

Hardly a Compliment.
In the excitement of the moment public speakers often say the opposite of what they mean to convey, and when Henry Irving gave a reading in the Ulster hall, in 1878, says Bram Stoker, in "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," "one speaker made as pretty an Irish bull as could be found, though the bull is generally supposed to belong to other provinces than the hard-headed Ulster. In descending on the many virtues of the guest of the evening he mentioned the excellence of his moral nature and rectitude of his private life in these terms: "Mr. Irving, sir, is a gentleman what leads a life of unbroken blemish."

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 *Dr. J. C. Ayer*.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Feminine Logic.
Her—A woman is always right.
Him—How do you figure that out?
Her—Well, a woman is, isn't she?
Him—Yes, I suppose so.
Her—And Pope says: "Whatever is, is right." See?—Chicago News.

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.
Seventeen Years the Standard.
Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

The Simple Life.
Mrs. Knicker—You will have to get up to light the fire.
Knicker—Unnecessary, my dear; I never smoke before breakfast.

A mother makes a fatal mistake when she leads her children to believe that they are wingless angels.

AS REPRESENTED.



Patient—Look here, doctor; you said if I took a bottle of your tonic I would have a remarkable appetite. Why, I only eat one soda cracker each week.
Doctor—Well, don't you call that a remarkable appetite?

END STOMACH TROUBLE NOW

Dyspepsia, Gas, Sourness or Indigestion Go Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or you feel bloated after eating, and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lies like lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing, eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brash or a belching of gas, you can make up your mind that you need something to stop food fermentation and cure indigestion.

A large case of Pape's Diapepsin costs only fifty cents at any drug store here in town, and will convince any stomach sufferer five minutes after taking a single dose that Fermentation and Sour Stomach is causing the misery of indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble Catarrh of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Nervousness or Gastritis, or by any other name—always remember that a certain cure is waiting at your drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapepsin will regulate any out-of-order Stomach within five minutes, and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort, all of any kind of food you eat.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any chronic case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other Stomach trouble.

Should you at this moment be suffering from Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or any stomach disorder, you can surely get relief within five minutes.

Doctors More Thorough.
A physician at a dinner in Denver sneered at certain Biblical miracles. "Lazarus," he said, "was raised from the dead—and yet I don't see any dead folks being raised in our time."
"No," said Rev. Herbert H. Tresham, the Biblical scholar, with a smile. "Modern medical science has progressed too far for that, eh?"—Washington Star.

Different.
"That man wouldn't touch a cent that didn't belong to him."
"I know," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But how about giving him a chance at \$10,000?"

Somebody's Darling.
"Don't speak so harshly to that little printer's devil."
"Why not?"
"He is somebody's angel child."

SERIAL STORY

Archibald's Agatha

By **EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON**

Author of **"The Real Agatha"**

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SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and intelligent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of \$30,000 a year, on condition that he becomes engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archie there as one of the guests. Agatha Sixth strikes Archie as a hand-painted beauty. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archie. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attentions from Leslie Freer. Four days of the precious time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity. The following day the party visits the ruins of an old convent. Terhune continues his attentions to Agatha Sixth.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Freer had returned from his visit to the ruins and was endeavoring to interest the rest of us, Arch and Agatha Sixth and Dearest and myself in a dissertation upon rose-windrows, when Agatha First interrupted us by running up and exclaiming: "Do come and see the waterfall. Pederson says there's a beauty over there in these woods!" She had been down to the road with something or other from the spread, where the automobile and the chauffeur awaited our return.

"A waterfall!" said Archibald. "Dear me! How jolly! Let's go and see it!"

"Come on, then!" cried Agatha First, pausing and looking at him expectantly. He rose obediently, but before he could more than utter the words "Delighted, I'm sure!" Agatha Sixth had risen also, and was now confronting him, as she coldly and haughtily reminded him that he had promised to go and look for wild flowers with her. It was putting the old boy in an awkward position, I admit, but that's no excuse for his subsequent behavior. A tactful speech would have saved the day, but that something perverse about him, which he has in common with most men, made him want most at that moment the girl who wanted him least. And that girl was certainly Agatha First, for without waiting to see whether he came or not, she had run off by herself, all eagerness to see the waterfall.

Without considering the rashness of such a speech, Archibald replied to Agatha Sixth's rebuke by remarking casually: "So I did promise to go and look for wild flowers, but I didn't know about the waterfall then; wouldn't you rather come and see that first?" We shuddered to hear him, Dearest and I. It was pretty bad, you know. Yet, as I say I thought I understood just how he came to say the fatal words—just what spirit prompted him. But Dearest thinks not. She says that he's far too calculating—far too much on the look-out for his own interests to run the risk of losing Agatha Sixth deliberately. She thinks he was only embarrassed. But we both thought that the most peculiar thing about the whole affair was the fact that Agatha First, having left the group immediately her unfortunate invitation was given, must have been quite ignorant of the trouble it had caused. She seemed, indeed, the whole time to be absolutely oblivious to the situation in regard to Agatha Sixth and Terhune. And this was the more extraordinary because any one else, any impartial observer with his eyes open, must, it seemed, have been aware of an affair of some kind or other between the two. But Miss Endicott, it appeared, walked with her eyes shut, like a person in a dream, her thoughts upon some other world or scheme of things removed from ours.

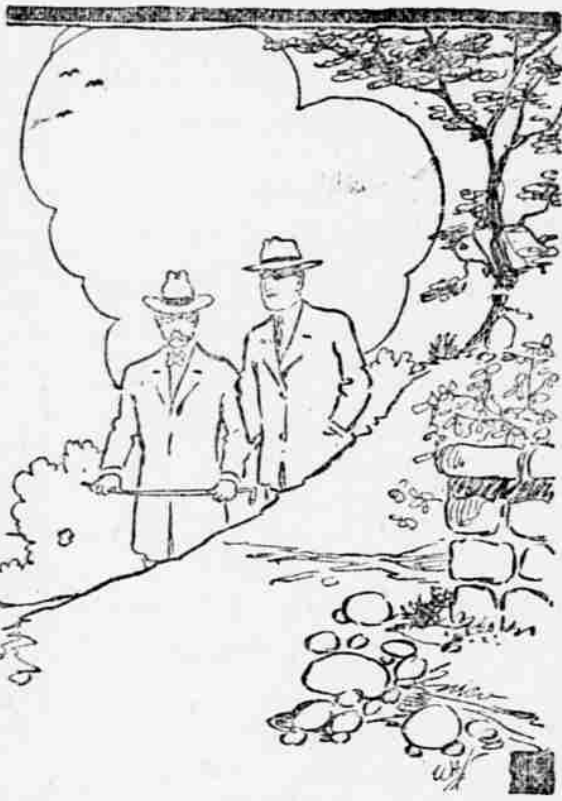
As matters stood, however, the result of the waterfall proposition and Terhune's mismanagement of the crisis it brought about, was a flat refusal on the part of Agatha Sixth to accompany him anywhere, and his frightened and tardy pursuit of Agatha First, who was beckoning him to follow from the edge of the woods. By, Jove, it made me feel inclined to go after him and tell him

what I thought of him then and there. Miss Lawrence looked so forlorn and wretched as she watched them disappear into the woods together.

"The beast!" I began, "he ought to be—" But Dearest interrupted me, and I realized it was because the young lady was still standing within earshot. "Don't, Wilfred!" she said. "Agatha doesn't mind a bit—do you, dear?" And she smiled confidently and encouragingly into the other woman's face. It was the required tonic evidently, for Miss Agatha Lawrence—sometimes called Agatha Sixth—at once controlled her quivering lip with a display of self-command upon which I inwardly complimented her. It's a trait of the American girl, I think, that fine self-control, and something that I admire greatly in my wife.

"Of course not," she replied steadily, and turning upon the bewildered Freer, who was standing by, with the sweetest possible smile, asked him if he would mind hunting wild flowers with her. The invitation, I need not say, was accepted with servile gratitude by that undiscriminating and impressionable young man. Like the little dog under the table, Freer was never too proud to partake of the crumbs.

My wife and I left alone, she broke at once into lamentation. Her plans were all going astray, she declared. Match-making was perfectly horrid and she would never, no, never, undertake it again. As for Archibald, she gave him up. She couldn't understand it, at all. Why couldn't he make up his mind which girl he wanted and stick to it? A man who only had ten days in which to choose a wife had no business to go on as he did. Why, she'd never get him married, and he'd lose his fortune! But that wasn't the most important point to be considered by any means. What bothered her most was that poor Agatha Lawrence had fallen in



"Here You've Gone and Asked Us to Help You."

love with the marplot, and so far as she could see—and this in spite of her best efforts—the poor girl was destined to lose him after all! O, it was really too bad. Terhune was too, too trying! I must really speak to him and find out what he meant by playing fast and loose like that! I give you my word I've seldom heard her go on so about anything. She really felt distressed by the unaccountable and rather mysterious color our matrimonial project had assumed, and was much concerned for Agatha Sixth's happiness. The other Agatha we did not seem to be as interested in somehow, as she had neither a husband or a fortune at stake with which to enlist our special sympathies.

"After all, Wilfred," she said, heaving a deep sigh, "the course of true love never did run smooth!"

"Nor yet the course of true match-making!" I answered and we strolled down the side of the little hill where the picnic had been to go and look for wild flowers ourselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was on the return trip to the castle that I found an opportunity to talk confidentially with Terhune. He and I were walking home, as seven was rather a crowd in the machine and we wanted the exercise.

"What in thunder do you mean by it?" I demanded when I had finished setting his erratic and inconsiderate conduct before him in its true light—excepting, of course, the details of the incident of the automobile in the wood, and our later discovery of the checked coat in his closet. All reference to this little episode and the suspicions of Dearest and myself in regard to his connection with it, I had felt obliged to omit. We had decided not to mention the subject to him as we had after all only circumstantial evidence upon which to base our belief that Terhune had been Agatha First's companion that day. For, after all, the checked coat we found in his closet might only have resembled the one I saw in the car, and he might easily have owned one of the kind without our ever having seen it. Our friendship with Arch was too dearly prized by us to risk falsely accusing him. And then I couldn't help feeling that after all I had rather surprised them when I had come upon them in the woods, and in seeing what I was not meant to have seen, had rather played the spy, however inadvertently it might have been done. And I did not relish making use of information so obtained. It was better, much fairer to Arch, we decided, to act simply as if my discovery had never been.

"Here you've gone and asked us to help you," I went on, "in the matter of getting a fortune, not to mention a wife, and when it's made as plain as it could well be that Agatha Sixth is the girl for you and you admit fancy-

ing her yourself, why, then, what do you do?" I stopped and faced him. We were crossing Hartsmere common and the castle was already in sight and his eyes fell before my just indignation. He didn't seem anxious to tell me, so I set to and told him myself. "Why, you go and spoil it all by flirting with Agatha First, now don't you!"

"Spoil it all?" he asked without looking up. "Yes," I affirmed impatiently, "that's just what you're doing. I should think you could see you're jeopardizing your chances with Agatha Sixth every time you so much as glance at Agatha First, and really, when you consider that you've asked the girl to marry you and are supposed to be awaiting her answer with all a lover's impatience, it doesn't look well. It doesn't really! What do you want to do it for, anyway?" I paused in my tirade, but he made no motion to answer. "Why, it's plain loony of you!" I exploded in my irritation. "For a man in your position, it's positively suicidal to fool the way you're doing. I shouldn't wonder at all if Miss Lawrence refused you eventually, and then the game would be up indeed!"

"What game?" said Arch, if you please, just as if he didn't know what I was talking about.

"Why, your aunt's property in Australia," I bellowed in his ear. "You can't inherit it if Agatha Sixth won't marry you, can you?"

"Can't I?" he said simply, as if it didn't matter at all, and I nearly lost my patience.

"How could you?" I returned. "The time's up in two days; is it likely you could get anyone else to marry you in that length of time?"

He looked up. "I shouldn't care to marry anyone else," he said. "I happen to care about her," and his expression was so earnest and sincere I had to believe him.

"Well, then, for heaven's sake, make a little more effort to convince her that you care!" I advised, but more gently, and we walked on in silence. I broke it first, as he didn't seem inclined to talk. "Honest, old man," I said, "I wish you'd tell a fellow what you're up to! I hate to see you making a mess of this thing, for no good reason. If you didn't like Miss Lawrence it would be different. But you're self-confessed as to that, and it's especially hard to bear when Dearest and I have been doing our very best to help you. Tell me what it's all about, can't you? Why will you persist in running after Agatha Endicott just at this critical stage of the game?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, "I'd tell you everything in a minute if there were anything to tell. But there isn't, not a blooming blessed thing; I deny your last statement, however. I can do that much for you. I am not running after Miss Endicott, not the least bit in the world. I give you my word I'm not!"

For a moment I felt a curious sense of positions reversed, as if some time not long ago I had been the one to speak so to Terhune, and he to lecture me. He is older than I and has always been the one to look after me, not I after him. And this feeling all too impelled me to drop my inquisitorial tone. But I thought of the automobile in the woods and the scene I had stumbled upon and grew firm. Really it was too much. I couldn't let him string me like that!

"I don't know what you call it," I retorted indignantly, "but whether you think so or not, you're with Agatha First all the time lately. Why can't you let her alone and tend strictly to business?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Chinese Wedding.
A Chinese marriage is all ceremony—no talk, no levity, and much crying. The solemnity of a funeral prevails. After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care. A feast is spread upon a table, to which the blushing bride is led by five of her best female friends. They are seated at the table, but no one eats. The utmost silence prevails, when finally the mother leads off in a cry, the maids follow and the bride echoes in the chorus. Then all the bridesmaids leave the table, and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the chair of state, where the bride sits. The bridegroom now enters, with four of his best men. The men pick up the throne on which the bride sits and, preceded by the bridegroom, form in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining parlor, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple.

A Fat Reducer.
Before starting to starve or drug off your extra layers of fat try the effect of this simple exercise, which is a great reducer of adipose tissue.

Standing with knees close together, rise on the tips of the toes, and, at the same time, elevate the chest and force down the palms of the hands as if pushing hard on a board. Bend the hands up slightly so the muscular strain comes on the fleshy part of the hand close to the wrist.

Do this whenever you happen to think of it during the day, and you will soon notice a decided difference in your flesh, particularly in a prominent abdomen.

The Important Personage.
"Are you the owner of this place?" asked the book agent.

"I am," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Anything I can do for you?"
"No. The chances are that you are too hard-worked to have time to read anything, and that you haven't any spare change anyhow. Let me talk to the hired man."

TO COOK CHICKENS THE HIGH COST OF LIVING REDUCED

NEW RECIPES THAT SOUND LIKE GOOD EATING.

Bolled Chicken Mold, Broiled Cold Chicken, Scalloped Chicken and Chicken Croquettes Offer a Great Variety.

Bolled Chicken Mold.—This is an excellent dish and one which would be found most useful for a busy day. Select a fricassee fowl and have the butcher save the neck long and cut the nails from the feet. Skin these by soaking them a few minutes in hot water, dismember the rest of the fowl and boil all together until the flesh is tender enough to pick to pieces with the fingers. During the boiling, season the chicken with one large Bermuda onion, several stalks of celery, parsley, cayenne and salt. When done and cool enough to handle, pick all the flesh from the bones, feet, neck, etc., and discard the skin. Chop fine to almost a paste—and pack in a mold, pouring in some of the boil-water between each layer of chicken. Cover tightly and set on the ice. Turn on a cold dish and serve with a trimming of canned pimentos. Only water enough to cover the chicken must be used for the boiling or the mold will not harden. The boil-water must be rich enough to form a jelly.

Broiled Cold Chicken.—Here is a good way to vary the monotony of cold fowl, whether boiled or roasted: Take the half or quarter which has not been cut into and rub it over with a marinade of two tablespoonsfuls of vinegar and one of lemon juice. Put the fowl between two plates and set aside for three hours. Then rub the oil and lemon juice well into it, dip in egg and then in fine toasted crumbs; set on the ice for an hour, and broil over a medium hot fire, turning often. Make a gravy of melted butter with chopped parsley and a few drops of lemon juice and pour over the dish.

Scalloped Chicken.—Mix two cupsfuls of nicely seasoned chicken, minced finely, with a cupful of boiling oyster liquor, or as much tomato juice. Stir in six chopped mushrooms, the pounded yolk of two hard-boiled eggs and two tablespoonsfuls of cream. Add finely toasted bread crumbs and more cream if needed to make a soft paste. Pack in large clam shells or in a baking dish, put nuts of butter on top and cook covered for fifteen minutes; then uncover and brown lightly. Cold lamb, duck or boiled veal may be prepared in the same way, with the substitution of a good stock for the oyster or tomato juice.

Chicken Croquettes.—Stir a cupful of minced cold chicken and the same quantity of sweetbreads together; these last boiled and blanched and also minced finely. Add drawn butter or a little chicken stock thickened lightly with flour. Heat in a vessel set in another containing boiling water, and when heated through take from the fire and add a cupful of cream (with a pinch of soda stirred in) and the beaten yolk of two eggs. Mix well, set in a cold place until solid; then mold in round or oblong croquettes. Dip these in beaten egg, then in crumbs and fry a rich brown in boiling cottonseed oil or lard.

Apple Butter.
Put cider into a preserving kettle and boil it until there remains only two-thirds of the original quantity of the liquid. Put into the remaining cider as many peeled and sliced apples as it will cover and boil, stirring often, until the fruit is tender. Proceed in this way until all the cider has been absorbed by the fruit, and then put the cooked apples and juice into a crock in the cellar over night. In the morning put all over the fire and boil, stirring often, to a soft, brown mass. Put away in jars or crocks.

Crabapple Jelly.
Cover crabapples with water and boil very tender; cool and strain through a cloth; measure the juice and to each cup of it allow a cupful of sugar; boil the juice for 20 minutes; then add sugar and boil until a little, put on saucer, begins to jelly; when the jelly is nearly done, add two or three geranium leaves; when pouring into glasses remove the leaves.

Marble Chocolate Cake.
Make a batter as for white cake. Take out one teaspoon, add to it five tablespoons of grated chocolate, wet with milk and flavor with vanilla, pour a layer of the white batter into the baking pan, then drop the chocolate batter with a spoon, in spots and spread the remainder of the white bottom over it.

Lemon Pudding.
Soak one cup of bread crumbs in two cups of milk for one-half hour, then add one-half cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs and the grated rind of one lemon, and bake one-half hour. Beat whites of two eggs, add one cup of sugar and juice of one lemon. Spread over pudding when done and slightly brown. To be eaten hot or cold.

Chicago Hot.
One peck ripe tomatoes, two cups celery, two onions, four red peppers, all chopped; one cup white mustard seed, two cups white sugar, one-half cup salt, six cups vinegar, two tablespoons whole mixed spices; drain tomatoes after chopping, then add other ingredients; cook half hour.

Much has been said about the high cost of living, its causes and the possibilities of its reduction. But little has been said about the most costly leak: the false economy existing today in nearly every household.

Much foodstuffs are bought with but one point in view: "How cheap can I get it" without a thought of quality or "after cost." One of the most serious is baking powder.

By the use of perfect baking powder the housewife can derive as much economy as from any other article used in baking and cooking. In selecting the baking powder, therefore, care should be exercised to purchase one that retains its original strength and always remains the same, thus making the food sweet and wholesome and producing sufficient leavening gas to make the baking light.

Very little of this leavening gas is produced by the cheap baking powders, making it necessary to use double the quantity ordinarily required to secure good results.

You cannot experiment every time you make a cake or biscuits, or test the strength of your baking powder to find out how much of it you should use; yet with most baking powders you should do this for they are put together so carelessly they are never uniform in the quality and strength varying with each can purchased.

Calumet Baking Powder is made of chemically pure ingredients of tested strength. Experienced chemists put it up. The proportions of the different materials remain always the same. Sealed in air-tight cans, Calumet Baking Powder does not alter in strength and is not affected by atmospheric changes.

In using Calumet you are bound to have uniform bread, cake or biscuits, as Calumet does not contain any cheap, useless or adulterating ingredients so commonly used to increase the weight. Further, it produces pure, wholesome food, and is a baking powder of rare merit; therefore is recommended by leading physicians and chemists. It complies with all pure food laws, both STATE and NATIONAL. The goods are moderate in price, and any lady purchasing Calumet from her grocer, if not satisfied with it, can return it and have her money refunded.

She Covered Her Head.
Scene, a country church of Episcopalian denomination in process of being decorated for the Christmas season. The rector, who has a strong leaning towards forms of all kinds is fastening a festoon of evergreen about the baptismal font, when, enter Miss Dymple, who unceremoniously flings her hat upon the seat of a pew and comes to his assistance. The rector suddenly observes that she is hatless and remarks severely: "Miss Dymple, it is particularly forbidden that women shall come into the church with uncovered heads."

"Oh, bother, I forgot!" responded the young lady irreverently. "Well," grabbing up the rector's derby and setting it jauntily on her pert little head, "will this do?"

A Garden of Friends.
One of the prettiest corners of a certain girl's garden is that in which every plant has been the gift of some special friend. The sweet old-fashioned flowers that bloom there have thus a double significance, and their owner persuades herself that while they flourish she may be very sure that she is not forgotten. A fragrant clump of pinks was set in place by her dearest school friend, and now that this friend is living abroad she likes to think that every breath of perfume brings her a kindly thought of her old chum. A garden of friendship is a pretty fancy and one that gives lasting pleasure.

A Sure Cure.
Mother—I'm afraid Gwendoline is setting her heart on that young Pen-bless.
Father—You think so?
Mother—I am almost sure of it.
Father—Well, he is not a fit person for her to marry. He is as poor as a rat and has no prospects. Something must be done to set her against him.
Mother—I have thought of that and have hit upon what I think is an excellent plan.
Father—Yes? What is it?
Mother—We must tell her that we want her to marry him.

The Significant Wink.
"I think," said the weary stranger, "that I'll go somewhere and take forty winks."
The hack driver looked puzzled.
"What's the trouble?"
"I was wondering whether you wanted me to drive you to a hotel or a drug store."

Not to the Wise.
Howell—A word to the wise is sufficient.
Powell—Then how do you account for the long-drawn-out speeches over the telephone?
It is no use preaching on the fatherhood of God so long as you do not like boys.
The charm of the unattainable is long drawn out.

COLDS Cured in One Day



"I regard my cold cure as being better than a Life Insurance Policy."—MUNYON.

A few doses of Munyon's Cold Cure will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. These little sugar pellets can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket for use at any time or anywhere. Price 25 cents at any druggist.

If you need Medical Advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail, absolutely free. They put you under no obligations.

Address: Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratory, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.