

It might add to happiness if doctors had bargain days.

Coughs come from inflamed Bronchial Tubes, Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops heal the irritation—See at all Drug Stores.

Very Important. Some men constitute a whole receiving line in themselves.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER. The Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Bristling Feet, Blisters and Calous spots. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitutes. Sample FREE. Address: A. S. Orlamond, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Must Be. "What do you think of my tale of a fop?" "It's a dandy story."

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heesop of Wighton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move.



Rev. E. Heesop. After using 5 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dodds Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heesop about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Genuine "Key West."

Yes—it's another. Professor Van Dusen was vainly trying to unlatch his front door with a cigar, to the amusement of a friend who had accompanied him home to talk over the fourth dimension.

"Look here, man," said the friend when he could talk without betraying his amusement, "do you know what you're trying to open that door with?"

The professor looked, then gave a start of dismay. "Gracious!" he blurted out. "I must have smoked my latch key!"

FACE ITCHED AND BURNED

383 No. Union St., Aurora, Ill.—"My ailment started with a little pimple and it always itched and burned terribly. I scratched it and in a few days my face was all covered with sores. It ran up to my eyes and the day after I could not see out of my right eye. I was unable to get any rest. I couldn't go to bed, being afraid of getting the clothing all soiled, although I had my face all bandaged.

"I was given two jars of salve but it kept getting worse. It was something like a running sore because every time I used some of the salve I had to wrap bandages around my neck to keep the water and pus from running down my body. I wrote for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few days I received these and washed my face with the Cuticura Soap and put on some Cuticura Ointment and the next morning my face felt cool and somewhat relieved. After using the sample I bought some Cuticura Soap and Ointment at the drug store. I followed this treatment just twenty-six days and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was cured." (Signed) George Miller, Jan. 1, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Some Good Advice.

The restaurant manager stood behind the cashier's desk, wearing his stock-in-trade smile for each customer.

An old gentleman came up. "I notice," said he, fumbling for his wallet, "that you advertise to make your own pies."

"Yes, sir," answered the manager proudly, "we do."

"Will you permit me to offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly, sir; certainly. We should be most happy to have you."

"Well, then, let some one else make 'em."

Where It Takes Effect.

Mayor Rockwell of Akron was condemning the claim, often put forward by the rich, that poverty is good for the character.

"Poverty is good for nobody," he said. "It embitters the mind, hardens the heart, causes unhappiness and fear and suffering."

"There's nothing like adversity, a millionaire once said to me—there's nothing like adversity to bring a man out."

"Yes," I replied, "out at the elbows."

An Odd Arrangement.

"Come in with me and get a pick-me-up," said the Genial One. "All right," replied the Sad Joker, "but why? If I take a pick-me-up, it will be only to put it down."

His Fault.

"Ellie's young man is one of the best fellows going." "Yes, but he never goes."

HE SAVED THE DAY

By BURTON CLOSSEN.

Rene eyed the telephone speculatively. It was within easy reach of her hand, just next to the drop lamp. Quentin had not remembered it. He had slammed the door and the key had turned with the click.

"You will stay there until you come to your senses," he had told her. "Dad and mother will be home on the 11-15, and they can handle you after that, but by George, I'll keep you here until they come."

It was about half past ten, she thought. Three quarters of an hour to save the happiness of a lifetime. Once her father and mother came, it would be the same old heartache over again, the same old arguments and objections that had been advanced for nearly a year.

And there was no reason under the sun why they should object to Stanley Fitch. He was young, twenty-four, just out of college, with excellent prospects. Perhaps that was why. Her father had fought his own way up from boyhood in the same firm. He despised a college training as a business asset. Quentin, her only brother, was like his father, and had slipped through schools doggedly, and into the nearest chair to his father down at the office at eighteen.

But Rene was like her mother. She often wondered how her father had ever persuaded Georgette Loiret to marry him and leave Paris for New York. She loved to listen to her mother's stories of her home life there, of how her father had admired the pushing young American's business pluck and success, and had deemed the union a wise one for her.

"But did you really love father?" Rene had urged. "Don't you believe in love, mother, not at all!"

It had been the night before their departure on a week-end visit out of town. Rene and her brother were to remain at the house with the servants. Mrs. Howard had listened with a curious little smile, one hand on Rene's tumbled mass of fair curls, as she bent over her.

"They say it comes of its own accord after a wise marriage, dear heart. Is that not better than having it leave of its own accord after an unwise one?"

"But why can't I marry Stanley?"

"Your father thinks that he is not formed in character yet, that he is too foolish, too unsteady to trust our own daughter's happiness in his keeping."

"Oh, dear me," Rene exclaimed, helplessly. "Must I wait years and years until father thinks he is staid and stout like he is?"

"Wait a year," said her mother, coaxingly. "At least a year."

And she had waited. Stanley had gone abroad for the whole summer. She had not even tried to see him since his return. It seemed as though all the fair winds of fate had united to blow them together again. He had not been in New York a day before she met him face to face on a Fifth avenue autobus. They had left it at the park, and tramped all that long splendid autumn afternoon together over paths that seem sacred to sweethearts. Stanley had mapped out their future. It was a brave one, full of hope and promise. As foreign representative of an old established banking firm, he had made good. They would send him back in December to take full charge of their interests in Italy. And there was a certain villa on the outskirts of Rome, with the glimmer of the sea to the south, and north the vineyards and gardens leading up to the olive groves.

Rene could see that villa now, as she sat in the study a prisoner, and the picture gave her strength. She reached for the receiver and gave his number softly but distinctly. Quentin would never hear through the thick fireproof walls.

The answer set her heart beating fast. Was Mr. Fitch in? He was not. He was at his club. She set her teeth, and called the club. It seemed hours before they called him to the telephone, and she heard his voice.

"Stant, listen, dear," she almost whispered. "Quentin has locked me in the study, can you hear me? And father and mother will be back on the 11-15. It will take them about twenty minutes to make the run up here in the car. I packed what I needed after a quarrel with Quent, and was running away. No, not to you, of course, you foolish boy. I was going to Aunt Lenore's out at Montclair—what? But I can't get out. I'm locked in, and Quentin is on guard."

"I'll be there in a few minutes," said Stanley, a bit hoarsely, and cut her off.

She stood up, waiting, holding her breath at what she had done, but the hands on the clock were creeping fast. It was twelve minutes of eleven, and she knew the club was far down town in the West Forties. It would take Stanley nearly as long as it would her father and mother to reach her, and even when he did get there, there would be Quentin to deal with. Quentin, twenty-two, but strong and dogged as some young stag. And suddenly she heard a crash in the room beyond. Another came, and a heavy body swung against the intervening wall. She called with all her strength, pushing against the door. It was unlocked, swung back, and she faced a stranger. He was eying her with a surprised grin. Quentin called huskily to her:

"Rene, call on the 'phone for help!" Before she could move the man had cut the wire. He hesitated, his clasped hands open, but Rene never stirred.

Behind her was her father's private safe, hidden by her dress.

"Sit down there," said the fellow, pointing to a chair away from the door. "Where I can see you. If you make a noise, you get what I gave him."

Instead, she tried to slip by him. The wrenching grasp when he seized her wrist almost made her faint with quick agony, but she saw Quentin lying in the hallway, motionless, and the sight nerved her. She bent her head and bit the hand that gripped her—anything to keep him engaged until help came.

"You cat!" he muttered, letting go. "Scatch, don't yer? Get down on your knees and open that safe."

"I've forgotten the combination," said Rene. She bent over the safe, moving the lock around slowly.

"Open it," repeated the burglar. "I hate to hurt a pretty kid like you, but—"

The electric bell rang sharply. It was the one in the outer hall. Stanley must have been passed the hallboys.

"You'd better go. There's the police. I rang the alarm."

He leaped past her, down the long hallway to the kitchen. The servants were asleep, or out, she knew. And they were on the eighth floor. Rene opened the door, every nerve trembling. She almost fell into Stanley's arms, telling what had happened as she clung to him.

"I think he has killed Quentin."

"You give the alarm to the elevator men and have them call the police," Stanley told her, steadily, "and don't lose your nerve now, girlie." He turned back into the apartment alone, and stepped over Quentin's form as he made after the fugitive.

When the car drew up, and Mrs. Howard alighted with her husband she found Rene in the marble entrance hall with patrolmen and hall boys trying to get a connected story from her. But upstairs Stanley met them at the door, coat off, shirt torn, his hair rumpled, and smiling.

"It's all right," he said, cheerfully. "I got him on the fire escape, and he came back with a little thumb persuasion. You'll find him in the linen closet, and I hope he has not mussed things up. Mrs. Howard, but I didn't know where to lock him up, and Quentin needed attention."

"Quentin got it," said the latter, looming up with a heavily swathed head. "I've got an ice pack on. Mater. Behold our burglar catcher, and general surgeon. Rene, I give my consent."

The police were busy extracting the party in the linen closet. He seemed subdued and glad to leave. As the door closed on the whole group, Stanley turned to Mr. Howard, with his quick, boyish smile.

"Can't I have her now, please, Mr. Howard?"

Howard put out his hand.

"There happens to be about \$300,000 in that safe in bonds and gold, that I took out on Friday intending to transact a certain deal tomorrow for the firm. You've saved the day, boy. I guess you can take her."

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TROUBLE OF BASHFUL MAN

Most Unfortunate Misunderstanding That Prevented the Coupling of Two Lives.

A bashful swain took a violent liking to a fair lady of his town, and after a great deal of hesitation finally brought his courage up to the sticking point and made an evening call at her house. He found her busily engaged pressing a garment with a tailor's goose. She, however, received him very courteously and continued her work. A bevy of the lady's female friends dropped in a few minutes after the poor man had subsided into silence, for he found it absolutely impossible to maintain a conversation with her. The sudden entrance of the visitors, instead of relieving, only added to his embarrassment, and he sat in silence until it became a matter of serious concern to the company how to put him at ease, for he was well known to all of them as a man of great worth, bashfulness being his only weakness. The young lady finally got through with her work and called out to the servant in the kitchen:

"Jane!"

"The door opened and the domestic replied:

"Jane, will you take this goose out?"

The bashful visitor sprang to his feet in an instant and exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding on you, but I'll go out myself!"

And before she could explain her meaning out he flew. We are sorry to add that the little misunderstanding made an old bachelor and an old maid.

Japanese Parliament. The Japanese parliament is composed of two bodies—the upper and lower houses. The upper house occupies the same relative position as the senate of congress, but its membership is much larger. There are 300 members of the upper house, some of whom are elected, some appointed by the emperor, some who hold their seats by reason of their being peers of the realm, and others by inheritance. It is a very much mixed body, but a highly competent one and, for the most part, the members take a deep interest in all legislative matters. The lower house, which ranks with the house of representatives, is elected by the people, and its membership is in excess of that of the upper branch of Parliament. Altogether, there are about 700 members of the Japanese parliament.

ANOTHER GOOD YEAR IN WESTERN CANADA

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA HAVE SPLENDID CROPS.

The results of the threshing throughout Western Canada shows a more wonderful yield than usual of wheat, oats, barley and flax, all of which was harvested and threshed in perfect order. Not only was the average yield excellent over the entire country, but the quality was of the highest standard. Without going into figures, it is sufficient to say that wheat graded almost universally very near the top. Reports are to hand showing yields of wheat from many fields which averaged forty bushels per acre, and weighing 65 pounds to the measured bushel. Oats were very heavy, running from fifty to one hundred and fifteen bushels to the acre. Barley also was a very heavy yielder and kept up the reputation of Western Canada as a producer of that cereal. In many parts of the country the yield of flax exceeded the earlier expectations, but in other parts, there was some loss on account of winds blowing off the boll. Hundreds of farmers who have only been in the country three or four years, with but little means when they arrived, will, out of the crop of this year, clean up all their indebtedness, and be able to put something aside for further improvements on their farms and homes which are now freed of incumbrance. The writer has just heard of the experience of a man in the Battleford district that is worth repeating. He went to the district seven or eight years ago, with no money, worked for a time, got a team of horses, did some freighting and homesteaded a quarter section of land. He now owns 480 acres of land, clear of all incumbrances, and has wheat, oats, barley and hay, as well as a good number of horses, cattle and hogs, feeding rough grain to the stock. He is a firm believer in mixed farming. The fifty dollars that he first earned in the country has now increased to \$25,000. He has never had a crop failure. Instances of this kind could be repeated over and over again.

There is a Dane, named Key, east of Saskatoon, whose oats this year went 110 bushels to the acre, and his wheat 40 bushels. He has paid off the mortgage on his farm, and now contemplates a trip to Denmark, to visit his old home. He has no more cares or worries, but is anxious to have more of his people settle in that part. It is not only the farmer with limited means and small area of land who is doing well, and has done wonderfully in Western Canada this year, but the man with means, the man who is able to conduct successful farming on a large scale and many opportunities offer for such in Western Canada, also has increased his bank account handsomely. A farmer in Southern Alberta raised 350,000 bushels of grain in 1913, and made almost a fortune out of it. In Saskatchewan and in Manitoba it is to be heard the same story of what has been done by the farmer working a large area, which he is able to do successfully, by the use of improved farm machinery, enabling him to cut hundreds of acres a day, and plow the land immediately with large traction outfits. No better recommendation could be given the country than the fact that during the past year, upwards of 400,000 settlers arrived in Canada, the greater number of whom went to the farm. There are still many thousands of homesteads still available, capable of producing such crops and maintaining such herds as has made rich men out of the thousands whose experiences could be reproduced were it necessary.—Advertisement.

Size of it.

Bob—I bet on the Giants in the series. Dick—That's why you have such tall losses.

Sounded Like It.

"Mr. Wombar says he is an enthusiastic disciple of Isaak Walton." "Some new freak cure, I s'pose."

CRITIC OF THE GERM THEORY

Writer in Indiana Newspaper Has Some Pertinent Remarks to Make on the Subject.

No inconsiderable body of physicians and these not of any one school, many even of the "regular profession," are beginning seriously to question whether "germs" are the greatest, or, as some hold, the only cause of disease. The United States department of agriculture has issued a bulletin "to determine the best way of pasteurizing milk so as to kill the disease germs and yet not give the milk a cooked flavor or lessen its nutritive value." Where are Sukey and dear old Bossy of yesterday? Gone, without ever having entertained the slightest suspicion that their lactical product was not above reproach. Then science comes in to cast doubt upon all their daughters. "A healthy child," says the Homeopathic Envoy, "growing up where germs swarm becomes a strong man, while another fed on pasteurized milk and guarded by 'sterilization' may grow up a weakling. Why? Give it up! Perhaps there are fundamental causes not recognized by the theorists. If milk will cause disease, will heating make it wholesome? If milk is pure, will not heating cause it to lose its best nutritive qualities? If the germs come from the cow, why use her milk? If they come from without, why not keep them out instead of killing them after they get in the milk?"—Indianapolis News.

Is Your Body Poisoned?

Well kidneys keep the blood free of uric acid, a deadly poison that is constantly forming inside the body. Sluggish kidneys allow the uric acid to accumulate, causing rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy, and heart disease.

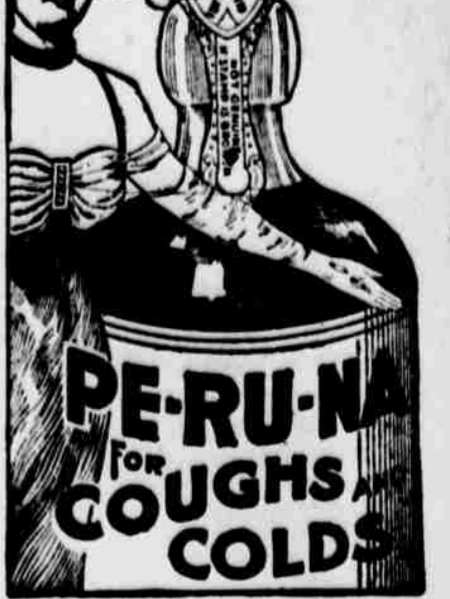
Doan's Kidney Pills restore the normal blood-filtering action of the kidneys. This drives out uric acid and ends uric acid poisoning.

AN ILLINOIS CASE

Charles Easter, E. Walnut St., Waukegan, Ill., says: "I had rheumatism and kidney trouble for years. The pain started in my back and went to my limbs. I was laid up for months and doctors said they could not help me. On a friend's advice, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and the first box relieved me. Half a dozen boxes freed me up in good shape."

Get Doan's at Any Store. He's a Boy DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

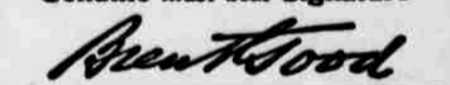
A GOOD REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.



THE WRETCHEDNESS OF CONSTIPATION

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, IN 4, 8, & 16 BOTTLES. THE RAPID CURE.

Hospitals with great success, cure CHRONIC NEURALGIA, LOUPOID, VHS. RHEUMY, HEADACHE, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, PILES, BITTEN BY DOGS, STINGS OF BEES, WOUNDS, POISONED STINGS OF BEES, HONEY, HONEY, HONEY. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK TO DR. L. C. LECLERC, 1000 R. O. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

PLAIN TALK ON MARRIAGE

25 cents. Stewart Co., 607 Third St.

PARSON'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit, helps to maintain color and beauty to gray or faded hair. Keeps the scalp cool and moist.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

JOHN L. THOMPSON BROS. & CO., TRU, N. Y.

Nebraska Directory

BOILER REPAIRS

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 47-1913.

It Pleases a Woman

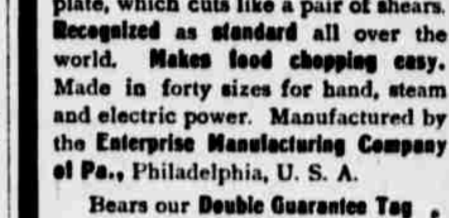
to know that the article she uses is the best in its line. It pays her to have the best. Only the best bears our Double Guarantee Tag.

ENTERPRISE

The Enterprise

Meat and Food Chopper

has the true cutting principle; a four bladed steel knife revolving against the inner surface of a perforated steel plate, which cuts like a pair of shears. Recognized as standard all over the world. Makes food chopping easy. Made in forty sizes for hand, steam and electric power. Manufactured by the Enterprise Manufacturing Company of Pa., Philadelphia, U. S. A. Bears our Double Guarantee Tag.



1847 ROGERS BROS.

The Old Colony



Silver Plate That Wears

The original and genuine electro-silver plate and the only brand with a guarantee backed by the actual test of sixty-five years. You don't have to guess on quality when you buy Rogers Bros. silver, you know. The standard for three generations. Made by the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn., Successors to Meriden Britannia Co. Bears the Double Guarantee Tag.

Every Woman Is Assured of Quality When She Buys Double Guaranteed Quality Hardware

Every article bears our three-colored Double Guarantee Tag—a guarantee from the maker and from us—which authorizes the dealer to replace the article free of charge, if for any reason it proves unsatisfactory. Double Guaranteed Quality Hardware includes only the Best Factory Brands, the time tried and tested brands.

Ask for hardware bearing the name of a reliable maker, backed by the Double Guarantee Tag.

Wright & Wilhelm Co., Omaha, Neb.



PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, calendar, blotters, etc. MUNROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Mo.