YOUR COLD IS EASED AFTER THE FIRST DOSE

"Pape's Cold Compound" then breaks up a cold in a few hours

Relief comes instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all the grippe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages in the head, stops nose running, relieves the headache, duliness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiff-

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Clear your congested head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine-Insist upon Pape's !-- Adv.

Hasty Figuring.

"I took Prof. Jiggs out for a ride in my car the other day." "Yes?"

"He's fully as absent minded as you said be was. He was thinking about something all the time we were riding and never once opened his mouth."

"I think I can explain that. He was probably counting the number of jolts you were giving him and calculating how much energy was wasted every time he was hurled into the air."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Bear Defined. Friend-A bull, then, is an optimist and a bear is a pessimist.

Operator - Well, not exactly. I sbould call a bear an optimistic pessimist. He thinks things are going to smash and hopes to make money if they do.

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarric that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

Bold by druggists for over forty years.

Price 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Rare as Radium. "Contentment is better than wealth, my boy." "It ought to be. It's a blame sight harder to get."

What the dew is to the flower, kind words are to the heart.

Those Women Who **Dread Middle Life**



Atchison, Kans.: Pierce's Favorite Prescription durng expectancy and it was a great help me in good condi-tion and when I came to middle life I took it again and through this period safely. I am always

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."—MRS. C. C. HINES, 825 Mound St.

After long experience in the treatment of women's diseases, Dr. Pierce evolved a vegetable tonic and corrective which he called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is a purely vegetable preparation, without a particle of alcohol contained in it.

When a woman complains of backache, When a woman complains of backache, dizziness or pain—when everything looks black before her eyes—a dragging feeling, or bearing-down, with nervousness, she should turn to this "temperance" herbal tonic. It can be obtained in almost every drug store in the land and the ingredients are printed in plain English on the wrapper, Put up in tablets or liquid. Dr. Pierce, of Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial size of the tablets for ten cents.

When Weak and Nervous

Kansas City, Kans.;—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription many times with very good results. I have taken it for woman's weakness when I was all run-down. weak and nervous and it soon had me built up in health and strength. I have taken it at different times as a tonic and it has never failed to give relief. I have also recom-mended it to others who have been wonder-fully benefited by its use.

"As I have done lots of nursing I am in's osition to know that 'Favorite Prescrip-on' has saved the life of many a woman." -MRS. A. GEHRIGER, 1402 Wood Ave.

Caused by

Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry, are despondent, have spells of mental depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—seld-stomach. Nor is it to be wondered at. Acid-stomach, beginning with such well defined symptoms as indirection, belching, heartburn, bloat, etc., will, if not checked, in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The mervous system becomes deranged. Digestion suffers. The blood is impoverished. Health and strength are undermined. The victim of scid-stomach, although he may not know the cause of his allments, feels his hops, courage, ambition and energy slipping. And truly life is dark—not worth much to the man or woman who has acid-stomach!

Get rid of it! Don't let acid-stomach hold you back, wreck your health, make your days miserable, make your a victim of the "blues" and gloomy thoughts! There is a marvelous modern remedy called EATONIC that brings, oh! such quick relief from your stomach miseries—sets your stomach to rights—makes it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. Helps you get back your strength, vigor, vitality, enthusiasm and good cheer. So many thousand upon thousands of sufferers have used EATONIC with such marvelously helpful results that we are sure you will feel the same way if you will just give it a trial. Get a big 50 cent box of EATONIC—the good tasting tablest that you ext like a bit of candy—from your druggist today. He will return your money if results are not even more than you expect.



FRECKLES ENTERED TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

The Cow Puncher

Robert J. C. Stead Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIII .- Continued. -20-

portant job on. I must get it done. you love her tonight." There is not time-"

Perhaps I-can help."

to him that Edith Duncan was beauti- turned to hate?" ful.

womanly delicacy-

is it that the woman a man loves will dureth all things'!" fall him, and the woman he only likes-stays true?"

"Oh!" she cried, and he could not guess the depths from which her cry



a Man."

was wrung. . . . "I should not have asked you, Dave," she said. "I'm BOTTY."

They stood a moment, neither wishsomething that must be done at once," she reminded him at length.

with the army."

Her hands were again upon him. "But you mustn't, Dave," she pleaded. "You can't fight for your country then. these troubled times. Don't think I'm pleading for him, Dave, but for you. for the sake of us-for the sake of those-who care."

He took her hands in his and raised them to his shoulders and drew her face close to his. Then, speaking very slowly, and with each word by itself, "Do you really care?" he said.

"Oh, Dave!" "Then come to my room and talk to me. Talk to me! Talk to me! For God's sake talk to me! I must talk

to someone." She followed him. Inside the room he had himself under control again.

He told her the story, all he knew.

When he had finished she arose and walked to one of the windows and stood looking with unseeing eyes upon the street. For the second time in his life Dave Elden had laid his heart bare to her, and again after all these years he still talked as friend to friend. That was it. She was under no delusion. Dave's eyes were as blind to her love as they had been that night when he had first told her tell him. Most of all she could not tell him now. . . She had waited all these years, and still she must

wait. Dave's eyes were upon her form, silhouetted against the window. It occurred to him that in form Edith was very much like Irene. He recalled that in those dead past days when they used to ride together Edith had reminded him of Irene.

When she stood silent so long he

spoke again. "I'm afraid I haven't played a very heroic part," he said, somewhat shamefacedly. "I should have buried my secret in my heart; buried it even from you; perhaps most of all from you. But-you can advise me, Edith. I will value whatever you say."

She trembled until she thought he must see her, and she feared to trust her voice, but she could delay a reply no longer.

"Dave," she said at length, "why should you take Conward's word in such a matter as this?"

"I didn't take Conward's word. That's why I didn't kill him at once. It wasn't his word, it was the insult that cut. But she tried to save him. She threw herself upon me. She would have taken the bullet herself rather than let it find him. That was whatthat was what-"

"I know, Dave." She had to hold lization will throw those principles in herself in check lest the tenderness the discard. And that, too, covers the that welled within her, and would question of forgiveness. Forgiveness, shape words of endearing sympathy in fact, does not enter into the conin her mind, should find utterance in sideration at all.

"The next thing, then, is to make | Germany but because we love certain sure in your own mind whether you principles which Germany is endeav-"I guess I'm all right," he managed ever really loved Irene Hardy. Beoring to overthrow. The impulse must to answer, "but I got a job on-an im- cause if you loved Irene a week ago

"Edith," he said, "there is no way But her woman's intuition had gone of explaining this. You can't underfar below his idle words. "There is stand. I know you have given your-something wrong, Dave," she said. "You never looked like this before. honor you very much, and all that, but Tell me what it is. Tell me, Dave. there are some things you won't be able to understand. You can't under-Dave was silent for a moment, stand just how much I loved Irene. watching her. Suddenly it occurred Have you never known of love being

"No. Other impulses may be, but If she had not quite the fine features not love. Love can no more turn to of Irene she had a certain softness of hate than sunlight can turn to darkexpression, a certain mellowness, even ness. Believe me, Dave, if you hate tenderness, of lip and eye; a certain Irene now you never loved her. Listen: 'Love beareth all things, believ-"Edith," he said, "you're white. Why eth all things, hopeth all things, en-

"Not all things, Edith; not all things."

"It says all things." Dave was silent for some time. When he spoke again she caught a different sound in his voice-a tone as though his soul in those few moments had gone through a lifetime of expe-

"Edith," he said, "when you repeated those words I knew you had something that I have not. I knew it, not by words but by the way you said them. You made me know that in your own life, if you loved, you would be ready to endure all things. Tell me, Edith, how may this thing be done?"

She trembled with delight at the new tone in his voice, for she knew that for him life would never agrin be the empty, flippant, selfish, irresponsible thing which in the past he had called life.

"In your case," she said, "the course is simple. It is just a case of forgiving."

He gazed for a time into the street, while thoughts of bitterness and revenge fought for domination of his mind. "Edith," he said, at length, "must I-forgive?"

"I do not say you must," she answered. "I merely say if you are wise ing to move away. "You said you had you will. Nothing, it seems to me, is so much misunderstood as forgiveness. The one who is forgiven may merely "Yes," he answered. "I have to kill escape punishment, but the one who a man. Then I'm going to join up forgives experiences a positive spiritual expansion."

"Is that Christianity?" he ventured. "It is one side of Christianity. The other side is service. If you are will-You will only increase its troubles in ing to forgive and ready to serve I don't think you need worry much over the details of your creed. Creeds, after all, are not expressed in words but in lives. When you know how a man lives you know what he believes-

always." "Suppose I forgive-what then?" "Service. You are needed right now, Dave-forgive my franknessyour country needs you right now. You must dismiss this grievance from your mind, at least dismiss your resentment over it, and then place yourself

at the disposal of your country." "That is what I had been thinking of," he said. "At least that part about serving my country, although I don't think my motives were as high as you would make them. But the war can't last. It is unbelievable."

"I'm not so sure," she answered gravely. "Of course I know nothing about Germany. But I do know something about our own people. I know how selfish and individualistic and sordid and money-grabbing we have been; how slothful and incompetent and self-satisfied we have been; and of Irene Hardy. And she could not I fear it will take a long war and sacrifices and tragedies altogether beyond our present imagination to make us unselfish and public-spirited and clean and generous. I am not worrying about the defeat of Germany. If our civilization is better than that of Germany we shall win, ultimately. and if our civilization is worse than that of Germany we shall be defeated ultimately-and we shall deserve to

be defeated. "But I rather think that neither of the alternatives will be the result. I rather think that the test of war will show that there are elements in German civilization which are better than ours, and elements in our civilization which are better than theirs, and that the good elements will survive and form the basis of a new civilization

better than either." "If that is so," Dave replied, "if this war is but the working of immutable law which proposes to put all the elements of civilization to the supreme test and retain only those which are justifiable by that test, why should I-or anyone else-fight? And," he added, as an afterthought, "what

about that principle of forgiveness?" "We must fight," she answered, "because it is the law that we must fight; because it is only by fighting that we can justify the principles for which we "I will keep it until you are a little fight. If we hold our principles as being not worth fighting for the new civi-

speech. "I know, Dave," she said. "We must fight, not because we hate

be love, not hate." She had turned and faced him white she spoke, and he felt himself strangely carried away by the earnestness of her argument. What a wonderful woman she was! And as he looked at her he again thought of Irene, and suddenly he felt himself engulfed in a great tenderness, and he knew that even yet-

"What am I to do?" he said. "What am I to do?"

In the darkness of her own shadow she set her teeth for that answer. It was to be the crowning act of selfrenunciation and it strained every fiber of her resolution.

"You had better go overseas and enlist in England," she told him calmly, although her nails were biting her palms, "You will get quicker action that way. And when you come back you must see Irene, and you must learn from your own heart whether you really loved her or not. And if you find you did not, then-then you will be free to-to-to think of some other woman."

"I am afraid I shall never care to think of any other woman," he answered, "except you. But some way you're different. I don't think of you as a woman, you know; not really, in a way. I can't explain it, Edith, but you're something more - something better than all that."

He had sprung to his feet. "Edith, can never thank you enough for what you have said to me tonight. You have put some spirit back into my body. I am going to follow your advice. There's a train east in two hours and I'm going on it. Fortunately my property, or most of it, has dissolved the way it came."

She moved toward him with extended hand. "Goodby, Dave," she said. He held her hand fast in his, "Goodby, Edith. I can never forget-I can never repay-all you have been. It may sound foolish to you after all I have said, but I sometimes wonder if-if I had not met Irene-if-" He paused and went hot with embarrassment. What would she think of him? An hour ago he had been ready to kill or be killed in grief over his frustrated love, and already he was practically making love to her. Had he

What a hypocrite he was! "Forgive me, Edith," he said, as he released her. "I am not quite myself. . . . I hold you in very high respect as one of God's good women. Goodby !"

brought her to his room for this?

CHAPTER XIV.

When Irene Hardy pursued Dave from the house the roar of his motorcar was already drowned in the hum of the city streets. Hatless, she ran the length of a full block; then, realizing the futility of such a chase, returned with almost equal haste to her home.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded of Conward. "Why did he threaten to shoot and why did he leave as he did? You know. Tell me."

"I am sure I wish I could tell you," said Conward with all his accustomed suavity. In truth Conward, having somewhat recovered from his fright, was in rather good spirits. Things had gone better than he had dared to hope. Elden was eliminated, for the present, at any rate, and now was the time to win Irene.

She stood before him, flushed and vibrating and with flashing eyes. "You're lying, Conward," she said de-



"You're Lying, Conward."

liberately. "First you lied to him, and now you lie to me. There can be no other explanation. Where is that gun? He said I would know what to do with it."

"I have it," said Conward, partly carried off his feet by her violence. more reasonable, and perhaps a little more respectful."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If folks were paid according to their executive ability, a good cook would draw more salary than a college proessor.—Galveston News,

GHOST IS AVERSE TO MODERN HOUSES

Nocturnal Visitor Startled by Changes in Place She Left Decades Ago.

Greensburg, Pa.-Residents of Carbon, a mining village a mile southwest of here, are greatly exercised over the weird flittings about late at night of what is declared to be a ghost clad In a snow white gown. This ghost, it is said, has on three different occasions between midnight and one o'clock proused Peter Oleson, a Norwegian miner, who lives alone in a small



"What Do You Want?"

house, with its strange rappings on his door, more vigorous than those of Poe's raven. Oleson arose promptly on each occasion and when he opened his front door the figure of what he believed was a young woman in a white robe stood on his step.

"What do you want? Come into my house-I would not hurt you," Oleson declares he told the strange figure, but he falled to get answer and when he would attempt to lay hands on it the ghost would give a shrill cry and disappear. On three succeeding nights the hobgoblin appeared at the Oleson home and three times did the snow white figure refuse the Norwegian's invitation to come into his house and to give him an account of its mysterious presence.

Frank Piso, an Italian neighbor, was also called to his door in response to the "woman in white" rapping. Frank's experience was similar to those Oleson.

William Maiers, Carbon grocer for many years and a local "ghost authority," says the nocturnal visitor in the white dress is the ghost of a very pretty young woman captured by the Indians in their flight from eastern

HERO IN DARING RESCUE

Pennsylvania many years ago.

Saves Drowning Boy by Diving Into Water Through Large Hole in the Ice.

Lynn, Mass,-Running out 200 yards over the lee in the Saugus river here George White reached a water hole in which he had seen a boy dissarpear. He dove twice beneath the surface and located and rescued ten-year-old George Girourillis.

As White rose to the surface of the open water a cake of ice came drifting by. On this he placed the unconscious boy and propelled his strange craft to the edge of the former ice.

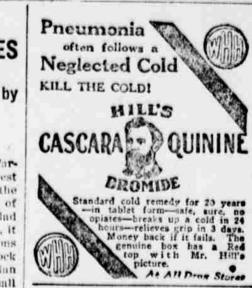
Twenty people who saw the little boy break through and disappear beneath the ice dared not aid, in the rescue. Every step White took the fast melting ice bent beneath his weight.

Arriving on shore, White turned his attention to the boy, and by giving him first aid revived him until a police ambulance could be summoned. Police Captain Broad of the Lynn police stated he would communicate the story of the daring rescue to the Carnegie Hero society.

Moonshiner Is Killed by Gas of Own Still.

New York .-- Oscar Swensen was found dead of gas poisoning in his lodgings, the victim of his home-made gas stove "moonshine

A gallon can with a tube "gooseneck" and a receiving container containing a dark brown liquid were found on top of Swensen's stove, from which the



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WAKE UP

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still."

unlighted gas was escaping. The police believe that the still "boiled over" and extinguished the light allowing the gas to flood the place while the man slept.

Present Thrown Into Fire. Washington.-Silverware valued at \$2,000, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Durward Grinstead, Louisville, as wedding presents, was destroyed when accidentally thrown into a furnace, In unpacking preparatory to housekeeping, the silver was misplaced with some rubbish and carried out by a

SULPHO SALINE SPRINGS DR. O. W. EVERETT, Mgr. 14th and M Sta. Lincoln, Neb Picking the Bones. The place was clean and the food was good but sparing-one chop was served aplece. Across from me sat

the hungriest-looking man I had ever, seen. His face looked so hungry and emaciated that I couldn't bear to look at him. The man next to him left his seat. With the words, "I guess there is a little more picking on that," he reached over to the deserted plate, picked up the discarded chop and greedily munched the bone.-Exchange.

His Favorite Place. "He is a man of extremes in his moods. He is either up in the garret

or down in the cellar." "Well, if he was prudent enough to lay in a private stock I bet most of the time he's down in the cellar."

The best you can get is probably better than you desire.



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