

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates scrofula and all other humors, cures all their effects, makes the blood rich and abundant, strengthens all the vital organs. Take it. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Saratabs.



HOW HE EARNED THE MONEY

Pretty Sister Persists in Her Questioning Until She Gets an Answer.

A certain pretty girl has a small brother who is, as small brothers are apt to be, the plague of her existence, and over whom she attempts to maintain a rigid elder-sisterly discipline.

Yesterday afternoon she saw him eating candy.

"Why, Phil," she said, "where did you get that candy?"

"O, I bought it," Philip replied, airily; and Philip's sister, who knew the deplorable state of his finances, raised her eyebrows suspiciously.

"Where," she began, "where did you get the money?"

Philip whistled, "I earned it," he answered, with great assumption of dignity.

The big sister wondered for a moment, then laughed outright. "You never earned a cent in your life, Phil," she exclaimed. "You're too lazy for anything. Tell me," very sternly, "where you got that money?"

"None of your business," answered Philip, impudently, "you ain't my mother. I tell you I earned it. I did. I earned this all right. I got it from your beau yesterday afternoon when I saw him kissing the baby's nurse. Well, what's the matter? I guess I earned it all right."

Art in the Nude.

The photographer's lady was very preoccupied showing some samples of work to prospective sitters, when a tall and raw-boned individual, apparently from "the land," stalked solemnly into the studio, and intimated that he would like to know what the "pictures" were worth.

"Like that, \$3 a dozen," said the photographer's lady, handing him one.

The farmer gazed long and earnestly at the photograph of a very small baby sitting in a wash basin.

"And what would it cost with my clothes on?" he finally asked.

The Wise Bishop.

To the brilliant Episcopal bishop of Tennessee, Dr. Thomas F. Gailor, a Memphis man, of rather narrow views, complained about charity balls.

"I doubt if it be quite so reverent, Bishop," the man said, "to give a ball for the purpose of charity."

But Bishop Gailor, with a saving burst of common sense, laughed and replied:

"Why, my dear fellow, I'm sure, if it would do anybody any good, I'd dance the whole length of Memphis in full canonicals."

Motherly Advice.

Margery was playing school with her dolls. The class in physiology was reciting.

"Now, children," she said, "what are your hands for?"

"To keep clean," was the prompt reply.

"Yes," repeated the little teacher, "hands were given us so we could keep them clean, and member, too," she added, "we must keep our feet clean, 'cause there might be an accident."—Metropolitan Magazine.

True charity will seek to purify the weak and not rest content with painting the pump.

CHEATED FOR YEARS.

Prejudice Will Cheat Us Often if We Let It.

You will be astonished to find how largely you are influenced in every way by unreasoning prejudice. In many cases you will also find that the prejudice has swindled you, or rather, made you swindle yourself. A case in illustration:

"I have been a constant user of Grape-Nuts for nearly three years," says a correspondent, "and I am happy to say that I am well pleased with the result of the experiment, for such it has been.

"Seeing your advertisement in almost all of the periodicals, for a long time I looked upon it as a hoax. But after years of suffering with gaseous and bitter eructations from my stomach, together with more or less loss of appetite and flesh, I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food for a little time and note the result.

"I found it delicious, and it was not long till I began to experience the beneficial effects. My stomach resumed its normal state, the eructations and bitterness ceased and I have gained all my lost weight back.

"I am so well satisfied with the result that so long as I may live and retain my reason Grape-Nuts shall constitute quite a portion of my daily food."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in Pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumpled upon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Griswold allies himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore espouses the cause of Jerry Dangerfield, daughter of the governor of North Carolina. These two young ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Applegate, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Applegate. Valuable papers in the Applegate case are missing from the office of Gov. Osborne and Griswold places the theft at the door of the scheming attorney general. Ardmore charts a caboose and starts for the border to plan the arrest of Applegate. Jerry meanwhile is a guest at Ardsley, Ardmore's posse takes the field.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

He was more buoyant than she had seen him, and she liked the note of affection that crept into his tone as he spoke of his friend.

"Ardmore is the most remarkable person alive," Griswold continued. "You remember—I spoke of him this morning. He likes to play the in-scrutable idiot, and he carries it off pretty well; but underneath he's really clever. The most amazing ideas take hold of him. You never could imagine what he's doing now! I met him accidentally in Atlanta the other day, and he was in pursuit of a face—a girl's face that he had seen from a car window for only an instant on a siding somewhere. He declared to me most solemnly that the girl winked at him!"

Griswold was aware that Miss Osborne's interest in Ardmore cooled perceptibly.

"Oh!" she said, with that delightful intonation with which a woman utterly extinguishes a sister.

"I shouldn't have told you that," said Griswold, guiltily aware of falling temperature. "He is capable of following a winking eye at a perfectly respectful distance for a hundred years, and of being entertained all the time by the joy of pursuit."

"It seems very unusual," said Barbara, with cold finality.

Griswold remembered this talk as, the next day, aboard the train bound for Turner Court House, the seat of Mingo county, South Carolina, he pondered a telegram he had received from Ardmore. He read and re-read this message, chewing cigars and scowling at the landscape, and the cause of his perturbation of spirit may be roughly summarized in these words:

On leaving the executive mansion the night before, he had studied maps in his room at the Saluda house, and carefully planned his campaign. He had talked by telephone with the prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and found that official politely responsive. So much had gone well. Then the juxtaposition of Ardmore's estate to the border, and the possible use of the house as headquarters, struck in upon him. He would, after all, generously take Ardmore into the game, and they would uphold the honor and dignity of the great commonwealth of South Carolina together. The keys of all Ardmore's houses were, so to speak, in Griswold's pocket, and invitations were unnecessary between them; yet, at Atlanta Ardmore had made a point of asking Griswold down to help while away the tedium of Mrs. Atchison's house party, and as a matter of form Griswold wired from Columbia, advising Ardmore of his unexpected descent.

Even in case Ardmore should still be abroad in pursuit of the winking eye, the doors of the huge house would be open to Griswold, who had entered there so often as the owner's familiar friend. These things he pondered deeply, as he read and re-read Ardmore's reply to his message, a reply which was plainly enough dated at Ardsley, but which, he could not know, had really been written in caboose 0188 as it lay on a siding in the southeastern yards at Raleigh, and thence dispatched to the manager at Ardsley, with instructions to forward it as a new message to Griswold at Columbia. The chilling words thus flung at him were:

Prof. Henry Maine Griswold, Saluda House, Columbia, S. C.: I am very sorry, old man, but I can not take you in just now. Scarlet fever is epidemic among my tenants, and I could not think of exposing you to danger. As soon as the accursed plague passes I want to have you down.

An epidemic that closed the gates of Ardsley would assume the proportions of a national disaster; for even if the great house itself were quarantined, there were lodges and bunga-

lows scattered over the domain, where a host of guests could be entertained in comfort. Griswold reflected that the very fact that he had wired from Columbia must have intimated to Ardmore that his friend was flying toward him, pursuant to the Atlanta invitation. Griswold dismissed a thousand speculations as unworthy. Ardmore had never shown the remotest trace of snobbishness, and as far as the threatened house party was concerned, Griswold knew Mrs. Atchison very well, and had been entertained at her New York house.

The patronizing tone of the thing caused Griswold to flush at every reading. If the Ardsley date line had not been so plainly written; if the phrasing were not so characteristic, there might be room for doubt; but Ardmore—Ardmore, of all men, had slapped him in the face!

But, scarlet fever or no scarlet fever, the pursuit of Applegate had precedence of private grievances. By the time he reached Turner Court House Griswold had dismissed the ungraciousness of Ardmore, and his jaws were set with a determination to perform the mission intrusted to him by Barbara Osborne, and to wait until later for an accounting with his unaccountable friend.

Arrived at Turners, Griswold strode at once toward the courthouse. The contemptuous rejection of his message by the sheriff of Mingo had angered Griswold, but he was destined to feel even more poignant insolence when, entering the sheriff's office, a deputy, languidly posed as a letter "V" in a swivel-chair, with his feet on the mantel, took a cob pipe from his mouth and lazily answered Griswold's importunate query with:

"The sheriff ain't here, seh. He's a-visitin' his folks in Tennessee."

"When will he be back?" demanded Griswold, hot of heart, but maintaining the icy tone that had made him so formidable in cross-examination.

"I reckon I don't know, seh."

"Do you know your own name?" persisted Griswold sweetly.

"Go to hell, seh," replied the deputy. He reached for a match, relighted his pipe, and carefully crossed his feet on the mantel-shelf. The moment Griswold's steps died away in the outer corridor the deputy rose and busied himself so industriously with the telephone that within an hour all through



Pondered a Telegram He had Received.

the Mingo hills, and even beyond the state line, along lonely trails, across hills and through valleys, and beside cheery creeks and brooks, it was known that a strange man from Columbia was in Mingo county looking for the sheriff, and Applegate, alias Potet, and his men were everywhere on guard.

Griswold liked the prosecuting attorney on sight. His name was Habersham, and he was a youngster with a clear and steady gray eye. Instead of the southern statesman's flowing Prince Albert, he wore a sack-coat of gray jeans, and was otherwise distinguished by a shirt of white and blue check. He grinned as Griswold bent a puzzled look upon him.

"I took your courses at the university two years ago, professor, and I remember distinctly that you always wore a red cravat to your Wednesday's lectures."

"You have done well," replied Griswold, "for I never expected to find an old student who remembered half as much of me as that. Now, as I understood you over the telephone, Applegate was indicted for stealing a ham in this county by the last grand jury, but the sheriff has failed or refused to make the arrest. How did the grand jury come to indict if this outlaw dominates all the hill country?"

"The grand jury wanted to make a showing of virtue, and it was, of course, understood between the foreman, the leader of the gang, and the sheriff that no warrant could be served on Applegate. I did my duty; the grand jury's act was exemplary; and there the wheels of justice are blocked. The same thing is practically true across the state line in Dilwell county, North Carolina. These men, led by Applegate, use their intimate knowledge of the country to elude pursuers when at times the revenue men undertake a raid, and the county authorities have never seriously molested them. Now and then one of these sheriffs will make a feint of going out to look for Applegate, but you may be sure that due notice is given before he starts. Three revenue officers have lately been killed while looking for these men, and the government is likely to take vigorous action before long."

"We may as well be frank," said Griswold in his most professional voice. "I don't want the federal authorities to take these men; it is important that they should not do so. This is an affair between the govern-

ors of the two Carolinas. It has been said that neither of them dares press the matter of arrest, but I am here in Gov. Osborne's behalf to give the lie to that imputation. Gov. Osborne has been viciously maligned. Suppose all these people were arrested in Mingo county under these indictments, what would be the result—trial and acquittal?"

"Just that, in spite of any effort made to convict them."

"Well, Gov. Osborne is tired of this business and wants the Applegate scandal disposed of once and for all."

"That's strange," remarked Habersham, clearly surprised at Griswold's vigorous tone. "I called on the governor in his office at Columbia only ten days ago, and he put me off. He said he had to prepare an address to deliver before the South Carolina Political Reform Association, and he couldn't take up the Applegate case; and I called on Bosworth, the attorney general, and he grew furiously angry, and said I was guilty of the gravest malfeasance in not having brought those men to book long ago. When I suggested that he connive with the governor toward removing our sheriff, he declared that the governor was a coward. He seemed anxious to put the governor in a hole, though why he should take that attitude I can't make out, as it has been generally understood that Gov. Osborne's personal friendliness for him secured his nomination and election to the attorney generalship, and I have heard that he is engaged to the governor's oldest daughter."

"He's a contemptible hound," replied Griswold with feeling, "and at the proper time we shall deal with him; but it is of more importance just now to make Applegate a prisoner in North Carolina. If he's arrested over there, that lets us out; and if the North Carolina authorities won't arrest their own criminals we'll go over in Dilwell county and show them how to be good. The man's got to be locked up, and he'd look much better in a North Carolina jail, under all the circumstances."

"That's good in theory, but how do you justify it in law?"

"Oh, that's the merest matter of formulae! My dear Habersham, all the usual processes of law go down before emergencies!"

The airiness of Griswold's tone eased the prosecutor to laugh, for this was not the sober associate professor of admiralty whose lectures he had sat under at the University of Virginia, but a different person, whose new attitude toward the law and its enforcement shocked him immeasurably.

"Well, as I told you over the telephone, we hear a great deal about Applegate and his crowd, but we never hear much of their enemies, who are, nevertheless, of the same general stock, and equally determined when aroused. Ten of these men I have quietly called to meet at my farm out here a few miles from town, on Thursday night. They come from different points over the country, and we'll have a small but grim posse that will be ready for business. You may not know it, but the Applegates are most religious. Applegate himself boasts that he never misses church on Sunday. He goes also to the mid-week service on Thursday night, so I have learned, and thereby hangs our opportunity. Mount Nebo church lies off here toward the north. It's a lonely point in itself, though it's the spiritual center and rendezvous for a wide area. If Applegate can be taken at all, that's the place, and I'm willing to make the trial. Whether to stampede the church and make a fight, or seize him alone as he approaches the place, is a question for discussion with the boys I have engaged to go into the game. How does it strike you?"

"First rate. Ten good men ought to be enough; but if it comes down to numbers, the state militia can be brought into use. The South Carolina National Guard is in camp, and we can have a regiment quick enough, if I ask it."

Habersham whistled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Strange "God Tree."

What is a god tree? Nobody knows or had ever heard of such a thing until, not long ago, an ethnological explorer came across quite a lot of them on certain little known islands along the west coast of Sumatra.

The god tree is carved out of wood, with curiously fashioned branches of the same material. On these branches are hung strings of bright colored bits of cloth and tiny baskets filled with grains of rice. The whole affair is not more than three feet high.

According to the belief of the natives of the islands aforesaid, a god lives in the tree. He is not a particularly good sort of divinity and, if he takes a notion to leave the tree he is liable to do folks a mischief. The best way to persuade him to stay at home in the tree is to make the latter attractive by adorning it in the manner described and by supplying rice in baskets for the god to eat.

The god is a household god and the tree which he inhabits is kept in a corner of the family dwelling.

Woman as Bank Officer.

Both the paying and the receiving tellers in the Maiden Lane Savings bank of New York are young women. In a circular recently issued the officials of the bank commended these two women for their efficiency, accuracy and the general excellence of their work. Since they have been in office no shortage of cash has been found and they readily detect discrepancies in signatures and are unvaryingly punctual and courteous to patrons of the bank.

WHERE GALLANTRY CEASES

One Thing That a Woman Has No Right to Expect From a Man.

"I always believe," he gallantly said, "in yielding to the ladies."

"I suppose you always give way to your wife when you and she happen to have an argument?"

"Invariably."

"And you never fail to relinquish your seat in the car when it happens that some woman would have to stand unless you did so?"

"Certainly."

"Do you take off your hat when you get into an elevator where there are ladies?"

"I never fail to do that."

"If you had secured the last lower berth in a sleeper would you give it up to a lady who would otherwise have to occupy an upper?"

"Of course. I have done it frequently."

"In case you stood in line in front of a ticket window, would you be willing to go away back to the end so that some woman might have your place?"

"Say, what do you think I am—a fool?"

Different Now, of Course.

"Civil service reform has given us a splendid army of civil servants. It wasn't always so."

The speaker, Mayor Whitlock of Toledo, smiled.

"When I was writing my first short stories," he resumed, "we had civil servants of a different stamp. An elderly resident of my native Urbana sought out, back in those days, his congressman."

"Congressman," he said, "I supported you at the polls, and now I expect you to get my boy a good civil service job."

"All right, friend," the congressman answered, "what can your boy do?"

"Do" snorted the other. "What can he do? By crismus, man, if he could do anything, do you think I'd be bothering you?"

An Optical Illusion.

"I specks Mistah Rastus Pinkley is in trouble," said Miss Miriam Brown.

"Las' evenin' I saw de teardrops streamin' down his face."

"Dem warn't teardrops," replied Miss Cleopatra Jackson. "He des got hisse'f a little splattered up fillin' his Christmas gif' fountain pen."

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.—Mark Twain.

Avoiding the Executioner.

"Why does a hen cross the road?"

"So as to avoid getting into the chicken pie."—Judge.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROSMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 2c.

One of the worst things under the sun is a shady reputation.

NEGLECTED COLD, GOT VERY WEAK

A Bad Cough. Tried Many Remedies. Restored by Peruna.

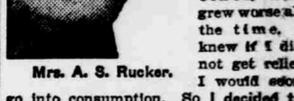
Mrs. A. S. Rucker, R. F. D. 2, Brentwood, Tenn., writes:

"I wish to tell you what Peruna has done for me. I was very sick and so weak I could scarcely be up. I was alarmed at my condition."

"I had a bad cough for some time and I tried several cough medicines, but grew worse all the time. I knew if I did not get relief I would soon go into consumption. So I decided to try Peruna. I had confidence in it before I took it and I found it was just the medicine I needed, for in a short time my cough ceased and my strength returned."

"I have enjoyed better health since taking it than I had for several years previous. When I see any one weak and run down, especially with a cough, I advise them to take Peruna."

Ask Your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1911.



Mrs. A. S. Rucker.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION 521-531 W. Adams St., Chicago

SEVENTEEN CENTS A DAY

Will buy you a five acre truck farm in the famous Pensacola District of Florida. Invest near a growing seaport and make money. Guaranteed market, free services of soil expert and practical demonstration farm. We want more farmers and will help them make good. Write today for our descriptive literature telling what others have done.

PENSACOLA REALTY COMPANY, Pensacola, Florida

RUPTURE CURED in a few days

without pain or a surgical operation. No pay until cured. Send for literature. DR. WRAY & MATTHEW, 502 Farmers Loan & Trust Bldg., Sioux City, Iowa.

Woman's Danger Periods Made Safe

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Here is proof:

Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the Change of Life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold. I had creepy sensations and could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I had a tumor."

"I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it has worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Nathan B. Groaton, 51 No. Main St., Natick, Mass.

ANOTHER SIMILAR CASE.

Cornwallville, N. Y.—"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time for Change of Life, nervousness, and a fibroid growth."

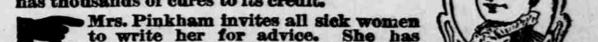
"Two doctors advised me to go to the hospital, but one day while I was away visiting, I met a woman who told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and I know it helped me wonderfully. I am very thankful that I was told to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Wm. Boughton, Cornwallville, N. Y., Greene Co.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge.

Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM