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BAKING POWDER

The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all.

For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings.

Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing.

Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this never-failing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Undeserved.

The cannibal picked his teeth reflectively. "Of course," he observed. "I have eaten worse specimens than the late governor, but—"

He selected a cigar with a perfecto shape.

"—I can't understand why they always said 'Your Excellency' when they addressed him."—Fun.

Charity begins at home, whether the home needs it or not.

Lots of people boast that they spend as they go who seldom go anywhere.

Asking a Lot.

"How will you have your eggs, sir?"

"Fresh."—Boston Evening Transcript.

The man who has once been a soldier takes but little pleasure in reading of the horrors of the battlefield.

Some persons are so lazy that it is difficult to stimulate them to activity with a wad of chewing gum.

Some men are given to drink only when it is given to them.

Most Important "First Aid" in Case of Illness

A comfortable, warm room night and day makes it much easier to take care of a sick person. Especially if the heat is from a *portable* stove that you can carry wherever you wish—the NEW PERFECTION Heater that burns clean, convenient, economical oil, most satisfactory of fuels.

This little heater will keep the family comfortable all winter, whether they are sick or well.

Invaluable in early spring and fall when the regular fires are out.

Look for the Triangle for Warmth, Comfort and Good Cheer

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Burns 10 hours on one gallon of oil—can't smoke. No trouble to re-wick. In the New Perfection wick and carrier are combined. Fresh wicks come ready to put in, trimmed, smooth and ready to light. For best results use Perfection Oil.

Your dealer has the NEW PERFECTION Oil Heater on exhibition. He will be glad to show you the different models. Send us your name on a postal and we will forward you the NEW PERFECTION Book.

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HER GLOWING EYES

By GRACE B. WHARTON.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Verne Tyson roused up with a start. He rubbed his eyes, he shook himself. Then he stared across the table where his club acquaintance, Colonel Reeves so-called, should have been. No colonel. Then beyond that at the spot where last he had seen the volatile, never-to-be-forgotten Madame Hortense Vassour. Gone. A discreet waiter, napkin on arm, approached. His well trained face expressed a mild inquiry, a strong suggestiveness of being of service.

"How long have I been here?" asked Verne abruptly.

"Three hours, sir."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the others?" demanded Verne, with a sweep of his hand.

"They joked about your siesta and seemed to think it sport to give you the surprise of waking up alone."

"So," muttered Verne, and his face showed that he did not like the situation. He arose. The waiter helped him to his hat and gloves, bowed his thanks for a careless liberal fee, and Verne walked from the cafe garden into the street.

"It wasn't the wine—I didn't touch it," he ruminated. "It was not ennui, for the colonel and his lady friend were positively brilliant this evening. It was that woman's eyes!"

Verne knew little of the colonel, less of the woman. The former lived a mysterious existence at the club. The lady was his cousin, he had said. From the first her eyes had repelled Verne, because every time they sparkled they gave him an unaccountably uneasy feeling. She was pretty, witty, winning in her ways. She was intelligent, too. The conversation had drifted towards the occult, hypnotism and all that during the little refection. Then—then—

"How Long Have I been Here."

"I went to sleep," reflected Verne, "and I remember my lady's glowing eyes the last thing. Brr-rr! it is uncanny. Perhaps she tried the art mesmeric on me. I'll go and see Leila and forget all about it."

To Leila he was affianced. Society saw an ideal love match in their prospective union. The Boyds were wealthy and Verne was the heir of his uncle, the richest man in the district. The wedding had been set for two weeks ahead.

It was fortunate that Leila had some other callers that evening, for Verne felt dull and uncompanionable. He could not shake off a certain apathetic, lethargic feeling that oppressed him. Leila noticed it, and when he left she whispered softly:

"We shall be alone tomorrow evening—come early."

But something prevented. The following morning Mr. Tresham, Verne's uncle, sent his nephew away on a business mission to a city a day's journey distant. It covered a stay of some weeks, where attention to a lagging lawsuit would require constant vigilance.

Verne wrote a hurried note to Leila explaining the situation. Mrs. Vassour passed out of his mind, but she was revived temporarily two days later, when to his surprise Verne met Colonel Reeves on the street in Truxton.

"Heard you was here on business," spoke Reeves familiarly. "Some business of importance likely to keep me here for a week or two. If you are going to make any kind of a prolonged stay, we can find pleasant mutual quarters down at the Ramblers club."

Verne thought not any too much of Reeves, but time was likely to hang heavy on his hands, the colonel was good company and some very pleasant days passed.

"My cousin, Mrs. Vassour, is still at Midvale," announced the colonel one day. "By the way, she wrote me that she met your uncle at a reception. Fine old gentleman. He was very attentive and courteous toward her."

If Verne had not known that his rich relative was a confirmed bachelor, he would have felt uneasy. As it was, when he wrote to his uncle he jocularly expressed the sentiment "beware of the vidders!" and gave his uncle a hint that Mrs. Vassour was scarcely en regle with upper crust society.

At the end of two weeks there came some vast surprises for Verne. For several days he had not received any word from Leila. His uncle, too, was strangely silent. Then there appeared at Truxton a young lawyer who sometimes did business for Mr. Tresham.

"You are to return home at once," said this visitor.

"But the lawsuit here?" remonstrated Verne. "I have got it in just the right shape, I am familiar with its details and can certainly be of use regarding it."

But the lawyer very gravely and seriously reiterated the unqualified direction from Mr. Tresham, so Verne returned to Midvale.

It was an inexplicable and chilling reception that awaited him. He had never seen his uncle so distant.

"Yes, I sent for you," he said sternly. "I suppose I need not tell you why," and he passed across the table between them three checks for ten thousand dollars each. They bore dates a few days apart and the cancelled stamp of the bank. They had been made out payable to self or bearer, and they had been cashed through a bank at Truxton.

"Well?" questioned Verne, looking up in a puzzled way, "what has this got to do with me?"

"Have you the audacity to ask," challenged his uncle stormily. "Listen—I know all. You forged my name to those checks. You alone can imitate my handwriting so cleverly, for on occasions I have warranted your using my signature. You alone had access to the check book in my safe, and those three checks were torn out from the back of my check book."

Of course Verne indignantly protested. It was of no avail. His uncle swore that unless he went away to a distant solitude he would disown him. Verne found the Boyd home shut against him. Leila had been sent away to a relative convinced of his guilt, his uncle claimed.

A broken man, confronted by a mystery he could not fathom, Verne remained in seclusion for a week. One evening a visitor was announced. It was Mrs. Vassour.

She was pale, wretched looking. She inquired of Verne where he had last seen Reeves. He told her at Truxton. She said he had disappeared from there. She broke out into bitter vituperation of the wretch who had borrowed all her money and left her penniless.

Verne felt sorry for the adventuress. He inquired gently as to her necessities and tendered her some money. She took it, started to leave the room, and then, some wild impulse stirring her, returned to his side.

"You are a gentleman and a friend," she said, her voice quivering. "I confess all."

In amazement Verne listened to her story. A past mistress in the art hypnotic, she had placed him under the influence of her power that evening at the cafe garden. She had forced him to reveal all about his uncle and the details of his business.

While he was at Truxton she had visited Mr. Tresham. Upon him she had worked her spell also. Unconsciously he had produced the check book and followed her directions. Reeves had cashed the checks at Truxton and had disappeared with the money.

"I do not know where he is," said Mrs. Vassour, "but I know his old associations, and if you promise not to prosecute me I will assist in running him down."

Which was done, and nearly the whole of the money recovered. Then, amid the amazing manifestation that the signature to the checks was his own, Mr. Tresham was more than contrite. He gave the entire amount recovered to his nephew, and Leila became a happy bride.

Invisible, But Supporting.

The most wonderful part of a plant is usually that which is not visible. The roots act not only as anchors to hold the plant firm in the ground, but as wandering mouths, picking up food and drink for their parent.

Roots travel amazing distances in search of their requirements. A timber merchant, excavating for a sewer in Gloucester, found an elm root one and a quarter inches in diameter and 63 feet long running through a bed of sawdust from the tree to the nearest water, the Gloucester and Berkeley canal.

The aggregate length of root thrown out by some plants is almost incredible. A cucumber will, within its short life of about half a year, throw out from ten to fifteen miles of roots.

Clover roots will go straight down to a depth of six to nine feet in search of moisture, and coltsfoot, one of the most powerful and persistent of weeds, sends its suckers down to an even greater depth.

"Toeing the Mark."

The phrase "toeing the mark" is of fairly old and somewhat obscure origin. Several different opinions are held as to how it originated, but the derivation most generally accepted is that it comes from an old fashion among military men in drilling to draw a line upon the ground and make the company "dress" by toeing this mark. The phrase thus acquired the meaning of "standing up" to something, and so became used in quarrels, when one of the parties would challenge the other to stand up to him. Even nowadays in some of the country districts in Great Britain it is customary for lads when quarreling to provoke their opponents finally to the encounter by drawing a line upon the ground and telling them to "toe the mark." The meaning of the phrase as now generally used is to come right forward and "stand up" to anything.

Complementary Agitators.

Both John Bright and Richard Cobden, colleagues and collaborators in the successful action against the corn laws, knew what they wanted, and asked for it—but with a difference. Bright's eloquence, as his latest biographer, Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, impressively shows, was eager and pugnacious; Cobden's expositions were "as passionless as a proposition of Euclid." Bright himself told how the two styles dovetailed when they were stumping together. After Cobden had made his lucid economic argument: "I used to get up," Bright said, "and do a little prize fighting."

Great Writer's Complaint.

For many years it has been one of my most constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far at least as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged and wingless neighbors that are continually meeting me with salutations which I cannot answer, as things are.—Carlyle.

Seen and Heard in Michigan

Ann Arbor.—Will Clark, a negro, is in the county jail, charged with assault and William Douglas, thirty-two, is in a serious condition, due, he asserts, to the assault by Clark. The officers arrested Clark, several miles out in the country. He admits holding up Douglas, it is said, but disclaims having hit him in the head with a stone.

Holland.—Five persons, all residents of Nordeloos, narrowly escaped death when their automobile plunged down a 20-foot embankment near Scholten's bridge on the Zeeland road. John Van Denbosch, the driver, was probably fatally injured; Mrs. Van Denbosch, Mrs. Harm Bisschop and Henry Bisschop were badly cut and bruised, while Van Denbosch's two-year-old baby escaped uninjured. The car turned turtle, but righted itself below the embankment.

Paw Paw.—Edward Crippen was convicted of assault with intent to murder. Crippen shot his wife, May Crippen, with a revolver, then cut her throat with a pocket knife at Mendon. The woman was severely wounded, but recovered. The defense was temporary insanity. The parties had separated last January and the wife had been in correspondence with a Kalamazoo man, causing jealousy on the part of the husband. Sentence has been deferred.

Grand Rapids.—Fire broke out in the basement of the Boecher motion picture theater on South Division avenue here when the theater was crowded and a dozen persons were injured, but none seriously, when the crowd made a mad dash for the exits. The fire started from a furnace and had gained considerable headway when discovered. But for the abundant supply of exits the result might have been disastrous. The damage to the building was slight.

Owosso.—Two men are charged with violation of the local option law, and the police say complaints will be made against a number of others as the result of several clean-up raids made on information said to have been furnished by a private detective who has been working here several weeks. Roy J. Topping, proprietor of a cafe, is charged with illicit sale of liquor, and Dan Welch is in jail charged with bootlegging.

Jackson.—H. H. Thompson, manager of the west prison farm, was arrested here on a charge of violating the game and fish laws by allowing convicts to capture and pen up several skunks. The convicts discovered a den of skunks on the prison farm a short time ago and during a rainy day, they dug the animals out and penned them up, intending to keep them until their pelts became valuable. The game warden's department claims this act is a violation of the law and got busy on the case.

East Lansing.—Applications for one-week schools in agriculture already number 36, an increase of eight over the total number held last year. Professor Baldwin, of the extension department, states at least forty-five communities will take advantage of the one-week course this year. This means that an increase in the number of instructors as from eight to ten men will be needed. Any group of 20 farmers can obtain a one-week school by organizing and making a payment of 50 cents each.

Adrian.—Problems attendant upon all phases of Sunday school work in all sections of Michigan will be thoroughly discussed at the fifty-fourth annual convention of the Michigan State Sunday School association, which will be held here November 11, 12 and 13. Several hundred delegates are expected to attend the gathering and preparations for their entertainment are nearing completion, the local committee having been busily engaged for some time.

East Lansing.—The enrollment in the two-year short course at Michigan Agricultural college closed with 145 students, as compared with 111 last year, making an increase of 34. Of this number 40 are second-year men and 96 are to take up the work for the first time. Dean Shaw said that he is well satisfied with the number of students enrolled, and that the facilities and money available for the course will be taxed to accommodate the number already enrolled.

Flint.—Dr. Warren H. Taylor, who was stricken with apoplexy while playing with Dunbar's band in the good roads' day parade, died without having regained consciousness. Doctor Taylor was forty-one years old and prominent in local musical and fraternal circles. He was a brother of Dr. Philander Taylor, of Detroit, and leaves a widow and two children, Genesee Valley commandery, No. 15, Knights Templar, and Dunbar's band will take part in the funeral services Sunday. The burial will be at Clio.

East Lansing.—The extension department of the Michigan Agricultural college is about to begin an extensive campaign to interest farmers in organizing co-operative live stock breeders' associations. At the present time there are 70 associations in the state, which have been started through the influence of the college department. Besides the regular extension men, an additional organizing expert will be sent out by the college. The benefit of these associations is that they all breed in common, lessening expense and producing a better grade of uniform bred cattle.

Cadillac.—Although Rev. William E. Gordon of the Stittsville Methodist Episcopal church of Missaukee county for whom warrants were issued charging him with larceny and with obtaining money on false pretenses, had not been arrested, he had been found by Sheriff Brown of Missaukee county. Brown has no warrants for Gordon's arrest, but is watching the minister for Sheriff Chamberlain of Wexford county, who holds the warrants signed by B. E. Van Auken and E. A. Tuttle, whom Gordon is alleged to have fleeced.

The Eugenist.

Praising the science of eugenics, Harold Bolce, the father of Eugenia, the eugenic baby, said in New York:

"Eugenics is making headway everywhere. It is even penetrating into the exclusive circles of the old aristocracy of Philadelphia.

"A Philadelphia girl of the highest aristocracy actually got engaged last month to a young bank clerk. A Philadelphia clubman said to her Philadelphia clubman said to her reproachfully at a tea:

"'Is it possible that you, of a family eminent for seven generations, can stoop to marry an unknown, upstart?'

"'Well, I prefer to marry a man without a name rather than a name without a man.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Money for Christmas.

Selling guaranteed wear-proof hosiery to friends & neighbors. Big Xmas business. Wear-Proof Mills, 3200 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

Very Good Reason.

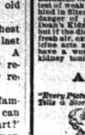
Parson—How is it I haven't seen ou at church lately?

Hodge—I ain't been.—Printer's P

A Home-Made Poison

Ute acid, unknown in the days of a simple, natural, out-of-door life, is a modern poison created inside the human body by excesses, lack of muscle-exercise, overwork, worry and lack of rest. Backache—or irregular urination—is the first percent of weak kidneys. When the kidneys fail be-hind in filtering the poisons from the blood, the danger of gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Doan's Pills are for weak kidneys. They help the kidneys to normal efficiency, relieve backache, free the air, caress sleep, restore health. Thousands have proved this. Ask your neighbor. Let him tell you how to have a world-wide reputation of a Michigan kidney basis.

A Michigan Case



D. B. Harrington, 225 W. Main St., Durand, Mich., says: "I contracted kidney trouble while in Libby prison during the Civil War. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and I had to get up often at night and they were unnatural. My feet were so swollen I could hardly wear my shoes. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me as soon as I took them and before long my kidneys were normal. I am glad to confirm the endorsement I have previously given Doan's Kidney Pills."

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3 to 5 doses often cure.
One 50-cent bottle SPOHN'S guaranteed to cure a case.
Safe for any mare, horse or colt.
14-ounce bottles $1. Get it of druggists, harness dealers or direct from manufacturers, express paid.
SPOHN'S is the best preventive of all forms of distemper.

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Take the Blood Out and Wash It.

Drs. V. A. Urevitch and N. K. Rosenberg have discovered a way to take the blood out of the body, wash it and put it back again. In the Roussky Vraitch they describe their experiments upon animals. The idea, of course, is to rid the blood of poisonous substances. They found they could remove half the blood, prevent its coagulation by adding sodium citrate, wash it with salt solution and return the purified red corpuscles into the circulation. It was not necessary to return the white corpuscles.

The New York Medical Journal remarks that this, taken together with the transplantation of organs and the growth of tissues outside the body, forms an entirely new chapter in experimental medicine. Who can tell what the future has in store for us?

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Dr Marine Rye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Rye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Marine Rye Remedy Co., Chicago.

In the Hospital.

Men and women, bearing, some of them, the prominent American names, are working in the Neuilly hospital of the most menial tasks with admirable self-abnegation. It is the duty of an American multimillionaire to see to it that wounded Turcos, some of whom have been without a change of clothes for a fortnight, are thoroughly and conscientiously scrubbed. Dollar princesses are busy rolling bandages and preparing dressings.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful, clear white clothes. All good grocers. Adv.

Paradoxical.

"Jones complains that he hasn't enough stenographers to write his letters."

"Shorthanded, eh?"

Many a man is satisfied to rest on the reputation of his ancestors.

Knew What to Expect.

Harvey, aged three, knows when he is doing wrong. Harvey also knows what to expect when he does wrong.

Mother missed him, and going upstairs found him on a chair pulling everything off the chiffonier and mumbling to himself: "I know a little boy going to get a whipping pretty soon; I know a little boy going to get a whipping pretty soon."

And mother did not disappoint him, though the punishment was tempered by the knowledge that he knew he deserved it.—Indianapolis News.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHRUP & LYMAN CO., Ltd., BUFFALO, N.Y.

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to restore gray hair. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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You are nervous. You have "crying spells." You are dejected. You don't sleep well. You have backache. You have lost ambition for your work. You are beginning to *feel* old and *look* old.

These symptoms, more than likely, are produced by some weakness, derangement or irregularity peculiar to the feminine organism.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

will aid you in regaining youthful health and strength—just as it has been doing for over forty years for women who have been in the same condition of health you now find yourself. It soothes and invigorates. It upbuilds and uplifts.

Your medicine dealer will supply you in tablet or liquid form, or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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