

**Ratio in Congress.**  
The ratio of representation in the lower house of congress at Washington has steadily changed since the year 1789, when the Constitution began its work, the ratio was 30,000 to the representative. In 1910 the ratio was 210,000 to the representative. If the ratio did not rise the members of the lower house would in time become too numerous for business. It is for the purpose of keeping the membership within reasonable bounds that the ratio is made to keep pace with population.

**A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. Dodds Kidney Pills have done their work and done it well. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, Dainty Recipes; also music of National Anthem. All 3 sent free. Adv.

**How Ice Man Got the Booze.**

The day was hot and the patient ice man had taken his usual care in getting the ice in the box just right and then mopping up the little water that got on the floor in the operation. He really was a good ice man and deserved to be rewarded.

"Here is a bottle of beer; you need it on a hot day like this," said the housewife.

"I can't accept anything from patrons, lady," the ice man said, as he eyed the bottle lovingly.

"Well, if that is orders, all right," the customer said.

Still the ice man pondered. "But," he added, as an afterthought, "if you put it on the back porch I'll steal it. There isn't any rule against stealing things."—Indianapolis News.

**Three Ages.**

The new Berlin botanical gardens, says Lustige Blatter, was wonderfully beautiful, but to small children they are a forbidden paradise. Boys and girls under ten are not permitted to enter.

Herr and Frau Muller found this out to their disappointment when they planned to take their little Paul on a Sunday trip to view the beautiful gardens; nevertheless, they gave their young hopeful a few instructions, and started out.

"How old are you?" he inquired. Paul answered, "Six for the electric; really eight; for the botanical gardens, ten."

One company alone has installed more than 400 automatic railroad stokers on locomotives in this country.

Most of us need the money because that is what money is for.

**PRESSED HARD.**

**Coffee's Weight on Old Age.**

When people realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavour of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

**The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet**  
—BY  
**BURTON E. STEVENSON**  
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**CHAPTER VII—(Continued).**

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked. He was still miserably nervous, but much more self-controlled than he had been earlier in the evening.

"Yes," I said. "Mr. Godfrey wishes to speak to you."

It seemed to me that Rogers turned visibly paler; there was certainly fear in his glance as he turned upon my companion. But Godfrey smiled reassuringly.

"We'd better give him his instructions about the reporters, first thing, hadn't we, Lester?" he inquired.

"Which reporters?" I queried.

"All the others, of course. They will be staying in this house, Rogers, before long. You will meet them at the door; you will refuse to admit one of them; you will tell them that there is nothing to be learned here, and that they must go to the police. Tell them that Commissioner Grady himself is in charge of the case and will no doubt be glad to talk to them. Is that right, Lester?"

"Yes, Ulysses," I agreed, smiling.

"And now," continued Godfrey, watching Rogers keenly, "I have a photograph here that I want you to look at. Did you ever see that person before?" and he handed a print to Rogers.

The latter hesitated an instant, and then took the print with a trembling hand. Stark fear was in his eyes again; then slowly he raised the print to the light, glanced at it.

"Catch Lester," Godfrey cried, and sprang forward.

For Rogers, clutching wildly at his collar, spun half around and fell with a crash. Godfrey's arm broke the fall somewhat, but as for me, I was too flazed to move.

"Give some water, quick!" Godfrey commanded, sharply, as Parks came running up. "Rogers has been taken ill."

And then, as Parks sped down the hall again, I saw Godfrey loosen the collar of the unconscious man and begin to chafe his temples fiercely.

"I...ope it isn't apoplexy," he muttered. "I oughtn't to have shocked him like that."

At the words, I remembered; and, stooping, I picked up the photograph which had fluttered from Rogers' fingers. And then I, too, uttered a smothered exclamation as I gazed at the dark eyes, the full lips, the oval face—the face which d'Aurelle had carried in his hatch!

CHAPTER VIII  
PRECAUTIONS.

them again, and got slowly to his feet, Parks aiding him.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said weakly, and shuffled away, leaning heavily on Parks' shoulder.

"Well!" said I, looking at Godfrey. "What do you think of that?"

"He's lying, of course. We've got to find out why he's lying and bring it home to him. But it's getting late—I must get down to the office. One word, Lester—be sure Rogers doesn't give you the slip."

"I'll have him looked after," I promised.

"But I fancy he'll be afraid to run away. Besides, it is possible he's telling the truth; I don't believe any woman had anything to do with either death."

Godfrey turned, as he was starting away, and stopped to look at me.

"Who did then?" he asked.

"You mean they both suicided in that abnormal way?"

"No, it wasn't suicide—they were killed—but not by a human being—at least, not directly." I felt that I was floundering hopelessly, and stopped.

"I can't tell you now, Godfrey, I pleaded. 'I haven't had time to think it out. You've got enough for one day.'"

"Yes," he smiled; "I've got enough for one day. And now good bye. Perhaps I'll look in on you about midnight, on my way home, if I get through by then."

I sighted Godfrey's energy became a little wearing sometimes. I was already longing for bed, and there remained so much to be done. But he, after a day which I knew had been a hard one and with a many column story still to write, was apparently as fresh and eager as ever.

"All right," I agreed. "If you see a light, come up. If there isn't any light, I'll be in bed, and I'll kill you if you wake me."

"Conditions accepted," he laughed, as I opened the door for him.

Parks joined me as I turned back into the house.

"I got Rogers to bed, sir," he said. "He'll be all right in the morning. But he's a queer duck."

Promptly. "What is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to put a cot in the hallway outside the door of the ante room and sleep there tonight. Tomorrow I will decide what further precautions are necessary."

"Very good, sir," said Parks. "I'll get the cot up at once."

"There is one thing more," I went on. "I have given the coroner my personal assurance that none of the servants will leave the house until after the inquest. I suppose I can rely on them?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I'll see they understand how important it is."

"Rogers, especially," I added, looking at him.

"I understand, sir," said Parks quietly.

"Very well. And now let us go down and lock up those rooms."

They were still ablaze with light, but both of us faltered a little, I think, on the threshold of the ante room. For in the middle of the room stood a stretcher, and on it was an object covered with a sheet, its outlines horribly suggestive. But I took myself in hand and entered. Park followed me and closed the door.

The ante room had two windows and the room beyond, which was a corner one, had three. All of them were locked, but a pane of glass seemed to me an absurdly fragile barrier against any one who really wished to enter.

"Aren't there some wooden shutters for those windows?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, they were taken down yesterday and put in the basement. Shall I get them?"

"I think you'd better," I said. "Will you need any help?"

"No, sir, they're not heavy. If you'll wait here, you can snap the bolts into place when I lift them up from the outside."

"Very well," I agreed, and Parks hurried away.

I entered the inner room and stopped before the Boule cabinet. There was a certain air of arrogance about it, as it stood there in that blaze of light, its rays glowing with a thousand subtle reflections; a flaunting air, the air of a courtesan conscious of her beauty and pleased to attract attention—just the air with which Madame de Montespan must have sauntered down the mirror gallery at Versailles, ablaze with jewels, her skirts rustling, her figure swaying suggestively. Something threatening, too; something sinister and deadly—

There was a rattle at the window, and I saw Parks lifting one of the shutters into place. I threw up the sash and the heavy bolts carefully flew into their sockets, then closed the sash and locked it. The two other windows were secured in their turn, and with a last look about the room, I turned out the lights. The ante room windows were secured in the same way and with a sigh of relief I told myself that no entrance to the house could be had from that direction. With Parks outside the only door, the rooms ought to be safe from invasion.

Then, before extinguishing the lights, I approached that silent figure on the stretcher, lifted the sheet and looked for the last time upon the face of my dead friend. It was no longer staring and terrible, but calm and peaceful as in sleep—almost smiling. We were eyes and contracted throat, I covered the face again, turned out the lights and left the room. Parks met me in the hall, carrying a cot, which he placed close across the doorway.

"There," he said; "nobody will get into that room without my knowing it."



**CALUMET BAKING POWDER**

The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all.

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Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing.

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RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS  
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.  
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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.

**HINT EASY TO UNDERSTAND GETTING DOWN TO THE FACTS**

**English Farmer Had Made Old Mistake of Counting Chickens Before They Were Hatched.**

An old farmer in the Midlands was anxious to marry, but could not make up his mind between the charms of a certain comely widow in the neighborhood and her equally charming daughter.

At last he resolved to let chance solve the problem.

"I'll ax th' one I fust sees a goin' in," he muttered, and off he started on his amatory errand. But when he arrived both mother and daughter were sitting in the doorway.

"Dang it!" he cried. "Here was I comin' to ax one o' ee to marry me, an' I swore the fust 'dn should ha' the chance. But there ye both be together. I'll shet my eyes now, an' the one as doan't want me mun go indoors. Th' one as stays is my wife to be."

Shutting his eyes the old farmer counted ten solemnly; there was a subdued chuckle, but when he opened them both women had gone.—London Tit-Bits.

**Greek Meets Greek.**

The two oldest inhabitants were very ignorant, neither of them being able even to tell the time of day. A friend of Uncle Ben's gave him a watch, of which he was very proud. One day, before the crowd at the corner store, old Pete, being slightly jealous of such wealth and wishing to embarrass his rival, said: "Say, Ben, what time have you got?"

The other old fellow drew out his watch and turned its face toward his inquisitor. "There she be!" he exclaimed.

**Stork's Good Memory.**

While visiting the Berlin zoological gardens, says Lustige Blatter, little Gretchen saw a great white bird standing on one leg in a cage. She threw in a piece of candy; the bird gobbled it up eagerly, and thrust its head through the wire for more.

Presently Gretchen's mother came along. "O mother, see here! What kind of a bird is this?"

The mother pointed to the sign on the cage, which read, "The Stork."

"The stork!" cried the little girl enthusiastically. O mamma, do you know, he actually recognized me!"

**Rainy Days.**

"Are you saving up something for a rainy day?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornossel. "What we're troubled with out this way is an annual drought. If we had more rainy days, everybody would have money."—Washington Star.

**Lucky Hubby.**

Mrs. Green—Do you ever flatter your husband?

**Relic Which Mr. Bradley Valued So Highly Was Not Altogether a Present.**

Said Mr. Bradley: "I think a good deal of this rocking chair. It's made from wood that grew on a farm in Virginia once owned by W. Washington."

"I don't see anything extraordinary about it," said Parks, "except that it's big and ugly. How much did it cost you?"

"Nothing. That's the beauty of it. A friend of mine in Washington sent it to me. There's nothing like having good friends."

"No, I suppose not. How did he send it?"

"By express. Quite a relic, isn't it? Wood grew on one of G. Washington's farms."

"Of course. Wood grew on a farm that once belonged to George—"

"How much was the—"

"Farm that once belonged to George Washington in Virginia. It isn't every day you can—"

"How much expressage did you—"

"Isn't every day you can see a rocking chair made out of wood grown on a farm that once belonged to George—"

"What express charges did you have to pay?"

"Eight dollars and seventy-five cents," said Bradley, with visible reluctance.

**Pool Material in His Promises.**

"When we were married," sobbed the young wife, "he said he loved me with a love more enduring than the everlasting granite!"

"And it didn't last?" queried the sympathizing friend.

"Last!" echoed the young wife, drying her tears; "it didn't last as long as a wood pavement!"

**W. L. DOUGLAS**

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