

### Keep Your Butter Uniform and Hold Your Customers

Don't wait for your customers to complain about the variable color of your butter. Keep your butter that golden June color everybody likes by putting a few drops of Dandelion Butter Color into the churn. It is purely vegetable, wholesome and absolutely tasteless. It meets all State and National Food laws. All large creameries have used Dandelion Butter Color for years. It does not color or buttermilk. You can get the large bottles for 35c from all drug or grocery stores.

Send for FREE Sample

Wells & Richardson Co., Inc. Burlington, Vermont

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### No more NAUSEA

Gas, heartburn, sick headache, nausea, over-acidity and other digestive disorders quickly and surely relieved. Safe, Pleasant. Not a laxative. Send for free samples to Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.

Normalizes Digestion and Sweetens the Breath



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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

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The Infants' and Children's Regulator  
Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other troubles if given it at teething time. Safe, pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results. At All Drugists.



**DR. STAFFORD'S Olive Tar**  
Nothing better for Quick-Gratifying—A Standby for over sixty years in thousands of homes. HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. 147 Waverly Place New York

### Relief from Asthma

**Aerial Signposts**  
For some time past the British air ministry has been considering the question of providing identification marks at points all over the country for the convenience of airplane pilots. The first of these novel "signposts" is shortly to be established near Weydown common, Haslemere, where the ministry has rented a piece of ground sufficiently large to enable the name "Haslemere" to be outlined against the turf in large white letters.

Up till now only aerodromes have been indicated by this method, but it is intended to develop the identification scheme until every town and village will have its name inscribed at a convenient spot. Airmen will then have no need to carry maps, since the whole of Great Britain, seen from above, will be one vast map.—London Answers.

Let a man talk about himself and nothing else if he wants to; and learn to dodge him.

Fault is one thing that may be found where it is not.

### 24 Hours Ends COLDS

A "common cold" may result in grippe or flu. At the very first sign, go to a drug store and get a box of HILL'S. Take promptly. HILL'S breaks up a cold in 24 hours because it does the four vital things at once—stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels and tones the system. Red box, 30 cents.

**HILL'S Cascara - Bromide - Quinine**

**PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE**  
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness.  
PRICE \$1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE. Ask for Sample. KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.



## KING'S MATE BY ROSITA FORBES

### STORY FROM THE START

Rosemary Crofton is visiting the governor's palace in Fez, Morocco, with her aunt, Lady Tregarten. A Frenchman, De Vries, makes love to her. He tells her of the Kaid, a mysterious person in the service of the sultan. Rosemary repulses De Vries' love. Next morning, while riding, she is thrown from her horse and rendered unconscious. She is rescued by Rif tribesmen and meets the Kaid, who turns out to be an Englishman. The Kaid says it would jeopardize his cause to return her to Fez. Pete, an Australian, and Zarifa, a servant, are assigned to care for her. She learns the Kaid's name is Westwyn. Martengo, a Spaniard, is attracted by her beauty. He subtly sets about gaining her favor by pretending to help her to escape. Westwyn offers to do anything he can for her.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

Rosemary stared at him, hope waning against her resentment. She did not want to plead with this man, but the words broke her against her will. "I can't bear it. You'll have to let me go." Westwyn was silent. "You said you didn't understand what it meant to me—"

The man interrupted. "I didn't when I sent you here. I do now."

"And you won't help me?" Westwyn shook his head. "It's impossible," he said, and Rosemary was too angry to realize the weight of regret in his voice. "I'm off to Abd-el Krim now—I'll consult him, but I'm afraid there's no way out." He hesitated on the top of the mud stairway, wishing he could say something to encourage the mute figure, which would not even look at him. The words didn't come, so he stamped down the flight and gave Pete directions about enough food to feed a regiment. Heavy with a sudden responsibility, he rode off. He would talk to Abd-el Krim. Perhaps something better could be arranged.

That night Rosemary and the Spaniard settled their plans. They climbed to the same rock above the village, and for the first time the sunset brought no echo of closing bars to the girl. Excited and tense, she listened to Martengo's instructions. "You'd better begin wearing native dress at once. Don't let Zarifa sleep in your room. You must accustom every one to leaving you alone after sunset. I'll have to leave it to you to slip out somehow, unobserved. You must come straight to my house. I'll leave the door ajar."

"And then?" asked Rosemary, distrust swept away on the tide of excitement.

"I'll have horses ready, but I don't know if it would be safe to ride over the pass. Do you think you could climb it if I had the animals waiting on the other side?"

"Yes, yes," breathed the girl. "Anything to get away." She looked so vital, so flame-like in the blaze around her, that Martengo had difficulty in steadying his voice.

It was a little rough as he told her: "We'll have to make a dash for it while Westwyn's away."

Rosemary's mind raced ahead. "Your servants?" she asked. "Won't they give us away?"

"There are none in the house," he answered. "Don't worry. If you can give Pete the slip your part is done."

A few nights later a blur of indigo, scarcely more opaque than the surrounding night, crept round the wall of the guest house. Rosemary's heart was in her throat, pounding so that it nearly choked her, but her feet, in their native sandals, were steady. With scarcely a sound she padded up the path.

As she neared her destination the girl's spirits rose. Excitement tingled in her blood. She went more carelessly and, round a corner, almost bumped into a figure descending silently in the soft leather sandals of the mountaineers. It was Heinz, a stolid, shy, little German who had lent her month-old papers from the fatherland. An exclamation was stifled on the fugitive's lips, and the man stared as she stepped aside for her to pass. Rosemary dared not

look back, but she felt that Heinz still stood at the corner watching her.

After this encounter, the quadrangle looming above her was sanctuary. She ran the last hundred yards, slipped through the unlocked door and shut it silently behind her. While she leaned against the wall, breathless, a figure stepped out of the darkness.

"Well done," whispered Martengo. "You're all right now." He piloted her into the house. There was no light in the front room, but Juan guided his guest into a small back apartment where charcoal smoldered on an open hearth and a hurricane lamp hung from the roof.

Rosemary dropped onto the nearest seat, still panting, her eyes blazing in a face bereft of color. "I thought I should never get out," she said. "I had to send Pete down to the village, and Zarifa was as sleepless as an owl. What's the next move?"

"I sent the horses out as soon as it was dark, but unfortunately, the headman's son, young Mohamed el Menebhe, is coming to see me tonight about a rifle. He ought to be here any moment."

Rosemary started. "But he'll delay us—we ought to be off."

"He won't keep me long, and it isn't a bad thing, really, because when your flight is discovered in the morning, he will be my ally." They talked in desultory fashion for a few minutes. Then Martengo went out to prepare for his visitor, and Rosemary found time to study her surroundings.

It was a small, mud-walled room, with no furniture but a table, a chair, a row of coffee pots, and the couch on which she sat. The only window was a square aperture, unglazed and barred, just under the ceiling. "Rather like a cell," thought Rosemary, and then her blood raced, for she heard voices and footsteps crossing the court. Automatically she crushed herself into the corner furthest from the door, hardly daring to move.

That was one of the worst hours of the girl's life. The drone of Arabic in the next room was like a wheel on which her nerves were spun. Thoughts whirled through her brain and were gone before she could catch the full sense of them. She pictured failure in every guise, the ignominy of a forced return. In that hour she had suffered every possible disappointment, been defeated by every obstacle. At the end of it her head felt taut, as if stretched on wires.

Martengo had no place in her thoughts until, just as she felt she must go mad if she had to wait any longer, he entered the room. She had been so oppressed by her myriad apprehensions that she had not noticed the departure of Menebhe.

"Has he gone?" she asked, but the words were scarcely audible.

The Spaniard nodded. "Yes, I'm sorry for the delay. You look a bit played out. What about a drink?"

Before she could refuse he had produced from the outer room a bottle and two glasses. "I can't have you fainting on the way," he said. "This will do you good." Perhaps his voice was less carefully tutored than usual. There was a note in it which was like a cold douche on Rosemary's impatience. It steadied her and she was alert as she took the glass and put her lips to it. The taste was unpleasant.

"What is it?" she asked with a grimace.

"Our local poison, 'leghbi.' It won't do you any harm." His voice sounded muffled and he seemed to be very busy with a refractory cork.

Suspicion flashed across Rosemary's horizon. "I'd rather have water," she said. "Do get me some," and made a pretense of drinking.

Juan left the room without comment and the girl whirled, the glass in her hand, vainly searching a receptacle. She had just emptied the stuff behind the cushions when Martengo returned. Guiltily she faced him, a flush burning so deeply that it was like a hand throttling her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Reason Enough

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?" "I don't believe in the survival of anybody. I am an undertaker."—Boston Transcript.

### American Ideas Abroad

Emigrants returning to their native towns in Europe after having made their "fortunes" in the United States, carry back with them American ideas and the American language, which has supplanted French and German as the international tongue among the European masses. In hundreds of villages in southeastern Europe there are two districts—one the "native," built of stone and rubble, with the chickens roosting in the dining and bedroom; the other the "American," with houses

of white plaster and a special barnyard for the live stock, says a correspondent of the New York Sun.

### Compass on Japanese Beds

A Japanese will never sleep with his head toward the north, for the reason that the dead are always buried in that direction. In sleeping rooms of private houses in Japan and in nearly all of the hotels a diagram of the points of the compass is pasted upon the ceiling for the benefit of timid guests.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

"If all the world were apple pie And all the seas were ink, And all the trees were bread and cheese What should we have to drink?"

### FOODS FOR OCCASIONS

On special occasions when we entertain our friends we find nothing too much trouble nor too dainty to make the repast one to be remembered with pleasure. A dish almost universally well liked is sweetbreads creamed and served in timbal cases or in patty shells. To add a few mushrooms to the creamed mixture enhances the flavor and food value. The patty shells may be prepared at home, but they are quite a bit of work for an amateur, so buy them from some good bake shop. The timbal cases are simple to make if one has a timbal iron. The batter makes a case that is much easier on the digestion than the rich puff paste of the patty shell.



**Supreme of Duckling.**—Take the uncooked joints and breast of a duckling, remove the meat and chop very fine. Add four eggs, one at a time, stirring until the mixture is smooth. Add one and one-half cupsful of thick cream, salt, pepper and a little onion juice to season. Turn into buttered molds, cover with buttered paper, place in a pan of hot water and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with:

**Bechamel Sauce.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of pepper, one-half cupful of chicken stock well seasoned and one-half cupful of thin cream. Stir and cook until smooth and well cooked.

**Gelatin of Capon.**—Bone a capon and use only the white meat. Cut the breast into halves lengthwise, push the wing and leg skin inside. Cover the skin from which the dark meat has been removed with the breast meat. Fill with forcemeat, draw the skin over and tie with a double thickness of cheesecloth and steam over the bones and dark meat covered with boiling water. Remove to a pan and cover with a weight overnight. Take the cloth from the capon, remove the skin and cover with Chaudroid sauce. When stiff and firm, garnish with truffes cut into fancy shapes and coat with aspic jelly.

**Chaudroid Sauce.**—Make a white sauce of two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and three-fourths of a cupful of white stock, one egg yolk lightly beaten, one tablespoonful of cream and one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice. Dissolve a teaspoonful of gelatin in a little cold water, then in hot; add to the first mixture. Season to taste and serve with the capon.

**Food That is Different.**  
Here is Queen Victoria's favorite soup and it is good enough for anybody:

**Chicken Soup.**—Chop one cupful of roast chicken, to it add one pint of chicken broth, one cupful of sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste and just before serving add the rice yolks of three hard-cooked eggs.

**Bohemian Buns.**—These are called "kolaches" and are well worth the trouble of preparation. Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one cupful of scalded milk and when cool add a compressed yeast cake dissolved in one-half cupful of water, two well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix with three or four cupfuls of flour, kneading to an elastic ball. Set to rise overnight. In the morning on a floured board knead and roll to one-half inch thick. Cut with a small biscuit cutter and place on a buttered sheet. Brush with butter and in the center of each place a spoonful of stewed prunes. Let rise again and bake in a hot oven.

**Ham Loaf.**—Put through the meat chopper one and one-half pounds each of smoked ham and fresh pork, mix with a cupful of bread crumbs, add three well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to season and milk to make the mixture moist enough to mix. Place in a deep bread pan and bake until brown, basting often. An hour or two in a moderate oven will be needed.

**Green Pepper Omelet.**—Wash six green peppers, remove the seeds and white fiber, break into small pieces and fry in four tablespoonfuls of butter until tender. Beat two eggs and add one-fourth of a cupful of milk, three-fourths of a cupful of grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Cook over a slow fire until the omelet is a golden brown on the bottom. Cut and fold as usual, or set into a hot oven a minute or two before folding.

**Buttered Apples.**—Take even-sized apples, core and peel. Arrange in a deep baking dish, each apple on a round of bread which has fried lightly in butter on both sides. Fill the apples with sugar, bits of butter, a little flavoring of spice. Bake in a very hot oven. Serve hot with clotted cream.

*Nellie Maxwell*



## ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

**Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacolicacidester of Salicylicacid

### His Decision

"Hooraw! Hooraw!" suddenly shouted Gap Johanson of Rumpus Ridge. "Glory halleloooyer!"

"Now what's the matter with you?" asked his wife.

"I was reading along and didn't find anything interesting for quite a spell and was about to fling the paper down when I ran onto the account of a last chance sale of Shakespeare's books—"

"If I don't buy 'em now I'll never get another chance!"

"Well, what about it?"

"I hain't a-going to buy 'em; that's all."—Kansas City Star.

### Drugs Excite the Kidneys, Drink Water

Take Salts at First Sign of Bladder Irritation or Backache

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble because we often eat too much rich food. Our blood is filled with acids which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or if you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, begin drinking lots of good soft water and get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

**The Boss' Chance**  
Help—But I haven't asked you for more salary before.  
Boss—Of course not, and I never had reason to fire you.

Resin from the almeciga tree is used in making fine varnish and patent-leather and by natives for driving away mosquitoes.

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In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**  
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Don't treat sore, inflamed, smarting eyes with powerful drugs "dropped" in by hand. A soothing, effective, safe remedy in best 25 cents—all drugists.  
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Removes dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—40c and \$1.00 at Drugists.  
Hilroy Cham, Wika, Patchogue, N. Y.

**FLORESTON SHAMPOO**—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and shiny. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hilroy Cham, Patchogue, N. Y.

## Coughs and Colds

are not only annoying, but dangerous. If not attended to at once they may develop into serious ailment.

## Boschee's Syrup

is soothing and healing in such cases, and has been used for sixty-one years. 50c and 90c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

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If Cuticura Soap is used daily, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when necessary. They do much to prevent blackheads, pimples and other unsightly eruptions, and to promote permanent skin health.

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