

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

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One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Colic, Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Warranted* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. MAGNIFICENT NATURAL ARCH.

Imposing Entrance to Cave that Rivals Mammoth's Wonders.

Some seventeen miles south of Woodbury, Tenn., a magnificent natural arch, some forty feet in height, proclaims the mouth of Esy's cave. This cave is a miniature wonder of the world. The arch maintains its great height for some fifty feet back into the cave. At a distance of about 100 feet from the mouth there is a fork in the passageway.

Down one fork one can go on foot for about a half mile, until stopped by a pool of water. This water, which is black, completely fills the passage. The walls of the cave are bright with white stone, but one sees a very different view when looking at this pool of water.

Soundings have been made, but for a depth of some 500 feet no bottom can be found. Fish are in the water. The passageway is thick with stalactites. The other passage is where the real beauty lies.

For about half a mile this passage is one continuous cavern of beauty. To the right is a room, the beauty of which must rival even the cavern of Luray. The ceiling of this room rises to a height of forty feet. In the center of the room is a table whereat giants could have seated themselves without inconvenience. All around the room one can see beauty which has heretofore been unregarded this side of the Mammoth Cave. Beyond the door of this apartment the foot of white man never trod along the passage. Either their hearts failed to support them or their oil gave out. But the latter is always claimed to have been the case.

Some of the would-be explorers are frank enough to admit that they do not wish to go back in the cave again. Outside the mountains rise to a great height on each side of the cave, which ends a valley.

A Danger Avoided. It was a wise young man who paused before he answered the widow who had asked him to guess her age. "You must have some idea about it," she said, with what was intended for an arch sideway glance.

"I have several ideas," he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains."

Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.—Youth's Companion.

Considerate. In a country church one Sabbath, as the congregation were rising for the first hymn, an old lady entered the church at the same time. She held up her hand, exclaiming: "Keep your seats. Losh, ye needna arise, though I have come in."—London Express.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD. Pres. of Board of Health. "What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth."

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainfully but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville." In pkg. "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.

AIKENSIDE

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Reminiscences of the Hills," "Less Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Crested Maple," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.) He was very pale, and the great sweat drops stood on his forehead and under his white hair, but Maddy wiped them away and listened with a breaking heart; while the aged disciple almost home told her of the peace, the joy, that shone around his pathway to the tomb, and of the everlasting arm bearing him so gently over Jordan. Then he talked of herself, blessing her for all she had been to him, telling her how happy she had made him, how she had come home to stay, and how for a time he had adored her with fear lest she should choose to go back and leave him to a stranger. "But my darling stayed with her old grandpa. She'll never be sorry for it, never. I've tried you sometimes, I know, for old folks ain't like young; but I'm sorry, Maddy, and you'll forget it when I'm gone, darling Maddy, precious child"; and the trembling hand rested caressingly on her bowed head as grandpa went on to speak of his affairs, his little property which was hers after the mortgage to Mr. Guy was paid. "I've kept up the interest," he said, "but I could never get him to take any of the principal. I don't know why he is so good to me. Tell him, Maddy, how I thanked and blessed him just before he died; tell him how I used to pray for him every day that he might choose the better part. And he'll—him—I'm sure he will, some day. He hasn't been here of late, and though my old eyes are dim, I can see that your step has got slow, and your face whiter by many shades, since he stayed away. Maddy, child, the dead tell no secrets, and I shall soon be dead. Tell me, then, what it is between you two. Does my girl love Mr. Guy?"

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa!" Maddy moaned, laying her head beside his own on the pillow. "It would be a relief to talk with someone of that terrible pain, which grew worse every day; of that intense longing just for one sight of the beloved one; of Guy, still absent from Aikenside, wandering nobody knew where; and so Maddy told the whole story, while the dying man listened to her, and something her side he tried to comfort her.

"The worst is not over yet," he said. "Guy will offer to make you his wife, sacrificing Lucy for you, and if he does, what will you do?"

Maddy's heart leaped up into her throat for a moment prevented her from answering, for the thought of Guy's really offering to make her his wife, to shield her from evil, to enfold her in his tender love, made her giddy with joy. But it could not be, she answered through her tears.

"I shall tell him no," "God bless my Maddy! She will tell him no for Lucy's sake, and God will bring it right at last," the old man whispered, his voice growing very faint and tremulous. "She will tell him no," he kept repeating, until, rousing up to greater consciousness, he spoke of Uncle Joseph, and asked what Maddy would do for him; would she send him back to the asylum, or care for him there? "He will be happier here," he said, "but it is asking too much of a young girl like you. He may live for years."

"I do not know, grandpa. I hope I may do right. I think I shall keep Uncle Joseph with me," Maddy replied, a shudder creeping over her as she thought of living out all her youth and possibly middle age with a lunatic.

Her grandfather's whispered blessing brought comfort with them, and a calm quiet fell upon her as she sat there listening to the words of prayer, and watching now and then her own name and that of Guy's.

"I am drowsy, Maddy. Watch while I sleep. Perhaps I'll never wake again," grandpa said, and clasping Maddy's hands he fell away to sleep, while Maddy kept watch beside him, herself falling into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by a clammy hand pressing on her forehead, and Uncle Joseph's voice, which said: "Wake, my child. There's been a guest here while you slumbered," and he pointed to the rigid features of the newly dead.

CHAPTER XX. Of the days which followed, Maddy had no distinct consciousness. She only knew that other hands than hers cared for the dead, that in the little parlor a stiff, white figure lay, that neighboring women stole in, treading on tiptoes, and speaking in hushed voices as they consulted, not her, but Mrs. Noah, who had come at once, and cared for her and hers so kindly. That she lay all day in bed with her hands where the summer breeze blew softly through the window, bringing the perfume of summer flowers, the sound of a tolling bell, of grinding wheels, the notes of a low, sad hymn, and in faltering tones and of many feet moving from the door. Then friendly faces looked in upon her, asking how she felt, and whispering ominously to each other as she answered:

"Very well; is grandpa getting better?" "Then Mrs. Noah sat with her for a time, brushing her with a water-soaked fan and brushing the flies away. Then Flora came up with a man whom they called "Doctor," and who gave her sundry little pills and powders dissolved in water, after which they all went out and left her there with Jessie, who had been crying, and whose soft little hands felt so cool on her hot head, and whose kisses on her lips made the tears start, and brought a thought of Guy, making her ask, "if he was at the funeral."

"No," Jessie said; "mother wanted to write and tell him, but we don't know where he is."

And this was all Maddy could recall of the days succeeding the night of her last watch at her grandfather's side, until one sunny August afternoon, when on the Honolale hills there lay that sunny haze so like the hazy autumn time hurrying on apace, and when through her open window she saw the fragrance of the later summer flowers. Then, as if waking from an ordinary sleep, she woke suddenly to consciousness, and staring about the room, wondered if it were as late as the western sun would indicate, and how she came to sleep so long. For a while she sat thinking, and as she thought, a sad scene came back to her, a night when her hot hands had been enfolded in those of the dead, and that dead her grandfather, Maddy sank upon the bed, moaning to herself, "Yes, grandpa is dead. I remember now. But Uncle Joseph, where is he? Can he, too, have died without my knowledge?" and she looked around in vain for the lunatic, not a trace of whom was to be found. His room was in perfect order, as was everything about the house, showing that Flora was still

Old Favorites

On the Banks of the Wabash. Round my Indiana homestead were the cornfields. In the distance loom the woodlands, clear and cool; Often times my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood.

Where I first received my lessons—nature's school. But one thing there is missing in the picture. Without her face it seems so incomplete. I long to see my mother in the doorway. As she stood there years ago, her toy to greet.

Oh, the moonlight's fair to-night along the Wabash. From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay; Through the sycamores the candle light is gleaming. On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

Many years have passed since I strolled by the river. Arm in arm with sweetheart Mary by moonlight. It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her. It was there I begged her to be my bride. Long years have passed since I strolled through the churchyard. She's sleeping there, my angel Mary dear; I loved her, but she thought I didn't mean it.

Still I'd give my future were she only here. In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree. The oriole with joy was sweetly singing. The little brook was babbling its tune. The village bells at noon were gaily ringing. The world seemed brighter than a harvest moon. For there within my arms I gently pressed you. And blushing red you slowly turned away. I can't forget the way I once caressed you. I only pray we'll meet another day.

In the shade of the old apple tree. Where the love in your eyes I could see. When a voice that I heard like the song of a bird Seemed to whisper sweet music to me. I could hear the dull buzz of the bee. In the blossoms as you said to me. With a heart that is true I'll be waiting for you. In the shade of the old apple tree.

I've really come a long way from the city. And tho' my heart is breaking I'll be brave. I've brought this bunch of flowers and think they're pretty. To place upon a freshly moulded grave, Or if it's far just point it out to me. Said she she told us all when she was dying. To bury her beneath the apple tree.

How Reckless Miners Become Accustomed to Danger. Dangers to which the miner is constantly exposed, and of which the general public has but a very slight idea, render his calling one of the greatest and, if bravely, however, his reward. He is so used, so hardened, to the constant presence of so many death-dealing forces that he really becomes unconscious of danger. The risks which men take in handling powder tend to increase the apparent danger from explosives. Anyone not accustomed to constant danger would be horrified to see a miner juggle an open can of powder in one hand and a lamp in the other, but it is done every day in the mines. In reality the miner juggles his life and the lives of his fellow men in one hand and their and his own death in the other. How would you like, for instance, to stand stooped over a keg of giant powder and to see sparks of fire from an open lamp play hide and seek about the top of an open can?

A miner's lamp resembles a small teapot. The wick protrudes from the spout. The lamp is fastened to the miner's hat by a small hook, answering to the handle of the teapot, and swings back and forth and from one side to the other with every movement of the wearer's head. If the wick becomes dry it catches fire and the end becomes a small mass of charred material and such shake of the lamp causes sparks to fall about the miner's head. On this account the law requires that in handling powder the miner shall set his lamp on the ground—in the mine it is called "bottom"—four feet from the powder and on its "lee" side as sailors would say. But since the lamps furnish only about one candle power of light, if the miner is crowded for time, and sometimes when he is not, he will take the risk and keep the lamp on his cap, that he may better see what he is doing.

There are other dangers. A miner goes to his work. At the "face" of the coal—the front end of the room where the work is done—he sees several slabs of rock, any one of them big enough to have crushed him had they fallen when he was there a few hours before. He looks up and discovers that the whole roof is loose. He must work under this loose rock, and he gets some danger and sees them under it. While he knows that half a dozen prods will hold a ton or two of rock, he does not know but that there is enough rock ready to fall to make those prods as valuable as so many bootlaces. Now see him go to work, shoveling coal and cleaning up the rock that has already fallen. In a moment he hears a noise resembling thunder, only not so loud, and then the click, click of breaking fibers in the timbers. His experienced ear tells him that it is the rock cutting itself loose and that its weight is bearing down heavily on the prods. Growing uneasy, he sets more under the loose rock, bringing the timbers almost against the coal where he is working. When he goes back to his work he bears more of the distant

thunder and more of the click, click in the timbers. He listens to "clean up" his room—that is, to "load out" his coal without attempting to make more. In the meantime he continues to work under the loose rock. Sometimes, not always, the miner leaves before the final crash. Not always, or the figures would not show 1,008 violent deaths and 1,863 injuries in the mines in 1906 from falling rock and coal. Sometimes falling rock gives warning by rumbling sounds and the cracking of prods. Sometimes the miner does not know the rock is loose. Sometimes there are big rocks, weighing up to 3,000 or 4,000 pounds, which just drop out of a hole in the roof.

When a blast in a mine is so improperly prepared that it does nothing but blow out the hole in which the powder is tamped the effect is that of the firing of a gigantic gun loaded with 500 times as much powder as is used in an ordinary rifle. The force of such explosions in the confined air of a mine is often so great as to stop the big fans driven by powerful engines. Sometimes the effect becomes a cyclone, confined in a few feet of space. Every man who may be walking in the air current is in danger of being swept from his feet. These cyclones, called "windies," often tear everything loose in the mine. Doors used in the mine to change the current of air are blown down and smashed into kindling against the pillars. The cyclones stir up dust, and there is constant danger that a later blast, shooting sheets of flame for a hundred yards, may cause a dust explosion, snuffing out lives as a puff of wind snuffs out a candle.

NATIONS EXCHANGE CHILDREN. Society to Promote Language Study and Mutual Good Will at Work. Among the oddities of European education at present is the exchange of children systems, says the New York Sun.

Last year the Paris branch reported 146 exchanges affecting 292 children, an increase of twenty-six exchanges over 1905, and the greatest number to date. The plan is to have a boy or girl from a French family sent to Germany or England, where he or she becomes a member of a German or an English family, the latter in return sending a child to France who is taken in charge by the parents of the French child.

Each family pays the traveling expenses of its own child and keeps it clothed. Nothing is paid for bed or board on either side. The society pays all expenses of finding consenting families, of negotiating the exchange and of safeguarding the children in transit.

The main purpose is set forth as being the reciprocal cultivation of knowledge of foreign tongues. Then every exchanged child, it is assumed, will take home a genial impression of its foreign sojourn and will always have a kindly feeling for its hosts.

By far the greater number of exchanges are for the school vacation season, only. This it is expected, may be made very general.

Last year's exchanges were divided as follows: France-Germany, 103 cases; France-England, 34; France-Austria, 5; Germany-England, 1; Germany-Italy, 1. There were 240 boys and girls exchanged; England furnished 8 of the girls, Austria 3 and the rest were French.

The probable spread of the system is indicated by the fact that the society received altogether 3,500 tentative proposals for exchanges during the year. Altogether 500 exchanges have been negotiated since the society started.

STEAMSHIP NAMES. The Way They are Shortened in the Companies' Offices. No matter how long or difficult of pronunciation may be the name of a steamer, the passenger agents and clerks of the various steamship lines make an effort to be correct in using it when selling tickets to customers. Occasionally they make a slip of the tongue and call the steamer by the nickname used in the office when passengers are not around. The steamers of the Atlantic Transport line, the Minneapolis, the Minnetonka, and the Minnetaha, are referred to generally as the "Minnies." Individually the Minnetonka is called the "Tonk," and the Mesaba the "Mes." The Red Line Vandalia is called "Father," the Finland the "Fin," and the Kroonland and the Zealand the "Kroon" and the "Zee," respectively. The prefix St. is dropped when reference is made to the St. Paul; the St. Louis is called "Looie," and the Philadelphia is called the "Philly." The North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse in the parlance of the office force is the "Big Bill," and the Kaiser Wilhelm II. is "Billy Two."—New York Tribune.

Her Fate is Doomed. At last, after centuries of suffering, womankind is to be avenged! Science has decreed that the mouse must go. With it will vanish the only living thing of which the average woman is afraid. Plenty of women have no fear of snakes, lots more are wholly indifferent as to spiders, but the mouse is the common enemy of all women. Of course, it isn't because he frightens women that the mouse is doomed. Man isn't so gallant enough to go out of his way to exterminate the breed merely on that account. But scientists have discovered that the seemingly harmless mouse is as much a menace as the scorpion. In fact, if anything, the smaller rodent is worse, for, being less feared, he has a better chance to scatter germs. But woman, though she is the most fastidious of animals, will rejoice at the departure of the mouse less on that account than because of her ingrained detestation of him. And it's likely the society that has been formed for the annihilation of the whole rodent tribe will receive much assistance from women the world over.

Cheep. "That's a beautiful rug. May I ask how much it cost you?" "Three hundred dollars' worth of furniture to match it."—Hebrew Standard. "Every man who didn't run at the first Bull run," we heard a man say to-day, "is there yet?"



MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarrh Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough. Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Illinois, U. S. A., writes:

"I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little relief. Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved."

"I am so glad to hear that my friends who are troubled as I was. PERUNA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna. Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative. Manufactured by Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

The Gentle Rebuff. "Immeasurable are the rebuffs that the helpers of the poor, the seekers after charity for their suffering brothers and sisters," said a New York charity organization official. "A friend of mine, a Methodist minister in a small western town, told me the other day of the last rebuff, a not unkind one. Entering the office of the local weekly, the minister said to the editor: 'I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud a man to make his sufferings known.'"

"Why," exclaimed the editor, pushing up his eyeglasses, "I'm the only chap in the village who answers that description. What's this gentleman's name?" "I regret," said the minister, "that I am not at liberty to disclose it."

"Why, it must be me, said the editor. 'It is me. It's me, sure. Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work.'"

Exemplified. George—Auntie, what does iron mean? Auntie—It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day. George—I think I understand you, Auntie. I don't want a nice big piece of cake?"

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EPILEPTICS ITS

If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or Nervous Disorders, do not miss this New Discovery and Treatment. It will give you immediate relief, and you are asked to go to a local druggist for a Free Bottle of Dr. May's.

EPILEPTIC CURE. Occasional Fits, or Dr. May's Epileptic Cure. June 30th 1906. Complete directions, together with testimonials of OTHERS, are FREE. Write to Dr. W. H. MAY, M. D., 540 Pearl Street, New York.

The Handy Doctor in Your Vest Pocket

ITS a thin, round-cornered little Enamel Box—When carried in your vest pocket it means Handy-Insurance. It contains Six Candy Tablets of pleasant taste, almost as pleasant as Chocolate. Each tablet is a working dose of Castoreum, which acts like Exercise on the Bowels and Liver. It will not purge, sicken, nor upset the stomach.

Because it is not a "bile-driver," like Salts, Sodium, Calomel, Jalap, Senna, or Aperient Waters. Neither is it like Castor Oil, Glycerine, or other Oily Laxatives that simply lubricate the Intestines for transit of the food stopped up in them at that particular time.

The chief cause of Constipation and Indigestion is a weakness of the Muscles that contract the Intestines and Bowels. Castoreum is practically to the Bowels what a Massage and Cold Bath are to the Athletic Muscles. They stimulate the Bowel Muscles to contract, expand, and squeeze the Digestive Juices out of food eaten.

They don't help the Bowels and Liver in such a way as to make them lean upon similar assistance for the future. This is why, with Castoreum, the dose may be lessened each succeeding time instead of increased, as it must be with other Cathartics and Laxatives.

Castoreum is not like exercise. If carried in your vest pocket, (or carried in My Lady's Purse), and eaten just when you suspect you need one, you will never know a sick day from the ordinary ills of life. Because these ills begin in the Bowels and pave the way for all other diseases. "Vest Pockets" box 10 cents.

Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "COO."