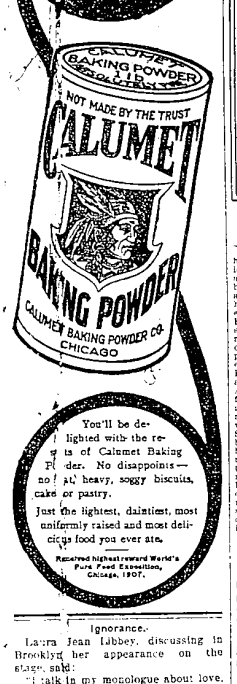
Always Makes Good



You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Powder. No disappointments—no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake or pastry.

Just the lightest, daintiest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate.

Received highest award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

Ignorance.

Laura Jean Libbey, discussing in Brooklyn her appearance on the stage, said:

"I talk in my monologue about love, marriage, and the other interests of the heart. On these subjects women, especially young women, are strangely ignorant.

"They really make me think, you know, of the little girl who was asked by her teacher:

"What can you tell us of Solomon?"

"Solomon," replied the little girl, "was very fond of animals."

"And how, my dear," said the teacher, "do you make that out?"

"Because," answered the little girl, "the Bible says he had five hundred porcupines."

A Robber.

"Were you ever confronted by a robber?"

"Sure."

"And did you play the part of a hero?"

"No, indeed, you can't throttle a gas meter."

There are many kinds of pleasures, and some of them aren't so pleasant.

Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada)

800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thresher's return from a Lloydminster farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from the FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS of Western Canada.

This excellent showing causes prices to advance. Land values should double in two years' time.

Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. Free Homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts; 160 acre pre-emptions at $3.00 per acre will in certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement, climate unexcelled, soil the richest; wood, water and building material plentiful.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, "Last Best West," and other information, write Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Government Agent.

W. H. Nichols, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit; or C. A. Lawler, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

(Use address nearest you.) 32

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. 25

Stop after dinner distress—cure dizziness, nausea, indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

PISO'S THE BEST MEDICINE for COUGHS & COLDS

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.

Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson, or Jimmy, as he is called by his friends, Jimmy was rotund and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself. If he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy married Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. Those who attend the party are Miss Katherine McNair, who every one calls Kit, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Brown, the Misses Mercer, Maxwell Reed and a Mr. Thomas Harbison, a South American civil engineer. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. Jimmy gets his funds from Aunt Selina and after he marries she doubles his allowance. He neglects to tell her of his divorce, as she is opposed to it. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, he Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Kit refuses, but is finally prevailed upon to act the part. Aunt Selina arrives and the deception works out as planned, as she had never seen Jim's wife.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"It might be scarlet fever," Max broke in cheerfully. "I say, scarlet fever on a Mongolian—what color would he be, Jimmy? What do yellow and red make? Green?"

"Orange," Jim said shortly. "I wish you people would remember that we are trying to eat."

The fact was, however, that no one was really eating, except Mr. Harbison, who had given up trying to understand us, considering, no doubt, our subdued excitement as our normal condition. Ages afterward I learned that he thought my dare almost tragic that night, and that he supposed, from the way I glared across the table, that I had quarreled with my husband!

"I am afraid you are not well," he said at last, noticing my food untouched on my plate. "We should not have come, any of us."

"I am perfectly well," I replied feverishly. "I am never ill. I—I ate a late luncheon."

He glanced at me keenly. "Don't let them stay and play bridge tonight," he urged. "Miss Caruthers can be an excuse, can she not? And you are really ragged. You look ill."

"I think it is only ill humor," I said, looking directly at him. "I am angry at myself. I have done something silly, and I hate to be silly."

Max would have said "Impossible," or something else trite. The Harbison man looked at me with interested, serious eyes.

"Is it too late to undo it?" he asked.

And then and there I determined that he should never know the truth. He could go back to South America and build bridges and make love to the Spanish girls (or are they Spanish down there?) and think of me always as a married woman, married to a dilettante artist, inclined to be stout—the artist, not I—and with an Aunt Selina Caruthers who made buttons and believed in the Cause. But never, never should he think of me as a silly little fool who pretended that she was the other man's wife and had a lump in her throat because when a really nice man came along, a man who knew something more than polo and motors, she had to carry on the deception to keep his respect, and be sedate and matronly, and see him change from perfectly open admiration at first to a hands-off-she-is-my-host's-wife attitude at last.

"It can never be undone," I said soberly.

Well, that's the picture as nearly as I can draw it; a round table with a low centerpiece of orchids in lavenders and pink, old silver candlesticks with filigree shades against the somber wainscoting; nine people, two of them unhappy—Jim and I; one of them complacent—Aunt Selina; one puzzled—Mr. Harbison; and the rest hysterically mirthful. Add one sick Japanese butler and grind in the mills of the gods.

Every one promptly forgot Takahiro in the excitement of the game we were all playing. Finally, however, Aunt Selina, who seemed to have Takahiro on her mind, looked up from her plate.

"That Jap was speckled," she asserted. "I wouldn't be surprised if it's measles. Has he been sniffling, James?"

"Has he been sniffling?" Jim threw across at me.

"I hadn't noticed it," I said meekly, while the others chorled.

Max came to the rescue. "She refused to eat it," he explained, distinctly and to everybody, apropos absolutely of nothing. "It said on the box, 'ready cooked and predigested.' She declared she didn't care who cooked it, but she wanted to know who predigested it."

As every one wanted to laugh, every one did it then, and under cover of the noise I caught Anne's eye, and we left the dining room. The men stayed, and by the very firmness with which the door closed behind us, I knew that Dallas and Max were bringing out the bottles that Takahiro had hidden. I was seething. When Aunt Selina indicated a desire to go over the house (it was natural that she should want to: it was her house, in a way) I excused myself for a minute and flew back to the dining room.

It was as I had expected. Jim hadn't cheered perceptibly, and the rest were patting him on the back, and pouring things out for him, and saying, "Poor old Jim" in the most maddening way. And the Harbison man was looking more and more puzzled, and not at all hilarious.

I descended on them like a thunderbolt.

"That's it!" I cried shrewishly, with my back against the door. "Leave her to me, all of you, and pat each other on the back, and say it's gone splendidly! Oh, I know you, every one!" Mr. Harbison got up, and pulled out a chair, but I couldn't sit; I folded my arms on the back. "After a while, I suppose, you'll slip upstairs, the four of you, and have your game." They looked guilty. "But I will block that right now. I am going to stay—here. If Aunt Selina wants me, she can find me—here!"

The first indication those men had that Mr. Harbison didn't know the state of affairs was when he turned and faced them.

"Mrs. Wilson is quite right," he said gravely. "We're a selfish lot. If Miss Caruthers is a responsibility, let us share her."

"To arms!" Jim said, with an affectation of lightness, as they put their glasses down, and threw open the door. Dal's retort, "Whose?" was lost in the confusion, and we went into the library. On the way Dallas managed to speak to me.

"If Harbison doesn't know, don't tell him," he said in an undertone. "He's a queer duck, in some ways; he mightn't think it funny."

"Funny," I choked. "It's the least funny thing I ever experienced. Deceiving that Harbison man isn't so bad—he thinks me crazy, anyhow. He's been staring his eyes out at me."

"I don't wonder. You're lovely tonight, Kit, and you look like a vixen."

"But to deceive that harmless old lady—well, thank goodness, it's nine, and she leaves in an hour or so."

But she didn't. And that's the story.

CHAPTER IV.

The Door Was Closed.

It was infuriating to see how much enjoyment every one but Jim and myself got out of the situation. They howled with mirth over the feeblest

"That's it!" I Cried Shrewishly.

jokes, and when Max told a story without any point whatever, they all had hysteria. Immediately after dinner Aunt Selina had begun on the family connection again, and after two bad breaks on my part, Jim offered to show her the house. The Mercer girls trailed along, unwilling to lose any of the possibilities. They said afterward that it was terrible. She went into all the closets, and ran her hand over the tops of doors and kept getting grimmer and grimmer. In the studio they came across a life study Jim was doing and she shut her eyes and made the girls go out while he covered it with a drapery. Lolite! Who did the Bacchante dance at three benefits last winter and was learning a new one called "Eve!"

When they heard Aunt Selina on the second floor, Anne, Dal and Max sneaked up to the studio for cigarettes, which left Mr. Harbison to me. I was in the den, sitting in a low chair by the wood fire when he came in. He hesitated in the doorway.

"Would you prefer being alone, or may I come in?" he asked. "Don't mind being frank. I know you are tired."

"I have a headache, and I am sulking," I said unpleasantly, "but at least I am not actively venomous. Come in."

So he came and sat down across the hearth from me, and neither of us said anything. The firelight flickered over the room, bringing out the faded hues of the old Japanese prints on the walls, gleaming in the mother-of-pearl eyes of the dragon on the screen, setting a grotesque god on a cabinet to nodding. And it threw into relief the strong, clean profile of the man across from me, as he stared at the fire.

"I am afraid I am not very interesting," I said at last, when he showed no sign of breaking the silence. "The—the illness of the butler and—Miss Caruthers' arrival, have been upsetting."

He suddenly roused with a start from a brown reverie.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I—oh, of course not! I was wondering if I—if you were offended at what I said earlier in the evening; the—Brushwood Boy, you know, and all that."

"Offended?" I repeated, puzzled.

"You see, I have been living out of the world so long, and never seeing any women but Indian squaws"—so there were no Spanish girls!—"that I'm afraid I say what comes into my mind without circumlocution. And then—I did not know you were married."

"No, oh, no," I said hastily. "But, of course, the more a woman is married—I mean, you cannot say too many nice things to married women. They—need them, you know."

I had floundered miserably, with his eyes on me, and I half expected him to be shocked, or to say that married women should be satisfied, with the nice things their husbands say to them. But he merely remarked apropos of nothing, or following a line of thought he had not voiced, that it was trite but true that a good many men owed their success in life to their wives.

"And a good many owe their wives to their success in life," I retorted cynically. At which he stared at me again.

It was then that the real complexity of the situation began to develop. Some one had rung the bell and been admitted to the library and a maid came to the door of the den. When she saw us she stopped uncertainly. Even then it struck me that she looked odd, and she was not in uniform. However, I was not informed at that time about bachelor establishments, and the first thing she said, when she had asked to speak to me in the hall, knocked her and her clothes clear out of my head. Evidently she knew.

"Miss McNair," she said in a low tone, "there is a lady in the drawing room, a veiled person, and she is asking for Mr. Wilson."

"Can you not find him?" I asked. "He is in the house, probably in the studio."

The girl hesitated.

"Excuse me, miss, but Miss Caruthers—"

Then I saw the situation.

"Never mind," I said. "Close the door into the drawing room, and I will tell Mr. Wilson."

But as the girl turned toward the doorway, the person in question appeared in it, and raised her veil. I was perfectly paralyzed. It was Bella! Bella in a fur coat and a veil, with the most tragic eyes I ever saw and entirely white except for a dab of rouge in the middle of each cheek. We stared at each other without speech. The maid turned and went down the hall, and with that Bella came over to me and clutched me by the arm.

"Who was being carried out into that ambulance?" she demanded, glaring at me with the most awful intensity.

"I'm sure I don't know, Bella," I said, wriggling away from her fingers. "What in the world are you doing here? I thought you were in Europe."

"You are hiding something from me!" she accused. "It is Jim! I see it in your face."

"Well, it isn't," I snapped. "It seems to me, really, Bella, that you and Jim ought to be able to manage your own affairs, without dragging me in." It was not pleasant, but if she was suffering, so was I. "Jim is as well as he ever was. He's upstairs somewhere. I'll send for him."

She gripped me again, and held on while her color came back.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said, and she had quite got hold of herself again. "I do not want to see him. I hope you don't think, Kit, that I came here to see James Wilson. Why, I have forgotten that there is such a person, and you know it."

Somebody upstairs laughed, and I was growing nervous. What Aunt Selina should come down, or Mr. Harbison come out of the den?

"Why did you come, then, Bella?" I inquired. "He may come in."

"I was passing in the motor," she said, and I honestly think she hoped I would believe her, "and I saw that am—" She stopped and began again. "I thought Jim was out of town, and I came to see Takahiro," she said brazenly. "He was devoted to me, and Evans is going to leave. I'll tell you what to do, Kit. I'll go back to the dining room, and you send Taka there. If any one comes, I can slip into the pantry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL SHE WANTED.

"Darling," said the happy old gentleman to the beautiful girl who was permitting him to hold her hand, "you are not going to marry me just for my money, are you?"

"Of course not," she replied. "What ever caused you to think I might do such a thing?"

"I don't know. It was foolish of me to permit such a thought to come into my mind, wasn't it?"

"Of course."

"Forgive me, won't you?"

"Yes—this time."

"I will never think it again."

"Are you sure you won't?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I be sure?"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't be sure; but I want you to do something for me."

"What is it, sweetheart?"

"Write me a lot of silly letters so that I shall have something to fall back on in case your children and grandchildren make trouble for us."

STATE NEWS

Owosso.—While Milton Davis, a farmer of Morrice, was feeding his pigs, a purse dropped from his pocket into the pen. He missed the pocketbook later and returned to the pen to find that the swine had devoured the receptacle and $105 in bills. Twenty dollars lay on the ground.

Grand Rapids.—While bending over a rapidly-revolving emery wheel in a factory, Fred Surdam's scalp was literally filled full of small particles of emery when the wheel burst. He was taken to a hospital, where a physician was employed to remove the small pieces. While the surgeon was at work Surdam became unconscious and it is feared that some of the sharp pieces penetrated the skull and lodged in the brain.

Cadillac.—Rev. Dr. A. W. Johnston of the Presbyterian church, who has been given a call to the Marquette church, has been unanimously invited by his church to remain here and offered an increase of $300 in salary, making it the same as offered by Marquette.

Port Huron.—As the result of a fall down the stairway of the Globe hotel, Carl H. Trieloff, four years old, is dead, and his mother, who has been employed as cook at the hostelry, is heartbroken. It was not thought at first that the little fellow was seriously injured, as he resumed play. When a doctor was called, however, it was found that he was suffering from internal injuries, and he passed away within a few hours.

Muskegon.—With the courtroom filled to its fullest capacity, the trial of Ralph Pesse, charged with the murder of Jake Halper on November 30 last, was commenced. All of the day was devoted to drawing a jury and although when court was adjourned, 30 talesmen, besides the regular panel, had been excused, no jury had been secured.

Saginaw.—About 150 miners quit work at the Bliss mine over a disagreement regarding the size of the screen mesh. The miners claim that the mesh is more than seven-eighths of an inch. No lengthy difficulty is anticipated.

Flint.—C. O. Hetchler, who retired from the office of county treasurer at the first of the year after four years' service, has been appointed deputy state oil inspector of the district composed of Genesee and Lapeer counties.

Ypsilanti.—It was discovered that Charles Snyder, arrested for forgery instead of coming from Detroit, as he claimed, spent Monday in Ann Arbor and there forged and passed an eight dollar check similar to those passed here. When searched here several Ann Arbor checks were found on him; but he said they were given him by his confederates. He has been bound over to the circuit court for trial.

Holland.—Overturning and spilling the contents of a kettle filled with boiling grease over its face and breast, the eighteen-months-old child of Fred Vos of Central Park was so badly burned that it died. Mrs. Vos had placed the kettle on the kitchen table and while her back was turned, the child grabbed the rim of the receptacle, overturning it.

Perry.—Horace Hart and Pratt Wilcox, occupants of the automobile which collided with and wrecked a buggy containing Joe Locke and Miss Goldie Arnold, pleaded guilty in Perry justice court to violation of the automobile law. The automobile had not been properly licensed and the lights were dim. Justice Hawley fined the transgressors $20 each with costs.

Port Huron.—Port Huron is planning a great reception for the Merchants' Association of Michigan which will hold its annual convention in this city February 7, 8 and 9. It is expected that between 300 and 400 delegates will be in attendance.

Bay City.—After working for several months for his board on a farm, in Beaver township, James Kabinski, ninety years old, was "discharged" because his employer had no more use for him until spring, and the old man had to seek a new home. Not daunted, he shouldered a bag containing his belongings and nearly half his own weight, and started afoot for Bay City, 20 miles away. He walked the whole distance without nothing to eat on the way, and when found here by officers was exhausted. After being given a square meal and a night's lodging he started in search of friends whom he thought would care for him. He has two sons in Wisconsin, but does not know their address.

Ann Arbor.—"I am not satisfied with the results of the inquiry into the death of Foster Campbell," said Coroner Johnson when he adjourned indefinitely the inquest. The Campbell lad was found dead in a shack in the rear of his father's home with a rope around his neck. Neither the police nor the sheriff's force had anything to report and the inquest was indefinitely adjourned.

Traverse City.—Buckley, in Wexford county, is to be lighted by electricity, a 30-year contract being granted to Hurlan Brown, who is developing power from the Betsey river. Buckley is the youngest and thriftiest village in Wexford county. Brown's franchise has been extended to Sherman, which may be lighted later. Interlochen will also receive light from the same source.

Bay City.—The city council has refused to submit the question of adopting the commission form of government, declaring that the legislature should first provide for the initiative and referendum and recall.

$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the aching, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a QUICK RECOVERY, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-256 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a dose, free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

The Walkers.

James M. Beck, the famous corporation lawyer of New York, is a native of Philadelphia and to Philadelphia he often returns to see his old friends.

Mr. Beck, in a recent banquet in Philadelphia, defended corporations with an epigram.

"The trust buster and the Socialist may do what they please," he said, "but mankind will still be divided into two great classes—those who walk to get an appetite for their dinner, and those who walk to get a dinner for their appetite."

SEEKING INFORMATION.

"Mummy, darling, will you tell me something?"

"Well, what is it, dear?"

"After I've finished school, what shall I do whilst I'm waiting to be married?"

ECZEMA GONE, BOILS CURED

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician, who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under his treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged, and as I had read the advertisements of Cuticura Remedies and testimonials of a great many people who had used them with wonderful success, I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old all trace of the eczema was gone.

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 24, 1910.

Unnecessary.

"Do you tell your wife everything you do while she is away?"

"No; the neighbors attend to that."—Houston Post.

Any New Methods?

"Ain't it strange, th' way Kelly beats his wife?"

"I dunno. How does he do it?"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

I had rather be kissed by an enemy than wounded by a friend who enjoyed the job.

WHY suffer with eye troubles, quick relief by using PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

The manly man makes altogether the best woman's man.