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is the best dish you
can serve.

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Good for all ages
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Economical and
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Technically Discussed.

"So there is to be a divorce," said the woman who discusses everybody. "It seems but a little while since he asked for her hand."
"Yes," replied the rude man. "He got the hand all right. But it turned out to be a misdeal."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, I. O.

FRANK J. CHERRY makes oath that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. CHERRY & Co. doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHERRY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed to my presence this 4th day of December, A. D. 1935.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

HALL'S Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

W. F. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists. 75c.
This Hall's Family Pill for constipation.

Fear not lest thy life come to an end; but rather lest it never had a beginning.—Newman.

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That take NATURE'S REMEDY (NIR) tonight will feel better in the morning. It sweetens the stomach, corrects the liver, bowels and kidneys, prevents biliousness and eliminates the rheumatism. Better than Pills for Liver. Because it's different—it's thorough, easy—sure to act. Get a 50c Box. All Druggists. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis.

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HARKING, HACKING, RASPING COUGH can be broken quickly by Allen's Lung Balm. This old reliable remedy has been sold for over 40 years. Ask your druggist about it.

Every man has theories about raising a family—before he marries.

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Don't risk a crop failure by taking the word of some one else as to the reliability of your seed corn. Test your own corn—every ear of it—and know, before the planting is begun, that the seed you use will grow.

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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, summering near Fort Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly troubled her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Benjamin Gillespie, author for the land of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who sold he was Harridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeing 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, Henry stole from the house. She met Benjamin Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. 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 \$2000 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's mug and found in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind, a "waiver" appeared at Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury be done him. He went to Red Gate. At the canoe-maker's home, Donovan found the brothers—Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other in consultation. "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan returning, met Gillespie alone in the dead of night. On investigation he found Henry Holbrook, the sailor, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosalind, who by night had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mix-up. Her father, Arthur Holbrook, was the canoe-maker, while Helen's father was Henry Holbrook, the erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. Thus Helen's supposed duplicity was explained. Helen visited Donovan.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"Yes; but it is a mere coincidence. It was a good hiding place for him, as well as for us."

"It is very unfortunate for all of us that he should be here. I had hoped he would bury himself where he would never be heard of again!" she said, and anger burned for a moment in her face. "If he has any shame left, I should think he would leave here at once!"

"It's to be remembered, Miss Holbrook, that he came first; and I am quite satisfied that your father sought him here before you and your aunt came to Annandale. It seems to me the equity lies with your uncle—the creek as a hiding place belongs to him by right of discovery."

She smiled ready agreement to this, and I felt that she had come to win support for some plan of her own. She had never been more amiable; certainly she had never been lovelier.

"You are quite right. We had all of us better go and leave him in peace. What is it he does there—runs a ferry or manages a boathouse?"

"He is a canoe-maker," I said, dryly, "with more than a local reputation."

Her tone changed at once.

"I'm glad, I'm very glad he has escaped from his old ways; for all our sakes," she added, with a little sigh. "And poor Rosalind! You may not know that he has a daughter. She is about a year younger than I. She must have had a sad time of it. I was named for her mother and she for mine. If you should meet her, Mr. Donovan, I wish you would tell her how sorry I am not to be able to see her. But Aunt Pat must not know that Uncle Arthur is here. I think she has tried to forget him, and her troubles with my father have effaced everything else. I hope you will manage that, for me; that Aunt Pat shall not know that Uncle Arthur and Rosalind are here. It could only distress her. It would be opening a book that she believes closed forever."

Her solicitude for her aunt's peace of mind, spoken with eyes averted and in a low tone, lacked nothing.

"I have seen your cousin," I said. "I saw her, in fact, this morning."

"Rosalind? Then you can tell me whether—whether I am really so like her as they used to think!"

"You are rather like!" I replied lightly. "But I shall not attempt to tell you how. It would not do—it would involve particulars that might prove embarrassing. There are times when even I find discretion better than frankness."

"You wish to save my feelings," she laughed. "But I am really taller!"

"By an inch—she told me that!"

"Then you have seen her more than once?"

"Yes; more than twice even."

"Then you must tell me wherein we are alike; I should really like to know."

"I have told you I can't; it's beyond my poor powers. I will tell you this, though—"

"Well?"

"That I think you both delightful."

"I am disappointed in you. I thought you a man of courage, Mr. Donovan."

"Even brave men falter at the cannon's mouth!"

"You are undoubtedly an Irishman, Mr. Donovan. I am sorry we shan't have any more tennis."

"You have said so, Miss Holbrook, not I."

She laughed, and then glanced toward the brown figure of Sister Mar-



"Don't Say 'Must Not' to Me, if You Please!"

garet, and was silent for a moment, while the old clock on the stair boomed out the half-hour and was answered cheerily by the pretty tinkle of the chapel chime. I counted four poppy leaves that fluttered free from a bowl on the book shelf above her head and lazily fell to the floor at her feet.

"I had hoped," she said, "that we were good friends, Mr. Donovan."

"I have believed that we were, Miss Holbrook."

"You must see that this situation must terminate, that we are now at a crisis. You can understand—I need not tell you—how fully my sympathies lie with my father; it could not be otherwise."

"That is only natural. I have nothing to say on that point."

"And you can understand, too, that it has not been easy for me to be dependent upon Aunt Pat. You don't help me?" and she broke off, smiling, and turned back to the balustrade, her hand at her side lightly touching it.

She had confidence, I thought, in the power of tears, as she slipped her handkerchief into her sleeve and waited for me to answer.

"Of course Mr. Gillespie only loaned you the money to help you over a difficulty; in some way that must be cared for. I like him; he is a fellow of good impulses. I repeat that I believe this matter can be arranged readily enough, by yourself and your father. My intrusion would only make a worse muddle of your affairs. Send for your father and let him go to your aunt in the right spirit; and I believe that an hour's talk will settle everything."

"You seem to have misunderstood my purpose in coming here, Mr. Donovan," she answered, coldly. "I asked your help, not your advice. I have even thrown myself on your mercy, and you tell me to do what you know is impossible."

"Nothing is so impossible as the present attitude of your father. Until that is changed your aunt would be doing your father a great injury by giving him this money."

"And as for me—" and her eyes blazed—"as for me," she said, choking with anger, "after I have opened this page of my life to you and you have given me your fatherly advice—as for me, I will show you, and Aunt Pat and all of them, that what cannot be done one way may be done in another. If I say the word and let the law take its course with my uncle—that man who brought all these troubles upon us—you may have the joy of knowing that it was your fault—your fault, Mr. Donovan!"

"I beg of you, do nothing! If you will not bring your father to Miss Pat, please let me arrange the meeting."

"He will not listen to you. He looks upon you as a meddler; and so do I, Mr. Donovan!"

"But your uncle—you must not, you would not!" I cried, terror-struck to see how fate drew her toward the pitfall from which I hoped to save her.

"Don't say 'must not' to me, if you please!" she flung back; but when she reached the door she turned and said calmly, though her eyes still blazed:

"I suppose it is not necessary for me to ask that you consider what I have said to be confidential."

"It is quite unnecessary," I said, not

knowing whether I loved or pitied her most; and my wits were busy trying to devise means of saving her the heartache her ignorance held in store for her.

She called to Sister Margaret in her brightest tone, and when I had walked with them to St. Agatha's gate she bade me good-by with quite as demure and Christian an air as the sister herself.

CHAPTER XX.

The Touch of Dishonor.

I was meditating my course over a cheerless luncheon when Gillespie was announced. He lounged into the dining room, drew his chair to the table and covered a biscuit with camembert with his usual inscrutable air.

"I think it is better," he said deliberately, "to be an ass than a fool. Have you any views on the subject?"

"None, my dear Buttons. I have been called both by shrewd men."

"So have I, if the worst were known, and they offered proof! Ah, more and more I see that we were born for each other, Donovan. I was once so impressed with the notion that to be a fool was to be distinguished that I conceived the idea of forming a Noble Order of Serene and Incurable Fools. I elected myself the grand and most worthy master, feeling safe from competition. News of the matter having gone forth, many persons of the highest standing wrote to me, recommending their friends for membership. My correspondence soon engaged three typewriters, and I was obliged to get the post-office department to help me break the chain. A few humble souls applied on their own hook for consideration. These I elected and placed in the first class. You would be surprised to know how many people who are chronic joiners wrote in absent-mindedly for application blanks, fearing to be left out of a good thing. United States senators were rather common on the list, and there were three governors; a bishop wrote to propose a brother bishop, of whose merits he spoke in the warmest terms. Many newspapers declared that the society filled a long-felt want. I received invitations to speak on the uses and benefits of the order from many learned bodies. The thing began to bore me, and when my official stationery was exhausted I issued a farewell address to my troops and dissolved the society. But it's a great gratification to me, my dear Donovan, that we quit with a waiting list."

"There are times, Buttons, when you cease to divert me. I'm likely to be very busy for a few days. Just what can I do for you this afternoon?"

"Look here, old man, you're not angry?"

"No; I'm rarely angry; but I'm often bored."

"Then your brutal insinuation shall not go unrewarded. Let me proceed. But first, how are your ribs?"

"Sore and a trifle stiff, but I'm comfortable, thanks."

"As I understand matters, Irishman, there is no real difference between you and me except in the matter of a certain lady. Otherwise we might combine our forces in the interest of these unhappy Holbrooks."

"You are quite right. You came here to say something; go on and do it."

He deftly covered another biscuit with the cheese, of whose antiquity he complained sadly.

"I say, Donovan, between old soldier friends, what were you doing up there on the creek last night?"

"Studying the landscape effects by starlight. It's a habit of mine. Your own presence there might need accounting for, if you don't mind."

"I will be square about it. I met Helen quite accidentally as I left this house, and she wanted to see her father. I took her over there, and we found Henry. He was up to some mischief—something had gone wrong with him, and he was in all kinds of a bad humor. Unfortunately, you got the benefit of some of it."

"I will supply you a link in the night's affairs. Henry had been to see his brother Arthur."

Gillespie's face fell, and I saw that he was greatly surprised.

"Humph! Helen didn't tell me that."

"The reason Henry came here was to look for his brother. That's how he reached this place ahead of Miss Pat and Helen. And I have learned something—it makes no difference how, but it was not from the ladies at St. Agatha's—I learned last night that the key of this whole situation is in your own hands, Gillespie. Your father was swindled by the Holbrooks; which Holbrook?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

English as She Is Spoke.

Meeker—I'm going to apply for a divorce.

Bleeker—What's the trouble?

Meeker—My wife's a regular shrew; she beats the children and makes my life a burden.

Bleeker—You don't say! She certainly doesn't look that kind.

Meeker—Great Scott, man! You don't call that kind, do you?

COOPER FOLLOWERS GIVE REASON FOR THEIR BELIEF

With a theory that human health is dependent on the stomach and with a medicine which he says proves this theory, L. T. Cooper, a comparatively young man, has built up an immense following during the past year.

Cooper has visited most of the leading cities of the country, and in each city has aroused a storm of discussion about his beliefs and his medicines. Wherever he has gone, people have called upon him by tens of thousands, and his preparation has sold in immense quantities.

The sale of this medicine has now spread over the entire country, and is growing enormously each day. In view of this, the following statements from two of the great number of followers which he now has, are of general interest.

N. V. Marsb, residing at 217 South Daly street, Los Angeles, Cal., has the following to say upon the subject of the Cooper preparations:

"For more than a year I experienced the most intense suffering, due to a form of stomach trouble which the doctors called catarrhal gastritis. After eating I would fill up with gas, which caused frequent belching. The abdominal area would expand until I could scarcely breathe, causing great distress. At such times I could not keep still, but paced the streets for hours until the pain subsided.

"Frequently I went without eating rather than endure the torture that was sure to follow. Liquids were the only kind of food I could partake of with safety. I had spells of dizziness, and became badly run down through suffering and lack of proper nourishment. I tried various remedies in search of relief, but they failed to help me.

"Some time ago a brother member in a lodge to which I belong urged me to try the Cooper remedies, which were then being demonstrated in Los Angeles. He stated that to his personal knowledge they had been of great benefit to others in a like condition, and on the strength of his recommendation I procured a treatment of Cooper's New Discovery.

"It proved helpful from the first dose, and in less than a week I was eating regularly and heartily, without experiencing any bad effects afterward. Since taking the full treatment I am perfectly well and enjoy living for the first time in many months. Now I can eat a hearty supper, then go to bed and sleep like a healthy boy. I feel so well that I can hardly realize I am the same man. Cooper's New Discovery has worked a marvelous change in me—it has done all that was claimed for it."

Another statement by Mr. W. B. Stewart, 109 W. Madison street, Chicago, is as follows: "I have had stomach trouble for years, and anyone who is afflicted this way knows what an awful distressed feeling it causes. Many a time I have felt that I would give most any price to be cured. It was by accident that I heard of this man Cooper's remedies. I immediately made up my mind to buy a treatment of him. I used it for about two weeks, and it is impossible to tell how much good it has done me. I feel altogether different. I have more life and energy than I have had for years. The medicine certainly does stimulate and strengthen the whole system. Tired feeling and weak condition of the stomach has entirely passed away. I feel well again."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

When a man is at home and the telephone bell rings his wife makes a dash for it to see if it is some woman who wants to talk to him.

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Send 4c stamps for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Birthday, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 722 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

An early cucumber in the hand beats two in the stomach.

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You miss a great deal of the pleasures of life if your stomach has "gone back on you"—but don't remain in that condition. The Bitters will set things right and prevent indigestion, costiveness & headache.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cleanses the scalp and keeps the hair soft and glossy.