

# THE LEMUR A CHARMING PET

Eha in His "Naturalist on the Prowl" Describes Little Animal—Serves as a Charm for 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 amusing 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 shoulders, 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, tail in the air, arms extended, fingers spread, looking like nothing one ever saw.

The servants regarded him as untidy, and fed at his approach. He would give chase, and there never was finer sport than to see the fat butler in full flight up the long stairway, with the gleeful 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 Diap-*pepsin*.

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 fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like 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 Diap-*pepsin* 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 Diap-*pepsin* 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 Diap-*pepsin* 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 bugbear of your life trying to get up new brand-new jokes," said the sympathetic caller.

"That," said the humorist, cheerfully, "is the feast 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."

# SERIAL STORY

## THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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Thomas Ardmore, bored millionaire, and Henry Maine Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, take trains 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 Appleweight, a border line desperado. He goes to Columbia to warn 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 acquit 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," 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 negress had withdrawn to the outer door, by which she sat with sphinx-like immovability.

"I am Miss Osborne. Gov. Osborne is my father. 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 awhile 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 Appleweight 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 Appleweight'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 gained. The beautiful color deepened in her cheeks; her eyes lighted merrily, as though at the drollery of Griswold 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 stop there in that preposterous place seemed 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.

"Ah, Miss Osborne, so you are back!" He bowed over the girl's hand with a great deal of manner, then glanced at once toward the door of the private office.

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

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

"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 purposely 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. Bosworth. 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. Bosworth, 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 Bosworth could resume, the girl spoke, her voice again raised so that every word reached Griswold.

"If you refer to the Appleweight case, I must tell you, Mr. Bosworth, 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 with—"

CHAPTER III.

The Jug and Mr. Ardmore.

Mr. Thomas Ardmore of New York and Ardsley, 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, "The Golden Galleons of the Caribbean," by Dominguez y Pascual—a beautifully bound copy of the original Madrid edition.

With this volume under his arm Ardmore returned to the hotel where he was lodged and completed his arrangements for leaving. It should be known that Mr. Thomas Ardmore was a person of democratic tastes and habits. In his New York house were two servants whose sole business it was to keep himself and his wardrobe presentable; yet he preferred to travel unattended.

When he had finished packing his trunk he went down to the dinner he had ordered to be in readiness at a certain hour, at a certain table, carefully chosen beforehand; for Ardmore was very exacting in such matters and had an eye to the comforts of life, as he understood them.

As he crossed the hotel lobby on his way to the restaurant he was accosted by a reporter for the Atlanta Palladium, who began to question him touching various Ardmore's who were just then filling rather more than their usual amount of space in the newspapers. Ardmore's family, with the single exception of his sister, Mrs. Atchison, bored him immensely. His two brothers and another sister, the duchess of Ballywinkle, kept the family name in display type a great deal of the time, and their performances had practically driven Thomas Ardmore from New York. The reporter was a well-mannered youth and Ardmore shook his hand encouragingly. He was rather curious to see what new incident in the family history was to be the subject of inquiry, and the reporter immediately set his mind at rest.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ardmore, but is it true that your sister, the duchess of Ballywinkle, has separated from the duke?"

Ardmore hesitated and turned his head cautiously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Esthetic Cat.

We do not wish to underestimate the fine qualities of affection, courage and sagacity, which are the dog's, but neither do we like to see the widespread lack of appreciation for the cat's many admirable traits. Patience, endurance, good judgment, self-control, self-reliance, high spirits and industry—many or all of these are possessed by the average cat.

Under favorable conditions she will also develop a strength of affection not devoid of demonstration that is equal to the dog's.

The most esthetic souls of all times have cherished the cat. Baudelaire, Von Scheffel, Poe, De Musset, Henry Irving, and a host of other lovers of the beautiful come to mind in this connection. The silky feline, of padded footfall and mysterious wanderings, has ever appealed to the imagination, just as she has ever appealed to the sense of domestic comfort.

Hypnotism in Medicine.

Hypnotism has been recognized by the medical profession since the 18th century.

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

In 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. Bosworth, about this or any other matter."

"But, Barbara—"

Miss Osborne turned her back and walked to the window. Bosworth 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 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 use the power of the state to capture this outlaw Appleweight, 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 Os-

borne, 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 Appleweight case. They are there, and on the top of the packet is a requisition on the governor of North Carolina for Appleweight'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."

"But of course he will be back; it is inconceivable that he should ignore, must 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 Test of Time.

Benjamin Haggood Burt and U. S. Epperson of Kansas City were motoring in Long Island the other day and stopped at Evan's hotel in Douglaston. They ordered large quantities of raw oysters, some of which were thrown aside by the oyster opener.

"How do you determine when an oyster is bad?" asked Mr. Epperson.

"You wait a short time and if you have ptomaine poisoning the oysters were bad," said Mr. Burt. "If you are not ill they were good. That's the only safe way to tell good oysters 'rom bad ones."

An Effort to Oblige.

"Mr. Lobrow does his best to be agreeable," said the sympathetic young woman. "It's too bad that he has so little tact."

"I understand that Miss Coddleypay refuses to speak to him. He sent her a box of candy and she fed it all to her pet terrier. So he tried to be still more kind and thoughtful and sent her a box of dog biscuit."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The Preface of Trade.

"I had a curious experience yesterday," said Farmer Cornstossel.

"What was it?"

"A stranger came along and told me a funny story and didn't try to sell me anything."

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 salads."

Sore throat leads to Tonsillitis, Quinsy and Diphtheria. Hamlin's Wizard Oil used as a gargle upon the first symptoms of a sore throat will invariably prevent all three of these dread diseases.

Can You Blame Him?

"Pa, what does 'skeptical' mean?"

"That describes a man's feelings when a woman tells her age."

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

There is no help for a man who is too lazy to work his friends.

# COUNTRY AWAKE TO DANGER

Increase of Sanatoria and Hospitals for Consumptives Is Most Gratifying.

The growth of the crusade against tuberculosis in the United States is shown to good advantage in the two directories that have been issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and the one in preparation. The first tuberculosis directory published in 1904, by the tuberculosis committee of the New York Charity Organization Society and the National Association listed 133 sanatoria and hospitals for consumptives in the United States, for some of which preliminary provision only has been made. The combined capacity of these institutions was only 8,000 beds. Thirty-two special dispensaries and thirty-nine anti-tuberculosis organizations summed up practically all of the fighting force enumerated in the first directory.

The second directory was prepared by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and published under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation in August, 1908. This directory listed 240 sanatoria and hospitals, an increase of 107 from the former directory; 158 dispensaries, an increase of 126; and 195 associations, an increase of 156. The number of hospital beds listed in 1908 was 14,014.

The new directory that will be issued soon, will list over 400 sanatoria and hospitals with a bed capacity of nearly 25,000; more than 300 special tuberculosis dispensaries; and fully 450 anti-tuberculosis associations and committees. Since the first directory was issued in 1904, the increase in the number of agencies fighting consumption aggregates nearly 500 per cent.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis would like to get in touch with all agencies engaged in the fight against tuberculosis, in order that they may be listed in the new directory.

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a 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."

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. LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlereux 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.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

POSITIVELY CURES

ALCOHOLIC INEBRIETY OPIUM MORPHINE

AND OTHER DRUG ADDICTIONS THIRTY YEARS

of continuous success. Printed matter sent in plain envelope upon request. All correspondence strictly confidential.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

Cor. Twenty-Fifth and Cass St., OMAHA, NEB.

Marseilles Corn Shellers

Are the best for you to buy. Made in all sizes. Ask your local dealer or

JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., Omaha, Neb.

WILL TRADE

for good merchandise, farm or city. Well improved. No stone or gravel, black loam soil, yellow clay sub-soil, \$25 per acre. Give full description of stock in first letter. A. E. Nelson, Newark, N.J.

WOMAN'S ILLS

Many women suffer needlessly from girlhood to womanhood and from motherhood to old age—with backache, dizziness or headache. She becomes broken-down, sleepless, nervous, irritable and feels tired from morning to night. When pains and aches rack the womanly system at frequent intervals, ask your neighbor about

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensively repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult in confidence by letter free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, R.V. Pierce, M. D., Pres't, Buffalo, N.Y. Dr. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—1000 pages, answers in Plain English hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know about. Sent free to any address on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only, in French cloth binding.

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# WELL AT LAST.

Terrible Kidney Trouble Cured After Doctors Gave Up Hope.

Mrs. F. M. Hill, 188 W. 10th St., Waterloo, Iowa, says: "It makes me shudder to think of my awful suffering. I was languid and weak and never free from dull pain in my back. My hands puffed and my feet became so swollen I could not wear my shoes. The kidney secretions were painful and frequent in passage. I gradually grew weaker until the doctors gave up hope. It was then I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and soon improved. Continued use cured me."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

There are lots of people who are afraid to sit down at a table with 13, but a hungry boy isn't one of them.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a 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."

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