

In May Beware of Dyspepsia.

PE-RU-NA
FOR
DYSPEPSIA
CATARRH OF STOMACH

NOT ANNOYED, OF COURSE

Capt. Butt Was Merely Giving to His Friend a Few Philosophical Reflections.

Capt. Archibald W. Butt, the president's military aide, was called out of bed at nine o'clock one morning to answer a telephone call.

"Archie," said his friend on the other end of the wire, "I called you up to tell you that I shall not be able to keep the appointment I made with you for eleven o'clock today."

"I'm sorry," said Butt, his tone a trifle chilly.

"Yes; it's too bad," agreed the other.

"There ensued an ominous pause. 'You know,'" remarked Butt sentimentally, "telephoning seems to be a habit, a bad habit, in Washington. People are beginning to issue their invitations by telephone. They phone on the slightest provocation. They don't seem to know when not to telephone. They even get you out of bed to talk to you on the telephone."

"I'm afraid I annoyed you, and you're bawling me out," said the friend.

"Oh, no!" contradicted Butt in a louder tone. "My remarks are merely a few philosophical reflections induced by the early hour of the morning."—The Sunday Magazine.

SCRATCHED TILL BLOOD RAN

"When my boy was about three months old his head broke out with a rash which was very itchy and ran a watery fluid. We tried everything we could but he got worse all the time, till it spread to his arms, legs and then to his entire body. He got so bad that he came near dying. The rash would itch so that he would scratch till the blood ran, and a thin yellowish stuff would be all over his pillow in the morning. I had to put mittens on his hands to prevent him tearing his skin. He was so weak and run down that he took fainting spells as if he were dying. He was almost a skeleton and his little hands were thin like claws.

"He was bad about eight months when we tried Cuticura Remedies. I had not laid him down in his cradle in the daytime for a long while. I washed him with Cuticura Soap and put on one application of Cuticura Ointment and he was so soothed that he could sleep. You don't know how glad I was he felt better. It took one box of Cuticura Ointment and pretty near one cake of Cuticura Soap to cure him. I think our boy would have died but for the Cuticura Remedies and I shall always remain a firm friend of them. There has been no return of the trouble. I shall be glad to have you publish this true statement of his cure." (Signed) Mrs. M. C. Matland, Jasper, Ontario, May 27, 1910.

Not Exactly Patriotic.
He was, let us say, Irish, was among several men of other nationalities, and had imbibed several beverages. He was extremely anxious, moreover, to uphold the glories of Erin, but was not quite so sure of what was going on about him. A foreigner near him remarked:
"An honest man is the noblest work of God!"
The Hibernian didn't quite catch what was said:
"Get out!—an Irishman is!" he roared.

A Herford Bon Mot.
Oliver Herford and a friend were strolling through a section of town that was plentifully strung with pulley lines on which many a family "wash" was waving in the wind. Mr. Herford's companion called attention to the manner in which these garments shut out the sky and otherwise disfigured the landscape. Mr. Herford gazed at them thoughtfully and then gently murmured: "The short and simple flannels of the poor."

Well Known.
Blobs—Is Harduppe pretty well known in your town?
Slobs—I should say he is. He's so well known he can't even borrow an umbrella.—Philadelphia Record.

For your own sake, don't wait until it happens. It may be a headache, toothache, earache, or some painful accident. Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure it. Get a bottle now.

You are not responsible for the disposition you were born with, but you are responsible for the one you die with.—Babcock.

A man is seldom arrested for striking an attitude.

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 ally themselves 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. Both ladies 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. Both have been scouting the border. Griswold captures Appleweight, but Jerry finds him and takes him to Ardley, her own prison. Ardmore arrests a man on his property who says he is Gov. Osborne. Meanwhile another man is arrested as Appleweight by the South Carolina militia. The North Carolina militia is called into action. When Col. Gillingwater, Jerry's fiancé, finds that real war is about, he flees. Appleweight is taken secretly by Ardmore and lodged in a jail in South Carolina. Returning to Ardley, Ardmore finds that Billings, the banker, and Foster, treasurer of North Carolina, have been arrested. Barbara Osborne arrives at Ardley. Dispute as to who has the real Appleweight results in the identification of the man jailed by Ardmore in South Carolina as the outlaw and that Griswold's prisoner is Gov. Dangerfield of North Carolina. It develops that the two governors are on the most friendly terms, and had retired together to the wilds of the border, for a rest from the cares of state.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"No!" cried Jerry. "We shall do nothing of the kind! I met Mr. Appleweight under peculiar circumstances, but I must say that I formed a high opinion of his chivalry and I beg that we allow him to take a little trip somewhere until the Woman's Civic League of Raleigh and the carping Massachusetts press have found other business, and he can return in peace to his home."

"That," said Gov. Osborne, "meets my approval."

Two more prisoners were now brought in.
"Gov. Dangerfield," continued Ardmore, "here is your state treasurer, who had sought to injure you by defaulting the state bonds due to-day, which is the first of June. And that frowsy person with Mr. Foster is Secretary Billings of the Bronx Loan & Trust Company, who has treated me at times with the greatest injustice and condescension. Whether Treasurer Foster has the money with which to meet those bonds I do not know; but I do know that I have to-day paid them in full through the Buckhaw National bank of Raleigh."

Col. Daubenspeck leaped to his feet and swung his cap. He proposed three cheers for Jerry Dangerfield; and three more for Barbara Osborne; and then the two governors were cheered three times three; and when the bungalow had ceased to ring, it was seen that Ardmore and Griswold were in each other's arms.

"Surely, by this time," said Mrs. Atchison, "you have adjusted enough of these weighty matters for one day, and I beg that you will all dine with us at Ardley to-night at eight o'clock, where my brother and I will endeavor to mark in appropriate fashion the signing of peace between your neighboring kingdoms."

"For Gov. Osborne and myself I accept, madam," replied Gov. Dangerfield, "providing the flowing frock-coats, which are the vesture and symbol of our respective offices, are still in the log house on the Raccoon where I became a prisoner."

CHAPTER XX.

Good-By to Jerry Dangerfield.
The next morning Ardmore knocked at Griswold's door as early as he dared, and went in and talked to his friend in their old intimate fashion. The associate professor of admiralty was shaving himself with care.

"You won't have any hard feelings about that scarlet fever business, will you, Grissy? It was downright selfish of me to want to keep the thing to myself, but I thought it would be fun to go ahead and carry it through and then show you how well I pulled it off."

"Don't ever refer to it again, if you love me," spluttered Griswold, amiably, as he washed off the lather. "I, too, have ruled over a kingdom, and I have seen history in the making, in ourum pars magna fui."

"But I say, Grissy, there is such a thing as fate and destiny and all that after all; don't you believe it?"
"Don't I believe it! I know it!" thundered Griswold, reaching for a rowel. He lifted a white rose from a glass of water where it had spent the night and regarded it tenderly. "The right rose under the right star, and the thing's done; the rose, the star and the girl—the combination simply can't be beat, Ardy."

Ardmore seized and wrung his friend's hand for the twentieth time;

but he was preoccupied, and Griswold, fastening his collar at the mirror, hummed softly the couplet:

With the winking eye
For my battle-ery.
"Grissy!" shouted Ardmore, "she never did it!"

"Oh—bless my soul, what was I saying! Why, of course she wasn't the one! Not Miss Dangerfield—never!"

"Well, you like her, don't you?" demanded Ardmore, petulantly.

"Of course I like her, you idiot! She's wonderful. She's—"

He frowned upon the scarf he had chosen with much care, snapped it to shake the wrinkles out, humming softly, while Ardmore glared at him. "She's wise," Griswold resumed, "with the wisdom of laughter—accept that, with my compliments. It's not often I do so well before breakfast. And now if you're to be congratulated before I go back to the groves of Academe pray bestir yourself. At this very moment I have an engagement to walk with a lady before breakfast—thanks, yes, that's my coat. Good-by!"

Breakfast was a lingering affair at Ardley that morning. The two governors and the National Guard officers who had spent the night in the house were not in the slightest hurry to break up the party, for such a company, they all knew, could hardly be assembled again. The governors were a trifle nervous as to the attitude of the press, in spite of Collins' efforts to dictate what history should say of the affair on the Raccoon; but before they left the table the Raleigh morning papers were brought in and it was clear that the newspaper men were keeping their contract.

Both governors had decided upon an inspection of such portions of their militia as were assembled on the Raccoon, and a joint dress parade was appointed for six o'clock.

Ardmore, anxious to make every one at home, saw the morning paper without a chance to speak to Jerry; and when he was free shortly before



Studied That Trifle of a Hand.

noon he was chagrined to find that she had gone for a ride over the estate with her father, Gov. Osborne, Barbara and Griswold. He went in pursuit, and to his delight found her presently sitting alone on a log by the Raccoon, having dismounted, it appeared, to rescue a fledgling robin whose cries had led her away from her companions. She pointed out the nest and directed him to climb the tree and restore the bird. This done he sat down beside her at a point where the Raccoon curved sweepingly and swung off abruptly into a new course.

"I hope your father didn't scold you for anything we did," he began, meekly.

"No; he took it all pretty well, and promised that if I wouldn't tell mamma what he had been doing—about coming down here with Gov. Osborne just to settle an old score at poker—mamma doesn't approve of cards, you know—that he would make me a present of a better riding horse than the one I now have, and he might even consider a trip abroad next summer."

"Oh, you mustn't go abroad! It's—it's so lonesome abroad!"

"How perfectly ridiculous! Has it never occurred to you that I am never lonesome, not even when I'm alone?"

"Well," said Ardmore, who saw that he was headed for a blind alley, "I'm glad your father was not displeased with our work. It's a good thing all this fuss about the Appleweight people is over or I should be worse than silly. My mind was not intended for such heavy work."

"I think you have a good mind, Mr. Ardmore," said Jerry, with the air of one who makes concessions. "You really did well in all these troubles, and you did much better than I thought you would the day I hired you for private secretary. I think I could safely recommend you to any governor in need of assistance."

"You talk as though you were get-

ting ready to discharge me," said Ardmore, plaintively, "and I don't want to lose my job."

"You ought to have something to do," said Jerry, thoughtfully. "As near as I can make out you have never done anything but study about pirates and collect pernicious books on the sinful life of Capt. Kidd. You should have some larger aim in life than that and I think I know of a good position that is now open, or will be as soon as papa has cleared out the peanut shells we left in his desk. I think you would make an excellent adjutant general with full charge of the state militia."

"But you have to get rid of Gillingwater first," suggested Ardmore, his heart beating fast.

"If you mean that he has to be removed from office, I will tell you now, Mr. Ardmore, that Rutherford Gillingwater will no longer sign himself adjutant general of North Carolina. I removed him myself in a general order I wrote yesterday afternoon just before I told papa that you and I could not act as governor any longer, but that he must resume the yoke."

"But that must have been a matter of considerable delicacy, Miss Dangerfield, when you consider that you are engaged to marry Mr. Gillingwater."

"Not in the least," said Jerry. "I broke our engagement the moment I saw that he came here the other night all dressed up to eat and not to fight, and he is now free to engage himself to that thin blonde at Goldsboro whom he thinks so highly intellectual."

Jerry held up her left hand and regarded its ringless fingers judiciously, while Ardmore, his heart racing hotly against all records, watched her, and with a particular covetousness his eyes studied that trifle of a hand.

Then with a quick gesture he seized her hand and raised her gently to her feet.

"Jerry!" he cried. "From the moment you winked at me I have loved you. I should have followed you round the world until I found you. If

"Johnny," the teacher said, "here is a book. Now, stand up straight and sing like a little man."

The song was "Nearer, My God." No sooner had the school commenced to sing than a little girl waved her hand frantically. Stopping the singing, the teacher inquired the cause.

"Please, teacher, I think Johnny will get nearer if he whistles."

It Might Help.
"My wife used to meet me at the door every night when I got home from work."

"Doesn't she do so any more?"
"No, never."

"Why not try taking home a little check to her two or three times a week?"

Her Way.
Mrs. Woggs—So you keep your husband home evenings? I suppose you put his slippers where he can find 'em?

Mrs. Boggs—No; I put his overshoes where he can't.—Puck.

On Occasion.
"Pop, is it X that is an unknown quantity?"

"I have always found it so, my son, whenever I tried to borrow one."

A Good Score.
"What's the boy at your suburb?"
"Forty cooks a year. Last year we had only forty-one."—Exchange.

A WIDOW'S LUCK
Quit the Thing That Was Slowly Injuring Her.

A woman tells how coffee kept her from insuring her life:
"I suffered for many years chiefly from trouble with my heart, with severe nervous headaches and neuralgia; but although incapacitated at times for my household, I did not realize the gravity of my condition till I was rejected for life insurance, because, the examining physician said, my heart was so bad he could not pass me."

"This distressed me very much, as I was a widow and had a child dependent upon me. It was to protect her future that I wanted to insure my life."

"Fortunately for me, I happened to read an advertisement containing a testimonial from a man who had been affected in the same way that I was with heart trouble, and who was benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum. I grasped at the hope this held out, and made the change at once."

"My health began to improve immediately. The headaches and neuralgia disappeared, I gained in flesh, and my appetite came back to me. Greatest of all, my heart was strengthened from the beginning, and soon all the distressing symptoms passed away. No more waking up in the night with my heart trying to fly out of my mouth!"

"Then I again made application for life insurance, and had no trouble in passing the medical examination. It was seven years ago that I began to use Postum and I am using it still, and shall continue to do so, as I find it a guarantee of good health." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the big little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

THE END.

That Tired Feeling

That comes to you every spring is a sign that your blood is wanting in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that it is impure. Do not delay treatment; begin at once to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the utmost remedial values of twenty different ingredients, raised to their highest efficiency for the cure of all spring troubles, that tired feeling and loss of appetite. There is no real substitute; insist on having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep nights. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a little while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula, which had troubled me from childhood." Mrs. C. M. Root, Box 25, Gilend, Conn.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in name stable, no matter how "run down," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in food. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c per bottle; \$1.00 and \$1.50 doses of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturer. Cut shows how to position throat. One from booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, **Cosham, Ind., U. S. A.**

AS HE UNDERSTOOD THEM

Apprentice Carried Out Orders of His Employer, but the Result Was Sad.

"Now, William," the old farmer said to his new apprentice, "I want thee to mind what I do say to thee, to be sharp and attentive and to delay not in carrying out my instructions."

"Ay, ay, zur," replied William. "First, now, I want thee to take out the old white mare and have her shod."

"Ay, ay, zur," said William, and departed.

He returned two hours later and the old farmer questioned him.

"Thee hast not been quick, lad," he said, reprovingly, "but if thee hast done thy work as I ordered thee thou shalt be forgiven. Didst thee have the mare shod, as I telled thee?"

"Ay, ay, zur!" replied William, beaming. "Didst thou not hear the gun? I shot her myself and I've just buried her."—London Answers.

Not a Singer.
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SHE WAS THE CAUSE.



Hewitt—I am a ruined man.
Jewett—Does your wife know it?
Hewitt—No, she doesn't yet realize what she has done.

ALL RUN DOWN.

A Typical Case of Kidney Trouble and How It Was Cured.

A. J. Adams, 242 Rose St., Roseburg, Ore., says: "My back ached fiercely for hours and then eased up only to leave me so weak I could hardly move."

Kidney secretions contained heavy sediment and burned awfully in passage. Everything seemed to be gradually giving way; my limbs ached, sight became poor and blood circulation was so impaired that I reeled and had to clutch something to keep from falling. I grew worse and for weeks was unable to work. One thing after another I tried without relief and then I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. I now feel like a different person."

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

Double-Edged.
The man whose daughter had just been united to the husband of her choice looked a little sad.

"I tell you, squire," he said to one of the wedding guests, a man of his own age, and himself the father of a number of unmarried girls, "I tell you it is a solemn thing for us when our daughters marry and go away."

The squire assented not altogether heartily.

"I suppose it is," he conceded, "but I tell you it is more solemn when they don't."—Youth's Companion.

Happy Family.
Mrs. Scragginton (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an account of a woman turning on the gas while her husband was asleep and asphyxiating him!

Mr. Scragginton—Very considerate of her, I'm sure! Some wives wake their husbands up, and then talk them to death.—Puck.

Not Just What He Meant.
She (at the masquerade)—Do you think my costume becoming?
He (with enthusiasm)—Yes, indeed; but you would be lovely in any disguise.

No Girls.
"You didn't stay long at Wombat's country place?"
"No, he promised to show me the beauties of his neighborhood and then tried to point out a lot of scenery."

Self-possession implies the capacity for self-restraint, self-composure, and self-direction.—W. H. Thompson.

It's easier for a shiftless man to make friends than to make good.

Oh! That Awful Gas

Did you hear it? How embarrassing. Thesestomach noisesmake you wish you could sink through the floor. You imagine everyone hears them. Keep a box of CAS-CARETS in your purse or pocket and take a part of one after eating. It will relieve the stomach of gas. 912

CASCARETS is a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

Petris 100 Eye Salve

Relieves SORE EYES