

# OWES HER LIFE TO

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to you sometime ago about my health and you told me what to do. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am to-day a well woman."—Mrs. WILLIAM ARKENS, 988 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## Sioux City Directory

**RUBBER STAMPS**  
Scales, Stencils, Metal Trade and Slot Checks, Rubber Type, etc.  
F. P. HOLLAR & SON  
Sioux City, Iowa



No. 82 Light Double Driving Harness  
Nic. I. R. or Brass Trimmed. Made of best quality leather and by expert labor. With leather collars, \$25.00.

Send for our free Harness Catalog.  
STURGES BROS.  
411 Pearl Street  
Sioux City, Iowa

## UNCLE CALHOUN SPOKE OUT

Answer No Doubt Truthful, but by No Means What the Orator Desired.

Booker T. Washington, congratulated by a New York reporter on the success he had made of his life, said with a smile:

"I suppose I must be modest and declare that luck has had more to do with my progress, or otherwise I'll be in Senator Dash's shoes.

"Senator Dash of Tallapoosa prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash in his youth had worked with the colored people in the cotton fields.

"Boasting at a political meeting about his rise, the senator singled out Uncle Calhoun Webster among his audience and said:

"I see before me old Calhoun Webster, beside whom, in the broiling southern sun, I tolled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell us all, uncle, was I, or was I not, a good man in the cotton field?"

"Yo' wuz a good man, senatah," the aged negro replied; "yo' wuz a good man, fo' a fack; but yo' sut'n'y didn't work much."

Scant Pasturage.  
"I am afraid the moths will get into my bathing suit," said Maud.

"It would be a shame," replied Maud. "The poor things would starve to death."

It isn't every ball player who can make a hit on the stage.

"Don't Argufy"

A single dish of

# Post Toasties

with sugar and cream tells the whole story—

# Post Toasties

with sugar and cream tells the whole story—

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

# SERIAL STORY

## THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
Illustrations By RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

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. Mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, Griswold's life is threatened. He goes to Columbia to warn the governor and meets Barbara Osborne. He remains to assist her in the absence of her father. Ardmore learns that his winking lady is the daughter of Gov. Dangerfield of North Carolina. He follows her to Raleigh, and on the way is given a brown jug at Kildare.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Thank you, my lad. While I regret missing your worthy father, yet I beg to present my compliments to your kind and thoughtful mother."

He had transferred his money to his dressing-gown pocket on leaving his berth, and he now tossed a silver dollar to the boy, who caught it with a yell of delight and scampered off into the night.

Ardmore had dropped the jugs carelessly into the vestibule, and he was surveying them critically when the train started. The wheels were beginning to grind reluctantly when a cry down the track arrested his attention. A man was flying after the train, shouting at the top of his lungs. He ran, caught hold of the rail and howled:

"The gov'nor ain't on they! Gimme back my jug!"

"Indian-giver!" yelled Ardmore. He stooped down, picked up the first jug that came to hand, and dropped it into the man's outstretched arms.

The porter, having heard voices, rushed out upon Ardmore, who held the remaining jug to the light, scrutinizing it carefully.

"Please put this away for me, porter. It's a little gift from an old army friend."

Then Mr. Ardmore returned to his berth, fully pleased with his adventures, and slept until the porter gave warning of Raleigh.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### Duty and the Jug.

Mr. Thomas Ardmore, one trunk, two bags and a little brown jug reached the Guilford house, Raleigh, at eight o'clock in the morning. Ardmore had never felt better in his life, he assured himself, as he chose a room with care and intimidated to the landlord his intention of remaining a week. But for ill luck of having his baggage marked he should have registered himself falsely on the books of the inn; but feeling that this was not quite respectable he assured the landlord, in response to the usual question, that he was not Ardmore of New York and Ardsley, but an entirely different person.

The Guilford house coffee was not just what he was used to, but he was in an amiable humor and enjoyed hugely the conversation of the commercial travelers with whom he took his breakfast. He did not often escape from himself or the burden of his family reputation, and these strangers were profoundly entertaining. It had never occurred to Ardmore that man could be so amiable so early in the day and his own spirits rallied as he passed the sugar, abused the hot bread and nodded his approval of bitter flings at the inns of other southern towns of whose existence he only vaguely knew.

"I wonder if the governor's back yet?" asked one man.

"The morning paper says not, but he's expected to-day," replied the man with the newspaper.

"About the first thing he'll have to do will be to face the question of arresting Appleweight. I was in Columbia the other day and everybody was talking of the case. They say"—and the speaker waited for the fullest attention of his hearers—"they say Osborne ain't none too anxious to have Appleweight arrested on his side of the line."

"Why not?" demanded Ardmore.

"Well, you hear all kinds of things. It was only whispered down there, but they say Osborne was a little too thick with the Appleweight crowd before he was elected governor. He was their attorney, and they were a bad lot for any man to be attorney for. But they haven't caught Appleweight yet."

"Where's he hiding; don't the authorities know?"

"Oh, he's up there in the hills on the state line. His home is as much on one side as the other. He spends a good deal of time in Kildare."

"Kildare?" asked Ardmore, startled at the word.

"Yes, it's the county seat, what there is of it. I hope you never make that town!" and the inquirer bent a

commiserating glance upon Ardmore. "Well, they use jugs there, I know that!" declared Ardmore; whereat the table roared. The unanimity of their applause warmed his heart, though he did not know why they laughed.

"You handle crockery?" asked a man from the end of the table. "Well, I guess Dilwell county consumes a few gross of jugs all right. But you'd better be careful not to whisper jugs too loud here. There's usually a couple of revenue men around town."

They all went together to the office, where they picked up their sample cases and sallied forth for a descent upon the Raleigh merchants; and Ardmore, thus reminded that he was in the crockery business, and that he had a sample in his room, sat down under a tree on the sidewalk at the inn door to consider what he should do with his little brown jug.

As Mr. Ardmore pondered duty and the jug a tall man in shabby corduroy halted near by and inspected him carefully.

"Good morning," said Ardmore pleasantly.

The man nodded, but did not speak. He was examining Ardmore with a pair of small, shrewd, gray eyes. In his hands he held a crumpled bit of brown paper that looked like a telegram.

"I got a telegram hieh say y'u got a jug thet y'u ain't no right t' last night at Kildare. I want that jug, young fella."

"Now that's very unfortunate. Ordinarily I should be delighted, but I really couldn't give away my Kildare jug. Now if it was one my other jugs—even my Omaha jug, or my dear old Louisville jug—I shouldn't hesitate a minute, but that old Kildare jug! My dear man, you don't know what you ask!"

"I'll give me thet jug or it'll be the worse for y'u. Y'u ain't in thet game, young fella."

"Not in it! You don't know whom you are addressing. I'm not only in the game, but I'm in to the finish," declared Ardmore, sitting upright in his chair. "You've got the wrong idea, my friend, if you think you can intimidate me. That jug was given me by a friend, a very old and dear friend—"

"A friend of yours?"

The keen little gray eyes were blinking rapidly.

"One of the best friends I ever had in this world," and Ardmore's face showed feeling. "He and I charged side by side through the bloodiest battles of our civil war. I will cheerfully give you my watch, or money in any sum, but the jug—I will part with my life first! And now," concluded Ardmore, "while I should be glad to continue this conversation my duties call me elsewhere."

As he rose, the man stood quickly at his side, menacingly.

"Give me thet jug or I'll shoot y'u right hieh in the street."

"No, you wouldn't do that, Old Corduroy. I can see that you are kind and good and you wouldn't shoot down an unarmed man. Besides it would muss up the street."

"Y'u took thet jug from my brother by lyn' to 'im. He's telegraphed me to git it, and I'm a-goin' to do it."

"Your brother sent you? It was nice of him to ask you to call on me. Why, I've known your brother intimately for years."

"Known my brother?" and for the first time the man really seemed to doubt himself. "Whed did y'u know Bill?"

"We roomed together at Harvard, that's how I know him, if you force me to it! We're both Hasty Pudding men. Now if you try to bulldoze me further, I'll slap your wrists. So there!"

Ardmore entered the hotel deliberately, climbed to his room and locked the door. Then he seized the little brown jug, drew the stopper and poured out a tumblerful of clear white fluid. He took a swallow and shuddered as the fiery liquid seemed instantly to cause every part of his being to tingle. He wiped the tears from his eyes and sat down. The corn-cob stopper had fallen to the floor, and he picked it up and examined it carefully. It had been fitted tightly into the mouth of the jug by the addition of a bit of calico, and he fingered it for a moment with a grin on his face.

He was about to replace it when, to his astonishment, it broke in his fingers, and out fell a carefully folded slip of paper. He carried it to the window and opened it, finding that it was an ordinary telegraph blank on which was written in clear round characters these words:

The Appleweight crowd never done you harm. If you have any of them arrested you will be shot down on your own doorstep.

When Mr. Thomas Ardmore had read this message half a dozen times with increasing satisfaction he folded it carefully and put it away in his pocket-book.



"I Want Thet Jug, Young Fella."

Taking half a sheet of note paper he wrote as follows:

Appleweight and his gang are cowards. Within ten days those that have not been hanged will be in jail at Kildare.

He studied the phraseology critically and then placed the paper in the cob stopper, whose halves he tied together with a bit of twine. As the jug stood on the table it was, to all appearances, exactly as it had been when delivered to Ardmore on the rear of the train at Kildare, and he was thoroughly well pleased with himself. He changed the blue scarf with which he had begun the day for one of purple with gold bars, and walked up the street toward the statehouse.

This venerable edifice, meekly reposing amid noble trees, struck agreeably upon Ardmore's fancy. Here was government enthroned in quiet dignity, as becomes a venerable commonwealth, wearing its years like a veteran who has known war and tumult, but finds at last tranquillity and peace. He experienced a feeling of awe, without quite knowing it, as he strolled up the walk, climbed the steps to the portico and turned to look back from the shadow of the pillars. He had never but once before visited an American public building—the New York city hall—and he felt that now, indeed, he had turned a corner and entered upon a new and strange world. He ascended to the toy-like legislative chambers, where flags of nation and state hung side by side, and where the very seats and desks of the lawmakers spoke of other times and manners.

Mr. Ardmore, feeling that he should now be about his business, sought the governor's office, where a secretary, who seemed harassed by the cares of his position, confirmed Ardmore's knowledge of the governor's absence. "I didn't wish to see the governor on business," explained Ardmore pleasantly, leaning upon his stick with an air of leisure. "He and my father were old friends, and I always promised my father that I would never pass through Raleigh without calling on Gov. Dangerfield."

"That is too bad," remarked the young man sympathetically, though with a preoccupation that was eloquent of large affairs.

"Could you tell me whether any members of the governor's family are at home?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Dangerfield and Miss Jerry are at the mansion."

"Miss Jerry?"

"Miss Geraldine. We all call her Miss Jerry in North Carolina."

"Oh, yes; to be sure. Let me see; it's over this way to the mansion, isn't it?" inquired Ardmore.

"No; out the other end of the building—and turn to your right. You can't miss it."

The room was quiet, the secretary a young man of address and intelligence. Here, without question, was the place for Ardmore to discharge his business and be quit of it; but having at last snatched a commission from fleeting opportunity it was not for him to throw it to another man. As he opened the door to leave, the secretary arrested him.

"Oh, Mr.—pardon me, but did you come in from the south this morning?"

"Yes; I came up on the Tar Heel express from Atlanta."

"To be sure. Of course you didn't sit up all night? There's some trouble brewing around Kildare. I thought you might have heard something, but of course you couldn't have been awake at two o'clock in the morning?"

The secretary was so anxious to acquit him of any knowledge of the situation at Kildare that it seemed kindest to tell him nothing. The secretary's face lost its anxiety for a moment, and he smiled.

"The governor has an old friend and admirer up there who always puts a jug of fresh buttermilk on board when he passes through. The governor was expected home this morning, and I thought maybe—"

"You're positive it's always buttermilk, are you?" asked Ardmore with a grin.

"Certainly," replied the secretary with dignity. "Gov. Dangerfield's sentiments as to the liquor traffic are well known."

"Of course, all the world knows that. But I'm afraid all jugs look alike to me; but then, the fact is I'm in the jug business myself. Good morning."

The governor's mansion was easily found, and having walked about the neighborhood until his watch marked 11 Ardmore entered the grounds and rang the bell at the front door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Well Identified.

A severe looking woman moved up to the window at the Citizen Savings & Trust Company with a small check to be cashed. The teller said she'd have to be identified and she suggested that he call up the man who had drawn the check and have him describe her.

The teller decided to take the chance, and called the man on the phone at his elbow.

"Oh, it's probably all right," came the word over the phone. "Wait, I'll describe her for you and you can see if it's the same woman. She had on a faded brown dress and pants just a little bit, has a sharp nose and spectacles, and is about as pretty as Kermit Roosevelt. Oh, yes, and she wore a big brooch with a shower of imitation stones in it."

The teller looked the woman over and cashed the check. She hadn't heard the other end of his telephone conversation and went her way smiling.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### To Heights Sublime.

If making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a noble accomplishment, what proud word will fitly name the mantle heroism of reforesting a nation?

## BABY'S GIFT FROM HIS PAPA

Inheritance for Which Mother Did Not Seem to Be in Any Great Degree Thankful.

Richard Harding Davis, at a football game in Philadelphia, praised the voices of the young undergraduates shouting their weird college yells.

"It makes me think of a Locust street bride," said Mr. Davis, smiling. "She turned to her husband one night at dinner and remarked:

"My dear, the first time I saw you was at Franklin Field. Your head was thrown back, your mouth wide open and your face was very red—you were yelling your college yell."

"Yes, I remember," said the young man.

"And I noticed," she continued, "what a remarkable voice you had."

"Yes, you spoke of it at the time," said he. "But what makes you think of it now?"

"Oh, nothing," said the bride. "Only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it. That's all."



## DISCOURAGEMENTS OF LITERATURE.

Mrs. Quiz—Has your husband ever been accused of plagiarism?

Mrs. Spacer—No; and it discourages him, too. It shows he has never written anything that's so good other people would like to claim it.

## STOMACH MISERY VANISHES

Indigestion, Gas, Sourness and Dyspepsia Go and Your Stomach Feels Fine in Five Minutes.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn or a sick, sour, upset or gassy stomach, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a little 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 undigested food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it prevents fermentation and 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 Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disturbance.

Mixing His Dates.

There is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar rail to be married, that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. So powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind, that when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me God!"—From Tuckerman's "Personal Recollections."

Precautionary.

The Millionaire—Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?

"Not absolutely, but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—Life.

Twin Extravagances.

"I don't suppose there is anything gets out of date quicker than a woman's hat?"

"Unless it is a battleship."

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.

Many a guilty man escapes because he is so small he goes right through the net.

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# DOCTORS FAILED

Suffered Several Years With Kidney Trouble, "Peruna Cured Me."

Mr. John N. Watkins, 3133 Shenandoah Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Among all the greatly advertised medicines for kidney and bladder trouble there is nothing equal to Peruna. I suffered for several years with this trouble, spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicine and all to no purpose until I took Peruna.

"One bottle did me more good than all Mr. John N. Watkins. The others put together, as they only poisoned my system. Peruna cured me. I used it for four months before a complete cure was accomplished, but am truly grateful to you. The least I can do in return is to acknowledge the merits of Peruna, which I take pleasure in now doing."

Bladder Trouble.

Mr. C. B. Newhof, 10 Delaware street, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"Since my advanced age I find that I have been frequently troubled with urinary ailments. The bladder seemed irritated, and my physician said that it was catarrh caused by a protracted cold which would be difficult to overcome on account of my advanced years. I took Peruna, hardly daring to believe that I would be helped, but found to my relief that I soon began to mend. The irritation gradually subsided, and the urinary difficulties passed away. I have enjoyed excellent health now for the past seven months. I enjoy my meals, sleep soundly, and am as well as I was twenty years ago. I give all praise to Peruna."

## The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a Free Home-land or any land at reasonable prices.

Now's the Time

—not a year from now. They land will be higher. The profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, are causing a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada, from the U. S., was 80 per cent higher than in the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlement rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

E. J. Palmer, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. J. B. Kitchin, Room 37, Waterloo, Ont.

Use address nearest you. 87

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature

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# EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Will Keep Your Harness soft as a glove tough as a wire black as a coal

Sold by Dealers Everywhere