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**VICTORIA RAPE**  
 About 10 times as much of Dwarf Rape as any other rape in the world. It makes it possible to grow rape in the winter and to make it all over America at a low, low, low price. Salzer's catalog tells.

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 Produces a luxuriant crop three feet tall within six weeks after seeding and long and lots of pasture for all summer long. Will do well anywhere. Price dirt cheap.

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 Our catalogue is bristling with thoroughly tested farm seeds such as Thousand Headed Rape, Trevisia, producing 10 tons of green fodder per acre; Fine Cut, Rape, with 100 bushels of grain and 4 tons of hay per acre, Billion Dollar Grass, etc., etc.

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**JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, La Crosse, Wis.**

**PHYSICIAN'S CURE FOR**  
**WHEEZING AND BRONCHITIS**  
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

King Leopold, of Belgium, has been consulted as to the construction of a road from Ostend to the French frontier to be reserved exclusively for motor car racing. Efforts are to be made in France to have the road continued to Paris.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. 50c a bottle.

Chicago Tribune: "You're looking mighty cheerful for fellow that's just got a roast from the old man for being late," said the bill clerk. "That's where the fun comes in," chuckled Terrence, the porter. "The 'ol' man forgot all 'bout its bein' lent."

**X-TEXT STORYETTE**      **A Sheet of Note Paper.**

"Bess!"

"Don't call me 'Bess,' my name is Elizabeth; and, considering the publicity of our surroundings, I think it would be more dignified, not to say respectful, for you to address me as Miss Richards."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Vernon, as he seated himself at the table and surveyed the small irate person who was viciously banging her typewriter. "You'll smash your machine, Bess—ahem! Miss Richards—if you keep that up."

The young woman stopped, folded her hands and bestowed on Mr. Vernon a withering glance from a pair of sapphire blue eyes.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" she demanded ominously. "You've been here once before today. What do you want?"

"To talk with you," replied Mr. Vernon, imperturbably.

"One would think I was here for the sole purpose of entertaining people," Miss Richards replied sarcastically. "I've had to settle two extremely important letters already this morning. I beg of you not to make the third."

"What did they say to you?" inquired her visitor, in a tone which boded no good for them were they in his vicinity.

"Oh," wearily, "one dictated two letters, and on the strength of it asked me to go out driving with him; the other desired my company at luncheon."

"The scoundrel!" growled Mr. Vernon savagely. "Give it up, Bess, and marry me."

"I don't know why it is," continued Miss Richards, declining to take any notice of her offer, "but nine men out of ten, if they bring me one dollar's worth of work, think they may stay and bore me for an hour. The tenth always imagines I'm hungry or pining for a drive."

"I—really this play will net you at least twenty," interrupted Mr. Vernon in a blended tone of meekness and mischief, taking a roll of manuscript from his pocket, "and, according to your statement Bess, I'm liable to bore you for twenty hours. Still, if you prefer the drive or—"

"Let me see it!" cried Elizabeth eagerly. "Oh, Dave, is it your new play?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Vernon, handing her the manuscript, "but I really wish, my dear girl, you would be more respectful when you address me. My name is David, and, in a public place like this—with a comprehensive glance around the room, which contained only himself and Miss Richards—"I really think it would be more dignified for you to say Mr. Vernon."

"Oh, brother!" retorted Elizabeth, making a naughty face. After which expressive remark she plunged into the manuscript and became utterly oblivious to Mr. Vernon's presence.

They had met two years before at Cornell. It was Elizabeth's first year and David's last. He had a sister, who was in her class, and the two girls became very intimate. Naturally the brother came in for his share of attention, and, as naturally, he fell a victim to the charms of his sister's friend.

Before the close of the year Elizabeth had to resign all thoughts of a college education. The death of her father and the condition of affairs made it necessary for her to assume the support of her mother and little brother. She had made herself proficient in stenography before entering Cornell, and, for a time, had acted as her father's secretary. On her return home she devoted six weeks to "getting up her speed," and then opened an office in a newspaper building on P street.

David Vernon loomed once more in her horizon, about a year after she had begun her stenographic career. His uncle was a well-known Washington lawyer, and he offered to take David into the firm as junior partner. The young man would have preferred a literary career, but the opening was such a good one that he accepted it. It also had the advantage of bringing him nearer to Elizabeth. He devoted his evenings to the study of literature, however, and already had fame as the author of several little comedies.

When he learned what Elizabeth was doing, and how hard she had to work, David, with fine prospects but a small salary, asked her to marry him, and Elizabeth laughed.

"I'd spoil your career, Dave," she said, "and if that is not a good reason—with a glance of amusement—"I have a better."

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Vernon. "I don't love you," she returned. "Besides you are only twenty-seven. David, and you don't want to burden yourself with a wife for at least eight years. I'll be too old, then—thirty—and you'll prefer some young girl."

"I'll do no such thing," interrupted David eagerly. "I've loved you for two years, and I'm going to marry you if I have to wait until you're forty! There isn't a reason on earth why you can't love me," he added with a touch of indignation; "I'm good looking, clever—"

"Oh, David!"

"Well, you're not going to deny it, are you?" demanded he wrathfully. "I'll tell you what, Bess, in five years I shall be rich. Then, how nice for you to be Mrs. Vernon."

"What a mercenary wretch you must think me!" said Elizabeth with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. "Believing me to be adamant where your good looks and cleverness are concerned, you tempt me with riches. For shame, sir, for shame!"

But the office door slammed behind

him and David was gone. After this first interview Mr. David was a frequent visitor at Elizabeth's home as well as at her office. To this latter place, however, he solemnly averred that he only "went on business." He was in no wise discouraged by her refusal of his first offer of marriage, and continued to propose to her. And Elizabeth continued to refuse. However, she derived much comfort from his society, and in numerous thoughtful, tender little ways he helped to brighten her life.

"How many copies do you want?" asked Elizabeth in a most businesslike manner, as she led the roll of manuscript on her desk.

"Two," responded Mr. Vernon promptly, and then added mischievously, "that is, unless you want an extra copy for yourself. Maybe when I'm dead and gone, Elizabeth, it will comfort you to pore over these evidences of genius your criticism has fostered."

"More like you will lose your copies and want to borrow mine," said Elizabeth in the tone of one having experience. Mr. Vernon regarded her mournfully. "There isn't an ounce of sentiment in you," he remarked.

"Thank heaven, there isn't," replied Miss Richards fervently. "You may not realize it, but sentiment is a dangerous trait for a woman in my position. Now," she added teasingly, as she saw the look of disgust creeping over David's smooth-shaven face, "now if I'd been sentimental, Dave, I would doubtless have been married and divorced several times in the last two years."

"I wish to goodness you'd quit this place," growled David, gazing at her anxiously. "You grow more cynical and flippant every day."

"Who'd decipher your miserable chirography if I did?" demanded she archly.

"We could have a machine at home," he suggested eagerly.

Miss Richards laughed. "What a tempting prospect!" she cried gaily. "All your other suggestions have failed to appeal to me, but this one is so brilliant, Dave, I shall really have to consider it."

Once again the door banged violently and the small mistress of the establishment found herself alone. "Never mind, he will be up to the house tonight," she thought philosophically as she went back to her machine.

The day following the stenographic office of Miss Richards was a very busy place. Work had come in, as was often the case, with a rush, and Elizabeth had to engage another stenographer to assist her. Toward the close of the day, however, she found time to begin David's play. As she proceeded with it her interest grew apace. "It is his best effort," she kept repeating to herself exultantly, while her fingers flew swiftly over the keys, "and it must succeed!"

She had just finished the first act when her eyes fell on a tiny sheet of notepaper which had doubtless slipped between the leaves of the manuscript by accident, and the following in a dainty hand greeted her:

"My Dearest Boy—I am sorry not to have seen you Friday night—and so glad that you have gotten over being cross with me. Do come Sunday, and we'll bury the hatchet for good. It was all a mistake, dear, but you must admit I had cause to get as I did—you were seen with her so much."

RUTH.

Elizabeth put her hand to her head in a dazed fashion. So Dave was like all the rest. Dave, whom she had believed to be all her own! And another girl would have no further occasion to complain as far as she was concerned!

When Mr. Vernon called the next day, Miss Richards was taking a speech for Senator Smith. The learned legislator was tramping up and down the little office, talking it seemed to David, at the rate of three hundred words a minute, and gesticulating fiercely. Elizabeth looked up from her notebook and pointed a roll of papers on her desk. David helped himself and went out. That night when he called at the house of Mrs. Richards informed him that Bess had a headache and asked to be excused. He thought nothing of this, but when two or three days had gone by and he failed to get speech with her, David began to feel both indignant and worried.

"Either Bess is working herself to death or she's out with me about something," he thought, as he straightened his cravat preparatory to making another call on the odorous damsel.

It was a little early for his visit, so David decided to glance over the manuscript he had obtained from Elizabeth. There was an interrogation point on the sixth page of her copy. As this was her method of calling attention to something that was not clear in his language or chirography, he began turning over the original to find the page and make comparison. In doing this he came across the little-scented sheet of gray notepaper and gave vent to a low whistle as he read it.

"This accounts for Bess's behavior," he said aloud, "but who in the name of all that mysterious is Ruth, and how come that letter in my manuscript?"

A moment later there was a knock at the door and Charlie Thurston came in. Mr. Thurston was dramatic editor for one of the daily papers and boarded in the same house with David.

"I want that play of yours, Dave," he said hastily. "Goodwin has promised to look it over tonight. If he takes

**Don't Poison Baby.**

**FORTY YEARS AGO** almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. **CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS**, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by **Dr. J. C. FLETCHER**

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought  
 In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 31 HURDY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**Ten Dollar Bills Given Away**      **Costs Nothing To Guess.**

I have money to give away. Read the following statements carefully. I am publishing a large illustrated paper called the KHARAS JOURNAL, and I want to mail it free to as many invalids and chronic sufferers as possible. In order to get names and addresses of people suffering from certain diseases, I am going to give away some money to successful guessers. I have placed this advertisement (just like the one you are now reading) in small county papers in Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, South Dakota, Minnesota, Colorado and Washington, each paper having a circulation of about 75 copies. Each person entering this contest is to send me five names, and the ten persons guessing nearest to the actual number of names received from these answers by noon, April 1, 1922, will each receive a ten dollar bill by mail as soon as the names are counted. The list of successful guessers will be published in this paper the first week in April. Send a list of five names (no more—no less) and addresses of people suffering from Lung Trouble, Rheumatism, Paralysis or Goitre. After each name place the disease from which that person is suffering. If all have the same trouble, all right, but send only names of persons afflicted with those diseases. Magnetic Osteopathy cures all chronic diseases, and we want to mail free copies of our illustrated paper to those particular classes. Now, how many names will I get in response to this advertisement? The ad. positively appears but once. You will not see it again.

Clip out this entire advertisement, fill in the blanks below except the date of receiving, which I will fill when it is received, and mail to me at once together with the list of five names and addresses.

Date Received.....      Date Mailed.....

PROF. THEO. KHARAS, Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir—I enclose you a list of five names and addresses, and guess that by noon, April 1st, you will have received as many..... names of invalids to whom you will mail free copies of the KHARAS JOURNAL.

My name is.....      Postoffice.....

Do not write in this space.....      State.....

Send in your list at once, for in case of a tie the person whose guess is received first will receive the prize. There are ten cash prizes, and you have as good a chance to win as anyone. No person connected in any manner with the Kharas Institutions will be allowed to enter this contest. Address all lists to.....

Advertising experience shows that about ten replies to every thousand circulation are good returns. Upon this basis there should be 420 replies to this ad., and in this instance each reply means five names—and the guess is on the names. But there may be a good many more or a great many less.

A reward of \$25,000 is offered by the Department of Agriculture in Queensland for the discovery of a means of conducting the "prickly pear" pest which is a cactus imported from America. The remedy must not cost more than a certain sum per acre.

Baltimore American: "The refrain, 'I wish to our neighbor at the vaudeville performance while the popular ballad was being rendered, 'is prettier than the verses.' "Yes," he agreed, "I wish he would refrain altogether."

Washington Star: "It do seem sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man does do some o' his mos' brilliant work when he's engaged in makin' a blunder."

Lord Roberts, replying to a correspondent who suggested using corps of veterans for British home defense, says he appreciates the patriotism of the proposal, but is of the opinion that soldiers who have served their country may now look to younger men to defend it.

Rear Admiral Oscar W. Farenholt, U. S. N., who was inspection officer at Charleston navy yard up to about a year ago and who is now on the retired list, is the only officer in the service who has reached the grade of rear admiral from the position of enlisted man.

Chicago Tribune: "Haven't you any occupation?" asked the woman at the kitchen door, after listening to his tale of woe. "Yes, ma'am," responded Tuffold Knut, "I'm a hunter."

**The Church Bell.**

Up in my lofty steeple,  
 I ring on the peaceful air  
 My summons to all the people,  
 Unto the house of prayer.

When a loved one passeth,  
 Bidding the world farewell,  
 With solemn, slow vibration  
 I toll the sacred knell.

Again as hearts are wedded,  
 And the hours are bright and fair,  
 Hark to the merry music  
 I give to listeners there.

Off in the hush of twilight,  
 When nature holds its spell,  
 I voice the solemn vespers,  
 To bid the day farewell.

Scientific gardening is taught in the national schools of Sweden and in the seminaries for the education of national school teachers. There is a school garden in nearly every rural school district in the kingdom. The garden is placed near the school house, and the children receive practical instruction in the cultivation of plants, berries, flowers, herbs and fruits, the management of the hotbeds, green-houses, etc.

It seems about settled that the two largest islands in the world are both in the Arctic ocean. Greenland is unquestionably the largest—if Australia is counted as a continent—and recent explorations of Baffin Land show that it is second only to Greenland in extent.