

MISS LEOPOLD, SECY LIEDERKRANZ
Writes: "Three Years Ago My System Was In a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Pe-ru-na My Restoration to Health and Strength."



MISS RICKA LEOPOLD

MISS RICKA LEOPOLD, 137 Main Street, Menasha, Wis., Secy Liederkranz, writes:
"Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me."

"Parus was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise. A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over my trouble. I owe to Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

Pe-ru-na Restores Strength.
Mrs. Hettie Green, R. R. 6, Iuka, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."

Charging the Jury.
From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Senator Clay tells of a negro who was elected a justice of the peace in Georgia during reconstruction times. His first case was one where the defendant asked for a trial by jury. The negro justice presided with great dignity while the witnesses were examined and the lawyers summed up. Then everybody waited for him to charge the jury. He did not know what to do. Finally a friendly lawyer leaned over the bench and said: "Charge the jury! This is the time to charge the jury." The justice arose and looked at the jury. "Gentlemen ob de jury," he said, "dis yer's a mighty small case, an' I'll only charge all you a dollar an' a half apiece."

Civic Pride Indeed.
The noted reform writer, in all very well in its way. Humility, though, and discontent usually lead to better things than pride and complacency do, and whenever I hear any man boasting overmuch about his city's excellence, I think of the civic pride of an old resident of Peebles. "To this old man, who regarded Peebles as a finer town than Paris, a copy of Shakespeare's works was once loaned. The old man read the immortal plays for the first time. He enjoyed them mightily, and, on being asked what he thought of them, he slapped his knee and said in a loud, enthusiastic voice: "They're fine! They're glorious! They far surpassed all my expectations. Why, sir, there are not twenty men in Peebles who could have written those plays!"

A Regret.
From the Washington Star. "It is a great pity," said the architect, "that nature is not more adaptable." "In what way?" "If human beings could only learn to sleep standing up we could make the rooms in a flat even smaller."

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease
A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures the feet, Cures Corns, Bunions, Sore Feet, Hot, Chafed, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

As He Said.
From the National Journal. Witte—Well, there's one thing about Risington; he's always ready to confess his faults. Slowe—Nonsense! Why, he's always bragging about being self-made. "Of course. That's just it."

TERRIBLE SCALY ECZEMA.
Eruptions Appeared on Chest, and Face and Neck Were All Broken Out—Cured by Cuticura.

"I had an eruption appear on my chest and body and extend upwards and downwards, so that my neck and face were all broken out; also my arms and the lower limbs as far as the knees. I at first thought it was prickly heat. But soon scales or crusts formed where the breaking out was. Instead of going to a physician, I purchased a complete treatment of the Cuticura Remedies, in which I had great faith, and all was satisfactory. A year or two later the eruption appeared again, only a little lower; but before it had time to spread I procured another supply of the Cuticura Remedies, and continued their use until the cure was complete. It is now five years since the last attack, and have not seen any signs of a return. I have more faith in Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases than anything I know of. Emma E. Wilson, Liscomb, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1905."

THE MODERN SNOB.
"What is a snob?" "He is a man in good society who lives in perpetual fear lest he shall run against somebody who knows him."

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.
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XI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING THREE-QUARTER.—Continued.

"Quite true, Watson. The telegram still remains the only solid thing with which we have to deal, and we must not permit our attention to wander away from it. It is to be taken upon the purpose of this telegram that we are now upon our way to Cambridge. The path of our investigation is at present obscure, but I shall be very much surprised if before evening we have not cleared it up, or made a considerable advance along it."

It was already dark when we reached the old university city. Holmes took a cab at the station, and ordered the man to drive to the house of Dr. Leslie Armstrong. A few minutes later we had stopped at a large mansion in the busiest thoroughfare. We were shown in, and after a long wait were at last admitted into the consulting room, where we found the doctor seated behind his table. "I argue the degrees in which I had lost touch with my profession that the name of Leslie Armstrong was known to me. Now I am aware that he is not only one of the heads of the medical school of the university, but a thinker of European reputation in more than one branch of science. Yet even without knowing his brilliant record one could not fail to be impressed by a mere glance at the man, the square, massive bust, the glowing eyes under the thatched brows, and the granite moulding of the inflexible jaw. A man of deep character, a man with an alert mind, grim, ascetic, self-contained, formidable—so I read Dr. Leslie Armstrong. He held my friend's card in his hand, and he looked up with an angry, displeased expression upon his dour features."

"I have heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I am aware of your profession—one of which I by no means approve." "In that, doctor, you will find yourself in agreement with every criminal in the country," said my friend, quietly. "So far as your efforts are directed towards the suppression of crime, sir, they must have the support of every reasonable member of the community, though I cannot doubt that the official machinery is amply sufficient for the purpose. Where your calling is more open to criticism is when you pry into the secrets of private individuals, when you rake up family matters which are better hidden, and when you incidentally waste the time of men who are more busy than yourself with the present moment. For example, I should be writing a treatise instead of conversing with you."

"No doubt, doctor; and yet the conversation may prove more important than the treatise. Incidentally, I may tell you that we are doing the reverse of what you very justly blame, and that we are endeavoring to prevent anything like public exposure of private matters which must necessarily follow when once the case is fairly in the hands of the official police. You may look upon me simply as an irregular player who shows in front of the regular forces of the country. I have come to ask you about Mr. Godfrey Staunton."

"What about him?" "You know him, do you not?" "He is an intimate friend of mine." "You are aware that he has disappeared?" "Ah, indeed!" There was no change of expression in the rugged features of the doctor. "He left his hotel last night—he has not been heard of." "Do you think he will return?" "Do not be so silly. The 'varsity football match.'"

"I have no sympathy with these childish games. The young man's fate interests me deeply, since I know him and like him. The football match does not come within my horizon at all." "I claim your sympathy, then, in my investigation of Mr. Staunton's fate. Do you know where he is?" "Certainly not." "You have not seen him since yesterday?" "No, I have not."

"Was Mr. Staunton a healthy man?" "Absolutely." "Did you ever know him ill?" "Never." Holmes popped a sheet of paper before the doctor's eyes. "Then perhaps you will kindly sign this receipt for thirteen guineas, paid by Mr. Godfrey Staunton last month to Dr. Leslie Armstrong of Cambridge. I picked it out from among the papers upon his desk."

The doctor flushed with anger. "I do not feel that there is any reason why I should render an explanation to you, Mr. Holmes." Holmes replaced the bill in his notebook. "If you prefer a public explanation, it must come sooner or later," said he. "I have already told you that I can only leave you to your own devices, as the appearance of a brougham and pair could hardly have been overlooked in such sleepy hollows. The doctor has scored once more. Is there a telegram for me?"

"No, no, my dear Watson! With all respect for your natural acumen, I do not think that you are quite a match for the worthy doctor. I think that possibly I can attain our end by some independent explorations of my own. I am afraid that I must leave you to your own devices, as the appearance of a brougham and pair could hardly have been overlooked in such sleepy hollows. The doctor has scored once more. Is there a telegram for me?"

"Yes, I opened it. Here it is: 'Ask for Pompey from Jeremy Dixon, Trinity College.' I don't understand it."

"Oh, it is clear enough. It is from our friend Overton, and is in answer to a question from me. I'll just send round a note to Mr. Jeremy Dixon, and then I have no doubt that our luck will turn. By the way, is there any news of the match?" "Yes, the local evening paper has an excellent account in its last edition. Oxford won by a goal and two tries. The last sentences of the description say: 'The defeat of the Light Blues may be entirely attributed to the unfortunate absence of the crack international, Godfrey Staunton, whose want was felt at every instant of the game. The lack of combination in the three-quarter line and their weakness both in attack and defense more than neutralized the efforts of a heavy and hard-working pack.'"

"Then our friend Overton's forebodings have been justified," said Holmes. "Personally I am in agreement with Dr. Armstrong, and for reasons not of the vagile sort. Early to bed tonight, Watson, for I foresee that tomorrow may be an eventful day."

I was horrified by my first glimpse of Holmes next morning, for he sat by the fire holding his tiny hypodermic syringe. I associated that for reasons not of the vagile sort with his nature, and I feared the worst when I saw it glittering in his hand. He laughed at my expression of dismay, and laid it upon the table. "No, no, my dear fellow, there is no cause for alarm. It is not upon this occasion the instrument of evil, but it will rather prove to be the key which will unlock our mystery. On this syringe I base all my hopes. I have just returned from a small scouting expedition, and everything is favorable. Eat a good breakfast, Watson, for I propose to get upon Dr. Armstrong's trail today, and once on it I will not stop for rest or food until I run into his burrow."

"In that case," said I, "we had best carry our breakfast with us, for he is making an early start. His carriage is at the door." "Never mind. Let him go. He will be clever if he can drive where I cannot follow him. When you have finished, come downstairs with me, and I will introduce you to a detective who is a very eminent specialist in the work that lies before us."

When we descended I followed Holmes into the stable yard, where he opened the door of a loose-box and led out a squat, lop-eared, white-and-tan dog, something between a beagle and a foxhound. "Let me introduce you to Pompey," said Holmes, "who is the pride of the local dog-grounds—no very great flier, as his build will show, but a staunch hound on a scent. Well, Pompey, you may not be fast, but I expect you will be too fast for a couple of middle-aged London gentlemen, so I will take the liberty of fastening on a lead to leash to your collar. Now, boy, come along, and show what you can do." He led him across to the doctor's door. The dog sniffed round for an instant, and then with a shrill whine of excitement started off down the street, tugging at his leash in his efforts to fasten on the dog which he was clear of the town and hastening down a country road.

"What have you done, Holmes?" I asked. "A threadbare and venerable device, but useful upon occasion. I walked into the doctor's yard this morning, and shot my syringe full of aniseed over the hind legs of a dog which I had followed from here to John o' Groat's, and our friend, Armstrong, would have to drive through the Cam before he would shake Pompey off his trail. Oh, the cunning rascal! This is how he gave me the slip the other night!"

The dog had suddenly turned out of the main road into a grass-grown lane. Half a mile farther this opened into another broad road, and the trail turned hard to the right in the direction of the town, which we had just quitted. The road took a sweep to the south of the town, and continued in the opposite direction to that in which we started. "This detour has been entirely for our benefit," said Holmes. "No wonder that my inquiries among those villages led to nothing. The doctor has certainly played the game for all it is worth, and one would like to know the reason for such elaborate deception. This shower of the village of Trumpington to the right of us. And, by Jove! here is the brougham coming round the corner. Quick, Watson—quick, or we are done!"

He sprang through a gate into a field, dragging the reluctant Pompey after him. We had hardly got into the shelter of the hedge when the carriage rattled past. I caught a glimpse of Dr. Armstrong within, his shoulders bowed, his head sunk on his hands, the very image of distress. I could tell, by my companion's grayer face that he also had seen.

"I fear there is some dark story to our quest," said I. "It cannot be long before we know it. Come, Pompey! Ah, it is the cottage in the field!" These could be no doubt that we had reached the end of our journey. Pompey ran about and whined eagerly outside the gate, where the dog was still to be seen. A footpath led across to the lonely cottage. Holmes tied the dog to the hedge, and we hastened onwards. My friend knocked at the little rustic door, and knocked again without response. And yet the cottage was not deserted, for a low sound came to our ears—a kind of drone of misery and despair, which was indescribably melancholy. Holmes paused irresolute, and then he glanced back at the road which he had just traversed. A brougham was coming down it, and there could be no mistaking those gray horses.

"By Jove, the doctor is toying back!" cried Holmes. "That settles it. We are bound to see what it means before he comes." He opened the door, and we stepped into the room. The door swung open, and we were met by a low, deep wall of distress. It came from upstairs. Holmes darted up, and I followed him. He pushed open a half-closed door, and we both stood appalled at the sight before us.

(Continued Next Week)

ADVENTURES WITH LIONS.

Big Beasts Are Frequently Encountered by Man in South Africa.
From South Africa: News is handed from two independent sources of an extraordinary adventure that recently befell Mr. Dickert, a farmer living some fifteen miles from Malindi Siding, on the Wankles line. Mr. Dickert went to bed at 10 o'clock, and was just going to sleep when he heard a noise which was a pig grunting and sniffing outside the door. He got up and stepped outside to call his dogs, when he was seized by a lion. He shouted, and Mrs. Dickert ran out with a rifle, with which she hit the animal on the head, causing it to loose its hold. Mr. Dickert immediately snatched at the rifle and fired, point blank, fortunately killing the lion at the first shot. The whole affair was over in a few seconds, and occurred close to the bedroom door, where the hungry animal had evidently been waiting. Mr. Dickert was badly scratched and had his arm lacerated where the lion seized him. Though sufficiently serious at the time, he now looks upon the adventure as one of the most novel of his experiences.

"The people at Malindi Siding have been annoyed by a lion that developed the habit of coming right up to the station and was heard in the neighborhood of the railway men's houses. A short time ago the conductor of the Falls train and several of the passengers saw two young lions playing between the rails near the Gwaal. Further up the line, in the direction of the Zambesi, the lions appear to be much more numerous. Not long since the native commissioner at Mateti is reported to have had fifteen head of live stock killed in broad daylight by nine lions which were hung about the place. Quite lately two or three lions have been seen close to the Victoria Falls, on the south side of the river, but, for the reassurance of visitors, it may be mentioned that they only appeared at night and were exceedingly shy of any human being. At De Wetsch, which is on the line of railway, a few weeks ago the remains were found of a white man who could not be identified and who appeared to have been killed and partly eaten by lions."

A WELL-GROOMED MAID.

She is a Delight to Have Around You.
The clean, trim looking, well-mannered maid is the sign visible of a well-ordered household. Nothing gives such an unrefined air to a house as a slovenly, unkempt girl to answer the door bell or wait on table. Visitors, especially strangers, are, not unreasonably, apt to estimate the caliber of the mistress by the manners and appearance of her domestics—perhaps on the general principle that like consorts with like.

While it may be presumed that every self-respecting girl likes to keep her person clean, it is a fact that comparatively few mistresses afford their servants proper facilities for doing so. The small wash-basin in the bedroom is entirely inadequate. A tub at least once a week is a physical necessity for health as well as for comfort, and the mistress who has the welfare of her household at heart will take the trouble to see that her maids do not neglect this duty, which is quite as important as the washing of dishes and the scrubbing of corners, since wherever there is dirt there is a lurking place for disease germs.

In most modern houses and apartments where there is no bath tub exclusively for the servants' use, there is a very good substitute for one in the new style stationary washtub, which is fitted with a removable partition. But should this convenient accessory be lacking, there is no real reason why the maid should not be permitted to use the family bath tub, provided afterward she scrub it thoroughly with a hard brush, some good kitchen soap and plenty of hot water. In extending this privilege, however, it should be stipulated that the hair be washed elsewhere. A big dishpan—reserved especially for the purpose—placed in the kitchen sink will answer very well for this operation, which should be performed at least once in two weeks. If the mistress insists that the maid wear a cap while sweeping or dusting it will be easy to keep the hair in good condition.

Cleanliness of clothing is no less important than cleanliness of person. A girl who does housework, with its attendant penalties of dust, heat and perspiration, needs to change her undergarments at least twice a week in summer. The mistress should request her to do this, and should see that the soiled clothing is laundered each week. It is quite possible to broach the subject in a tactful way without injuring the girl's feelings of self-respect. She will not resent the surveillance if she be made to understand that it is prompted by concern for her personal affairs.

In all well appointed households the maid wears a uniform of some light colored material, such as blue or pink in the morning and invariably black after 4 in the afternoon. A white-linen turnover collar, a tie of narrow ribbon and a neat apron of white lawn or cambric finishes both of these costumes. A capacious overall apron of gingham, made with a bib large enough to cover the bust, should be worn while engaged in cleaning or kitchen work, this to be slipped off when there is a summons to the parlor or the door.

Whether there be one or more maids in the house, it is the one who opens the door and waits at table who wears the most fetching aprons. Dotted Swiss or the new embroidered batiste—which is quite as transparent as the Swiss—is used for making the smartest of these accessories, the trimming consisting of ruffles and bretelles edged with narrow lace or fine embroidery. Less frivolous and more serviceable aprons are those made of lawn or nainsook with wide hemstitched hems and shoulder straps trimmed with hemstitched ruffles.

COULD NOT KEEP UP.

Broken Down, Like Many Another Woman, with Exhausting Kidney Troubles.
Mrs. A. Taylor, of Wharton, N. J., says: "I had kidney trouble in its most painful and severe form, and the torture I went through now seems to have been almost unbearable. I had backache, pains in the side and loins, dizzy spells and hot, feverish headaches. There were bearing-down pains, and the kidney secretions, passed too frequently, and with a burning sensation. They showed sediment. I became discouraged, weak, languid and depressed, so sick and weak that I could not keep up. As doctors did not cure me I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and with such success that my troubles were all gone after using eight boxes, and my strength, ambition and general health is fine."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Contempt to Burn.

John Philip Sousa was condemning the law that allows certain talking machine companies to make records of his famous marches and sell them broadcast without paying him a single penny for the privilege. "I have only contempt for such a law as that," said the great bandmaster. "When I think of the injustice of it I boil over with contempt. I remind myself of a Washingtonian who was hauled before a magistrate for committing a nuisance. 'The Washingtonian had committed no nuisance, but nevertheless the decision went against him, and he was naturally incensed. Forgetting himself, he told the magistrate what he thought of him, and was fined \$5 for contempt. 'He produced a \$10 bill to pay the fine with. The clerk took it, searched his drawer, then made as if to hand the bill back again. 'I have no change,' he said. 'Oh, never mind about the change,' snorted my friend. 'Keep it. I'll take it out in contempt.'"

HER PREROGATIVE.

Stagg—My wife says if there's one thing she hates it's to see me with my hands in my pockets. Nag—Mine too. She prefers to put her own in.

Discernment.
From Lippincott's. The way colored folks have of picking up phrases which they hear used by white people about them is amusingly illustrated by a conversation which was overheard recently on the streets of a southern city. "Howdy, Mis' Mandy! How is you?" called one dusky amity to another. "Oh, I jes' to'able, Mis' Johnson. How 'yo' feelin'?" was the response. "Why, I'se a-feelin' mighty peart, I is," confided Mrs. Johnson. "I suttienly does feel fine." "Wellum, 'yo' sho' 's lookin' well," agreed her friend. "'Yo' color's so good!"

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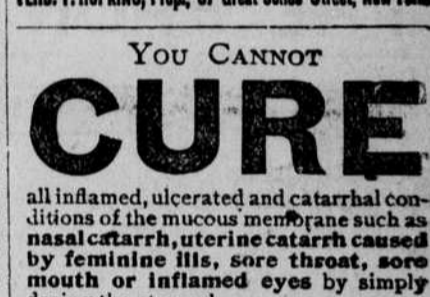
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