## ALL RUN DOWN.

Miss Della Stroebe, who had Completely Lost Her Health, Found

## Relief from Pe-ru-na at Once. Read What She Says:

MISS DELLA STROEBE, 710 Richmond St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "For several years I was in a rundown condition, and I could find no relief from doctors and medicines. I could not enjoy my meals, and could not sleep at night. I had heavy, dark circles about the eyes.

"My friends were much alarmed. I was advised to give Peruna a trial, and to my joy I began to improve with the first bottle. After taking six bottles I felt completely cured. I cannot say too much for Peruna as a medicine for women in a run-down condition."

### Pe-ru-na Did Wonders.

Mrs. Judge J. F. Boyer, 1421 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., says that she became run down, could neither eat nor sleep well, and lost flesh and spirit. Perunadid wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.

### WAS TOO MUCH FOR PAPA.

Childish Questions Were Becoming Entirely Too Personal.

There is a member of the faculty of George Washington university, who, to use the words of a colleague, "is as rotund physically as he is profound metaphysically," says the Philadelphia Ledger.

One day the professor chanced to come upon his children, of which he has a number, all of whom were, to his astonishment, engaged in an earnest discussion of the meaning of the word "absolute."

"Dad," queried one of the youngsters, "can a man be absolutely good?"

"Dad," put in another youngster, 'can a man be absolutely bad?'

"Papa," ventured the third child, girl, "can a man be absolutely fat?" Whereupon the father fled incontinently.

### IT SEEMED INCURABLE

Body Raw with Eczema-Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless-Cutlcura Remedies Cured Him.

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured. Mrs. Lily Hedge, Camblewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."

## A Good Reason.

"Why was Mrs. Smithers so violently opposed to the marriage of one of her twins?"

"I think it was because of her being such a very particular housekeeper." "What on earth had that to do with

"You see, she hated to break a set."

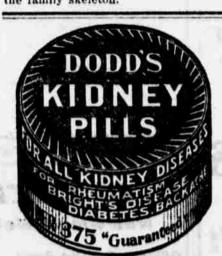
The Comparison.

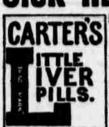
Towne-Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money. Browne-Oh, come now! Comparatively little?

Towne-I mean a little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.—Philadelphia Press.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your deal-er or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A coat of arms doesn't always hide the family skeleton.



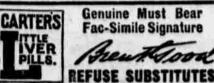


Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-

tress from Dyspepsia, In-digestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nau sea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear CARTERS **Fac-Simile Signature** 



If amicied with Thompson's Eye Water





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Lord Wilfred Vincent and Archibald Terhune are introduced at the opening of the story, in England, the latter relating the tale. The pair on an outing miss their train and seeking recreation meet "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoft."

### CHAPTER I .- Continued.

This proved to be the case. As addressed myself to her the girl rose with dignity and replied: "I am the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff and I own these grounds. So, you see, you are trespassing."

But her tone was laughing and her expression not at all severe, so I promptly told her who we were, and we shook hands, the Honorable Agatha smiling at me somewhat the way she had smiled at Vincent, though perhaps a trifle more appreciatively.

"We didn't mean to," said Vincent "and I hope you don't mind. You'll forgive us, won't you?"

The girl laughed, and it was a laugh that I like to hear, not the silly, repressed giggle of a London debutante. She'll very nearly do," I thought, 'even if she isn't more than 20."

"Forgive you?" she repeated. "Of course I will. I think it's great fun. I haven't seen a new man for six weeks."

I was wondering what she meant by using the word "new" and waiting for Vincent to reply, when, instead of answering her, he suddenly pointed over my shoulder with a look of horror. "The train," he cried, "the train!"

Sure enough, when I turned I saw our train had started and, although moving slowly, was well on its way to the little town in the distance.

We were three-quarters of a mile from the tracks by this time, and of course pursuit was useless.

matically, and burst out laughing. That's just like him-he always laughs at everything. For my own part I couldn't see anything funny about it. Here we were set down in a little town that probably did not contain an inn, while our luggage traveled merrily on to Cuppstone, all because of a foolish whim of his. The girl laughed, too, so there was no use in telling him what I thought of him then.

"Well, what are we going to do?" I asked sharply.

"Do?" echoed Vincent. "Why, with her permission, we'll play a game of gold with the Honorable Agatha, and then go on to the station, whatever its name is, and take another train for Cuppstone."

"Its name is Wye." said the Honorable Agatha, "the town of Wye, and that's a very good plan. That's just what we'll do.'

And it was just what we did do. And you should have seen that girl play golf! By the time we had been around the 18-hole course I felt a little fatigued one has to keep in training to do that sort of thing at a minute's notice -but Vincent and the Honorable Agatha seemed as fresh as when we started and proposed a race to the station. I told them to run on ahead and I'd meet them later, so away they dashed, with Rudolph leaping and barking in front of them, never doubting that the whole thing was planned for his especial benefit.

When I reached the station at last, instead of seeing about our train or telegraphing to Cuppstone about our late arrival, there was Vincent sitting on the luggage-truck with that girl, and, I am ashamed to say, he was holding her hand. When they spied me the girl tried to pull her hand away, but Vincent held on.

"That you, Archibald?" he called, as if it could have been anyone else. "Come on up here. We've been telling fortunes, and Miss Agatha's hand is

very interesting." 'No doubt," I answered, dryly; "but what have you done about telegraphing to Cuppstone, and what train have you

found we can take?" "There isn't any train," said Vincent, as cheerfully as if he were telling me a bit of good news. "Only two trains a day run through Wye from London, and ours was the last. Anyway, your friend, the guard, thought we ought to get off here and put off all our luggage."

I looked around in consternation and there were our boxes, all piled neatly at the far end of the platform.

"For goedness' sake, Wilfred"call him Wilfred when I am angrysaid, turning on Vincent, who was again busy telling fortunes-"do take some interest. What are we going to do? Isn't there a station master here who can tell us about the inns of this evidence of enormous wealth and call the bluff."

place, if there are any? I'm starving." Vincent looked up and again smiled that irritating smile of his. Don't get hot," he drawled; "it's all

right. The Honorable Agatha has invited us to the castle and she's telephoned for the dogcart and a wagon for our luggage. Haven't you, Angel?" he ended, turning his handsome bronzed face to the girl, with one of his best smiles, one of the kind he reserves especially for the fair sex.

I frowned. Vincent really makes advances too quickly.

"Why didn't you say so at first?" ! said, rather peevishly, as 1 sat down on the steps to await the dogcart which one could see already, a black speck in the distance on the winding road from the castle. The speck finally disappeared behind a clump of trees, and when it emerged and drew up at the station we saw what a stunning little turnout it was. The horse was as fine as any you'd meet on the Lady's Mile, the harness was clinking and shining with ornaments, and the cart and the groom's livery were faultless.

The Honorable Agatha mounted the box seat. "Christopher," she said to the groom, "I'm going to drive. You'd better ride back with the 'trunks.' "

Then, before I had time to interfere, Vincent leaped nimbly up to the seat beside her and I was obliged to take the rumble with Rudolph, who leaped up beside me as if to his accustomed seat. I was too anxious to get to the castle and get something to eat, however, to mind, and the Honorable Agatha proving to be as good a whip as she was golfer, we were soon winding up the last gentle slope that led to the big building. As we drove down the long avenue another dogcart approached us rapidly, and as it came almost abreast, to my surprise ! recognized the young man who was sitting with the groom as young Murray Brancepeth. He saw us at the same

moment and both dogcarts stopped. "Hullo, Murray!" said Vincent and I

But he never paid the slightest attention to us. Instead, he jumped lightly from his high seat and came around to the Honorable Agatha's side of our cart. Reaching up he caught her hand.

"I don't care whether you're the real Agatha or not," he said, his dark face flushed with the intensity of his feel-



AGATHA SECOND.

"You've got to marry me some time. I'm not after money. I've some of my own and I'll make some more. When you're tired of this folly I'm coming back for you. Good-by." And he wrung her hand till the Honorable Agatha winced. Then he was gone in a rattle of gravel and dust.

We couldn't help hearing what he said and he didn't seem to care whether we did or not. But we could hardly believe our ears. Young Murray Brancepeth, that gilded idler, declaring himself the victim of a mighty passion, and, more astounding still, swearing that he would make some money! He, who had never done any work in his life besides that necessary expenses.

"What was it he said," I thought, 'about the 'real Agatha' and 'folly?' ' What did it all mean?

As we drove up to the castle entrance two girls of about 19 and 20, I should say, came tearing around the corner, tennis racquets in hand, and shrieked aloud, evidently with surprised delight at seeing us.

"Oh, Agatha," cried the foremost of the two, a tall, brown-eyed, brownfaced sylph, with a profusion of wavy and very disorderly brown hair. "Oh, Agatha, where did you get them? I'm so tired of Brancepeth."

"Yes," cried the other one, "where did they drop from? I thought you were playing golf." She was a jolly little thing, this second one, small, but plump, with fair skin and blue eyes, really very attractive.

This was somewhat embarrassing to me, but Vincent stood there, utterly unperturbed, bowing with that easy grace of his, as the Honorable Agatha introduced us. But imagine our surprise when she presented each of those two young things as "the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff!"

"But I thought you were the Honorable Agatha," I cried, unable to repress my astonishment. "So I am," she answered, smiling,

and we followed her into the house, A Defense. silent but wondering. CHAPTER II.

every imaginable luxury was provided. After a little interchange of pleasantries in the spacious ball our blackhaired friend raised her voice in a stentorian shout, in answer to which a brisk, elderly lady came down the mahogany stairs and welcomed us cordially. She was introduced as "our aunt and chaperon, Mrs. Armistead, amid peals of laughter from the girls, although we couldn't see any joke. We then went to our rooms, which contained everything we could possibly have desired, and when we came down to dinner the footman told us that

were awaiting us in the drawing room. We crossed the hall, and when the heavy curtains that separated it from the huge drawing room were lifted to admit us, we saw at least 20 girls ranging in age from 18 to 23, standing or sitting around the room in attitudes of expectancy. I found out later that there were really only six of them, but, at the time, there looked to be 20. They were all pretty, all wore evening dress, and all were talking at once; but as Vincent and I entered they stopped and Mrs. Armistead came forward and presented us to the three girls we had not yet seen.

Mrs. Armistead and the young ladies

The first of the new three, Agatha Fourth, as Vincent and I called her later, was tall and very fair, with wonderful blue eyes and a beautiful figure. That our bewilderment and astonishment increased when she also was presented to us as the Honorable Agatha Wyckhoff may be easily understood. The next one had light-brown hair with gold lights in it and her eyes were a golden hazel. As she, too, was introduced as the Honorable Wyckhoff I bowed mechanically, as did Vincent, not daring to trust myself to utter a word or repeat the name. Then, turning from Agatha Fifth, we met the Honorable Agatha Sixth and last, and I thought she was the prettiest of all. Delicate and small she was, but every inch an aristocrat from her small charming head to her dainty little feet. Her eyes were dark brown, her complexion clear olive, and her hair straight and soft and jet black. I took to her at once, though I thought she

looked rather sarcastic. The introductions over, we went in to dinner, and such a meal as that was! At one end of the table sat Mrs. Armistead, while I sat at the other. Agatha First sat on Mrs. Armistead's right, next to her sat Vincent, and next to him, Agatha Fourth—the tall, fair-haired beauty. I have described them at length so that it is not difficult to keep them apart. Next to her, on my left, sat the plump little girl with the blue eyes, Agatha Third. Then on my right-oh, fortunate me! sat my little lady aristocrat, Agatha Sixth, and next to her Agatha Second, her unruly brown curls somewhat subdued, and looking very fetching in a costume of pink and white. I should have thought that these girls were American had I not had reason to believe that they were English; there was that breezy simplicity and becomingness about their gowns which

seems to be distinctly American. But I have omitted from my category Agatha Fifth, the Agatha of the hazel eyes. I will not now take time to do justice to her many charms, but shall do so later for reasons which will soon appear. Mrs. Armistead's secretary, who came in late and slipped into the seat at Mrs. Armistead's left, completed the number of persons at the table. She was a quiet young woman dressed in a severely simple gown of gray, and her hair, which was done very plainly, was distinctly red in color. Mrs. Armistead introduced her to us as her secretary, Miss Marsh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) IN ONE TACTFUL UTTERANCE.

Great Man Broke Up the Most Profound Social Frost.

I was lately told a delightful story of a great statesman staying with a humble and anxious host, who had invited a party of simple and unimpor tant people to meet the great man. The statesman came in late for din ner, and was introduced to the party; he made a series of old-fashioned bows in all directions, but no one felt in a position to offer any observations. The great man, at the conclusion of the ceremony, turned to his host, and to bleed his rich old uncle of his living said, in tones that had often thrilled a listening senate: "What very convenient jugs you have in your bedrooms! They pour well!" The social frost broke up; the company were delighted to find that the great man was interested in mundane matters of a kind on which every one might be permitted to have an opinion, and the conversation, starting from the humblest conveniences of daily life, melted insensibly into more liberal subjects.-Arthur C. Benson, in Putnam's and the Reader.

# Artificial Gems.

Last year a · German association caused surprise to some scientists and disbelief in others by the announcement that a process had been discovered by which most of the precious stones could be produced by artificial means.

Recently several official experts have made an examination of about 40 of these artificial gems. In their report to the Museum of Natural History they say:

"Of all the stones we examined, we can only call the artificial rubies a direct success, but the imitation of this species is no new invention. We therefore declare that there is nothing new or sensational in the new invention."

"Most of the airs people put on about the benefits of foreign travel are all a bluff." "Yes. But you've got to The inside of the castle gave every travel yourself in order to be able to

No Offense.

Miss Passay-Old Dr. Gruff was remarking to-day that the weather this spring was just like that of 1876 and he asked me if I didn't remember.

Miss Knox-Yes? Miss Passay-Yes. Positively insult-

ing, wasn't it?

Miss Knox-Oh, surely not intentionally so. He probably doesn't know what a wretched memory you have .-Philadelphia Press.

# One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



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W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 32, 1908.

As well as for the preservation and purification of the skin no other skin soap so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as Cuticura. For eczemas, rashes, inflammations, chafings, sunburn, wind irritations, bites and stings of insects, lameness and soreness incidental to outdoor sports, for the care of the hair and scalp, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura are unrivaled.

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