

Hours of Sleep.
A healthy infant sleeps most of the time during the first few weeks, and in the early years people are disposed to let children sleep as they will. But from six or seven years old, when school begins, this sensible policy comes to an end, and sleep is put off persistently through all the years up to manhood and womanhood. At the age of ten or eleven the child is allowed to sleep only eight or nine hours, when its parents should insist upon its having what it absolutely needs, which is ten or eleven, at least. Up to twenty a youth needs nine hours' sleep, and an adult should have eight. Insufficient sleep is one of the crying evils of the day. The want of proper rest and normal conditions of the nervous system, and especially of the brain, produces a lamentable condition, deterioration in both body and exhaustion, excitability, and intellectual disorders are gradually taking the place of the love of work, general well-being and the spirit of initiative.—New York State Medical Journal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Strawberry Souffle.
Put half a pint of the pulp of fresh strawberries passed through a sieve in an enameled saucepan with an ounce and a half of butter, seven ounces of sugar, half a gill of cream, and a little more than a gill of milk mixed with an ounce of flour and half an ounce of arrowroot. Stir till the flour is cooked; beat in the yolks of three eggs and let them thicken. When the mixture is cool stir in the whites of five eggs previously beaten to a stiff froth, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of marshmallow, and six ounces of strawberries cut into dice. Color with carmine and bake in a quick oven for half an hour. When done dredge with castor sugar. Serve quickly with a good sauce.—St. James Gazette.

Fiso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2, 1915.

When one is low enough to insult you, be too high for him to reach.

It is more profitable to have a contented spirit than a fat bank account.

If the Itchy is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

"Marriage is a lottery," when it is a corner lot-ery.

There is not only an art but an eloquence in silence.—Cicero.

FITS stopped free and permanent by Dr. J. H. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 24 trial bottles and treatise. Many successful cures. Dr. King, 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Those who favor revolutions only dig a tomb for themselves.

One Thousand Farmers Wanted
To settle on one thousand choice farms on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Dakota.

These lands are located in twenty different counties, and are to be had now at prices ranging from \$7 to \$15 per acre; a few months hence their value will be doubled.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. South and North Dakota are the banner diversified farming and stock-raising states of the West. Everything grows in Dakota except ignorance and intemperance. A new boom is on. Take advantage of the tide which leads to Dakota and to fortune.

For further information address or call upon W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

Give your neighbors rope enough and they will eventually attempt to hang you.

FOR THE NATIONAL CONVENTION
PEOPLES PARTY
AT ST. LOUIS JULY 2-ND.

The WABASH, the shortest and quickest route has been selected as the line from Nebraska for delegates and their friends to travel. All trains are equipped with Reclining Chair Cars, Free, and Pullman Sleeping cars. Connecting Lines will sell tickets over the Wabash at HALF-FARE. Parties desiring through cars or sleeping car accommodation can arrange same by calling at the WABASH ticket office, No. 1415 Farnam St., (Faxon Hotel Block), or write G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

Statistics show that the French live longer than the Germans.



Gladness Comes
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.
If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. One afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



BY CLARA AUGUSTA
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVI—(CONTINUED.)

"She gives me up! Margie renounces me! Strangers we must be henceforth! What does it all mean? Am I indeed awake, or is it only a painful dream?"
He read the few lines of the missive a third time. Something of the old dominant spirit of Archer Trevlyn came back to him.
"There is some misunderstanding. Margie has been told some dire falsehood!" he exclaimed, starting up. "I will know everything. She shall explain fully."
He seized his hat and hurried to her residence. The family were at breakfast, the servant said, who opened the door. He asked to see Miss Harrison.
"Miss Harrison left this morning, sir, in the early express," said the man, eyeing Trevlyn with curious interest.
"Went in the early train! Can you tell me where she has gone?"
"I cannot. Perhaps her aunt, Miss Farnsworth, or Miss Lee can do so."
"Very well," he made a desperate effort to seem calm, for the servant's observant eye warned him that he was not acting himself. "Will you please ask Miss Lee to favor me with a few minutes of her time?"
Miss Lee came into the parlor where Archer waited, a little afterward. Archer, himself, was not more changed than she. Her countenance was pale, even to ghastliness, with the exception of a bright red spot on either cheek, and her eyes shone with such an unnatural light, that even Archer, absorbed as he was in his own troubles, noticed it. She welcomed him quietly, in a somewhat constrained voice, and relapsed into silence. Archer plunged at once upon what he came to ascertain.

"The servant tells me that Miss Harrison left New York this morning. I am very anxious to communicate with her. Can you tell me whether she has gone?"
"I cannot. She left before any of the family were up, and though she left notes for both her aunt and her business agent, Mr. Farley, she did not in either of them mention her destination."
"And did she not speak to you about it?"
"She did not. I spent a part of last evening with her, just before you came, but she said nothing to me of her intention. She was not quite well, and desired me to ask you to excuse her from going to the opera."
"And did you not see her this morning?"
"No. I have not seen her since I left her room to come down to you last night. When I returned from my interview with you, I tapped at her door—in fact, I tapped at it several times during the evening, for I feared she might be worse—but I got no reply, and supposed she had retired. No one saw her this morning, except Florine, her maid, and Peter, the coachman, who drove her to the depot."
"And she went entirely alone?"
"She did from the house. Peter took her in the carriage."
"From the house! But after that?"
"He asked, eagerly."
"Mr. Trevlyn," she said, coldly, "excuse me."
"I must know," he cried; passionately grasping her arm; "tell me, did she set out upon this mysterious journey alone?"
"I must decline to answer you."
"But I will not accept any denial! Miss Lee, you know what Margie was to me. There has arisen a fearful misunderstanding between us. I must have it explained. Why will you trifle with me? You must tell me what you know."
"I do not wish to arouse suspicion, Mr. Trevlyn, which may have no foundation to rest on. Only for your peace of mind do I withhold any information I may possess on the subject."
"It is a cruel kindness. Tell me everything at once, I beg of you."
"Then, if it distresses you, do not blame me; Peter saw Mr. Louis Castrani at the depot, and is confident he went in the same train, in the same car with Miss Harrison."
"Castrani! Great Heaven!" he staggered into a chair. "Is it possible? Margie, my Margie, that I thought so good and pure and truthful, false to me! It cannot, cannot be! I will not believe it!"
"I do not ask you to," said Alexandrine, proudly. "I insinuated nothing. I only replied to your question."
"Pardon me, Miss Lee. I am not quite myself this morning. I will go now. I thank you for what you have told me, and trust it will all be explained."
"I trust so," answered Miss Lee, turning to leave the room.
"Stay a moment! To what depot did Peter drive her?"
"The Northern, I think he said."
"Again I thank you, and good morning."
He hurried away, got into the first coach he came across, and was driven to the Northern depot.

He was somewhat acquainted with the ticket agent, and assuming as nonchalant an air as was possible in his present disturbed state, he strolled into the office. After a little indifferent conversation, he said:
"By the way, Harris, do you know Mr. Castrani, the young Cuban, who has two heads of so many of our fair belles? Some one was telling me he left town this morning."
"Castrani! Yes, I think so. He did

leave for the north this morning in the early express. I marked his baggage for him. He had been hurried so in his preparations, he said, that he had no time for it."
"Indeed? It's a bore to be hurried. Where was he checked to?"
"Well, really, the name of the place has escaped me. Some little town in New Hampshire or Maine, I think. We do so much of this business that my memory is treacherous about such things."
"Were you speaking of Castrani?" asked Tom Clifford, a friend of Archer's, removing his cigar from his mouth. Deuced fine fellow! Wish I had some of his spare shillings. Though he's generous as a prince. Met him this morning just as he was coming down the steps of the Astor. Had to get up early to see after that confounded store of mine. Walker's too lazy to open it mornings."
"You met Mr. Castrani?" said Archer, referring to the point.
"Yes. He told me he was going away. Woman somewhere mixed up in the case. Said he expected to find one somewhere—well, hanged if I can tell where. There's always a woman at the bottom of everything."
"He did not mention who this one was?"
"Not he. But I must be going. It's nearly lunch time. Good morning."
Trevlyn stopped a few moments with Mr. Harris, and then went back to his rooms. He was satisfied. Hard as it was for him to believe it, he had no other alternative. Margie was false, and she had gone away from him under the protection of Castrani. He could have forgiven her anything but that. If she had ceased to love him, and had transferred her affections, he could still have wished her all happiness, if she had only been free and frank with him. But to profess love for him all the while she was planning to elope with another man, was too much! His heart hardened toward her.

If there had been, in reality, as he had at first had supposed, any misunderstanding between him and her, and she had gone alone, he would have followed her to the ends of the earth, and have had everything made clear. But as it was now, he would not pursue her an inch. Let her go! False and perfidious! Why should her flight ever trouble him?
But though he tried to believe her worthy of all scorn and contempt, his heart was still very tender of her. He kissed the sweet face of the picture he had worn so long in his bosom, before he locked it away from his sight, and dropped some tears that were no dishonor to his manhood, over the half-dozen elegant little trifles she had given him, before he committed them to the flames.
There was a nine days' wonder over Miss Harrison's sudden exodus. But her aunt was a discreet woman, and it was generally understood that Margie had taken advantage of the pause in the fashionable season to visit some distant relatives, and if any one coupled her flight and the departure of Castrani together, it was not made the subject of remark. Alexandrine kept what she knew to herself, and of course Archer Trevlyn did not proclaim his own desertion.

For a week, nearly, he managed to keep about, and at the end of that time he called at Mrs. Lee's. He wanted to question Alexandrine a little further. The idea possessed him that in some way she might be cognizant of Margie's destination. And though he had given the girl up, he longed desperately to know if she were happy. He had felt strangely giddy all day, and the heat of Mrs. Lee's parlors operated unfavorably upon him. He was sitting on a sofa conversing with that lady and her daughter, when suddenly he put his hand to his forehead, and sank back, pale and speechless.
In the wildest alarm, they called a physician, who put him to bed, and enjoined the severest quiet. Mr. Trevlyn, he said, had received a severe shock to his nervous system, and there was imminent danger of congestive fever of the brain.
His fears were verified. Archer did not rally, and on the second day he was delirious. Then the womanly nature of Alexandrine Lee came out and asserted itself. She banished all attendants from the sick room, and took sole charge herself of the sufferer. Not even her mother would she allow to take her place. When tempted by intense weariness to resign her post she would take that stained glove from her bosom, and the sight of it would banish all thought of admitting a stranger.
"No," she said to herself, "people in delirium speak of their most cherished secrets, and he shall not erminate himself. If he did that terrible deed, only I of all the world can bring a shadow of suspicion against him, and the secret shall never be revealed to any other."
So she sat the long days and longer nights away by the side of this man she loved so hopelessly, bathing his fevered brow, holding his parched hand, and lingering fondly over the flushed, unconscious face.
He sank lower and lower day by day—so very low that the physician said he could do no more. He must leave the case. There was nothing for it but to wait with patience the workings of nature.
At last the day came when the ravings of delirium subsided, and a deadly stupor intervened. It was the crisis of

the disease. The sundown would decide, Dr. Grayson said; he would be better, or death would ensue.
Alexandrine heard his opinion in stony silence. She sat by the bed's head now, calm and silent; her powers of self-control were infinite. Her mother came in to watch for the change, as did several of Archer's friends, heretofore excluded. She was not afraid for them to come; there was no danger of Mr. Trevlyn committing himself now. He had not spoken or moved for twelve hours.
The time passed slowly. The sun crept down the west. The ticking of the watch on the stand was all that broke the silence of the room. The last sun ray departed—the west flamed with gold and crimson, and the amber light flushed with the hue of health the white face on the pillow. Alexandrine thought she saw a change other than that the sunlight brought, and bent over him.
His eyes unclosed—he looked away from her to the vase of early spring flowers on the center-table. His lips moved. She caught the whispered word with a fierce pang at her heart:
"Margie!"
The physician stepped forward, and sought the fluttering pulse. His face told his decision before his lips did.
"The crisis is passed. He will live."
Yes, he would live. The suspense was over. Alexandrine's labors were shared now, and Archer did not know how devotedly he had been tended—how he owed his very existence to her.
He mended slowly, but by the middle of May he was able to get out. Of course he was very grateful to the Lees, and their house was almost the only one he visited. Alexandrine was fitful and moody. Sometimes she received him with the greatest warmth, and then she would be cold and distant. She puzzled Archer strangely. He wanted to be friends with her. He felt that he owed her an immense debt of gratitude, and he desired to treat her as he would a dear sister.
Perhaps it was because time hung so heavily on his hands, that Trevlyn went so frequently to Mrs. Lee's. Certainly he did not go to visit Alexandrine. We all know how the habit of visiting certain places grow upon us, without any particular cause, until we feel the necessity of going through with the regular routine every day. He was to blame for following up this acquaintance so closely, but he did it without any wrong intention. He never thought it possible that any one should dream of his being in love with Alexandrine.
But the world talked. They said it was a very pretty romance; Mr. Trevlyn had been deserted by his lady love, had fallen ill on account of it, had been nursed by one whom of course he would marry. Indeed, they thought him in duty bound to do so. In what other way could he manifest his gratitude?
Vague whispers of this reached Trevlyn's ear, but he gave them at first little heed. He should never marry, he said; it was sinful to wed without love. But as he saw Alexandrine's pale face and strangely distraught manner day by day, he came to feel as if he had in some way wronged her, though how he did not exactly understand.
One day he entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Lee with the freedom of a privileged visitor, without rapping, and found Alexandrine in tears. He would have retreated, but she had already seen him, and he felt that it would be better to remain. He spoke to her kindly.
"I trust nothing has occurred to distress you?" She looked up at him almost defiantly.
"Leave me!" she said, impetuously; "you, of all others, have no right to question me!"
"Pardon me!" he exclaimed, alarmed by her strange emotion, "and why not I question you?"
"Because you have caused me misery enough already—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
POSTOFFICE SECRECY.
Against the Rules for Letter-Carriers to Give Addresses.
It is not generally known that Uncle Sam looks upon the address or whereabouts of one of his citizens as an inviolable secret. Such, however, is the case, says the New York World.

A New Yorker who had been out of the city for some time found upon his return, a few days ago, that one of his intimate friends had changed his residence without leaving his exact new address. All he could gather was that his friend now lived in a flat on the north side of a certain street.
When he arrived at the block in question he found to his dismay that every house in it was a flat house. He would have to go from door to door until he found his friend's name over one of the door-bells.
He had not proceeded far when he met a letter-carrier making his usual delivery. Here, he thought, was the man who could save him a lot of time and trouble.
"Yes, sir," replied the postman, in response to his query. "I know the party very well. But I am sorry to say I cannot give you his number. It is against the rules."
The same secrecy is observed at the post office. The postal address of anybody will not be given by the federal authorities even to a state officer. This rule is in accordance with the general principle that a man's dealings with the government are of a confidential nature.

Antiquity of Mosaic Floors.
Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2300 B. C. In Babylon floors of this kind dated from 1100 B. C. They were common in the Athenian and Roman houses.

Better Than 16 to 1.
A person went to the postoffice the other day and asked what a money order for \$2.50 would cost. The deputy said three cents. He said he would take one. Writing it out and giving it to him, he handed over the three cents. "You owe me \$2.50, please," said the other. "Why, you said it was three cents." An explanation set in. He gave up the order, but will always wonder why the man changed his mind. That happened in Roanoke, and dates and names can be given, as several were standing by.—Armstrong (Mo.) Herald.

If Remote from Medical Help.
Doubly essential is it that you should be provided with some reliable family medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best of its class, remedying throughout as it does such common ailments as indigestion, constipation and biliousness, and affording safe and speedy help in malarial cases, rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys.

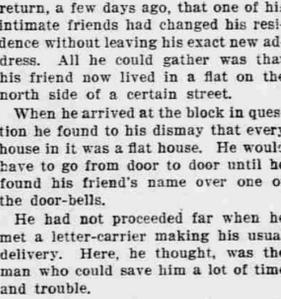
The self-conceited man hastens to his enemy to be eaten.—Wakataniki.
Did you ever see anything as queer as a robin trying to feed its own reflection on a window glass? That sight has been going on at my house in Dorchester for a day or two. The poor deceived bird gets a worm in its bill and then runs up to a basement window, where it has seen its reflection, and there taps, taps, taps, at the glass trying to feed its shadow. I had heard strange noises in the basement, and had begun to think the house was haunted, as at first I could not ascertain the cause of the sharp sounds, like tapping on metal, but finally discovered the robin at its puzzling attempts to feed a ghost.—Boston Transcript.

Thought That Ought to Settle Them.
Old Negro Woman (pouring coal oil among a nest of cockroaches)—I jist reckon I's goin to fix you dis time. I see tried lime, insect poddial and hot waltah, an hain't done no good; but now you'd jist as well gib up, for you can't buck de Stan'ard Oil company.—Truth.

Hogeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chubbiness, Piles, Etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.
The world is full of people with both hands extended to us, coming any temptation that is out of a job.
Faderevski, sweet as is his music, cannot soothe himself with it.

"Mend it or End it,"
has been the rallying cry of reform, directed against abuses municipal or social.
For the man who lets himself be abused by a cough the cry should be modified to: Mend it, or it'll end you. You can mend any cough with
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

FREE HOMES From Uncle Sam.
Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement
IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.
They are fertile, well-watered, heavily timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A HOME. For further information address
E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.
E. F. Tolson 16 cents in Silver.
E. F. Refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.



STOP! You have run up against a Good Thing.
Battle-Ax
PLUG
The best reason in the world why some things sell so well is because they are good. That is one reason for the great sales of "BATTLE AX."
But good quality is only half the story. The other half is the size of a 5 cent piece. It is as big almost as a 10 cent piece of other and poorer kinds.
Facts are facts. You can buy and see for yourself. Five cents isn't much to invest.

19 Years' Experience
Just think of the wealth of wisdom and experience, accumulated during 19 years of building good bicycles, that comes to you for the \$100 you pay for
Columbia Bicycles
STANDARD OF THE WORLD.
The buyer of a Columbia has no uncertainty. He knows its quality and workmanship are right—the Columbia scientific methods make them so.
\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.
Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps.
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.