

THE LEMUR A CHARMING PET

She is the "Naturalist on the Prowl"
Describes Little Animal—Servants Afraid of Him.

Pets are of all sorts. One of the most amusing and attractive is described by Eha in his "Naturalist on the Prowl." This little animal was a lemur, and besides many gentle and caressing ways, it seemed as if it possessed a certain sense of humor. Says Eha:

"I used to take its soft hand and examine its pretty nails. Each hand had one long, sharp claw. Such a curious arrangement puzzled me, until one day a flea showed me the use of that claw. It bit the lemur under the ribs. I expect the little beast had reason to be thankful that nature had spared one toe when it promoted it to the order of four-handed animals.

There never was a more charming pet. He took life so gayly, and the antics were so original. When my man let him out of his cage in the morning, he would scamper straight to my bedroom, look round with large eyes brimming over with mild curiosity, and, lightly as a rubber ball, spring to my dressing table, where he would examine everything. Then he would bound across the bed and land on my shoulder, handle my ears gently, wondering what was in the hole, and thrusting in his long tongue to find out.

That was beyond human endurance, and I would roll the little fellow into a ball, wind his long, fully tail about him, and fling him into the bed. He would be unwound in a moment, and would skip away to explore some more.

His hind legs being longer than his fore, he walked slowly, with his head down; but when in a hurry he would stand up and bound along like a kangaroo, tall in the air, arms extended, fingers spread, looking like nothing one ever saw.

The servants regarded him as unamusing, and fled at his approach. He would give chase, and there never was fiercer sport than to see the fat butler in full flight up the long stairway, with the cheerful little demon after him, three steps at a bound.—*Youth's Companion*

SICK, SOUR, UPSET STOMACH

Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn or Dyspepsia Relieved Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapiesin.

Here is a harmless preparation which surely will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach within five minutes.

If your meals don't sit comfortably, or what you eat has a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your Pharmacist a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapiesin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure almost any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disorder.

FINE IVORY NOW THE VOGUE

Toilet Table Accessories at the Present Moment Are Costly but Decidedly Smart.

All the toilet and dressing table requisites are now found in fine ivory. The only care needed is to rub off with a fresh, soft cloth, occasionally using a rag moistened in alcohol if spots occur. These, too, are more costly than silver, but are considered very smart.

The backs are monogrammed in black, brown, and occasionally in raised gold. Sometimes the sets are shown with floral decorations, but this is not so good style as is seen in many of the imitations.

White celluloid sets with a monogram in black, dark green, blue, or brown are now to be found in good designs with simple lines. The latest preparations are no longer combustible, and a full celluloid toilet set is a good investment for a guest room, for a girl at college, or for the chronic traveler; for use in a bag they are much lighter than any other ware.

The searcher after novelty can have her dressing table appointments in antique gilt, old Japanese lacquer, or Dresden china.

Such a selection is not for the average buyer, as, unless rare workmanship and corresponding cost are had, the results are likely to be poor.

Not Seeking Trouble.

"I should think it would be the bug-bear of your life trying to get up new brand-new jokes," said the sympathetic caller.

"That," said the humorist, cheerfully, "is the least of our troubles."

He Wasn't Afraid.

"Oh, well," said the grocer to the dissatisfied customer, as the argument waxed warm, "don't get put out about it."

"I don't intend to," snapped the customer. "And you can't put me out."

Our Transitory Heroes.

"He woke up one morning and found himself famous."

"Well," then went and made a monkey of himself in time for the afternoon papers to get hold of it."

Probably a Pessimist.

"What should be done to a man who spends every Sunday afternoon playing a trombone?"

The LITTLE BROWN JUG at KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Thomas Ardmore, bored millionaire, and Henry Maine Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, take a drive out of Atlanta, Griswold to his college, Ardmore in pursuit of a girl who had winked at him two days before, as their trains stood opposite each other. Griswold is mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, and is threatened with harm if he causes the arrest of Bill Applegate, a border-line desperado. He goes to Columbia to see the governor, and meets Barbara Osborne.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"That is unfortunate. I stopped here last night on purpose to see him, and now I fear that I must leave—" and he smiled the Griswold smile, which was one of the secrets of his popularity at the university—"I must leave Columbia in a very few minutes."

"The office does not keep very early hours," remarked the girl, "but some one will certainly be here in a moment. I am sorry you have had to wait."

"It was not I," said Griswold, "who so rudely shook the door. I beg that you will excuse me of that violence."

The girl did not, however, respond to his smile. She poked the floor with her parasol a moment, then raised her head and asked:

"Who was it, if you please?"

"A gentleman with a brown beard, a red necktie, and a bad disposition."

"I thought as much," she said, half to herself, and her eyes were bent again upon the point of her parasol, with which she was tracing a design in the rug. She lifted her head with the abruptness of quick decision, and looked straight at Griswold. The negro had withdrawn to the outer door, by which she sat with sphinx-like immovability.

"I am Miss Osborne, Gov. Osborne's daughter. Would you mind telling me whether your business with my father is—"

She hesitated, and her eyes met Griswold's.

"Miss Osborne, as I have no acquaintances here, let me introduce myself. My name is Griswold. My home is Charlottesville. Pardon me, but you and I were fellow-passengers from Atlanta yesterday evening. I am unacquainted with your father, and I have no business with him except—"

He was not yet clear in his mind whether to tell her that her father's life was threatened. It did not seem fair to alarm her when he was powerless to help; but as he weighed the question the girl came out into the reception-room and sat down near the window.

"Won't you have a seat, Mr. Griswold? May I ask you again whether you know the gentleman who came in here and beat the door while ago?"

"I never saw him before in my life."

"That is very well. And now, Mr. Griswold, I am going to ask you to tell me, if you will, just what it is you wish to say to my father."

She was very earnest, and the request she made rang the least bit imperiously. She now held the white parasol across her lap in the tight clasp of her white-gloved hands.

"My reason for wishing to see your father is, to warn him that if a criminal named Applegate is brought back from his hiding-place on the North Carolina frontier, and tried for his crimes in South Carolina, the governor of that state, your father, will be made to suffer by Applegate's friends."

"That is what I thought," said the girl, slowly nodding her head.

"And now, to be quite honest about it, Miss Osborne, I must confess that I received this warning last night from a man who believed me to be the governor. To tell the truth, I told him I was the governor!"

The girl's eyes made a fresh inventory of Griswold, then she laughed for the first time a light laugh of honest mirth that would not be gainsaid. The beautiful color deepened in her cheeks; her eyes lighted merrily, as though at the drollery of Griswold's standing, so to speak, in loco parentis.

"I have my own confession to make. I heard what you said to that man. I had gone to the rear platform to see what was the matter. The step there in that preposterous place stopped interminable. You must have known that I listened."

"I didn't suppose you heard what that man said to me or what I said to him. I don't know how I came to palm myself off as the governor—I am not in the habit of doing such things, but it was due, I think, to the fact that I had just been saying to a friend of mine at Atlanta—"

Distress was again written in Miss Osborne's face. She had paid little heed to the latter half of Griswold's recital, though she kept her eyes fixed gravely upon him. In a moment the gentleman in blue serge who had manifested so much feeling over the governor's absence strode again into the room.

"Hasn't your father come in yet? I have been looking for him since eight o'clock."

"My father is not home yet, Mr. Griswold."

"Not home! Do you mean to say that he won't be here to-day?"

"I hardly expect him," replied the girl calmly. "Very likely he will be at home to-night or in the morning."

Griswold had walked away out of hearing; but he felt that the girl purposefully raised her voice so that he might hear what she said.

"I must know where he is; there's an important matter waiting—a very serious matter it may prove for him

if he isn't here to-day to pass on it. I must wire him at once."

"Very good. You had better do so, Mr. Griswold. He's at the Peach Tree club, Atlanta."

"Atlanta! Do you mean to say that he isn't even in this state to-day?"

"No, Mr. Griswold, and I advise you to telegraph him immediately if your business is so urgent."

"It isn't my business, Barbara; it's the state's business; it's your father's business, and if he isn't here to attend to it by to-morrow at the latest, it will go hard with him. He has enemies who will construe his absence as meaning—"

He spoke rapidly, with rising anger, but some gesture from the girl arrested him, and he turned frowningly to see Griswold calmly intent upon an engraving at the further end of the room. The colored woman was dozing in her chair. Before Griswold could resume, the girl spoke, her voice again raised so that every word reached Griswold.

"If you refer to the Applegate case, I must tell you, Mr. Griswold, that I have all confidence that my father will act whenever he sees fit."

"But the people—"

"My father is not afraid of the people," said the girl quietly.

"But you don't understand, Barbara, how much is at stake here. If some action isn't taken in that matter within 24 hours your father will be branded as a coward by every newspaper in the state. You seem to take it pretty coolly, but it won't be a trifling matter for him."

"I believe," replied the girl, rising, "that you have said all that I care to hear from you now or at any further time. Mr. Griswold, about this or any other matter."

"But, Barbara—"

Miss Osborne turned her back and walked to the window. Griswold stared a moment, then rushed angrily from the room. Griswold abandoned his study of the picture, and gravely inclined his head as Bosworth passed. Then he waited a minute. The girl still stood at the window, and there was, Griswold felt, something a little



"I Can Appeal to No One Here Without the Risk of Newspaper Publicity."

forlorn in her figure. It was quite time that he was off if he caught his train for Richmond. He crossed the room, and as he approached the window Miss Osborne turned quickly.

"It was kind of you to wait. That man is the state's attorney general. You doubtless heard what he said to me."

"Yes, Miss Osborne, I could not help hearing. I did not leave, because I wished to say—"

The associate professor of admiralty in the department of law of the University of Virginia hesitated and was lost. Miss Osborne's eyes were brown, with that hint of bronze, in certain lights, that is the distinctive possession of the blessed. Health and spirit spoke in her bright color. She was tall and straight, and there was something militant in her figure as she faced Griswold.

"Mr. Griswold, I have no claim whatever on your kindness, but I am in very great distress. I don't see just where I can turn for aid to any one I know. But you as a stranger may be able to help me—if it isn't asking too much—but then I know it is asking too much!"

"Anything, anything whatever," urged Griswold kindly.

"Mr. Bosworth, the attorney general, warns me that if my father does not veto the power of the state to capture this outlaw Applegate, the results will be disastrous. He says my father must act immediately. He demanded his address, and, and—I gave it to him."

"But you must remember, Miss Osborne, that the attorney general probably knows the intricacies of this case. He must have every reason for upholding your father; in fact, it's his sworn duty to advise him in such matters as this."

"There's another side to that, Mr. Griswold," and the girl's color deepened; but she smiled and went on. It was quite evident that she was animated now by some purpose, and that she was resolved to avail herself of Griswold's proffered aid.

"This whole matter must be kept as quiet as possible. I can appeal to no one here without the risk of newspaper publicity which would do my father very great injury. But if it is not altogether too great a favor, Mr. Griswold, may I ask that you remain here until tonight—until my father returns? His secretary has been ill and is away from town. The other clerks I sent away on purpose this morning. Father had left his office keys at home, and came in to see if I could find the papers in the Applegate case. They are there, and on the top of the packet is a requisition on the governor of North Carolina for Applegate's return."

"Signed?"

"Signed. I'm sure he had only deferred acting in the case until his return, and he should have been back to-day."

"That of course he will be back; it is inconceivable that he should ignore, much less evade, a duty as plain as this—the governor of a state—it is preposterous! His business in Atlanta accounts for his absence. Gov. Osborne undoubtedly knows what he is about."

"My father is not in Atlanta, Mr. Griswold. He is not at the Peach Tree club, and has not been. I have not the slightest idea where my father is!"

The echoing whistle of the departing Virginia express reached them faintly as they stood facing each other before the open window in the governor's reception room.

CHAPTER III.

The Jug and Mr. Ardmore.

Mr. Thomas Ardmore of New York and Ardley, having seen his friend Griswold depart, sought a book-shop where, as in many other book-shops throughout the United States, he kept a standing order for any works touching piracy, a subject, which, as already hinted, had long afforded him infinite diversion. He had several hours to wait for his train to New Orleans, and he was delighted to find that the bookseller, whom he had known only by correspondence, had just procured for him, through the dispersion of a Georgia planter's valuable library, that exceedingly rare narrative, "The Golden Galloons of the Caribbean," by the Dominicus y Pascual—a beautifully bound copy of the original Madrid edition.

With this volume under his arm Ardmore returned to the hotel where

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Fowls are obliged to throw off much of the waste of the body through the lungs. They do not sweat, but instead breathe several times faster than sweating animals when heated. To keep in good health, a hen requires nearly seven times the amount of fresh air in proportion of its size as does a horse. This is a fact well to keep in mind when planning the winter housing of the flock.

After the pigs are two weeks old they may be turned into a lot together, where they may be fed without being disturbed by the sows. The feeding lot of the pigs should be connected with the sow's pen by a small opening through which they may pass back and forth at will.

Alfalfa is making good in the east, and farmers are realizing that it is comparatively easy to get a stand, by the use of lime and plenty of stable manure. This is ideal pasture for swine and no harm will be done the crop if pastured lightly.

There are no secrets about good dairying. The farm journals tell all there is about it over and over, but the man who does not read and apply modern methods remains in ignorance, and possesses an empty pocket-book.

The average dairy farmer takes it as a matter of course that cows usually shrink during the fall and fall away in their fresh condition, and therefore he makes up plans to remove the cause of the falling away.

A good brood sow of whatever breed must have a big feeding capacity in order to produce plenty of milk. For this reason it is never wise to buy a sow with a short, chunky body set on too short legs.

In buying a farm one of the most important things to consider is the matter of water for the stock. No animal on the farm can be expected to do its best without free access to good water.

Idle horses need good, judicious care. There are instances where valuable animals have dropped dead when being taken from the stable after a long period of confinement.

Economy in saving, and the application of barnyard manure is needed on most farms. Manure is one of its valuable products, yet it is not fully appreciated by most managers.

Maybe those old hens will go through another winter all right, but you will not get much out of them. Let them go. It is the young hen that does the business.

If one waits until husking time to save the seed corn the task will always be done more hurriedly and the chances are that a poorer quality will be secured.

Benefits can be derived from even a roughly kept register of the cow's yield and other matters concerning her which otherwise would be forgotten.

In a day's time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and vegetables.

Dipping every fowl is the surest and safest way to get rid of the body lice and all parasites such as feather mites, scaly leg, scabies, etc.

If there is a furnace in the cellar, beets and carrots keep much better if packed in sand. This prevents them from shriveling so badly.

Oats is one of the most important feeds we can feed to growing chicks, as it is a muscle and bone builder and makes fine feathers.

Where you find fith you find vermin. These two things cause a host of diseases, and right here is where the losses begin.

Encourage the hired man to be kind to the horses.

A double wall concrete silo is most nearly frost proof.

Every pleasant summer day the bees are up and away at daybreak in search of nectar.

Don't forget that there are days when your horse is out of sorts just as you are.

A little oil of pennyroyal or oil of cloves will drive fleas away from the stable.

China nest eggs discourage egg eaters and they are often a drawing card for the bees of the smaller breeds.

If the skin of the horse is kept clean he will sweat freely. This is essential to his health.

More cider would certainly be made if it were generally known how simple the process is.

A straw shed means cheap and warm shelter for the stock.

Never treat turkeys like cage birds. Their native home was in the woods, and they still demand a great deal of freedom.

New land will raise a crop easily but it takes care and labor to keep the old fields productive.

Remember, even the best dairy cow cannot make good returns without plenty of good feed.

It never pays to be a dairymen by accident; have a purpose.

Never plow furrows up and down the face of a hill if they can as well be run across its face. In such places there is no fear of water lying so as to do damage, but there is great chance of a drought lessening the yield. This is especially the case if furrows up and down the hill provide facilities for a quick run-off in case of a downpour of rain. Where there are no such furrows for the escape of the water, it will be much more likely to soak in.

Corn is in ideal condition for the silo when it is in ideal condition to be cut for fodder, i. e., when the kernels are well glazed and just before the foliage begins to brown. Corn at this stage introduced into a well-constructed silo and carefully spread and well tramped has never failed in our experience to produce ideal silage.

Hogs make their most profitable growth in summer, when they are young, but this will not be true unless they have something to eat. Plenty of pasture and milk with some grain will help them along at a time when they are best able to respond and when pork is made most cheaply.

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SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Do Forest, Wis.—After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles.—*Mrs. AUGUSTA VESPERMANN, Do Forest, Wis.*

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation.—*Mrs. LIZ PERRYMAN, 1111 Kerlock St., New Orleans, La.*

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Capacity.
Kneker—How many will your motor car hold?
Bocker—Five and a cop.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms
cause granulation of the eyelids. PETER'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

There is said to be a professor of languages in an eastern college who has mastered all the modern tongues—except his wife's.

What Murine Eye Remedy Does to the Eyes is to Refresh, Cleanse, Strengthen and Stimulate Healthy Circulation, Promoting Normal Conditions. Try Murine in your Eyes.

The Regular Fare.
"What makes you think that young man will be a success in society?"
"The fact that he has such an extraordinary appetite for tea and salad."

A Realist on Hope.
William Dean Howells, discussing realism at one of his Sunday afternoon lectures in New York, let fall a neat epigram on hope.

"Hope," said the famous novelist, "is not, really, an angel in a diaphanous robe of white, but only the wisp of hay held before a donkey's nose to make him go."

Reporter in Luck.
City Editor (hurriedly)—Anything new about that suicide in the St. Fashion hotel?
Reporter—Not much. The man was a stranger, about my size. Shot himself with a .32 caliber revolver. Had on a dress suit at the time. The body had been taken to the morgue.

City Editor—"Bout your size. That's lucky. I want you to report a big society wedding in an hour. Rush around to the morgue and ask the keeper to lend you that dress suit."

On Authority of Teacher.
A quick-witted boy, asking food at a farmhouse too recently ravaged by other hungry fishing trunks, was told that he was big enough to wait until he got home.

"Of course, if you have children with you—" hesitated the kindly woman of the house, and was immediately informed that there were six children in the party.

"No, I don't tell a fib, neither," was the indignant protest later drawn forth by the condemnation of one who had shared the good bread and butter thus secured. "Fib nothin'. We're children six times over. We're children of our father and mother, children of God, children of our country, children of the church an' children of grace. Teacher said so last Thursday, and I guess she ought to know."

An Attractive Food

Post Toasties

So Crisp
So Flavoury
So Wholesome