

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have any one move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."



Mrs. DEMA BERTUNE, Sikeston, Mo. — "The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?"

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ENLIST AID OF CHURCHES

Powerful Weapon Brought to Bear in the Fight Against Tuberculosis.

Just how serious a problem tuberculosis is to the average church, and in just what ways pastors are called upon to minister to those suffering from this disease, is the subject of an investigation which the national association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis is conducting in connection with its plans for tuberculosis day on April 30. Statistics are being gathered from thousands of ministers regarding this subject, and among other figures the number of deaths last year from tuberculosis in the church congregation will be given. It is planned to place these statistics together with other educational material, in the hands of every minister in the country for his use in connection with Tuberculosis day. Millions of circulars and pamphlets on the prevention of tuberculosis will also be issued, both from the national office and from the headquarters of the 450 anti-tuberculosis associations who will co-operate in the movement.

A Woman's Reason.
"Why," asks the inquisitive person, "do you enjoy having some one tell you that you are pretty, when you know you are not? Does it make you believe that you are?"
"No," she answers readily. "But it makes me believe that he believes I am."—Judge.

Is Your Health Worth 10c?

That's what it costs to get a week's treatment—of CASCARETS. They do more for you than any medicine on Earth. Sickness generally shows and starts first in the Bowels and Liver; CASCARETS cure these ills. It's so easy to try—why not start tonight and have help in the morning?

CASCARETS are a box for a week's 60¢ treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Yarrow Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, All kinds of Sores, Potholes, and all other Ulcers. Write for particulars. Dr. Hatheway, 902 Farmers Loan & Trust Bldg., Sioux City, Ia.

Sioux City Directory

Established 30 Years

J. C. RENNISON CO.
FLORISTS

Floral emblems and cut flowers for all occasions. SIoux CITY, IOWA

PILES

FISTULA cured in a few days, without pain. No pay till cured. Cut this ad out, good for 25¢ each patient. Write for particulars. Dr. Hatheway, 902 Farmers Loan & Trust Bldg., Sioux City, Ia.

EXCELLENT BAR-GAINS

in rebuilt and slightly used typewriters of all makes. Write for list of twenty-five special bargains.

B. F. SWANSON CO., Sioux City, Iowa

Cut Flowers

For All Occasions Wholesale and Retail

J. R. Elder, Sioux City, Iowa

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble 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 Appleweight, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Appleweight. Valuable papers in the Appleweight 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 Appleweight. Jerry meanwhile, is a guest at Ardsley. Ardmore's posse takes the field. Griswold, plotting to the same end as Ardmore, is also scouting the border with a posse.

CHAPTER XI.

Two Ladies on a Balcony.

The outer aspect of Ardsley is, frankly, feudal. The idea of a North Carolina estate had grown out of Ardmore's love of privacy and his wish to get away from New York where his family was all too frequently struck by the spot light. The great tract of land once secured he had not concerned himself about a house, but had thrown together a comfortable bungalow which satisfied him for a year. But Ardmore's gentle heart, inaccessible to demands of many sorts, was a defenseless citadel when appeals were made to his generosity. A poor young architect, lately home from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, with many honors but few friends, fell under Ardmore's eyes. The towers and battlements that soon thereafter crowned the terraced slopes at Ardsley, etching a noble line against the lovely panorama of North Carolina hills, testified at once to the architect's talent for adaptation and Ardmore's diminished balances at the Bronx Loan and Trust Company.

On a balcony that commanded the sunset—a balcony bright with geraniums that hung daintily over a ravine on the west, Mrs. Atchison and Miss Jerry Dangerfield were cozily taking their tea. Their white gowns, the snowy awning stirring slightly in the hill air, the bright trifles of the tea-table mingled in a picture of charm and contentment.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Atchison abruptly, "where Tommy is."
"I have no definite idea," said Jerry, pouring cream, "but let us hope that he is earning his salary."
"His salary?" and Mrs. Atchison's brows contracted. "Do you mean that my brother is taking pay for this mysterious work he is doing?"
"He shall be paid in money," replied Jerry with decision. "As I have only the barest acquaintance with Mr. Ardmore, never, in fact, having seen him until a few days ago, it would be very improper for me to permit him to serve me except under the rules that govern the relations of employer and employee."

Mrs. Atchison smiled with the wise tolerance of a woman of the world; and she was a lady, it must be said, who had a keen perception of that sane and ample philosophy of life which proceeds, we may say, for the sake of convenience, from the sense of humor. She did not like to be puzzled; and she had never in her life been surprised, least of all by any word or deed of her singular brother Tommy. She liked and even cultivated with during the inadvertent turns in a day's affairs. The cool fashion in which her brother had placed the daughter of the governor of North Carolina in her hands on board her car at Raleigh had amused her. She had learned nothing from Jerry of the beginnings of that young woman's acquaintance with the master of Ardsley—an acquaintance which seemed to be intimate in certain aspects but amazingly distant and opaque in others. Miss Geraldine Dangerfield, like Mrs. Atchison herself, was difficult to surprise, and Tommy Ardmore's sister admired this in any one and she particularly admired it in Jerry, who was so charming in so many other ways.

"I hope," said Mrs. Atchison, putting down her cup and gazing dreamily into the west, "that you have not given Tommy any commission in which he is likely to fail."
This was, as the lady knew, almost vulgarly leading; but Jerry folded her arms, and spoke out with charming frankness.
"I have heard my father say," said Jerry, "that incapable men often rise to great opportunities when they are pushed. Mr. Ardmore has undertaken to perform for me a service of the greatest delicacy and not unattended

with danger. You have been kind to me, Mrs. Atchison, and as you are my chaperon and entitled to my fullest confidence it is right for you to know just how I came here, and why your brother is absent in my service."
For once curiosity bound Mrs. Atchison in chains of steel.

"Tell me nothing, dear, unless you are quite free to do so," she murmured; but her heart skipped a beat as she waited.

"I should not think of doing so except of my own free will," declared Jerry, carelessly following the flight of a hawk that flapped close by toward the neighboring woods. "It may interest you to know that just now your brother, Mr. Thomas Ardmore, is the governor of North Carolina. He does not exactly know it, for at Raleigh I myself was governor of North Carolina at the time we met and I only made Mr. Ardmore my private secretary; but when it became necessary to take the field I placed him in full charge, and he is now not only governor of the Old North State, but also the commander-in-chief of her troops in the field."

Mrs. Atchison moved forward slightly, but evinced no other sign of surprise. The hour, the scene, the girl were all to her liking. She would even prolong the delight of hearing the further history of her brother's amazing elevation to supreme power in an American commonwealth—it was so foreign to all experience, so heavy with possibilities, so delicious in that it had happened to Tommy of all men in the world!

"I trust," she said, smiling a little, "that Tommy will not prove unworthy of the confidence you have reposed in him."
"If he does," said Jerry, slapping her hands together to free them of an imaginary sugar crumb, "I shall never, never marry him."

"I love you more and more! You may tell me anything you like without fear of being misunderstood; but tell me nothing that you prefer to keep to yourself."
"If you were not Mr. Ardmore's sister I should not tell you this; and I shall never tell another soul. I was coming home from a visit in Baltimore and the train stopped somewhere to let another train pass. The two trains stood side by side for a little while and in the window of the sleeper opposite me I saw a young man who seemed very sad. So, just as my train started, at the very last moment that we looked at each other, I winked at that gentleman with, I think, my right eye."

Miss Geraldine Dangerfield touched the offending member delicately with her handkerchief.

Mrs. Atchison bent forward and took both the girl's hands.

"And that was Tommy—my brother Tommy?"

"That gentleman has proved to be Mr. Thomas Ardmore. I had not the



"I Hope That You Have Not Given Tommy Any Commission in Which He is Likely to Fail."

slightest idea that I should ever in the world see him again. My only hope was that he would go on his way cheered and refreshed by my sign of good-will, though he was either so depressed or so surprised that he made no response. I never expected to see him again in this world; and when I had almost forgotten all about him he coolly sent in his card to me at the executive mansion in Raleigh. And I was very harsh with him when I learned who he was; for you know the Ardmore estate owns a lot of North Carolina bonds that are due on the first of June, and Mr. Billings had been chasing papa all over the country to know whether they will be paid; and I supposed of course your brother was looking for papa, too, to annoy him about some mere detail of that bond business, for the state treasurer, who does not love papa, has gone away fishing, and Mr. Billings is perfectly wild."

"Delicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Atchison. "Perfectly delicious! May I call you Jerry? Thank you, dear. Let me tell you that I am 32 and you are—"
"Seventeen," supplied Jerry.

"And this is the most amusing, interesting and exciting thing I have heard in all my life. It might be difficult ordinarily for me to forgive the wink, but your explanation lifts it out of the realm of social impropriety into the sphere of generous benevolence."
"Your brother does not seem particularly proud of his family connection," said Jerry. "He spoke of you in the most beautiful way, but he seems distressed by the actions of some of the others."
Mrs. Atchison sighed.
"Tommy is right about us. We are a sad lot."

"But he is very hard on the duke. Since I came to Ardsley his grace has treated me with the greatest courtesy, and he has spoken to me in the most complimentary terms. He is beyond question a man of kind heart, for he

has promised me his mother's pearl necklace, which had been in her family for 400 years."

"I should not hesitate to take the necklace, Jerry, if he really produces it, for my sister, his wife, has never had the slightest glimpse of it, and it is, I believe, in the hands of certain English trustees for the benefit of the duke's creditors. I dislike to spoil one of his grace's pretty illusions, but unless Mr. Billings softens his heart a great deal toward the duke I fear that you will not get the pearls this summer."

"I must tell you as my chaperon, Mrs. Atchison, that the duke has already offered to elope with me. He told me last night as we were having our coffee on the terrace, that he would gladly give up his wife, meaning, I suppose, your sister, and the Ardmore millions for me; but while I think him fascinating I want you to feel quite safe, for I promise you I shall elope with no one while I am your guest."

Mrs. Atchison's face had grown a little white and she compressed her lips in lines that were the least bit grim.

"The scoundrel!" she exclaimed half under her breath. "To think that he would insult a child like you! He is hanging about us here in the hope of getting more money, while my poor sister, his wife, is in an English sanatorium half crazed by his brutality. If Tommy knew this he would undoubtedly kill him!"

"That would be very unnecessary. A duke, after all, is something, and I should hate to have the poor man killed on my account. And besides, Mrs. Atchison, I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

"I believe you are, Jerry. But it's a terrible thing to have that beast about, and I shall tell him to-night that he must leave this place and the country."

"But first," said Jerry, "I have an engagement to ride with him after dinner to see the moon, and the opportunity of seeing a moon with a duke of ancient family, here on the sacred soil of North Carolina, is something that I cannot lightly put aside."

"You cannot—you must not go!" "Leave it to me," said Jerry, smiling slightly; "and I promise you that the duke will never again insult an American girl. And now I think I must dress for dinner."

CHAPTER XII.

The Embarrassments of the Duke of Ballywinkle.

Mr. Frank Collins of the Atlanta Palladium trot the ties beyond Kildare with a light heart, gaily swinging a large suitcase. He had walked far, but a narrow-brim straw hat, perched on the back of his head, and the cheery lilt of the waltz he whistled spoke for a jaunty spirit. As his eye ranged the landscape he marked a faint cloud of smoke rising beyond a lonely strip of wood; and coming to a dilapidated piece of track that led vaguely away into the heart of the forest, he again noted the tiny smoke cloud. On such a day the half-gods go and the gods arrive; and the world that afternoon knew no cheerfuller spirit than the Palladium's agile young commissioner. Mr. Collins was not only in capital health and spirits, but he rejoiced in that delicious titillation of expectancy which is the chief compensation of the journalist's life. His mission was secret, and this in itself gave flavor to his errand; and, moreover, it promised adventures of a kind that were greatly to his liking.

As the woodland closed in about him and the curving spur carried him farther from the main right of way he ceased whistling and his steps became more guarded. Suddenly a man rose from the bushes and leveled a long arm at him detainingly.
"Stop, young man, stop where you are!"

"Hello," called Collins, pausing. "Well, I'm jiggered, if it ain't old Cookie. I say, old man, is the untaxed juice flowing in the forest primeval or what brings you here?"
Cookie grinned as he recalled the reporter, whom he remembered as a particularly irrepressible specimen of his genus whom he had met while pursuing moonshiners in Georgia. The two shook hands amiably midway of the two streaks of rust.

COOKING THE EEL IN JAPAN

Patron Chooses His Delicacy, Which Is Prepared for the Table Before His Eyes.

Entering a Japanese restaurant, a guest who wishes broiled eels and rice is led to a tank of squirming fresh water eels and bidden to point out the object of his preference. The cook, who stands by, says the Delineator, selects the wriggling victim of his choice, strikes its head smartly upon a wood block and, squatting by it, grasps the creature's neck, inserts a knife in the left side of the vertebrae and dextrously runs it down to the tail, then rapidly applying his instrument to the other side of the backbone, repeats the process, leaving the eel split open.

Then, chopping the flattened eel into three-inch lengths, the pieces are plunged into boiling water to make the skin tender, long bamboo splints used as skewers are thrust through them, and they are then placed on rods over glowing charcoal and broiled brown, being plunged from time to time into a vessel that contains old soy of the color and consistency of molasses. These preparations concluded, the steaming eels are drained and placed in red lacquer boxes with rice and set before the customer.

If we knew all it would be easier to forgive all.

GOOD CAKE RECIPES

FORMULAS THAT HAVE BEEN TRIED AND PROVEN.

Devil's Food Cake Easily Made and Success Always Insured—Soft Molasses Cookies—Banana Shortcake—Popcorn Crisp.

Devil's Food Cake.—Grate into a dish one-quarter cake of unsweetened chocolate, add one-half cup of boiling water and one teaspoon soda; let stand until other part of cake is mixed.

Cake part.—Two cups of brown sugar, half cup each butter and sour milk, 2½ cups flour; pour in the chocolate mixture and bake in layers.

Filling for same.—Two cups brown sugar, half cup of sweet milk, butter size of an egg; boil a little, stirring all the while. Do not let it boil too long as it will sugar.

Soft Molasses Cookies.—One cup molasses, half cup water, half cup lard, half teaspoon each of cinnamon and ginger, one heaping teaspoon soda. Boil water and lard together, put in soda, stir well, add to molasses, mix as soft as you can without having too sticky. Bake in moderate oven. These should be thick, soft and delicious. Recipe is over 100 years old.

White Cookies.—Two cups granulated sugar creamed with one cup butter, one cup of thick sour milk or cream, one teaspoon soda dissolved in one teaspoon of hot water, nutmeg to taste, just enough flour to handle the dough easily; roll out and cut, sprinkle with sugar and press a raisin in center of each; bake in a rather quick oven to a delicate brown.

Popcorn Crisp.—Boll one cup molasses and one cup sugar together till it is the right consistency for candy. Have five quarts of popped corn, free from hard kernels, in a large pan, over which pour the mixture, stirring in at the same time so the molasses will be evenly distributed. When cold it will be crisp and delicious.

Banana Shortcake.—Use any good Washington pie recipe, slice bananas thin, spread over lower half. Whip a half pint of cream sweetened and add a little vanilla, spread over bananas, put on top layer, cover with bananas and then cover top with the rest of the cream. This is very rich.

GOOD HINT ABOUT IRONING

How One Housekeeper Keeps Clothes Clean While Putting on Finishing Touches.

A housekeeper who is noted for her labor saving devices attached a big pocket to the ironing board when ironing skirts and dresses which will drag upon the floor.

The pocket is made of unbleached muslin with a wide hem at each end, and is so long that when it is attached to the sides of the board it will nearly touch the floor.

A double piece of muslin is put on the corners of the hem to re-enforce it, and these corners are pinned at the sides after the garment has been put on.

As it is ironed, the garment falls within this loose pocket, and is kept from contact with the floor.

Laundering Frills.

Before putting in the laundry the one-side plaited frills and frilled collars, which are so pretty and popular and yet so hard to "do up," run a row of basting stitches about an inch from the outer edge. That will hold the plaits in position while washing and will save time and trouble later in ironing. This is especially true if you are not the proud possessor of a patent plating iron.

These frills, by the way, should, when possible, be made separate from the blouse and buttoned, hooked or pinned on, so that they do not have to go so often to the tub. They really do not get dirty so quickly as the more exposed parts of the blouse, and they are a great nuisance usually to wash and iron, even with the precaution mentioned. If you buy a ready-made blouse with frills stitched on, it is an easy matter to rip them off and supply buttons and button-holes.

Wine Sauce.

Put over the fire a cupful of boiling water. Wet a tablespoonful of cornstarch with enough cold water to make a paste and stir into the boiling water. Cook ten minutes, stirring to prevent its lumping. Rub to a cream a quarter cupful butter and one cupful of powdered sugar. Add one egg, well beaten, and a good grating of nutmeg. When this has cooked ten minutes add a half cupful of wine and pour into the sugar and egg mixture, stirring until well mixed. Keep hot in a pan of hot water until ready to serve.

Delmonico Potatoes.

Layer cold potatoes, layer grated cheese; pour over drawn butter. Sauce—Put in double boiler or over the tea kettle one cup milk; when the milk is hot add one tablespoonful flour and butter creamed, boil together until thick; keep up the process until the fish is full.

Cream Sauce.

Two rounded tablespoons butter, two spoonfuls flour; when butter bubbles stir in flour; add salt and pepper to taste; add enough cold milk to make consistency of good gravy. Let boil good.

FOR COUNTRY-WIDE MOVE

Foes of Tuberculosis Have Plan to Use Most Powerful Weapon on Earth.

April 30 has been set aside this year as "Tuberculosis Day," and will be observed in 200,000 churches in the country in a manner similar to that of "Tuberculosis Sunday" in 1910, when 40,000 sermons were preached on the prevention of tuberculosis. In the first official announcement of the occasion, made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the leaders of the movement state that they hope to enlist all of the 33,000,000 church members in the country.

In one respect Tuberculosis day will differ from Tuberculosis Sunday of 1910. Instead of requesting the churches to give to the tuberculosis cause a special Sunday service, the national association is going to ask this year that meetings, at which the subject of tuberculosis and its prevention can be discussed, be held on Sunday, April 30, or on any other day near that date, either in the week preceding or the week following. "What we want," says Mr. Livingston Farrand, executive secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in a statement for the study and prevention report on this movement, "is to have this whole subject of tuberculosis discussed in all of the 200,000 churches of the United States at as nearly the same time as possible."

ECZEMA GONE, BOILS CURED

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician, who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under his treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged, and as I had read the advertisements of Cuticura Remedies and testimonials of a great many people who had used them with wonderful success, I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old all trace of the eczema was gone.

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 24, 1910.

Inherited.
Knocker—Jones has a bad memory.
Bocker—His mother never knew what were trumps, and his father couldn't remember anything on the witness stand.

Where Every Ear is Stretched.
Knicker—They say listening is a lost art.
Bocker—Ever live in a flat with a dumb waiter?

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
Four druggists will refund money if PAGO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

There is no moral health without human happiness.



A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS in New York City. Best features of country and city life. Out-of-door sports on school park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Academic Course Primary Class to Graduation. Upper class for Advanced Special Students. Music and Art. Write for catalogue and terms. Miss Bays and Miss White, Riverside Avenue, near 52nd St., West, N. Y. C.

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