

The family that eats plenty of
Quaker Oats
is a healthy, rugged family.

The most popular food in the world because it does most and costs least.

HEDGING.



Visitor—Yes, I think this painting of yours, "The Old Mill," is a wonderful painting; a great work of art!
Artist—Thank you, sir! Perhaps you would wish to buy it!
Visitor—Why—er—well, yes! I'll give you three dollars for it if you'll throw in a nice frame!

ROCKY BOY INDIAN LANDS OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT.

Secretary Ballinger has issued instructions to throw open 1,400,000 acres of land in Eastern Montana to white settlers.
This land was withdrawn about two years ago for the purpose of allotting to the Rocky Boy Indians. The tract contains the very choicest lands in Valley County and wherever farming has been carried on, it has produced yields of from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre, 40 to 70 bushels of oats and large crops of hay, alfalfa and vegetables.
There are over 8,000 160-acre homesteads in this tract, which is considerable more than the combined total in the Flathead, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Reservations, which were opened to settlement last summer.

The Wonderful Y. M. C. A.

In the past ten years no other religious organization has received so much money as the Y. M. C. A. Millions have been raised for new buildings all over the land, and with no apparent strain. Its business-like administration of its vast resources, its energy in pushing its work—in the cities and through the railroad, army and navy branches—and its fine policy in following the armies in all recent wars, have created for it a world-wide enthusiasm. At the last banquet of the international committee, Senator Root affirmed that they had made their way by working with men more than by talking to them, saying: "Come with us," not "Go do that." By their appeal to all classes of Christians, as well as to non-Christians, they have escaped cant in religion. All interested in saving our boys and young men rejoice in their world-wide success.—Leslie's Weekly.

Iron.

Pure iron is only a laboratory preparation. Cast iron, the most generally useful variety, contains about five per cent of impurities, and the curious thing is that it owes its special value to the presence of these. Pure iron can be shaved with a pocket knife; impure iron can be made almost as hard as steel.

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher* Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Stranger.

Hostess—You won't come to church with us, then, Phyllis?
Phyllis (down for the week end)—I don't think so, dear. You see, I shouldn't know a soul there!

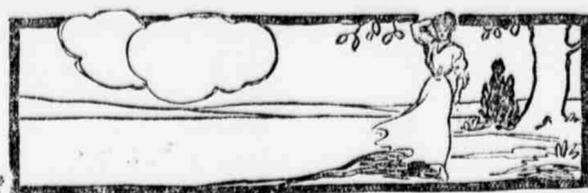
It is easier for men to get on financially than it is for women to get off a car forward.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

Generally the man or woman who says "I don't care" is a liar.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, following her death. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Rosalind Gillespie, sister for the hand of Helen Holbrook. She met Rosalind Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a man, Helen stole from the house. She met Rosalind Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a dress for her father into the hand of the Italian suitor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$200 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie seized and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him.

CHAPTER XV.

I Undertake a Commission.
Gillespie availed himself of my wardrobe to replace his rags, and appeared in the library clothed and in his usual state of mind on the stroke of seven.
"You should have had the doctor out, Donovan. Being stuck isn't so funny, and you will undoubtedly die of blood-poisoning. Every one does nowadays."
"I shall disappoint you, Ijima and I between us have stuck me together like a cracked plate. And it is not well to publish our troubles to the world. If I called the village doctor he would kill his horse circulating the mysterious tidings. Are you satisfied?"
"Quite so. You're a man after my own heart, Donovan."
We had reached the dining room and stood by our chairs.
"I should like," he said, taking up his cocktail glass, "to propose a truce between us."
"In the matter of a certain lady?"
"Even so! On the honor of a fool," he said, and touched his glass to his lips. "And may the best man win," he added, putting down the glass unemptied.
He was one of those comfortable people with whom it is possible to sit in silence; but after intervals in which we found nothing to say he would, with exaggerated gravity, make some utterly inane remark. To-night his mind was more agile than ever, his thoughts leaping nimbly from crag to crag, like a mountain goat. He had traveled widely and knew the ways of many cities; and of American political characters, whose names were but vaguely known to me, he discoursed with delightful intimacy; then his mind danced away to a tour he had once made with a company of acrobats whose baggage he had released from the grasping hands of a rural sheriff.
"What," he asked, presently, "is as sad as being deceived in a person you have admired and trusted? I knew a fellow who was professor of something in a blooming college, and who was so poor that he had to coach delinquent preps in summer time instead of getting a vacation. I had every confidence in that fellow. I thought he was all right, and so I took him up into Maine with me—just the two of us—and hired an Indian to run our camp, and everything pointed to plus. Well, I always get stung when I try to be good."
He placed his knife and fork carefully across his plate and sighed deeply.
"What was the matter? Did he bore you with philosophy?"
"No such luck. That man was weak-minded on the subject of domesticating prairie dogs. You may shoot me if that isn't the fact. There he was, a prize-winner and a fellow of his university, and a fine scholar who edited Greek text-books, with that thing on his mind. He held that the daily example of the happy home life of the prairie dog would tend to ennoble all mankind and brighten up our family altars. Think of being lost in the woods with a man with such an idea, and of having to sleep under the same blanket with him! It rained most of the time, so we had to sit in the tent, and he never let up. He got so bad that he would wake me up in the night to talk prairie dog."
"It must have been trying," I agreed. "What was your solution, Donovan?"
"I moved outdoors and slept with the Indian. Your salad dressing is excellent, Donovan, though personally I lean to more of the paprika. But let us go back a bit to the Holbrooks. Omitting the lady, there are certain points about which we may as well agree. I am not so great a fool but that I can see that this state of things cannot last forever. Henry is broken down from drink and brooding over his troubles, and about ready for close confinement in a brick building with barred windows."

CHAPTER XVI.

An Odd Affair at Red Gate.
As I rode through Port Annandale the biting strains of a waltz floated from the casino, and I caught a glimpse of the lake's circlet of lights. My head was none too clear from its crack in the cabin floor, and my chest was growing sore and stiff from the slash of the Italian's knife; but my spirits were high, and my ears rang with memories of the Voice. Helen had given me a commission, and every fact of my life faded into insignificance compared to this. The cool night air rushing by refreshed me. I was eager for the next turn of the wheel, and my curiosity ran on to the boat-maker's house.
I came now to a lonely sweep, where the road ran through a heavy woodland, and the cool, moist air of the forest rose round me. The lake, I knew, lay close at hand, and the Hartridge cottage was not, as I reckoned my distances, very far ahead. I had drawn in my horse to consider the manner of my approach to the boat-maker's, and was jogging along at an easy trot when a rifle-shot rang out on my left, from the direction of the creek, and my horse shied sharply and plunged on at a wild gallop. He ran several hundred yards before I could check him, and then I turned and rode slowly back, peering into the forest's black shadow for the foe. I paused and waited, with the horse dancing crazily beneath me, but the woodland presented an inscrutable front. I then rode on to the unfenced strip of wood where I had left my horse before.
I began this narrative with every intention of telling the whole truth touching my adventures at Annandale, and I cannot deny that the shot from the wood had again shaken my faith in Helen Holbrook. She had sent me to the Tippecanoe on an errand of her own choosing, and I had been fired on from ambush near the place to which she had sent me. I fear that my tower of faith that had grown so tall and strong shook on its foundations; but once more I dismissed my doubts, just as I had dismissed other doubts and misgivings about her. My fleeting glimpse of her in the window of St. Agatha's less than an hour before flashed back upon me, and the tower touched the stars, steadfast and serene again.
I strode on toward Red Gate with my revolver in the side pocket of my Norfolk jacket. A buckboard filled with young folk from the summer colony passed me, and then the utter silence of the country held the world. In a moment I had reached the canoe-maker's cottage and entered the gate. I went at once to the front door and knocked. I repeated my knock several times, but there was no answer. The front window blinds were closed tight. The houseboat was effectually screened by shrubbery, and I had descended half a dozen steps before I saw a light in the windows. It occurred to me that as I had undoubtedly been sent to Red Gate for some purpose, I should do well not to defeat it by any clumsiness of my own; so I proceeded slowly, pausing several times to observe the lights below. I heard the Tippecanoe slipping by with the subdued murmur of water at night; and then a lantern flashed on deck and I heard voices. Some one was landing from a boat in the creek. This seemed amiable enough, as the lantern-bearer helped a man in the boat to clamber to the platform, and from the open door of the shop a broad shaft of light shone brightly upon the two men. The man with the lantern was Holbrook, alias Hartridge, beyond a doubt; the other was a stranger, Holbrook caught the painter of the boat and silently made it fast.
"Now," he said, "come in."
(TO BE CONTINUED)



A Rifle-Shot Rang Out and My Horse Shied Sharply.

"Then I'm for capturing him and sticking him away in a safe place."
"That's the Irish of it, if you will pardon me, but it's not the Holbrook of it. A father tucked away in a private madhouse would not sound well to the daughter. I advise you not to suggest that to Helen. I generously aid your suit to that extent. We are both playing for Helen's gratitude; that's the flat of the matter."
"I was brought into this business to help Miss Pat," I declared, though a trifle lamely. Gillespie grinned sardonically.
"Be it far from me to interfere with your plans, methods or hopes. We both have the conceit of our wisdom!"
"There may be something in that."
"But it was decent of you to get me out of that Italian's clutches this afternoon. When I went over there I thought I might find Henry Holbrook and pound some sense into him; and he's about due, from that telegram. If Miss Pat won't soften her heart I'd better buy him off," he added reflectively.
We walked the long length of the hall into the library, and had just lighted our cigars when the butler sought me.
"Beg pardon, the telephone, sir."
My distrust of the telephone is so deep seated that I had forgotten the existence of the instrument in Glenarm house, where, I now learned, it was tucked away in the butler's pantry for the convenience of the house-keeper in ordering supplies from the village. After a moment's parley a woman's voice addressed me distinctly—a voice that at once arrested and held all my thoughts. My replies were, I fear, somewhat breathless and wholly stupid.
"This is Rosalind; do you remember me?"
"Yes; I remember; I remember nothing else!" I declared. Ijima had closed the door behind me, and I was alone with the voice—a voice that spoke to me of the summer night, and of low winds murmuring across starry waters.
"I am going away. The Rosalind you remember is going a long way from the lake and you will never see her again."
"But you have an engagement, when the new moon—"
"But the little feather of the new moon is under a cloud, and you cannot see it; and Rosalind must always be Helen now."
"But this won't do, Rosalind. Ours was more than an engagement; it was a solemn compact," I insisted.
"Oh, not so very solemn!" she laughed. "And then you have the other girl that isn't just me—the girl of the daylight, that you ride and sail with and play tennis with."
"Oh, I haven't her; I don't want her."
"Traitorous man! Volatile Irishman!"
"Marvelous, adorable Rosalind!"
"That will do, Mr. Donovan"—and then with a quick change of tone she asked abruptly:
"You are not afraid of trouble, are you?"
"I live for nothing else!"
"You are not so pledged to the Me you play tennis with that you cannot serve Rosalind if she asks it?"
"No; you have only to ask. But I must see you once more—as Rosalind!"
"Stop being silly, and listen care-

The chapel clock chimed nine as I gained the road, and I walked my horse to scan St. Agatha's windows through the viatic that offered across the foliage. And there, by the open window of her aunt's sitting room, I saw Helen Holbrook reading. A table-lamp at her side illumined her slightly bent head; and, as though aroused by my horse's quick step in the road, she rose and stood framed against the light, with the soft window draperies fluttering about her.
I spoke to my horse and galloped toward Red Gate.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Sickroom Bugbear.

The great bugbear of the sickroom is monotony. This is the problem that every nurse must meet and study ways and means to prevent. She may do this in several ways. She may alter the appearance of the room occasionally by pushing the bed or sofa to a different part of the room in order to give the patient a fresh outlook; the cut flowers may be replaced by a growing plant; old magazines and books may be removed and new ones take their place; the pictures may be changed, especially those that hang at the foot of the bed, or perhaps, a blank wall may be found to be restful to the tired eyes.—Circle Magazine.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."
Mrs. ARGENTE VESPERMANN, De Forest, Wisconsin.
Another Operation Avoided.
New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PAYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.
Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.
If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

HE MEANT EVENING GOWNS

Well-Meant Compliment to American Woman Somewhat Marred by Unfortunate Error.
Mons. Pruger, who from his triumph at the Savoy hotel in London has come to New York to conduct a very fashionable restaurant, was complimented by a reporter on his perfect English.
"Well," said Mons. Pruger, smiling, "my English is, perhaps, better than that of the Marquis X., who supported here after the opera the other evening."
"Our fine supper rooms looked very gay and fine, diamonds flashed, pale fabrics shimmered, and everywhere, turn where it would, the eyes rested on dimpled, snowy shoulders shining like satin above décollete bodices of Paris gowns."
"These décollete bodices impressed the Marquis X. He waved his hand and said:
"I've known parfaitement that the American young ladies was beautiful, but ah—I cannot say how far more beautiful they seem in their night dresses."—N. Y. Press.

Put a Shirt on Greeley.

The excellent cut of Horace Greeley's birthplace at Amherst, N. H., in the Sunday Herald of recent date suggests this anecdote which may be of interest:
The room in which he was born is now occupied as a sitting room. A visitor some years ago asked a lady living near by if she remembered ever seeing Horace Greeley, and she replied: "Well, yes; I have a very early remembrance of him. I put the first shirt on him."—Boston Herald.

When Woman is in Politics.

"The city fathers voted."
"You mean the city fathers and mothers."—Judge.

CLEAR-HEADED Head Bookkeeper Must be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:
"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:
"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that it aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.
"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble. I verily believe, for I am a well man today and have used no other remedy.
"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."
"There's a Reason."
Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."
Ever read the above letter? A copy one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.