prue, with a cry of joy, sprang out of the carriage and, rushing to Robin, who was already afoot, threw herself into his arms.

"Oh! Robin—oh! Robin, dear, dear Robin, heaven has sent you to deliver me from this villain!"

"At the sight of their meeting and the maddening certainty of his own utter discomfiture, Sir Geoffrey could not contain his fury, but drawing his sword, he hurled himself upon Robin had not Prue stood between them with outstretched arms.

"Stand aside, woman!" he vociferated, beside himself with rage. "Must I kill you to get at him? Coward, are you going to shelter yourself behind a woman?"

"Stand aside, Prue," said Robin, in a tone she dared not disobey, and drawing his sword he placed himself on the defensive.

(Continued Next Week.)

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE DEAREST TREASURE.

Somewhere about the time that Prue was leaving Seven Oaks, Robin Freemantle, accompanied by two friends and followed by the faithful Steve, rode out of the stately gates of a country mansion a few miles beyond St. Mary's Cray.

At a short distance they left the highroad and plunged into a deep and narrow lane, showing few signs of use and leading into others as neglected and man-forsaken. When the lanes were wide enough the three rode abreast, with heads bent together in earnest conference. Papers were handed to Robin which he concealed about his person, and last instructions reiterated, to which he listened attentively, but without enthusiasm.

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(Continued Next Week.)

The Editor's Guess.
From the Ladies Home Journal.

A leading citizen in a small town was suddenly stricken with appendicitis and an operation became necessary. The editor of the local paper heard of it and printed this note about it:

"Our esteemed fellow citizen, James L. Brown, will go to the hospital tomorrow to be operated upon for the removal of his appendix by Ed Jones. He will leave a wife and two children."

The death rate is increasing among Londoners between 45 and 65.

And Nothing in Sight.
From the Chicago Tribune.

First Visitor—(in Washington)—This is a city of magnificent distances, all right.

Second Visitor—Magnificent? Gosh, they're appalling. I've come all the way here from Seattle to kick for a job and I don't seem to be within a million miles of it.

—A Child.

Go pretty child and bear this Flower unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known;
When thou hast said so stick it there
Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher;
And tell Him (for good handsell, too)
That thou hast brought him violets, too,
Made of a clean, stralght, oatn reed,
To charm His cries (at time of need);
Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast done;
But if thou hadst, He should have one.
—Robert Herrick.

A Fortunate Misfortune.
From Pele M'le's.

"Lucky chap you are; have a nose like that. Your cigars won't go out in the rain."

WHERE DID THE ARK REST?

The story of the Ark of Noah is one of the most interesting of all biblical stories, for it gives the history of the living, moving things of the earth and how they were preserved from the flood. After the deluge the Ark is supposed to have rested on Mount Ararat, from which Noah and his family and the other occupants saved from the elements distributed themselves over the earth.

Did the Ark rest on Ararat? There has been much controversy regarding this by biblical scholars. Whether the tradition which makes Ararat the resting place of Noah's Ark is of any historical value or not, there is at least poetical fitness in the hypothesis, inasmuch as this mountain is about equally distant from the Black sea and the Caspian, from the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf.

Another tradition—accepted by the Kurds, Syrians and Nestorians—fixes on Mount Judi, in the south of Armenia, on the left bank of the Tigris, near Jezire, as the Ark's resting place. There so-called genuine relics of the Ark are exhibited and a monastery and mosque of commemoration were built, but the monastery was destroyed by lightning in 776 A. D., and the tradition has declined in credit. Around Ararat, however, gathered many traditions connected with the deluge.

Near Ararat is the burial place of Noah's wife, and in a village near the great chasm was the spot where Noah planted the first vineyard, and where was built the monastery of St. James. But, according to the Babylonian account, the resting place of the Ark was "on the mountains of Nizir," which some writers have identified with Mount Rowanduz and others with Mount Elburz, near Teheran.

The limits of the biblical Ararat are not known, but they must have included the lofty Armenian plateau which overlooks the plain of the Araxes on the west and that of Mesopotamia on the south. It is only natural that the highest and most striking mountain in the district should have been regarded as that upon which the Ark rested.

The mountain itself is known as Ararat only among Occidental geographers. The Armenians call it Massis, the Turks Aghri Dagh and the Persians Koh-i-Nub, or "the Mountains of Noah." Thus far it has been impossible to trace back to an early date an indigenous native tradition. Apparently the local legends which have clothed it with mystery, and which would place upon it the remains of the original Ark, are based upon the passage in Genesis, and have been largely induced in comparatively recent times by the influence of western Christianity.

Superstitious fear and natural difficulties prevent the ascent of the mountain by natives; but its top has been frequently reached by Europeans, and its geological peculiarities have been noted. It is one of the craters of an extinct volcano, and because of its great height it is snow-capped throughout the year.

One hundred and twenty days before the deluge Noah planted cedars from which he afterwards made the Ark, and according to one view the Ark consisted of 360 cells, each 10 yards long by 10 yards wide, and according to another it consisted of 900 cells, each six yards long by six yards wide. The "Biblical Encyclopaedia" says: "The mountains to which local tradition points is so very high, and its sides so very steep, rugged and dangerous, that we cannot conceive it to be the spot where the Ark rested. The safe descent of all the inhabitants of the Ark from its summit would seem to be a miracle almost as great as their preservation from the waters of the deluge."

The writer argues that no mountain peak was intended by the expression in Genesis, and declares that this is confirmed by the fact that great differences of opinion prevailed among the nations of ancient times as to the spot where the Ark rested. There is such a diverse opinion on the subject that it remains one of the most interesting of the mysteries of antiquity.

The Quadrangle Holdup.
The people of Washington city know how to get money from the other people of the country who flock to the presidential inauguration every four years. Always on each of these great occasions there is an outpouring of lamentation at the extortion which the Washingtonians ply their victims. Always, too, there is a promise from some one in authority that it will not occur again, but at each recurrence of the inaugural day there are new men in control of the regulation and new victims to be squeezed out of Washington, the capital of the nation, must live off of the people of the nation.

They are wanting \$150 a room along Pennsylvania avenue for the three days that visitors will require to see the inauguration of democracy, with all its promises of economy and fair dealing. A proud Kentuckian, who is being touched for more than the traffic will bear, calls on the authorities to reduce the rate.

The city is in control of the national government. There ought to be protection against this holdup game that goes along with the inauguration of a president.

"When one has carried a bouquet of flowers in the hand upon reaching home they are generally found to be wilted. To freshen them, dip them for an instant in hot water, and have ready a bowl or vase containing cold water, to which has been added a bit of charcoal the size of a dime. If the flowers are violets, add half a teaspoonful of sugar to the hot water in which they are first dipped. In winter a flower or flower can be kept fresh a very long time by cutting off a small piece of the stem each morning and placing in hot water, to which has been added a pinch of salt. The water should not be scalding hot when the flowers are dipped. Roses can be kept on ice for days."

Scissors for Memorial Wreaths.
The police of Berlin applied the censorship of the scissors to a recent demonstration at the cemetery where are buried the socialists and anarchists who fell in the revolution in Berlin March 18, 1848. Hundreds of visitors brought wreaths, the socialists red and the anarchists black, to lay on the graves. The police, with scissors, stood at the entrance to the cemetery. Every wreath was submitted to them, and the sentiments on the ribbons had to undergo the censorship of the scissors.

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and back-ache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan. Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Both True.
"I heard quite a paradoxical remark the other day."
"What was that?"
"That though there is no excuse for crime, there is generally a warrant for it."

The Old Fashioned Mother and Her Slipper.
The old fashioned mother and her slipper have qualified many a man for the presidential chair—even if he didn't land.



More Economical Both in Use and Cost CALUMET BAKING POWDER

—And it does better work. Simply follow your customary method of preparation—add a little less of Calumet than when using ordinary baking powder. Then watch the result. Light, fluffy, and evenly raised—the baking comes from the oven more tempting, tastier, more wholesome.

Calumet insures the baking of an expert. Ask your grocer to-day.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

Paris, Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Judge Miller.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and back-ache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan. Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Both True.
"I heard quite a paradoxical remark the other day."
"What was that?"
"That though there is no excuse for crime, there is generally a warrant for it."

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DIDN'T LAST LONG.

"I hear Boosen met with an accident yesterday."

"Yes; he fell off the water wagon."