



The Baking Question Solved

For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in purity but in increasing power as well—unfading in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

Received Highest Awards



And There You Have the Tango. This illustration of the tango is credited to an Arkansas City negro: "Dat tango, boss, am sort of a easy motion. Ye jis go a stealing along easy like ye didn't have any knee joints and wuz walkin' on eggs that wuz forty cents a dozen."—Atlanta Constitution.

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. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
Get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The Effect.
"Well, how did you sleep last night? Goethe spent the night there once."
"Very badly. My husband adores Goethe, and he was spouting him all night."

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

Correction.
"My poor husband got mixed up in the shooting affray, and they brought him home to me half dead."
"No, madam; only half shot."

Your family Doctor can't do more for your cough than Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops; "they cure"—See at Druggists.

Talking Machines.
"Papa, did Edison make the first talking machine?"
"No, son, the Lord made the first talking machine, but Edison made the one that could be shut off at will."

When a man heeds the admonition to "bear it and grin" the grin is too forced to fool anyone.

It is hard to forgive our enemies when they have us by the neck.

A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST

The MIDLANDERS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

THE DAY OF SOULS, MY BROTHERS KEEPER etc. etc.

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Harlan, from his office window, looking absently across the square, saw Miss Norman come out of the News building and down the street toward the park. He saw her, and he saw her pause at the corner of the court house park to glance up at the splendor of the August maples. The birds were singing, and the sunlight flickered through the leaves. She crossed the street and sat down on a bench. Harlan could see her looking about, drawing in the air perfumed with the bloom of the corn and the golden stubble up the hillsides. Her eyes closed, and after a while she slept—just a dazed, vacant, unseeing sleep, but she had no illusion, who and what she was, and the inevitability of work and life makes of all of us. But about the square in 15 minutes, gossip ran. The bleached-hair lady who had come back with Aurelie Lindstrom from her triumphant \$100,000 prize beauty tour of the west wearing the ill-gotten McFetridge diamonds, was asleep in the park!

No other woman had ever slept in Rome's park. Harlan heard of it at a convention, nothing so focused comment on Aurelie Lindstrom. All about the square, the stores, the billiard parlor, at Playter's corner, at the bank and around the hitching rails the buzz ran. Harlan heard of it in the window. Clerks stopped and told others; farmers stared. Some one asked where was old Marshall Bee; and others said the sheriff's office had jurisdiction as the park was county property.

Wiley Curran, talking to Aurelie in his shop, saw Miss Norman drowsily lurch back under all the mid-summer glory and sleep as a child sleeps.

"Poor Add!" murmured Aurelie, "she's been tired for 10 years and never had a wink of sleep since she's been here."

And Aunt Addy, who had hurried down, wiping her floury hands to settle back her "specs" and kiss the wanderer, looked over in the park and said: "Poor dear—let her sleep till supper time if she will. What else is the park good for except tired people, and maybe heart-sick, too."

But meantime Rome rocked with scandal. Old Marshall Bee was routed from his midday meal and told to do something and he ambled into the sheriff's office and said they ought to do something. Old Deputy Amos pulled his whiskers and protested. The undertaker came in and denounced both of them, and the district attorney was appealed to, but he shook his head. Never would he wake anybody up just before the primaries!

And while the agitation grew and seethed in the court house and about the square, Miss Norman slept. Slept a whole, long, beautiful hour, and then awoke slowly, luxuriantly, to stare up at the splendor of the sky through the maples. Afar off came a drowsy cove and the singing of a reaper. She hated to come back to her husband's world of grease paint and the hunting of jobs. Just peace—that was what she longer for. But she rubbed her eyes and went over to the Parsons house as Aurelie had directed her.

Aurelie and Mr. Curran were laughing together over old times; and Uncle Michigan, who had been summoned by a small boy, was sitting spellbound listening to Aurelie's adventures, her hand tucked under his own black paw, when Miss Norman came.

"Well," she drawled with her good humor, "the old dame put me out proper!"

"Old dame? Miss Amelia?"

"I suppose so. Never had such a fright in my life." Aurelie said.

"What's the matter?" cried Aurelie.

"She said," drawled Miss Norman salmily, "that no friend of that Lindstrom girl could get a room in her house. Said it had been a respectable house since 1850. We could take our diamonds and beat it to Earlville. Lord, Aurelie, our diamonds!"

Aurelie colored to her ears. Her eyes began to blaze. And to damp the kindling fires, Wiley called up Auntie Parsons on the telephone. She declined to explain. She wouldn't have "them actresses," and that ended it.

Aurelie caught his lamely repeated phrase. "Them actresses!"

"I wish some of the managers could hear that," went on Miss Norman. "They've told me, now and then, I wasn't actress enough to hurt."

But Aurelie could see no humor in it. "Oh, this town! It always did hate me!" And she burst out of the News office to stare at the court house.

"That's just where they sent Papa Lindstrom to jail and made him crazy! And it's just where they laughed when I went to school wearing daisies in my hair. And no shoes!"

"It's just proud of you!"

"I won't stay here a night!" She came back and threw her arms about Uncle Mich's grizzled head. "We'll go over to Earlville and stay at the Metropole and take you, Uncle Mich, and Mr. Curran—and everybody that's good to me." She was on the verge of tears. "And the rest—I hate 'em! They say I'm different—and I'm glad I'm different—hate 'em!"

Uncle Michigan had sat rubbing the brass band of his per leg. This radiant Aurelie; his old rabbit hunting Aurelie! The same child Aurelie who used to dive among the water hyacinths in the south Louisiana bayous? Done come to occupy the land? But now he was more bewildered. "Reckon I'd take you out home, Aurelie, but John he's got so filled with the holiness spirit. The holiness brethren done turned John hard against the show business."

"We won't stay another minute!" cried Aurelie. "I'll call up the Metropole and have 'em send their taxicab!"

Wiley fell in his chair. Aunt Abby stared. That would be the last word. Aurelie skipping out of town in a taxi. For there was a taxi. Earlville had a taxi. Where there is an Elks' club in brownstone and a hotel—tapestried dogs in four colors—there must be a taxi. But never had this blatant taxi desecrated the streets of Rome.

"Aurelie!" gasped Mr. Curran. "Take the street car from the junction. Put the taxi—gee whizz!"

"Too late. She flew to the telephone and ordered the taxi."

Miss Norman sat back and settled her skirt under her belt. "Well, she crawled, I had a nap, anyway, on the old town. And seeing that we've put it on the blink, I might just as well light a pill." She took a cigaret out of her bag. "Mr. Curran, this country air gives me a pleasure."

She lighted it. Aunt Abby stared.

of outline that belied alike her temper and her humor.

"It just seems," she murmured, "as if I was to find you here."

He remembered now that she said she was coming to the hills. "But I never thought of it. Aurelie. And yet—"

He stopped and she sat forward to see his face. "Yet you came. Oh, the moonlight made me come, Harlan! I was restless and unhappy—and I remembered such beautiful nights here. Oh, very wonderful! September—like this." She moved over with a little friendly gesture. "Sit down."

But he stood with his hand on the lichened rock above her.

"When I was a little ragged kiddie, I used to climb up here. Always with my mother. I was afraid."

"But I tell you," he answered quietly, "you came tonight because you remembered something else, Aurelie."

"Yes," she answered simply. "Our nights. I couldn't quite forget the last time. That you took me to your mother's, Harlan." She laughed briefly. "And she tricked me—and I ran away. I saw so clearly. I just woke up that night, Harlan."

"She didn't trick you, Aurelie. Mother—"

"Oh, well!" she smiled wisely. "If you could realize how I've changed! That night I was breathless before her. She appealed to me—she wanted me to tell you to—help you, Harlan. I thought it was fine that night—but I tell you, I paid! I did love you, Harlan."

He watched her face in the moonlight. Mother did something, I knew. I wasn't aware, but that wasn't what hurt Aurelie. It was afterward—your going on the stage—in that way. Everything—hurt."

She made a blithe protest at a grimace of mockery. "Oh, well—boy! It's a weak and silly girl, and you are you and love you, and confuse into thinking that you loved me! And that night I saw all the girls of your set and the dancing and the music—it all rushed before me the difference." She smiled with a tender mystery, she would not deny—he was amazed to find how immeasurably older she could be in her womanhood—"I knew you'd forget if I made you." She smiled bravely. "And I was sure. I thought it to be good. My!—she was laughing now? We were both kids, weren't we? Now I know the world a bit—I'm a heap different. Done grown up, Uncle Michigan, and he's scared about it. I'm going to be a real lady sometime, and come back and play in the tin opera house—play in a piece that hasn't so much shooting in it—and you will be fat and prosperous and married and bring your kiddies to see me. And you'll be mighty glad, Harlan, and never married that Cajun girl from down river."

But he would not smile. In the moonlight on the hillside she had the same looking girly charm as of old; wilful, mischievous, and a little sassy. He wished it. All the inevitable vulgarian stamp of her upbringing was vanished; and he felt the old paths for her—that what was dear and simple in her he could not let her lose. He wanted to be as honest as she, and as fearless as she, but he did not know the way.

"Aurelie," he muttered, "be still. You know I love you."

She was very still. The shadow of the rock was not on her face. Only her face was turned, evading him, a pretense of unhearing.

"I tell you so again, Aurelie. It costs a lot. I bucked through school and school and almost, I came back here and got my mother and teacher and work. And all the things they said about you—this town never will get over talking about you—all this miserable notoriety—it hurt. I said nothing, but they knew I loved you, for all the talk hurt—hurt! I didn't want you to go on in this miserable cheap show business. There was so much to do—to make of ourselves—before we—before it would be right for us to marry."

"It was badly put to such as Aurelie. "Oh, a girl doesn't want a lover who thinks of what there is to do, or make of her before he marries her. That's what you mean, of course!" She blurted out, but she didn't seem to care! "I came back here yesterday perfectly happy! And the way this awful town treated me!"

"Aurelie!" he said sternly, white with a battle to be master; forever this desire to shelter her and teach her, mingled with his passion. "You do so many things! Racing around the square yesterday in that machine. And you ought not to have kissed Wiley Curran!"

"Why not?" She looked up innocently. "I felt happy—and he was so glad to see me."

He sighed with discouragement. "And then there's that story—Aurelie, did Mr. McFetridge give you any diamonds?"

"Yes. A thny one." She held out her hand with naive pride. "And he said he'd have given me lots more if he'd sold more oil stock."

(Continued next week.)

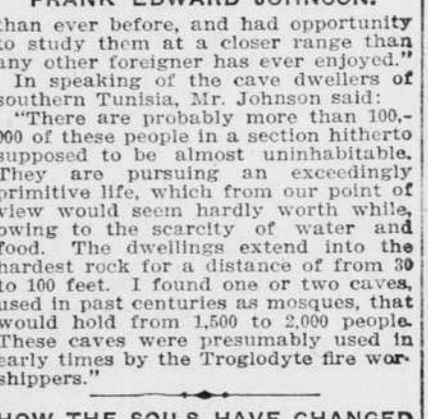
FINDS RACE OF CAVE MEN IN WILD AFRICA

American Explorer Returns With Wonderful Story of Discovery.

Frank Edward Johnson, traveler and lecturer of the National Geographic society, has arrived in Washington, after having spent nearly two years in Tunisia, where he discovered numerous tribes of cave dwellers housed in sugar-loaf mountain peaks, some of which were more than 2,000 feet high, unearched old Roman ruins and made friends with warlike tribes which never before allowed a foreigner to come among them. In his first interview since his return to the United States, at the offices of the National Geographic society in Washington, he said:

"Although I have made numerous trips to northern Africa, the last was the most successful of them all. Through the initiative of Gilbert H. Grosvenor, director of the National Geographic society, letters were secured from the Secretary of State asking the French government to extend all courtesies to me in my explorations and original research work throughout Tunisia, and as a result the Tunisian government placed a military escort at my disposal during the time I was in military territory."

"Even as a boy I had a love for adventure, my first trip to Africa being made when I was about 10 years old. My mother and I went to Biskra before the railroad was finished. Since then I have won the friendship and esteem of the people in the countries in which I traveled. During the past few years I have been the guest in the homes of the cliff and cave dwelling Troglodytes of extreme southern Tunisia, and have mingled with them almost as a member of their tribes. On this last trip I came into a more intimate contact with their innermost lives."



FRANK EDWARD JOHNSON.

than ever before, and had opportunity to study them at a closer range than any other foreigner has ever enjoyed.

In speaking of the cave dwellers of southern Tunisia, Mr. Johnson said: "There are probably more than 100,000 of these people in a section hitherto supposed to be almost uninhabited. They are pursuing an exceedingly primitive life, which, from the point of view of modern man, is hardly worth while, owing to the scarcity of water and food. The dwellings extend into the hardest rock for a distance of from 50 to 100 feet. I found one or two caves, used in past centuries as mosques, that would hold from 1,500 to 2,000 people. These caves were presumably used in early times by the Troglodyte fire worshippers."

HOW THE SOILS HAVE CHANGED

Land Won't Stand Dry or Wet Seasons as It Used To.

From Wallace's Farmer.

The trouble with the soils in the United States is that in growing food for our own people and other hungry nations, we have burned up the vegetable matter. The more we plow, the more we harrow, the more rapidly we burn up the humus material, this vegetable matter. Then we meet with a great surprise.

When farmers first settled in Illinois, Iowa and adjoining states, coming from the east, where the vegetable matter was more or less worn out of the land, they exclaimed: "I never saw land that would stand dry weather like this! I never saw land that would stand wet weather so well!" But when civilization has gone on for a generation or so, they begin to complain and say that "the climate is changing, the seasons have changed, times have changed. This land, which in my father's time turned up mellow and kept me now run together in wet weather, bakes and cakes and crusts in dry time. It won't stand the dry weather that it used to, and it won't stand the wet weather."

Of course it won't, simply because you have worn out the vegetable matter in the soil. You have been undoing the work of the Creator, who took thousands of years of patient growing of grass in order to store this soil with vegetable food for your use. In getting rid of the vegetable matter, you have gotten rid of a part of the plant food, and in reducing the vegetable matter you have allowed the land to get out of physical condition.

New York Man Has \$3 Bill.

From the New York World.

Middleton, N. Y.—A man walked into a bar room here recently and asked: "Will you change a \$3 bill, please?"

The bartender went to the cash register to get the money, then turned and said: "Ah, quit your kidding! There's no such a bill!"

"I'll be you \$10 there is," retorted the stranger.

"You're on," the bartender replied, "Produce!"

The stranger produced. The bill was one issued by the Connecticut State bank of North America in Seymour in January, 1852. On its face was: "State of Connecticut. The Bank of North America will pay to the bearer on demand \$3. Seymour, January 1, 1852. No. 16428. F. Atwater, cashier. G. F. De Witt, president."

When overhauling an old house here, which had been occupied by his father, the barroom's customer had found the bill wedged between the floor and the siding.

Mistletoe is popular on the English market for the holidays, and comes from France. Statistics are not available for last season, but in 1912 the London & Southwestern railway alone handled 1,500,000 bunches, weighing 650 tons, and worth \$300,000.

Women of the Portuguese province of Mozambique, in Africa, make a white cosmetic by grinding a certain kind of wood in water. They assert it removes wrinkles and prevents eruptive blemishes.

Remarkable Offer of Free Transportation Expenses to Moline, Ill., and the Famous Tri-Cities, and Return, Made to Intending Automobile Purchasers.

Any intending purchaser of an automobile in this vicinity who writes to Mr. Chas. E. Giltner, personal representative of Mr. Velle, care of the Velle Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill., will receive full details as regards the unusual offer the Velle Company is making of paying transportation expenses of intending motor car buyers in this vicinity to and from Moline.

The Velle Company has always claimed that anyone going through an automobile factory, and studying carefully how an automobile is made, has a great advantage over those who merely know how to drive an automobile. In order to popularize the idea of having factory selections made and to educate Velle buyers at the Velle factory they are making this unusual offer.

This offer is made with the approval of the local Velle agents; in fact, the Velle agent nearest to you will guarantee service of the highest type, to any purchaser of an automobile who goes to Moline and selects his car there.

Any publisher of a paper in this vicinity is well acquainted with the high standing of the Velle Company and knowing the gentlemen interested in the Velle and John Deere Companies (for years agents for Velle Motors and Buggies), will take pleasure in recommending this offer as being of unusual interest and worthy in every way of careful consideration.

Special arrangements can be made with those preferring to visit the Velle Agencies at Omaha, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Chicago, or other large cities nearer than Moline.

Write Mr. Chas. E. Giltner, c/o the Velle Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill., at once; even if you cannot go until later.—Adv.

Brilliant Idea.

Young Mother—I really don't know why he cries so.

Bachelor Friend—Perhaps it is his teeth coming through.

Young Mother—No! He isn't teething.

Bachelor Friend—Maybe it's his hair coming through that hurts him!

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."—Mrs. MATTIE HALEY, 501 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.



Genuine must bear Signature

W. Wood

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

Women of the Portuguese province of Mozambique, in Africa, make a white cosmetic by grinding a certain kind of wood in water. They assert it removes wrinkles and prevents eruptive blemishes.