

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 run-down 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. Peruna did wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.



The Hunter—Ain't it a shame, Fido? It says here that mountain lions are rapidly becoming extinct. I bet we'll never get a chance to shoot a single one.

IT SEEMED INCURABLE

Body Raw with Eczema—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless—Cuticura 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, Cambewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."

A Good Reason.

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

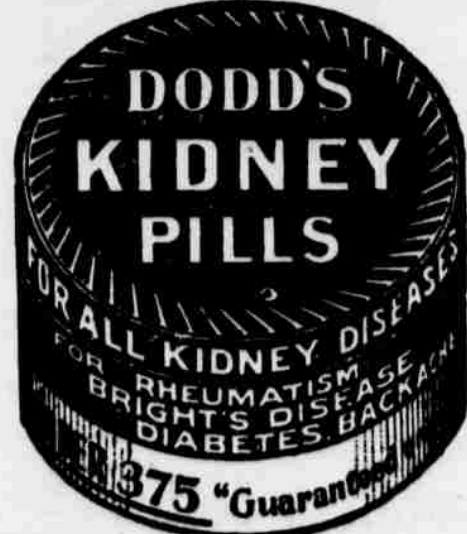
"I think it was because of her being such a very particular housekeeper."

"What on earth had that to do with it?"

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

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

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



SICK HEADACHE



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Is afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

THE REXFORTH CIRCULATING LIBRARY

By DONMARK LEMON

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He handed the beggar a half-dollar, for the pathetic old fellow had made a moving appeal, and was about to return to his pocket the other coins in his hand, when one of them slipped through his fingers and started to roll down the sidewalk.

He saw that it was his pocket-piece, a louis d'or with the image of the Grande Monarque, and made a hasty dash for the coin. It escaped him and shot away at accelerating speed down the sidewalk and just inside the flagstone. He lengthened his stride and made another dash for the coin. Some small silver spilled from his hand, but he let it go and followed the elusive Louis XIV. Suddenly the gold-piece struck a ridge in its downward path and shot around the corner of a public courtway. Baxter followed.

He heard a laugh at his amusing predicament, but did not look up, as his blood was aroused, and he was bound that the coin should not escape down some hole or cranny.

At about three-fourths its length, the courtway lifted a bit, retarding the speed of the coin, which finally swerved in its track and rocked along the flagstone, to reel at last like a very drunken Louis into a doorway, where it lay in the corner, half-propped against the footboard.

Baxter stooped and picked up the coin, and as he arose to a standing posture, a small, neat brass sign met his eye. It was set into the door before which the coin had come to a standstill, and it read:

THE REXFORTH CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The courtway or narrow street down which the golden louis had led him was wholly new to Baxter, and as he looked about he saw a couple of ladies across the way smiling at his late predicament.

He would step into Rexforth's and recover his serenity. He opened the



"Huckleberry Finn!" He Ejaculated.

door and found himself in a large, well lighted room, fitted up more like a ladies' parlor than a library. Where were the books? He could not see any, and the patrons—all ladies, it would seem—that came and went while he gazed around nonplussed did not bring nor take away any object that could have been mistaken for a book.

"This is something new," commented Baxter, mentally: "Must be a bookless library."

Fancies of a new idea in libraries floated through his brain. Perhaps the books at Rexforth's were not printed volumes, but phonographic records, and all the patron needed to do was to draw a wax cylinder of the latest popular novel—the record made by the author himself—take it home and place it on a phonograph, and science, the mother of convenience, would do the rest.

But all this was hypothetical, so he looked about. On the wall near him was a neat typewritten list, headed: "The Six Books Most in Demand by the Patrons of the Rexforth Circulating Library, for the Month of September." His eye ran down the list.

"Third-rail alive!" he murmured, "what kind of ladies patronize this library?"

For the list read: Izaak Walton's Compleat Angler. Shakespeare's King Henry The Fifth.

Last of the Mohicans. Meditations of Aurelius. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary. Huckleberry Finn.

He shut his eyes and tried to puzzle it out, but the more he thought the deeper was his confusion. He studied the ladies waiting to give their orders

for books. They all were stylishly dressed, and seemed cultured and well-read. His eye returned to the typewritten list on the wall.

"They're classics, all right," he granted, "But such classics!"

He got up and went over to the secretary's desk. He would join the library and learn something. He was handed a leaflet which informed him that the monthly dues were ten dollars, the members having the privilege of drawing each month two books in class one, three in class two, four in class three, and so on! a fine of two dollars a day being imposed for a book kept overtime.

Baxter whistled mentally. "The books must be bound in vellum and gold-tooled!"

He laid ten dollars on the secretary's desk, and after a little telephoning, by means of which his references were authenticated and approved, he was entered in the books as a member of The Rexforth Circulating Library, and credited with one month's paid-up dues.

He did not remove the sealed wrapper from the catalogue that the secretary gave him, but upon being assured by the young lady presiding over the order desk that a copy of Huckleberry Finn was on the library shelves, he had her make out a slip for that classic.

He thought to get his Huckleberry and take it with him—he was in a hurry to have a look at the binding of the volume—but the young lady calmly informed him that the book would be sent around to his address that afternoon by the first delivery. If he would turn to rule seven in the catalogue, he would learn that such was the delivery regime of the library. "Very well," he said, and left the building. By following downwards for a short distance the narrow but well-paved courtway, then turning to the right along a similar courtway, thence to the left and again to the right, he emerged upon a busy, familiar street, where a number of carriages were waiting, no doubt for patrons of the Rexforth Circulating Library.

That afternoon a parcel bearing the stamp Rexforth was delivered at Baxter's club room. It was of mammoth dimensions for a book, and he began to fear that the librarian had blundered and sent him, instead of a modest octavo by Mark Twain, a folio Shakespeare, if not the ponderous Johnson's dictionary itself. So he nervously undid the wrapping, and there lay before him in a neat paper box a lady's handsome skirt, with some manner of fluffy pink trimmings or flounces, he didn't know which.

He poked gingerly at the dainty garment. "Huckleberry Finn!" he ejaculated. Then a great, big truth leaped up in Baxter's mind, like the grinning face of a jack-in-the-box, and hastily removing the manila cover and opening the catalogue he had received at the library, he turned to H. Bracketed with the title of Huckleberry Finn was the description of a lady's fancy ball skirt.

His eye ran over some other book titles, with the things in ladies' dress-wear bracketed against them. Then he sat down weakly. The Rexforth Circulating library was a woman's dress-renting establishment, where ladies, by paying a certain monthly sum, could "draw" stylish dresses for temporary wear.

Each dress, skirt, waist, or hat, bore the name of some well-known book—a kind of code arrangement for privacy, brevity and convenience—and upon examining his library card Baxter found Mrs. prefixed to his name, the secretary, no doubt, having been under the impression that he had acted for his wife in joining the R. C. L., for that establishment made its appeal exclusively to the gentler sex.

The World to Come.

A distinguished German scholar who had devoted his faculties to what he claimed to be the demonstration of atheism came consistently to his death bed. He was prepared, he said, to prove out of the expiring sparks of his own life that it must become a quenched and blackened flame. He observed the processes of dissolution calmly, with the long habit of the scientific method. Friends, themselves unbelieving and unhoping, stood about him, waiting to catch the last flicker of defiance from a soul to its God. For some hours he had lain unexpectedly silent and with eyes closed. He had very dark, large eyes, piercing and powerful. Suddenly he opened them, and from their caverns shot out a fire before which the coldest scuffer in the room shrank back. With a loud voice the old scholar cried out:

"There is another world!" and fell upon his pillow, dead.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles

That firm, crisp quality and delicious flavor is what you get when you insist on Libby's Mixed Pickles at your dealers.

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Grocers and delicatessen stores carry all of Libby's Food Products. They are warranted the best to both you and the dealer

Write for free booklet—"How to Make Good Things to Eat."

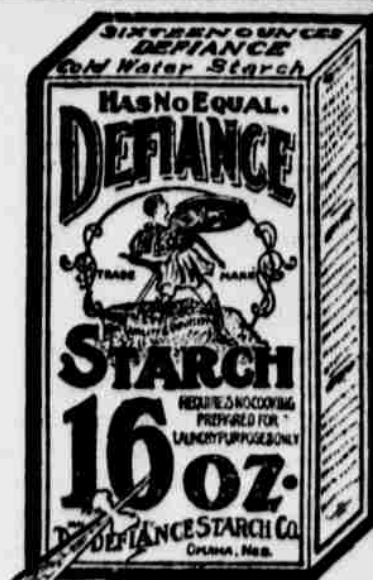
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10oz.—One-Third More Starch.



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FOR SUN



BLEMISHES

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