

# COLDS



Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks fevers, stops discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obdurate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Write Prof. Munyon, 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa., for medical advice absolutely free.

TAKE A DOSE OF **PISO'S** THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

NOT EXACTLY THE SAME.



The Traveler—Hello, Hans! I hear you've taken a chance in the matrimonial lottery again. I suppose you've won a prize?  
Hans—Yaas; I got a surprise.

Try This for Colds Prescription Known for Results Rather than Large Quantity.

Go to your druggist and get "Two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Mix these with half a pint of good whisky. Shake well. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." Any one can prepare this at home. This is said to be the quickest and most reliable cure known to the medical profession. Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a tin screw-top sealed case. If the druggist is out of stock he will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Don't fool with uncertain mixtures. It is risky.

Even a little trial is a big one if you have no others.

Nature's laxative, Garfield Tea, is made of clean, sweet, health-giving Herbs.

Nothing under the sun has done more to help the fool killer earn his salary than inordinate self-conceit.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-PAISE The Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating Feet, Blisters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere, 50c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Otstated, Le Roy, N.Y.

### One Better.

"My daughter has been taking fencing lessons and she feels beautifully."  
"Huh! Ought to see the way my gal kin trow a fit!"

### Where Surgery Falls Short.

"Surgery," said Simeon Ford at a dinner in New York, "accomplishes wonder nowadays. Hearts are sewed up; the appendix is removed; the large intestine is done away with. But—"

The noted humorist smiled. "But will the time ever come when surgery will be able to remove the cheek of a young man or the jaw of an old woman?"—New York Sun.

### Doubting His Word.

Two Irishmen occupied beds in the same room. By and by one of them woke up.

"Mike," said he, "did you put out the cat?"

"I did," said Mike.

An hour later Patrick woke up again.

"Mike," said he, "Mike, did you put out the cat?"

"Sure I did," said Mike, sleepily.

"On me word of honor."

Some time later Patrick again waked up.

"Mike," said he, "Mike, ye divvie; ye did not put out the cat."

"Well," said Mike angrily, "if ye will not take the word of honor of a gentleman get up and put her out yerself."

### A FOOD STORY

Makes a Woman of 70 "One In 10,000."

The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape-Nuts:

"Many years ago I had a terrible fall which permanently injured my stomach. For years I lived on a preparation of corn starch and milk, but it grew so repugnant to me that I had to give it up. Then I tried, one after another, a dozen different kinds of cereals, but the process of digestion gave me great pain.

"It was not until I began to use Grape-Nuts food three years ago that I found relief. It has proved, with the dear Lord's blessing, a great boon to me. It brought me health and vigor such as I never expected to again enjoy, and in gratitude I never fail to sound its praises." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason."

Look for it in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," to be found in pkgs.

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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### SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble upon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Both states are in a turmoil over one Appleweight, an outlaw with political influence. 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 ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are missing. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold's men capture Appleweight. Jerry Dangerfield discovers the captive and leads him to Ardmore, her own prisoner. Griswold and Barbara explore the scene of the disappearance and meet Ardmore and Jerry. Griswold refuses to recognize his friend. Jerry reveals the presence of Appleweight at Ardsley.

### CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"There's a line of the South Carolina militia crawling through the woods toward Raccoon creek. They insist that it's a practice skirmish and that they've come over here because the landscape is naturally adapted to their purposes."

"It's awfully nice of them to like my scenery. You'd better send your best man out to meet Col. Gillingwater of the North Carolina militia, and tell him to march all his troops into the estate by the north gates, and to be in a hurry. Tell him—tell him Gov. Dangerfield is anxious to have the staff present in full uniform at a grand ball at Ardsley to-night."

Ardmore rode off alone toward Raccoon creek to catch a view of the enemy. How far would Griswold go? Ardmore could go as far as Griswold; yet he was puzzled to know why Griswold was in the field at all.

These reflections carried him far toward Raccoon creek, and when he had reached that tortuous stream he dismounted and tied his horse, the more freely to examine the frontier. By jumping from boulder to boulder he crossed the turbulent tide and gained the other side with a sense of entering the enemy's country.

"Now," he muttered, "I am in South Carolina."

He drew out his map and held it against a tree the better to study it, reassuring himself that his own property line embraced several sections of the forest on the south side of the state boundary.

"If Grissy shoots me, it will be on my own land," he said aloud.

He cautiously followed the stream until, several hundred yards farther on, and overhanging the creek, he came upon the log cabin in which Big Paul had reported the presence of a ghost. Paul's story had not interested him particularly, but now that he was in the neighborhood he resolved to visit the cabin and learn if possible how ghosts amuse themselves by day. He had thrust a revolver into his pocket before leaving the house and while he had no idea that ghosts may be shot, he now made sure that the weapon was in good order. As he sat on a log slipping the cylinder through his fingers he heard whistling farther along the creek, followed quickly by the snapping of twigs under a heavy tread, and a moment later a tall, slender man broke into view.

The stranger was dressed like a countryman, but he was unmistakably not of the Ardsley force of workmen, for these wore a rough sort of uniform. His hands were thrust carelessly into the side pockets of a gray jeans coat. They were thrust in deep, so that the coat sagged at the pockets. His trousers were turned up from a pair of rough shoes and he wore a gray flannel shirt, the collar of which was guiltless of a tie. He was smooth shaven, and carried in his mouth a short pipe, which he paused to relight when about a dozen yards from Ardmore. Then, as he held the lighted match above the pipe bowl for an instant to make sure his tobacco was burning, Ardmore jumped up and covered him with the pistol.

"I beg your pardon," said the master of Ardsley, "but you're my prisoner!"

The stranger shook the flame out of the match-stick carefully and threw it away before turning toward his captor.

"Young man," he said with perfect self-possession, "don't fool with that gun, it might go off."

His drawl was characteristic of the region; his tone was one of amused tolerance. Ardmore was short of stature, and his knickerbockers, leggings and Norfolk jacket were not wholly consonant with the revolver, which, however, he leveled very steadily at the stranger's head.

"You are an intruder on my property," said the master of Ardsley, "and

unless I'm much mistaken you have been playing ghost in that cabin. I've heard about you. Your gang has been cutting off my timber about long enough, and this game of playing ghost to scare my men won't do."

"Stealing your timber?" And the stranger was clearly surprised. He held his pipe in his hand with his thumb over the bowl and seemed to take a more serious interest in his captor.

"And now," continued Ardmore, "I'm tired of having this end of the country run by the Appleweights, and their disreputable gang, so I'm going to lock you up."

The stranger turned toward the cabin, one corner of which was plainly visible, and shrugged his shoulders. "I have nothing to do with the Appleweights, and I assure you I am not a timber thief."

"Then you must be the one who has lifted a few steers out of my herd. It makes no difference just what branch of the business you are engaged in, for we're picking up all the gang and you've got to come along with me."

The captive showed signs of anger for the first time. His face flushed, and he took a step toward Ardmore, who immediately threw up the revolver so that it pointed at the man's head.

"Stop right there! We've got old man Appleweight, so you've lost your leader, and I tell you the jig's up. We'll have you all in jail before another 24 hours has passed."

"I judge from the tone of your remarks that you are Ardmore, the owner of Ardsley. Am I right?"

"You are quite right. And you are a member of a disreputable gang of outlaws that has been bringing shame upon the state of North Carolina. Now, I want you to march straight ahead of me. Step lively now!" And Ardmore flourished the pistol menacingly. "March!"

The man hesitated, flung up his head defiantly, then moved slowly forward.

"We will cross the creek right here," he ordered; "it's a pretty jump there from that boulder—there, that was bully! Now right along there over the log—see the trail! Good!"

It was warm and the captive was perspiring freely. He moved along docilely, and finding that he manifested no inclination to bolt, Ardmore dropped the revolver to his side, but with his finger on the trigger.

They soon reached a field where some laborers were at work, and Ardmore called them to him for instructions.

"Boys, this is one of the timber thieves; put him in that corn-crib un-



"You're My Prisoner!"

til I come back for him. The nights are warm; the sky is perfectly clear; and you will kindly see that he does not lack for food."

Two of the men jumped forward and seized Ardmore's prisoner, who now broke forth in a torrent of wrath, struggled vigorously.

"That's right, boys; that's right; easy there! Now in he goes."

A series of corn-cribs fringed the field, and into one of these, from which half the corn had been removed, the prisoner was thrust sprawling upon the yellow ears, and when he rose and flung himself round, the door of the corn-crib slammed in his face. He bellowed with rage now, seeing that his imprisonment was a serious matter, and that it seemed likely to be prolonged indefinitely.

"They always told me you were a fool," he howled, "but I didn't know that anything as crazy as you are was loose in the world."

"Thank you. The head of your gang is much more polite. He's sitting in his case of Chateau Bizet in my wine cellar, playing solitaire."

"Appleweight in your wine cellar!" bawled the captive in astonishment.

"Certainly. I was afraid to lock him in a room with bath for fear it might give him hydrophobia; but he's perfectly content in the wine cellar."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I haven't decided yet just what to do with him, but the scoundrel undoubtedly belongs in South Carolina, and I have every intention of making his own state punish him."

The prisoner leaned heavily against his prison door and glared out upon his jailer with a new, fierce interest.

"I tell you I've nothing to do with the Appleweights! I don't want to reveal my identity to you, you young beggar; but I demand my legal rights."

"My dear sir," retorted Ardmore, "you have no legal rights, for the writ of habeas corpus doesn't go here. You seem rather intelligent for a barn burner and timber thief. Come now, what is your name?"

had been driven to the point of madness by Ardmore's apparent dullness. The prisoner realized that he must launch a thunderbolt if he would disturb a self-possession so complete—a tranquillity as sweet as the fading afternoon.

"Mr. Ardmore, I dislike to do it, but your amazing conduct makes it necessary for me to disclose my identity," and the man's manner showed real embarrassment.

"I knew it; I knew it," nodded Ardmore, folding his arms across his chest. "You're either the king of Siam or the prince of Petosky. As either, I salute you!"

"No!" roared the captive, beating, impotently against the door of the cage with his hands. "No! I'm the governor of South Carolina!"

This statement failed, however, to produce the slightest effect on Mr. Ardmore, who only smiled slightly, a smile less incredulous than disdainful.

"Oh, pshaw; that's nothing," he replied. "I'm the governor of North Carolina!" and mounting his horse he gravely lifted his hat to the prisoner and galloped away.

While Mr. Ardmore was securing his prisoner in the corn-crib it may be interesting to return for a moment to the haunted log cabin on Raccoon creek, the interior of which was roughly but comfortably furnished.

Above were two small sleeping-rooms, and beside the bed in each stood a suit-case and a hand-satchel. In each room hung, on convenient hooks, a long, black frock-coat, a pair of trousers of light cloth, and a broad-brim black felt hat. Coat, trousers and hat were exactly alike.

In the room below sat a man in his shirt-sleeves, his feet on a cheap deal table, blowing rings from a cigar. He presented a picture of the greatest ease and contentment, as he occasionally stroked his short brown beard, or threw up his arms and clasped his hands about his head or caught lazily at the smoke rings. On the table lay an array of playing cards and poker chips.

"It's too good to last forever," the lone occupant reflected aloud, stifling a yawn, and he reached out, with careless indifference, toward a bundle of newspapers tied together with a piece of twine and drew one out and spread it across his knees.

He yawned again as though the thought of a world whose affairs were stamped in printer's ink bored him immensely; and then the bold head-lines that shouted at him across half a quarter of the sheet caused him to gasp, and his feet struck the bare floor of the cabin resoundingly. He now bent over the paper with the greatest eagerness, muttering as he read, and some of his mutterings were, it must be confessed, not without profane embellishment.

### TWO COWARDLY GOVERNORS MISSING.

Scandal Affecting Two State Executives—Is the Appleweight Case Responsible?—Rumors of Fatal Duel on State Line.

He read breathlessly the startling story that followed the head-lines, then rose and glanced anxiously at his watch.

"Am I drunk or mad? I must find Osborne and get out of this."

He leaped to the open door, and gazed into the forest from a little platform that commanded all sides of the cabin. And there, to his utter amazement, he saw men in khaki emerging cautiously from the woods. They were unmistakably soldiers of some sort, for an officer was giving sharp commands, and the line opened out like a fan along the creek. The observer of this maneuver mopped his head with his handkerchief as he watched the alert movements of the figures in khaki.

He was so absorbed that he failed to hear stealthy steps at the rear of the platform, but he was now rudely aroused by two uniformed youngsters with S. C. N. G. on their caps, who sprang upon him and bore him with a crash to the puncheon floor.

"You're our prisoner!" shouted one of them, rising when he found that the prisoner yielded without resistance.

"What for?" blurted the captive, sitting up and rubbing his elbow.

"For being Bill Appleweight, alias Potet. Get up, now, and come with us to headquarters, or my instructions are to break your head."

"Who in the devil are you?" panted the prisoner.

"Well, if it's anything to you, we're the South Carolina militia, so you'd better get up and climb."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Georgia Constable's Dilemma. Cap. Carroll, one of the town constables, by direction levied on a negro woman's aged horse and buggy which had been driven into town. The horse was blind and so old that it could scarcely walk. But to cap it all another negro woman claimed two of the wheels of the buggy and a negro man the others. So you can imagine the officer's feeling standing there in the street wondering how to get the vehicle with only one wheel that could be touched by even the strong arm of the law, away, as the woman was returning home afoot. But as luck would have it, Bill Anderson came along and proposed to sign an appearance bond for the property. The woman was called back, the papers were signed and Cap. Carroll was the happiest man in town, for he had never driven a blind horse hitched to a buggy with but one wheel.—Dahlonega Nugget.

Literature. Literature gives life to the ideas of the moment, and poetry crystallizes ideas into forms that can be remembered.

### LEADING QUESTION.



Grace—What lovely sleighing weather, Jack!  
Jack—Yes, it is. Would you like to try it?  
Grace—Dear me, I should be delighted!  
Jack—Do you think your father would lend me his horse?

### CURE THAT SORE THROAT

Sore throat is inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat, and if this membrane happens to be at all sensitive a predisposition to sore throat will exist.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic is both a preventative and a cure for sore throat because it possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities. Just a little in a glass of water, used as a gargle, will quickly relieve all soreness and strengthen the mucous membrane of the throat, and thus overcome all tendency to sore throat.

Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics or Peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine may be obtained at any drug store, 25 and 50c a box, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

### No Doctor in Forty Years.

Forty years' residence in the country near Etina with never a doctor summoned on a professional visit at his home is record of E. R. Hamilton, who has nevertheless raised a large family.

"There were times during the last two score years when we were hungry, but we were never sick," said Mr. Hamilton.—Portland Oregonian.

Thousands of Consumptives die every year. Consumption results from a neglected cold on the lungs. Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure these colds. Just rub it into the chest and draw out the inflammation.

Executive ability consists in finding a man who can do the work—and in letting him do it. Lots of men who can do the first, can't do the second.

Ask your druggist for "Ransom's Family Receipt Book 1911," free. It contains 60 fine cooking receipts. If not obtainable, write D. Ransom, Son & Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Slight exaggerations do more harm than reckless violations of it.—Chesterton.

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

Life is a stage play; it matters not how long we act, so long as we act well.—Bacon.

Constipation, indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink on retiring.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

# WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.



Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

### Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Petite's Eye Salve RELIEVES TIRED EYES

Sioux City Directory RUPTURE CURED in a few days without pain or a surgical operation. No pay until cured. Send for literature. DR. WRAY & MATHENEY, 502 Farmers Loan & Trust Bldg., Sioux City, Iowa. Established 30 Years

J.C. RENNISON CO. FLORISTS

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

# Pleasant, Refreshing, Beneficial, Gentle and Effective.

NOTE THE NAME

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. in the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

DO NOT LET ANY DEALER DECEIVE YOU.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS PAST, AND ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS HAS LED UN-SCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS OF IMITATIONS TO OFFER INFERIOR PREPARATIONS UNDER SIMILAR NAMES AND COSTING THE DEALER LESS, THEREFORE, WHEN BUYING

Note the Full Name of the Company CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE, ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE MOST PLEASANT, WHOLE-SOME AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES, HEADACHES AND BILIOUSNESS DUE TO CONSTIPATION, AND TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS IT IS NECESSARY TO BUY THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE WHICH IS MANUFACTURED BY THE

# CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

FOR DISTEMPERS

Catarrhal Fever, and all Nose and Throat Diseases. One bottle a guaranteed cure, or your money back. Cures the sick and prevents other horses and colts from taking the disease. Best Kidney and Worm Remedy, safe for mares in foal and all others. \$1.00 bottle holds three 50c. bottles. Send postal card for free horse booklet. Sold by all druggists, or prepaid from

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