

**SOUR, ACID STOMACHS,
GASES OR INDIGESTION**

Each "Pape's Diapepsin" Digests 3000 grains of food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.



Get a package of Kow-Kure today, and use it to prevent and cure all cases of your cow. This job is not a stock job, but a reliable remedy for all cases of acid, indigestion, and loss of appetite. It is a medicine for sick cows. It tones up the digestive and generative organs, and restores the cow to her normal state. It is a sure cure and preventive of Loss of Appetite, Bloat, Acid, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the cow. It is sold in 50¢ and \$1.00 packages by all reliable dealers. Ask for copy of "The Cow Book."

KOW-KURE
50¢ and \$1.00 Sizes.

No Fear.
"Doctor, I am afraid I am losing my mind."
"Well, don't mention it and nobody will notice the difference."—Josh Wink.

An English engineer proposes to defend his country in event of war by suspending bombs from balloons, which could be exploded from the ground when approached by a hostile dirigible or aeroplane.

Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Disagreed With Science.
By—Scientists say that it is much easier to support a weight than it is to lift it.
DK—I haven't found it so. I can lift my wife quite easily.

English engineers assert that enough coal to last the world 800 years is still available in Newcastle.

R UPTURE
RUINS HEALTH AND PLEASURE DON'T NEGLECT IT

or experiment with freak trusses—It's expensive and dangerous. No matter how severe or long standing the rupture, we fit a truss to suit, by mail or in person—that's our business. We guarantee satisfaction. Send NOW, or call for FREE BOOK. It tells all.

PANTER TRUSS COMPANY
519 Journal Bldg., Portland, Ore.

Green-Eyed Monster.
"Do you care for Browning?" asked the poetical man with the long hair of the conspicuously dressed lady at his right.
"Not so loud, please," whispered the woman. "My husband has an awfully jealous disposition."

Radium ore has recently been found in large quantities in the Ferghana district of Russian Central Asia.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

A Martyr for His Country.
"My grandfather ain't got any arm, 'cos he was in the war at Gettysburg," boasted a young woman of 7 years.
"My dad was in the war, too," said another.
"Did he fight any battles, darling?" asked an older person.
"Yes. Ball Run and Antietam, and Chattanooga."
"Then he was wounded?"
"No; but he had awful headaches from the sound of the cannon!"—New York Evening Post.

Free to Our Readers
Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page Illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Marine Eye Remedy in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Marine Eye Remedy Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Truly Evident and Granulation.

Artesian wells are gaining in favor in London because of the expense attached to the municipal water service.

Labrador has an area of 200,000 square miles, but the population is only 4000.

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

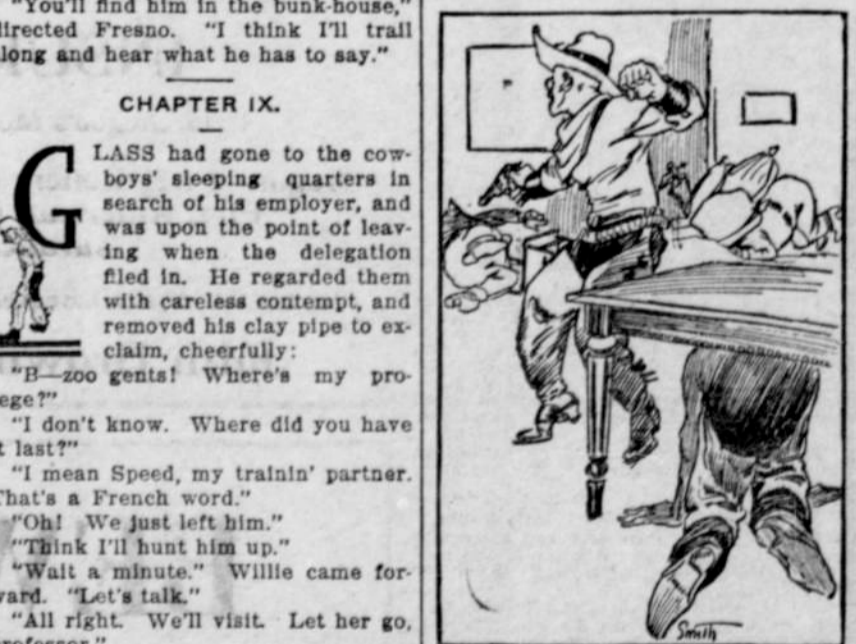
Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.
Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. The house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that Covington won't run. Speed, however, The Cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and feeling that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glee club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys explain to Speed how much the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.
But this comforting conclusion wavered again, when Berkeley Fresno, who had awaited their report, scoffed openly.
"He can't run! If he could run he'd be running. I tell you, he can't run as fast as a sheep can walk."
"Senior, you see those beautiful medals he have?" expostulated Carara.
"Sure," agreed Willie. "His brisquet was covered with 'em. He had one that hung down like a dewlap."
"Phony!"
"I've killed men for less," muttered the stoop-shouldered man.
"Did you see his legs?" Fresno was bent upon convincing his hearers.
"Couldn't help but see 'em in that runnin' suit."
"Nice and soft and white, weren't they?"
"They didn't look like dark meat," Stover agreed, reluctantly. "But you can't go nothin' on the looks of a feller's legs."
"Well, then, take his wind. A runner always has good lungs, but I'll bet if you snapped him on the chest with a rubber band he'd cough himself to death."
"Mebbe he ain't in good shape yet." Fresno sneered. "No, and he'll never get into good condition with those girls hanging around him all the time. Don't you know that the worst thing in the world for an athlete is to talk to a woman?"
"That's the worst thing in the world for anybody," said Willie, with cynicism. "But how can we stop it?"
"Make him eat as well as sleep in his training quarters; don't let him spend any time whatever in female company. Keep your eyes on him night and day."
Willie spoke his mind deliberately. "I'm in favor of that. If this is another Humpy Joe affair I'm a-goin' to put one more notch in my gun-handle, and it looks like a cub bear had chawed it already."
"There ain't but one thing to do," Stover announced, firmly. "We've got to put it up to Mr. Glass and learn the truth."
"You'll find him in the bunk-house," directed Fresno. "I think I'll trail along and hear what he has to say."

CHAPTER IX.
GLASS had gone to the cowboys' sleeping quarters in search of his employer, and was upon the point of leaving when the delegation fled in. He regarded them with careless contempt, and removed his clay pipe to exclaim, cheerfully:
"B-zoo genis! Where's my protegee?"
"I don't know. Where did you have it last?"
"I mean Speed, my trainin' partner. That's a French word."
"Oh! We just left him."
"Think I'll hunt him up."
"Wait a minute." Willie came forward. "Let's talk."
"All right. We'll visit. Let her go, professor."
"You've been handlin' him for quite a spell, haven't you?"
"Sure! It's my trainin' that put him where he is. Ask him if it ain't."
"Then he's a good athlete, is he?"
"Is he good? Huh!" Glass grunted, expressively.
"How fast can he do a hundred yards?"
Larry yawned as if this conversation bored him.
"Oh—about—eight—seconds."
At this amazing declaration Willie paused, as if to thoroughly digest it.
"Eight seconds!" repeated the little man at length.
"Sure! Depends on how he feels, of course."
Berkeley Fresno, in the corner, snickered audibly, at which the trainer scowled at him.
"Think he can't do it, eh? Well, he's there four ways from the ace." Seeing no evidence that his state-



ment failed to carry conviction in other quarters at least, Glass went further. It was so easy to string these simple-minded people that he could not resist the temptation.
"Didn't you never hear about the killin' he made at Saratoga?" he queried.
Willie started, and his hand crept slowly backward along his belt. "Killin' is that his game?"
"Now, get me right," explained the former speaker. "He breaks trainin', and goes up to Saratoga for a little rest. While he's there he wins eight thousand dollars playin' diablo."
"Playin' what?" queried Stover.
"Diablo! He backs himself, of course."
Glass took an imaginary spool from his pocket, spun it by means of an imaginary string, then set it aloft and pretended to catch it dexterously. The cowboys watched him with grave, uncomprehending eyes.
"He starts with a case five and runs it up to eight thousand dollars, that's all."
Stover uttered an exclamation of astonishment, whereupon the New Yorker grew even bolder.
"The next week he hops over to Bar Harbor and wins the futurity ping-pong stakes from scratch. That's worth twenty thousand if it's worth a lead nickel. Oh, I guess he's there, all right!" He searched out a match and relighted his pipe.
"I suppose he's a great croquet player, too," observed Fresno, whose face was purple.
"Sure!" Glass winked at him, glad to see that the Californian enjoyed this kind of sport.
"We don't care nothin' about his skill at sleight-of-hand tricks," said the man in spectacles, seriously. "And we wouldn't hold his croquet habits agin him. Some men drink, some gamble, some do worse; every man has his weakness, and croquet may be his. What we want to know is this: Can he win our photograph?"
"Surest thing you know!"
"Then you vouch for him, do you?" Willie's eyes were bent upon the fat man with a look of searching gravity that warned Glass not to temporize.
"With my life!" exclaimed the trainer.
"You're on!" said the cowboy, with unexpected grimness.
"What'd you mean?"
"But before the other could explain, Berkeley Fresno, who had sunk weakly into a chair at Larry's extravagant praise of his rival, afforded a diversion. The tenor had leaned back, convulsed with enjoyment when, losing his balance, he came to the floor with a crash. The sudden sound brought a terrifying result, for with a startled cry the undersized cowman leaped as if touched by a living flame. Like a flash of light he whirled and poised on his toes, his long, evil-looking revolver drawn and cocked, his tense face vulturelike and fierce. His eyes glared through his spectacles, his livid features worked as if at the sound of his own death-calls. His whole frame was

Waco," he said. "He'll never get me alive."
Stover addressed himself to Fresno, who had gone pale, and was still prostrate where he had fallen.
"Get up, Mr. Berkeley, but don't make no more moves like that behind a man's back. He most got you."
Fresno arose in a daze and mopped his brow, murmuring, weakly: "I—I didn't mean to."
Carara and Mr. Cloudy came out from cover whether they had fled at Willie's first movement.
"I dreamed about that feller agin last night," apologized the little man. "I'm sort of nervous, and any sudden noise sets me off."
As for Glass, that corpulent individual had disappeared as if into thin air; only a stir in one of the bunks betrayed his hiding place. At the first sight of Willie's revolver he had dived for a refuge and was now flattened against the wall, a pillow pressed over his head to deaden the expected report.
"Hey!" called the foreman, but Glass did not hear him.
"Seems to be gun-shy," observed Willie, gently.
Stover crossed to the bunk and laid a hand upon the occupant, at which a convulsion ran through the trainer's soft body, and it became as rigid as if locked in death. "Come out, Mr. Glass, it's all over."
Larry muttered in a stifled voice, "Go 'way!"
"It was a mistake."
He opened his tight-shut lids, rolled over, and thrust forth a round, pallid face. He saw Stover laughing, and beheld the white teeth of Carara, the Mexican, who said:
"Perhaps the Senior is sleepy!"
Finding himself the object of what seemed to him a particularly senseless joke, the New Yorker crept forth, his face suffused with anger. Strangely enough, he still retained the pipe in his fingers.
"Say, are youse guys tryin' to kid me?" he demanded, roughly. Now that no dream was in sight, he was master of himself again; and seeing the cause of his undignified alarm leaning against the table, he stepped toward him threateningly. "If you try that again, young feller, I'll chip you on the jaw, and give you a long, dreary nap." He thrust a short, square flat under Willie's nose.
That scholarly gentleman straightened up, and edged his way to one side, Glass following aggressively.
"You're a husky, ain't you?" said the little man, squinting up at the red face above him.
"Am I?" Glass snorted. "Take a good look!" With deliberate menace he bumped violently into the other. It was with difficulty he could restrain himself from crushing him.
Stover gasped and retreated, while Carara crossed himself, then sidled back to a bunk. Mr. Cloudy stepped silently out through the open door and held his thumbs.
"You start to kid me and I'll wallop you—"
"One moment!" Willie was transfixed suddenly. An instant since he had been a stoop-shouldered, short-sighted, insignificant person, more gentle mannered than a child, but in a flash he became a palpitating fury: an evil atom surcharged with such terrific venom that his antagonist drew back involuntarily. "Don't you make no threat'nin' moves in my direction, or you'll go East in an ice-bath!" He was panting as if the effort to hold himself in leash was almost more than he could stand.
"G'wan!" said Glass, thickly.
"You're deluded with the idea that the Constitution made all men equal, but it didn't; it was Mr. Colt." With a movement quicker than light the speaker drew his gun for the second time, and buried half the barrel in the New Yorker's ribs.
"Look out!" Glass barked the words, and undertook to deflect the weapon with his hand.
"Let it alone or I'll go off!"
Glass dropped his hand as if it had been burned, and stared down his bulging front with horrified, fascinated eyes.
"Now, listen. We've stood for you as long as we can. You've made your talk and got away with it, but from now on you're working for us. We've framed a foot-race, and put up our panga because you said you had a champeen. Now, we ain't sayin' you lied—cause if we thought you had, I'd gun-shoot you here, now." Willie paused, while Glass licked his lips and undertook to frame a reply. The black muzzle of the weapon hovering near his heart, however, stupefied him. Mechanically he thrust the stem of his pipe between his lips while Willie continued to glare at him balefully. "You're boss is a guest, but you ain't. We can talk plain to you."
"Y—yes, of course."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gallant Uhto Death.
When Sir Ralph Abercromby was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried on a litter on board the Foudroyant. To ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. He asked what it was.
"It's only a soldier's blanket," he was told.
"Whose blanket is it?" he persisted, lifting himself up.
"Only one of the men's."
"I want to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," the dying commander insisted.
"It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," said his attendant at last.
"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," commanded the brave man, who did not forget even in his last agonies the comfort and welfare of his men. Of such unselfish stuff are true soldiers made.—Youth's Companion.

Like a Flash—His Revolver Leaped Out.
tense; a galvanic current had transformed him. His weapon darted toward the spot whence the noise had come, and he would have fired blindly had not Stover yelled:
"Don't shoot!"
Willie paused, and the breath crept audibly into his lungs.
"Who done that?" he asked, harshly.
Still Bill brought his lanky frame up above the level of the table.
"God 'mighty! don't be so sudden, Willie!" he cried. "It was an accident."
But the gun man seemed unconvinced. With a cat-like tread he stole cautiously to the door, and stared out into the sunlight; then, seeing nobody in sight, he replaced his weapon in its resting place and sighed with relief.
"I thought it was the marshal from

RECIPES FOR SWEETS

CHIEFLY FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES, AND ALL GOOD.

Ratau Cake Extremely Popular in Both Germany and France—Golden Bread of Portugal Declared to Be Delicious.
Ratau or Dadau Cake.—In Germany and France this cake ranks as high as the better known French brioche and the English bath bun. The ratau cake has held its place in culinary history for three centuries and more. It may be prepared with but one dough or with two, similar to the brioche. The finest ratau cake made of the two doughs differs from the brioche in the more equal distribution of its pores, rising like a sponge cake in minute uniform bubbles. The brioche is particularly flakey and rises in layers. The Germans vary the preparations of this favorite cake, principally by the addition of currants, raisins, pounded almonds, candied orange peel and spices.
Savoie Cake.—This is a sponge cake mixture called by the French Biscuit de Savoie, Naples biscuits or ladies' fingers, and in a variety of forms is familiar to most of us. These biscuits are fine light cakes composed of eggs, the whites whipped to a stiff white froth, sugar and flour of finest quality and flavoring being added. With but one or two exceptions no fat, except that contained in the egg yolks, is added to the mixture.
The baking of these cakes is all important. They must never be really brown, but remain a pale yellow color. To secure this result with certainty the outside of the biscuit is protected by a thick glaze of finely powdered white sugar. When baked in a mold, the latter is first well buttered, and then glazed with powdered sugar.
Gateau des Rois.—This is the most renowned of the cakes of France. It is essentially a butter dough cake, although the term means almost anything in the pastry line, from a cream pie to an ornamental tall cake for a party.
Portuguese Pau d'ouro, or Golden Bread.—In refined Portuguese homes you may be served with a delicious biscuit of cake bearing the above name. It is similar to our sunshine cake, no butter or milk being used. This cake is not cut, when served, but the lady or daughter of the house breaks it with her fingers into neat cubes about two inches square.
Kugelhofe.—This is the German counterpart of the French baba, and variation is obtained by the addition of raisins or almonds, candied orange peel, dried cherries or cinnamon. It may be served hot as a dessert as baba au rhum, or with a German sauce made of apricot jam, diluted with lemon juice, or a German custard and wine sauce.

Try Brioche With Your Tea.
When your palate refuses more sweets and sandwiches have grown tiresome you can turn to these brioche cakes, which are served hot and buttered, at many good tea houses.
The recipe: Add one-fourth cupful of sugar to one cupful of scalded milk. When lukewarm add one-third yeast-cake softened in warm water, then add one and one-half cupful of flour and let rise. When bubbly, add two eggs, beaten, one-fourth cup melted butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon and one and one-half cupfuls more flour. Cover and let rise until light. Mold on a board to horse shoe shape and let rise again. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Lemon Juice on Creamed Fish.
Creamed fish is well known, but if a little lemon juice is added at the last moment it will be found to give zest. Scaloped fish, too, is a fairly familiar dish, but it can be made more tasty if the white sauce is seasoned with a dash of mustard and paprika, as well as salt. For desserts one could make a creamy rice pudding without eggs, another day a coffee jelly of tapioca (minute), and cold sweetened coffee served with whipped cream.

Pulled Molasses Candy.
One-fourth cupful of butter, two cupfuls of granulated or coffee sugar, one and one-half cupful of boiling water. Mix all ingredients and boil without stirring until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Turn into a buttered platter and fold toward the center so it will not harden. When it can be handled, pull until light, working in any desired flavoring. Cut with the scissors and roll in squares of waxed paper.—Dellneator.

Short Blankets.
Many people complain about the blankets pulling from the foot of the bed. This trouble can be easily remedied by sewing a strip of outing flannel 18 inches wide across the bottom of the blanket. This you tuck under the mattress, and you have the full length of your blanket. You will find them very comfortable fixed this way.

Georgla Sweet Potatoes.
Take large sweet potatoes, boiled; remove jacket, slice, put in pan, liberally spread with butter; sprinkle with powdered sugar, brown quickly, and serve with lemon juice. Excellent if served rightly.

Recipe for Walnut Pudding.
One-half cup walnut kernels, chopped fine; two eggs, small piece of butter, one-half cup milk; two cupfuls flour, one cupful sugar, two small spoonfuls baking powder; if wanted richer, use more eggs and butter.

The Promotion of Health

The knowing how to keep strong and healthy is not so much of a secret. You must first see that the digestion is kept normal, the liver active and the bowels regular. To bring about this healthy condition you should try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It is for Indigestion, Poor Appetite, Nausea, Costiveness, Biliouness and Malaria. Start today.

Short Way.
"There's too much in this article on Mrs. Do Style about her glorious tresses."
"All right. We'll give her a hair cut."

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I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have Rheumatism, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition—write today for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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Girls! Try it! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fash, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

The Price of a Distinction.
"Now sir," said the persuasive philanthropist, "we want you to be the chairman of the big meeting which we are to hold."
"How much?" inquired Cassius Chex wearily.
"I don't quite follow you."
"How much is the deficit that you expect my subscription to meet?"—Washington Star.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

Experiments are under way in Germany with a view to utilizing the papyrus and other reeds of the Nile marshes as fuel by drying them, reducing them to powder and forming briquettes.