



"Do You Suppose They Really Have Appleeight?"

# The LITTLE BROWN JUG at KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

## SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble upon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Both states are in a turmoil over one Appleeight, an outlaw with political influence. Griswold allies himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore espouses the cause of Jerry Danglefield, daughter of the governor of North Carolina. These two ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are making the other provinces. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold's men capture Appleeight. Jerry Danglefield discovers the captive and leads him to Ardmore. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other provinces. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold's men capture Appleeight. Jerry Danglefield discovers the captive and leads him to Ardmore. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other provinces.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.  
Griswold's companion spoke to him earnestly in a low tone for a moment, and then Griswold addressed Ardmore incisively.  
"I don't know what you pretend to be, sir; but it may interest you to know that I am the governor of South Carolina!"  
"And this gentleman," cried Jerry, pointing to Ardmore with his riding crop, "though his hair is mussed and his scarf visibly untied, is none other than the governor of North Carolina, and he is not only on his own property, but in the sovereign state of which he is the chief executive!"  
Prof. Griswold lifted his hat with the least flourish.  
"I congratulate the state of North Carolina on having reposed authority in hands so capable. If this young lady is correct, sir, I will serve official notice on you that I have reason to believe that a person named Appleeight, a fugitive from justice, is hiding on your property and in your state, and I now formally demand that you surrender him forthwith."  
"If I may introduce myself," interposed Jerry, "I will say to you that my name is Geraldine Danglefield, and that this Appleeight person is now at Mr. Ardmore's house."  
"I suppose," replied Miss Osborne with gentle irony, "that he has the pink parrot and leads the conversation at table."  
"You are quite mistaken," replied Ardmore; "but if it would afford you any satisfaction to see the outlaw who may look upon him in my wine cellar, where, only an hour ago, I left him sitting on a case of Chateau Blizet '82. My further intentions touching this scoundrelly South Carolinian I need not now disclose; but I give you warning that the Appleeight issue will soon and forever be terminated and in a manner that will gloriously redound to the credit and the glory of the Old North State."  
"I trust," said Griswold, "that the prisoner, whom we cannot for a moment concede to be the real Appleeight, will not be exposed to scartlet fever, pending a settlement of this matter. And now, I have the honor to bid you both good morning."  
He and Barbara swung their horses round and retraced their way, leaving Ardmore and Jerry gazing after them.  
When the shabby beasts from the stable at Turner Court House had borne Miss Osborne and Griswold out of sight beyond the bungalow, Ardmore turned blankly to Jerry.  
"Have I gone blind or anything? Unless I'm crazy that was dear old Grissy, but who is that girl?"  
"That is Miss Barbara Osborne, and I hope she has learned such a lesson that she will not be snippy to me any more, if she is the president general of the Daughters of the Seminole War."  
"But where do you suppose she found Grissy?"  
"I don't know, I'm sure; nor, Mr. Ardmore, do I care."  
"He said he represented the state of South Carolina—do you suppose the governor has really employed him?"  
"I do not," said Jerry emphatically;

## CHAPTER XV.

### The Prisoner in the Corn-Crib.

Jerry and Ardmore sat at a long table in the commodious Ardley library, which was a modification of a Gothic chapel. A large accumulation of mail from the governor's office at Raleigh had been forwarded, and Jerry insisted that it must be opened and disposed of in some way. Gov. Danglefield was, it appeared, a subscriber to a clipping bureau, and they had been examining critically a batch of cuttings relating to the New Orleans incident.  
"It's a good thing we got hold of Collins," observed Ardmore, putting down a clipping from a New York paper in which the reports of Gov. Danglefield's disappearance were analyzed and tersely dismissed; "for he knows how to write and he's done a splendid picture of your father on his throne attending to business; and his little stingers for Osborne are the work of a genius."  
"There's a certain flash about Mr. Collins' lying that is refreshing," replied Jerry, "and I cannot help thinking that he has a brilliant future before him if he enters politics. Nothing pains me more than a careless, ill-considered, silly lie, which is the best that most people can do. But it would be very interesting to know whether Gov. Osborne has really disappeared, or just how your friend the Virginia professor has seized the reins of state. Do you suppose he got a jug from somewhere, and met Miss Osborne and—"  
"Do you think—do you think—she may have—possibly—closed one eye in his direction?" asked Ardmore dubiously.  
"Mr. Ardmore—and Jerry pointed at him with a bronze paper-cutting to make sure of his attention—"Mr. Ardmore, if you ever imply again by act, word or deed that I winked at you, I shall never, never speak to you again. I should think that a man with a nice sister like Mrs. Atchison would have a better opinion of women than you seem to have. I never saw you until you came to my father's house to tell me about the jug—and you know I didn't. And as for that Barbara Os-

before, while I don't doubt that even in South Carolina a Daughter of the Seminole War might wink at a gentleman in a moment of extreme provocation, I doubt if she did, for she lacks animation, and has no more soul than a gum overhoe."  
The discussion ceased abruptly on the appearance of Big Paul, the forester.  
"A body of South Carolina militia is marching across country from the south. One of my men heard of it down at Turner Court House last night and rode to where the troops were encamped. He learned that it was a practice march for the militia. There's several companies of infantry, so he reports, and a piece of artillery."  
"Bully for old Grissy!" exclaimed Ardmore. "They're coming this way, are they, Paul?" And the three bent over the map.  
"This is the place, sir. They seem to be planning to get around Turner's without stirring up the town. But it would take a good deal to wake up Turner's," laughed the big German.  
Jerry placed her finger on the state line.  
"If they dare cross that—if they as much as dare!"  
"If they dare we shall show them a few things. Take all the men you need, Paul, to watch their movements. That will do."  
The forester lingered.  
"You remember that we spoke the other day of the log house on Raccoon creek, where the Appleeights had driven off our man?"  
"Yes, Paul. It is where the state line crosses the heavy woods and the farthest outpost, so to speak, on my property. Also you said some of these Appleeight fellows had been cutting off the timber down there, if I remember rightly."  
"Yes, sir," replied the forester, twirling his cap awkwardly. "But some of the people on the estate have said—"  
He broke off in an embarrassment so unlike him that Jerry and Ardmore looked at him curiously.  
"Well, Paul, what's the matter? If the cabin has been burned down it's no serious matter."  
"Why, sir, some of the men passing there at night say they see lights and hear sounds in the cabin, though no one from the estate goes there. A child died in the house last spring and—well, you know how some of these people are!"  
"Cheer up, Paul. We have bigger business on hand than the chasing of ghosts just now. When we get through with these other things I'll go over there myself and take a look at the spook."  
As Paul hurried away, Jerry seized a pen and wrote this message: Rutherford Gilliwatwater, Adjutant-General, Camp Dangerfield, Asheville, N. C.  
Move all available troops by shortest route to Kildare at once, and report to me personally at Ardley. Make no statements to newspapers.  
DANGLEFIELD, Governor.  
"I guess that will bring him running," said Ardmore, calling a servant and ordering the message dispatched immediately.  
Before luncheon a message was received from Gilliwatwater, to this effect: Gov. William Danglefield, Ardley, N. C.: En route with our entire available force in the field. I am riding ahead with all speed, and with this report at nine o'clock, is full military dress de rigueur. Gilliwatwater, Adjutant-General.  
"Isn't that just like Rutherford! He's afraid he won't be dressy enough; but if he knew that the South Carolina troops might shoot holes in his uniform he wouldn't be due here for a couple of weeks, instead of at nine o'clock," and Jerry laughed merrily.  
They debated more seriously this telegram from Collins at Raleigh sent the previous evening.  
"Can't maintain this stuff much longer. Even the friendly newspapers are growing suspicious. State credit jeopardized by disappearance of Treasurer Foster, Billings, of Bronx Loan and Trust, here in a great hurry over bond matter. Do you know governor's whereabouts?"  
"Things are certainly growing more exciting," was Ardmore's comment. "I suppose even a gifted liar like Collins can't muzzle the press forever."  
"You can't go on fooling all North Carolina all the time, either," said Jerry, "and I suppose when papa gets tired of being scared he will turn up in Raleigh and tell some plausible story about where he has been and what has happened. When it comes to being plausible no one can touch papa."  
"Maybe he's dead," suggested Ardmore gloomily.  
"That's a real inspiration on your part, Mr. Ardmore; and it's very sweet of you to mention it, but I have no idea that any harm has come to papa. It's too much trouble to get elected governor, without dying in office, and besides, papa is none too friendly with the lieutenant governor and would never think of allowing such a person to succeed him. But those bonds seem rather serious and I don't like the idea of your Mr. Billings making a fuss at Raleigh."  
"That will be all right," remarked Ardmore, blotting the last of a number of telegrams which he had been writing, and pressing a button. "It's much more important for us to get Appleeight into a South Carolina jail; and it's not going to be so easy to do, now that Grissy is working on the other side, and angry at me about that scartlet fever telegram."  
"There may be trouble," said Ardmore to his guests as they sat at luncheon. "But I should hate to have it said that my guests could not be taken care of here perfectly. I beg that you will all remain."  
The luncheon was interrupted by the arrival of a summons for Ardmore, who hurriedly left the table. Big Paul awaited him below, mounted and holding a led-horse.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Not Proper Comparison.

The old dandy had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service. "What!" protested the passenger, "a dollar for that distance? Why, it isn't half a mile as the crow flies." "Dat's true boss," returned Sambo, with an appealing smile, "but 'y see, sub, dat old crow he ain't got free wive an' ten chiluns to support not to mention de keep tob de boss."



## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT

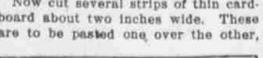
### TEDDY'S SENTINEL.

Last night I woke up in the dark,  
All shivering in my bed  
For fear a giant would come in  
And roar, "I want you, Ted!"  
My sword was in the nursery,  
My shield and helmet, too,  
And, all defenseless as I was,  
"Death, what could I do?"  
But all at once I sat right up,  
So happy as a lark,  
Because way down in our front yard  
I heard old Rover bark.  
And then I knew that I was safe—  
The giant 'd not dare  
To even touch our picket fence,  
With Rover watching there!

### NAPKIN RING IS HOME-MADE

Attractive and Pretty Little Souvenir That Any Young Lady Can Make for Friends.

A very pretty napkin ring can be made from extremely simple materials, all of which are to be found in any household.  
To make the ring you need a round piece of wood a few inches long, around which the ring is to be worked. A piece of curtain pole will fill the purpose admirably. A round bottle will do very well.  
Now cut several strips of thin cardboard about two inches wide. These are to be pasted one over the other,



Home-Made Napkin Rings.

In order to make a solid, stiff foundation for the ring.  
Wherever the cardboard overlaps it must be shaved thin, so that, when glued together, the points will be perfectly smooth. Figure 1 shows just how this is to be done.  
Each strip of pasteboard should be long enough to overlap about one-fourth of an inch. After the strips have all been glued together fasten the whole thing somewhere where it will be held tightly, until it is perfectly dry.  
After this cut the ends of the pasteboard perfectly smooth with a very sharp knife. Figure 2 shows this operation.  
The next step is to make the raised rings for the ring. This is done by pasting narrow strips of paper one-fourth of an inch wide on top of each other, in the same manner as the pasteboard strips were pasted.  
After these strips are solid, they are to be covered with a narrow strip of gayly colored calico, as shown in Figure 3.  
The rest of the napkin ring can be covered with a pretty colored paper or with some other pattern of calico. Gold paper makes a pretty covering. Another very attractive covering can be made from flowered crepe paper.  
The inside of the napkin ring must be lined with smooth materials. A brown glazed paper is the best. Figure 4 shows the best way to insert the lining with the help of the index and third fingers.  
Figure 5 shows the ring complete.

### SHOW HAS CAPTURED LONDON

American Circus Takes English Metropolis by Storm—Trained Cuckatoos a Feature.

The big American circus now in London has taken the town by storm and all the English weeklies have pictures galore of the freaks and animals. The trained animals especially seem to appeal to the British heart, and the trained birds are prime favorites.  
"Here is a picture of a cuckoo on a wheeling a perambulator in which reposes another bird of the same species. This has sent the juvenile portion of the metropolis wild with delight. The birds also fire off toy cannon, walk on a rolling ball and do other clever tricks."  
How Acorns Work.  
It is as good as a tonic to see the acorns now. After a winter spent in luxurious ease, they are learning what it is to earn their board and lodging. They have thrown off their caps, and with red faces and jackets split up every seam are intently engaged in putting down taproots into the mellow earth, digging away for dear life. As a result of this fit of industry the woods will be and by full of tiny oak trees—most of them, sad to relate, destined to be eaten up by grubs and fungi and such small deer. An oak just out of the cradle is a jaunty little fellow, with a fat, juicy stalk and the two chunky halves of the acorn, probably still in the shell, clinging to it like a lunch in a bag, for it is on the stock of starch stored in the meal of the nut that the plantlet subsists until it develops strength enough to make a living for itself.

### Why Called Dot.

One of her mamma's callers was telling little Gracie of her twin grandchildren named Dot and Dimple. "One is called Dimple," explained the lady, "because she has dimples."  
"And I 'spose the other one has dots," remarked Gracie.

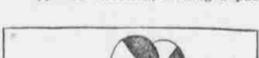


### What shall I do. I cannot choose between the two! A Peach or Pear. Well I declare. I'll have to eat them both I swear!

### PINWHEEL IS QUITE UNIQUE

It Revolves Both Ways at Once and Produces Most Bewildering Effect in Colors.

Even the simple pinwheel has been modernized by an Ohio man. He has contrived an arrangement whereby the wheels themselves and the group of them revolve in opposite directions at the same time, producing a bewildering effect of motion and color. This novel toy consists of three pinwheels mounted on a three-armed head, which is pivoted on a rod. Each disk of the pinwheels is made in two colors. As a child runs with one of these toys the disks of the pinwheels revolve as they do in the old-fashioned kind and the two colors mingle in a pleasing way. The puzzling part of the affair, however, is the action of the structure on which the pinwheels are mounted and which revolves in the opposite direction, making a puzzle.



In Two Colors.

ziling picture. The principle, of course, is simple enough, and it is easy to make one of these toys at home, but to the juvenile mind the action of the device is wonderful.  
Popular First Names.  
The latest bulletin of Smith college gives the total number of students as 1,660, coming from all parts of the country. To many women and parents a summary of their first names may not be uninteresting. Of which there are 101; the old favorite Mary, follows, with 89; Margaret comes third, with 63; Ruth has 60; Florence, 52; Elizabeth, 47; Marion and Mildred, each 41; Dorothy, 40; Edith, 35. Fewer than twenty of the others number over a dozen each, viz.: Agnes, 13; Alice, 28; Anna, 23; Edna, 16; Eleanor, 18; Ethel, 23; Frances, 16; Gertrude, 32; Grace, 22; Josephine, 13; Katherine, 25; Louise, 26; Marguerite, 17; Marjorie, 23; Mabel, 13. The foregoing constitute one-half of the 1,660, and the rest are in great variety.

### Tumbler Through a Table.

Place the spectators at some little distance on a level on the opposite side of the table to where you sit, having spread unperceived a handkerchief across your knees. Take a drinking glass—a tumbler with no stem is preferable—and, covering it with paper, mold the covering as nearly as possible to the shape of the glass. While uttering some cabalistic phrases drop the glass into your handkerchief unobserved, and as the paper retains the shape there is no difficulty in making the lookers on believe the tumbler to be still beneath it. Pasting the glass in the left hand beneath the table, you now crush the paper down with your right, when the glass will appear to have been sent through the table. If a cloth is over the table the trick can be more easily performed.

### Ferocious Bengal Tigers.

The man eater is usually an older tiger whose strength is falling and whose teeth have partly lost their sharpness. Such a beast finds it easier to lurk in the vicinity of settlements and to pick up an occasional man, woman or child than to run down wild cattle, says St. Nicholas.  
The largest, fiercest and most brightly colored tigers are found in the Province of Bengal, near the mouths of the Ganges river, and not far from Calcutta. A full-grown Bengal tiger sometimes measures ten feet from nose to tip of tail. Such a monster makes no more account of springing upon a man than a cat does of seizing a mouse. He surpasses the lion in strength and ferocity, and has no rival among beasts of prey except the grizzly bear and the recently discovered giant bear of Alaska.

### Little Margie's Wish.

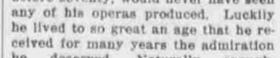
Little four-year-old Margie, who had just been corrected by her father for disobedience, astonished him by exclaiming: "I do wish you had never married into our family!"

### MIGHT HAVE COME EARLIER

Admirer of Musician Must Have Faith Truth of the Answer He Received.

Signor Puccini, although celebrated all over the world for his operas, is still a young man. On the subject of his early success the Italian composer said recently in New York:  
"I have been very lucky. Recognition for artistic work comes so often after one is too old to enjoy it."  
"I remember one of my countrymen, a centenarian, who, had he died before seventy, would never have seen any of his operas produced. Luckily he lived to so great an age that he received for many years the admiration he deserved. Naturally enough, though, this splendid artist regretted his years of obscurity and neglect, and he frequently spoke bitterly of his bad fortune."  
"Once, at the very end of his long life, an Englishman entered his box at the opera in Rome, and said respectfully:  
"I have traveled all the way from London to see the author of my favorite opera."  
"The veteran composer, with a malicious smile, replied:  
"Well, my friend, I have given you plenty of time to get here."

### ALL GAY



First Tramp—The doctor 'as ordered me a bath.  
Second Tramp—You do look pleased about it.  
First Tramp—'E's ordered me a mud bath.

### SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

A speedy and economical treatment for disfiguring pimples is the following: Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, but do not rub. Wash off the ointment in five to ten minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and bath-tub freely for some minutes. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use hot water and Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable. Cuticura soap and ointment are equally successful for itching, burning, scaly and crusted humors of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, usually affording instant relief, when all else fails. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., for the latest Cuticura book on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp.

### Hard Luck.

The big stone had rolled to the bottom of the hill again, and the bystanders were jeering at Slaythrop.  
"Boys," he groaned, "tackling it once more, 'if you can't boost, don't knock!"

### LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Paste, the antiseptic powder that takes into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. No shoe substitutes. For Free trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, 10 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

### Domestic Amelities.

Father—I think the baby looks like you.  
Mother—Yes, it shuts its eyes to an awful lot.

### Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated,

easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

### True pleasure consists in clear thoughts, sedate affections, sweet reflections; a mind even and stayed, and true to itself.—Hopkins.

### We know nothing better for Piles than Trask's Ointment. It almost invariably gives quick relief and often effects cures in obstinate cases. Ask your druggist.

### A man may go up when you kick him, but you cannot claim credit for kindness.

### Garfield Tea cannot but commend itself to those desiring a laxative, simple, pure, mild, potent and health-giving.

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### BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL, SALTS, OR PILLS, AS IT SWEETENS AND CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM MORE EFFICIENTLY AND IS FAR MORE PLEASANT TO TAKE.

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### CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.  
Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

### Why Rent a Farm

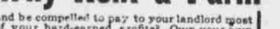
are compelled to pay to your landlord part of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these provinces for \$10.00 or \$12.00 an acre. Lend purchased 3 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently changed hands at \$25.00 an acre. The prospect on these lands warrants the advance. You can  
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by cultivating, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as land held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.  
Adaptable soil, beautiful climate, splendid schools and churches, good railroads, and the finest of stock and literature—"Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to E. J. B. Baker, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.  
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