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Free! Free! IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Mollov

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"No. Pietro did not know he was in London till I told him last night."

"They were good friends."
Lorenzo said nothing, but contented himself by nodding his head by way of assent; and Mackworth, thinking there was no further information to be obtained from him, hastened away in search of the Summers street lodging house.

CHAPTER XV.

On reaching Maria Roselli's house, he number of which had been given im by Lorenzo, the inspector knocked him by Lorenzo, the inspector knocked loudly, and then impatiently waited for an answer. None came, nor did any sound of voice or movements within the dwelling indicate that it was tenanted. He rapped again with like result and then stepped into the street to view the dwelling. As he did so, the high, narrow door from which the paint had long since faded, opened, and a woman's figure stood framed in the portal.

Mackworth, eagerly observing her, saw she was tall and thin, her years about sixty, her regular features wearing a hard expression, the dark eyes cold and speculative, the face lined and wrinkled, something masculine in bearing.

Are you Maria Roselli?" he asked,

"Yes," she replied, returning the gaze.
"Yes," she replied, returning the gaze.
"Then I want to speak to you."
"You can talk here," she said in excellent English.

"It is something I don't wish to say

She hesitated a moment, then drew She hesitated a moment, then drew aside to let him pass into the hall, closed the door, and ushered him into a barely fitrnished, uncarpeted room. "Is Marco Mezza in the house?" Mackworth begau.

"Marco Mezza?" she repeated, without surprise being noticeable in her voice or face. "No."

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know," she replied, frigidly. "But he has been here?"

"Oh, yes."

"When?"

"Some time in September. I don't re-

"Some time in September. I don't re-

"I want you to tell me all you know about him."
"Why?" she asked, staring hard at Mackworth.

Mackworth.

"I am a police officer. He may be concerned in a very serious business; you will see why I ask for him."

Mackworth saw she expressed neither astonishment, interest nor anxiety. His words left her perfectly indifferent to their inference.

"I know very little of this Mezza. He came here some weeks ago, as I have said."

said."
"He was a friend of yours?"
"I had never seen him before. A Neapolitan living in Paris gave him my address," she answered.

"How long did he stay with you?"
"Three days. I would keep him no

longer."
"Why?" asked the inspector, anx-

iously.
"Well, he was nearly always drunk, and then he was ill; his coughing kept my other lodgers awake at night. My house was no place for him."

"And so you got rid of him?"
"I told him he should go to the hos

pital."

"And he went?"

"He left here for the hospital, but I don't know if he ever went there," she answered, the same calm indifference noticeable in her manner.

"What hospital?"

"The Italian; he spoke little English."

"And afterwards did he return to

"And afterwards-did he return to

"No; he knew I would not take him."
"Have you made no inquiries for

"No; why should I?" Maria Roselli had come from Paris four days besked, in her hard voice. "I have to mind my business if I would live, and I have had trouble enough in my own if without going in search of it among "He did not know he was dying, and

"Had he any friends to see him while

he was here?"

"Not one. He slept all day, because he was awake coughing all night. When he went out in the evening it was to the public house."

"Which public house?"

"That I don't know."

"And he returned alone?"

"Always."

After this the

After this the woman moved toward he door, as if to indicate the inter-view must end. She had neither the uriosity nor sympathy to inquire what t was Mezza had done to put the police in his track.

Mackworth, seeing she could give no Mackworth, seeing she could give no more information, became impatient to reach the Italian hospital, which he knew was situated in Queen's Square. There, no doubt, he would be able to learn where Mezza had gone on being discharged, and perhaps to trace directly to him the mad deed which, no doubt, his illness and want of opportunity had prevented him from committing during the first days of his return to England.

Passing through the wide hall of the pospital, which had been the dwelling of people of fashion when Queen Anne reigned, Mackworth was shown into a reception room, and soon the door opened, and the superioress entered and

"Bueno giorno, signor," she said, in

"I am English, madam," the inspec

tor replied.

"And so am I," she said smilingly, but as you came to make inquiries for a patient I supposed you to be an Italian."

"The patient I came to ask about it not a friend, but a man in whom I an "What is his name?" she asked, in a "Marco Mezza."

"Marco Mezza."

"I remember him well."
"Pray tell me, madam, everything you know about him."
"He came here suffering from an advanced stage of pneumonia."
"Do you remember the date?"
"I can find it for you. I should think he had been sinking for some time. At all events, he had greatly neglected himself and was in a very bad condition."
"How long did he remain here?"
"He lived for about twelve days."
"Lived!" the inspector repeated.
"Then he is dead?"
"Yes, he is dead."
"But, tell me, did he leave the hos-

"But, tell me, did he leave the hospital for a day—for an hour—from the time he came in until he died?"
"No; that would have been impossible.
The doctor knew from the moment he

saw him that Mezza was a dying man."
Mackworth's astonishment and disappointment were great. If Mezza was in the hospital on September 21, then it was not be who had murdered David

"What was the date of his death?"
"I will bring you the book in which all particulars of our patients are entered," the superioress said, and she

an particulars of our patients are entered," the superioress said, and she quickly left the room.

"Can it be possible Mezza is innocent?" the inspector asked himself, unwilling to root out the idea which had taken possession of his mind.

In a couple of moments the superior

In a couple of moments the superior-ess returned, carrying a heavy book, which she placed upon the table. "Ah, here it is: Marco Mezza, admit-ted the 8th of September; suffering from pneumonia, accelerated by drink; place of birth, Naples; age, 40; profes-sion, violinist; address Rue Petit Mae-tre, Paris; date of death, 21st of Sep-tember, hour, 6 p. m."



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rible might issue from its walls and bar his way to the presence of the woman he loved.

As he quickened his pace he almost overtook the servant as she opened the drawing-room door; then he stood quite still and almost breathless, gazing before him. The apartment, which was faintly lighted by a single lamp, showed him the figure of the woman he sought, seated at a table on which she had thrust out her arms, between which her head was buried. There was something so pitiful and despairing in the abandonment of her attitude that all the misery he had felt that day became suddenly he had felt that day became suddenly accentuated, and he recognized that here

lay the cause.

With intuitive delicacy he stepped back, until, the servant's entry having disturbed her mistress, the latter rose, and, turning her back to the light, prepared to receive him. Dimly seen as it was, her pallid face, drawn and haggard, with its eyes dull and swollen, its carrier was the mistring and above all its execute university and above all its execute university and above all its executed. mouth quivering, and, above all, its ex-pression of utter misery, startled him. The hand he held in his trembled and

felt cold as death.

"What has happened?" he asked,
while dreading to hear her reply.

"You have not heard?" she said, in

a low, broken voice.
"I have heard nothing new. Tell the what it is."

"All hope of saving me is lost."
"No, no, not that!" he cried out, ercely, as if in defiance of the state-

"All. That man—the Italian—"
"Has escaped?"
"Has escaped?" "Has been traced to his grave."
"Well?"

"He died in a hospital a few hours before my husband was killed," she said

striving to steady her voice.

In a second he realized what the consequences of this discovery might prove to the woman before him.

"When did you hear the news?" he asked, presently.



"Date of death, 21st of September."

Marco Mezza had died but a few hours before the man whose life he had threatened to take had been killed. "Did he not send for his wife or his friends?" Mackworth asked.

"He told us on entering he had no wife or no friends in London; that he had come from Paris four days be-

during his last three days dying, and during his last three days he was delirious. We sent the certificate of his death to the Italian Consul, who will forward a copy to Mezza's relatives in Naples, if they can be found. He is buried in Kensal Green."

There seemed nothing further to be

buried in Kensal Green."

There seemed nothing further to be known regarding this unhappy man; here was the end for him, so far as this world went. Mackworth thanked the superioress for the trouble she had taken, and left the hospital in a different mood from that he felt on entering, all his plans upset, his spirits depressed.

The man who had killed David Dum parton was still to be discovered

CHAPTER XVI.
On a cold and cheerless afternoon in
October, with a gray and lowering sky
above and a drenched and sombre
world around, George Bostock took his
way to see Olive Dumbarton.
Walking along the broad, soft-carpeted corridor leading to the drawingroom, he glanced toward the entrance of
the study where the terrible tragedy had
taken place: the study with its floor taken place; the study with its floor still smeared and stained with blood, its windows closed and shuttered, its fur-niture dust-covered, its door locked Never had be passed it since that night which ended David Dumbarton's life without feeling a sickness of heart and physical repulsion, but now his aversion and dread were heightened, and he hurried by as if he feared something hor"This morning; the inspector came t

"And you have been alone ever since your trouble?" he said, looking at her. "I sent for my cousin, but I suppose he was not in his rooms when my message reached him," she replied.
"But tell me about Mackworth; has he no nother clew?"

"Not that I know of, at least," she nswered wearily.
"He may have, though he withholds it om you," he remarked.
"Why do you think he would keep it ack from me?"

"He might not wish to speak until he was able to prove his case." "I see," she answered, a grateful look in her eyes, "you are striving to give me hope, but I cannot blind myself to

gainst me,"
Though her voice was calm, there was n undertone of pitifulness in it that ppealed to her hearer more directly, nore keenly, than she could have beved possible.

"No matter; it's my belief, one two things must happen," he said,

"And that?" she said, eagerly.
"Either the man who killed your husand will be found—""

"Or he will confess."

She shook her head sadly, saying:
"I fear the murderer will never be discovered; you see, all these weeks go by and no definite clew has been obtained; as for confession, that I dare not hope for."
"Why not?" he asked.

"I cannot imagine a man who would be guilty of murder sacrificing himself to save the innocent." "But I can conceive circumstances,"

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replied Bostock, speaking slowly and with emphasis, "under which a confes-sion is not only possible, but probable." "What are they?" she asked.

"A man may commit murder through a feeling of hatred or revenge, and yet shrink from inflicting a terrible blow on one who had never wronged him," he

said.

"You think so?"

"Is it not a reasonable surmise? He may through moral cowardice, and in the hope that you may be acquitted of this charge without the necessity of his intervention, wait until the last moment, and then, if there are no other means of freeing you, he may speak."

She shook her head, aying:

"I cannot agree with you; a man who commits murder is not one to make such a sacrifice."

After a pause she continued. "It is

such a sacrifice."

After a pause she continued, "It is so easy to imagine what we might do were we situated as others are, or were, and yet so difficult for us really to put burselves in their places. The man who took one life to gratify his hatred or revenge, would not, I think, hesitate to see another life sacrificed to save himself from the consequences of his action."

"There may be exceptions," he answered from out of the darkness.

swered from out of the darkness.

"There are exceptional men in the world; but I dare say they are very few," she replied.

"And I can almost realize," said George Bostock, with a force in his words that startled her, "how welcome expiation would be to a burdened conscience, and how necessary a confession might become as an escape from the infliction of an intolerable secret."

"Such things can only be known to and judged of by the guilty," she murmured.

"You mustn't give up all hope yet."

"You mustn't give up all hope yet," he said earnestly, longing to relieve her

depression.

"But my prospects look black."

"You forget the old saying, that the darkest hour is nearest to dawn."

"And you really think that my innocence may yet be proved?"

"I am sure it will," he answered, firmly

firmly,

"Sure?" she repeated, surprised alike
by the words and by the tone of the
expression. "How—why——?"

"Because——" he began, and then

hesitated.
"Yes?" she said anxiously, her feelings wrought to intensity.
"Because, as I have said, murder will out one way or another."
Her eyes expressed the disappointment she felt at hearing him express this vague generality instead of some particular explanation.
"Is that all?" she asked, in a low, dispirited tone.

dispirited tone.

Before he could reply the bell of the garden door rang loudly through the

"It is Valerius," Olive Dumbarton re I must go now," Bostock said as he

She did not ask him to stay, but said "You will come and see me again soon, I hope?"

"Very soon," he replied gravely, as he took her hand and looked into her

As he passed through the corridor or As he passed through the corridor on his way out he met Valerius, who, with displeasure in his prominent blue eyes, coldly regarded the publisher. They bowed as they passed without speaking. "She loves him," George Bostock thought, as he emerged into the rain and darkness, and the depression he had felt all day grew deeper yet.

(To be continued.)

Largest Private Estate

By the recent acquistion of a tract of 70,000 acres Santa Gertrudes Ranch, in

Tyo, ooo acres Santa Getrudes Ranch, in southwest Texas, already reputed to be the largest estate in the world owned by a private individual, was increased to the immense proportions of 2,000 square miles, or 1,280,000 acres. This single ranch is, therefore, almost twice as large as the State of Rhode Island and contains 25,000 more acres of land than does the State of Delaware.

All this immense area, says Harper's Weekly, is owned by one elderly woman of simple tastes and retiring habits, who takes no active part in its management and does not even live upon the land for the greater part of the year. Her interest in the ranch is strongest during Christmas week, when, with traditional Southern hospitality, she entertains half a hundred guests in the great manor house.

However impressive the statistics of Santa Gertrudes may be on paper, the visible reality is not at all imposing. On a slight swell of ground, by no means high enough to be dignified by the name of a hill, stands the ranch house, a neat white highlight less account to serve the white building large enough to serve the purpose of a good-sized hotel, with de-tached dining-room and kitchen and abundant verandas, after the Southern

To the rear is a grass-bordered reservoir fed by an artesian well, an untidy barn and corral, and blacksmith shor and some shade trees. At the right is drawn all the necessaries of life and as much of its luxuries as the scanty Mexican population of the ranch ever know. Beyond the commissary lies a hamlet of neat brick cottages, which house the neat brick cottages, which house the Mexicans who are employed at head

From the upper windows of the ranchouse one may look out in any direction over an expanse of level prairie fringed with mesquite, until the hazy rim of the horizon shuts out the view; and that is absolutely all. However thoroughly convinced one may be of the existence of those 2,000 square miles, or of the 80, 000 head of cattle and 2,000 head of horses and 2,000 goats that graze thereon, as a spectacle the largest private estate in the world is a distinct failure. estate in the world is a distinct failure.

It does not take many men to run a
big ranch. The total population of
Santa Gertrudes, white and Mexican,
men, women and children, is three hundred. If the ranch were as densely populated as Rhode Island if would have
814,000 inhabitants. Even the three hundred are scattered so that very few of

then are ever seen together.

The ranch is divided into seventy pastures. On each of the largest and on groups of two or three of the smaller pastures a family lives. A small pasture, in this instance, is understood to mean feod acres or so. mean 5,000 acres or so.

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In the horse department a foreman and forty men have charge of a herd of six hundred Percheron and thoroughbred brood mares, but as the breeding have breeding hundred acres, there farm occupies six hundred acres, there s no crowding.

There are never any murders or sluggings, nor even a strike to add to the zest of excitement to the life of the ranch. All the employees here, as elsewhere in southwest Texas, are Mexicans, who are actually content to be faithful, industrious, honest, trustworthy servants as long as they are decembly servants as long as they are decently

At a salary of ten dollars a month and rent and provisions they render faithful and cheerfully willing service under all circumstances, and train their children to take up their tasks where they lay them down. The old cook at the ranch house has held his post for fifty years. There is no labor problem in southwest Texas.

ifty years. There is no labor problem in southwest Texas.

The only time when there is keen activity around the ranch is during the great spring roundup, when the calves are branded. There were 24,000 calves to brand last spring.

It took the corporal and his thirty vaqueros a solid month of severe toil to do the trick. Cowboys, by the way, never see anything but hard work. Their hours are from 4 a. m. to 8 p. m., or as much longer as circumstances may require, every day in the year. quire, every day in the year. Santa Gertrudes ranch was founded in 1853 by Captain Richard King, a former

Mississippi river pilot, who, with his friend Captain Mifflin Kennedy, had charge of the transport service on the Rio Grande which supplied General Taylor's army during the Mexican war. Captain King's ambition was to possess the largest and best conducted ranch in Tayas but he died treathy wars are

Captain King's ambition was to possess the largest and best conducted ranch in Texas, but he died twenty years ago, after accumulating 800,000 acres.

The property was left to his widow, Mrs. H. M. King, who turned the entire management over to her son-in-law, R. J. Kleberg, a lawyer, who was born and brought up within one hundred and fifty miles of the ranch. Under Mr. Kleberg's management the acreage has been increased more than 50 per cent.

When Mr. Kleberg took charge of the ranch it was stocked with the usual inferior long horned native eattle. He attempted to improve the breed, but the costly blooded bulls he brought to the ranch invariably died a few days after their arrival.

Investigation led to the conviction that the fatal malady was caused by the bite of a tick, with which all cattle were infested, but to which the native cattle were immune. He invited the co-operation of the Agricultural Department in seeking a preventive. In due time a process of inoculation which was found to be almost infallible was perfected at Santa Gertrudes.

The discovery put an end to the loss

to be almost infallible was perfected at Santa Gertrudes.

The discovery put an end to the loss of untold millions, for Texas cattle had therefofore left a trail of infection and death among their kind wherever they went in the North. Incidentally, Mr. Kleberg was enabled to breed up his cattle until all those on the ranch are now from one-half to fifteen-sixteenths.

horn yearlings were worth \$8

Autumn Recipes.

Woodsman Stew.—Procure for this two pounds of the pieces of beef or mutton that are cheap and not desirable for roasting or broiling and cut them into cubes of one inch. Put a quarter of a pound of sliced bacon into a good sized saucepan, cook slowly until all the fat is tried out, and remove the frizzled pieces. Dust the beef with one table-spoonful of flour, throw into hot fat, and stir until nicely browned. Draw the meat to one side, add to the fat one tablespoonful of flour, mix and add one pint of boiling water; stir constantly unput to boiling water; stir constantly unput to boiling water; stir constantly unput to the skins, have pint of boiling water; stir constantly un-til boiling. Add a teaspoonful of chopped onion, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar (not too sour), one teaspoonful sugar until very light, of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Cover and simmer gently for one hour. Last of all, fold in Then add the grating of the yellow rind of a lemon. Cook thirty minutes. Try the meat. If it is tender, take it from the fire. Otherwise, cook thirty minutes longer. Serve with ?????
Hominy Croquettes.—Wash one-half

pin hominy very carefully in cold water; add a quart of milk and cook in a double boiler three hours. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and the yolks of two eggs. Mix thoroughly and turn out to cool. When cold, form into cylinder shaped croquettes. Dip in egg, roll in bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.—Soak two cups of stale bread crumbs in four cups of scalded milk for thirty minutes; melt

of scalded milk for thirty minutes; melt two squares of chocolate in a saucepan over hot water. Add one half cup of sugar and enough milk taken from the bread and milk to make a consistency to pout. Add to mixture with one quarter of a cup of sugar, a one quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla and two eggs slightly beaten. Turn into buttered pudding dish and bake one



VeRy intelligent person knows that the read cause of Pimpies, Blotches, Bolls, Ulcers, Piles, Constipation, Billousness, and mine-tenths of all the other discusses of the Skin, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bowels and nervous system is poor or impure blood, purifier is "better blood in the purifier is "better better in the purifier is "better bedeliche. There as, however, all kinds of Herb Mediclines have been made for over 40 years by the famous Herballst, Dr. J. H. Perkins, and Perkins' National Herbs now has by far the largest sale of any herb

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hour in a moderate oven; serve hot with

cream.
Corn Chowder.—Pare and cut four corn Chowder.—Pare and cut four good sized potatoes into dice. Peel and slice two medium-sized onions. Scald the rows of a dozen ears of corn and press out the pulp. Put a layer of the potatoes in the bottom of a saucepan, then a layer of the onions, a layer of corn, a sprinkling of salt and pepper, and continue so until all the materials are used, having the last layer of corn. Add a cupful of boiling water, gover the dish. continue so until all the materials are used, having the last layer of corn. Add a cupful of boiling water, cover the dish, and cook slowly on a moderate fire for twenty minutes. Rub together three tablespoonfuls of flour and one tablespoonful of butter. Add to these two cups of milk, stir until boiling, and add to the chowder. Stir the whole carefully without breaking the potatoes. Bring to boiling point, add six crackers broken into bits, and cover the dish for five minutes more. Beat the yolk of one egg with two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk and stir in at the last moment.

now from one-half to fifteen-sixteenths
Hereford or Durham.

The practical value of the discovery
was illustrated last spring, when a lot of
10,000 yearling steers was sold at \$15 a
head, and another lot of seven hundred
bull calves was sold at \$40 a head. Long
horn yearlings were worth \$8. and add two onions chopped fine. the saucepan in a pan of water and cook slowly until the onion is tender. Add a teaspoonful of curry powder and a cup of water. When this reaches the boiling point, but in the of water. When this reaches the boiling point, put in the tomatoes, cover the saucepan, cook over a moderate fire for twenty minutes. While these are cooking boil one cupful of rice. Draiff the rice, and when dry heap it into the center of the serving dish; put around it the tomatoes, which should not be broken; strain the sauce over and send at once to the table.

of been removed. Beat together the yolks of of seven eggs and one half pound of

sugar until very light. Then fold in the nuts and the grated rind of one lenion. Last of all, fold in the whites of the eggs which have been beaten until light. Bake in a slow oven for one hour. Coffee Cakes to be Served Warm.—Beat four eggs in a saucepan and add to them two teaspoonfuls of strong, black coffee or of coffee extract. Beat these rapidly over boiling water until the mixture is heated through, but not hot. Take from the fire and whip continuously for fifteen minutes. Add slowly one cup of sifted pastry flour. Half fill gem tins which have been buttered with the cake mixture and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven. Serve

Cancer Cured

How is Your Blood?