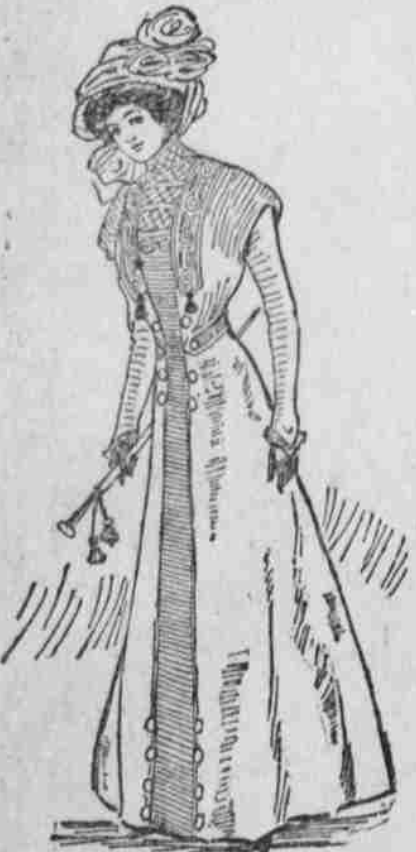


Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, **Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna** which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get the beneficial effects always by the genuine, **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. REGULAR PRICE, 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
REGULAR PRICE, 50¢ PER BOTTLE

FASHION HINTS



This pretty silk model has a tucked front panel from yoke to hem. The tight sleeves have tiny tucks at trimming. Large silk covered buttons help to give a tailored air. It is a very practical frock for many occasions, and dressy as well.

A Boston Touch. Once upon a time DeWolf Hopper met a Boston person in that town whom he had not seen for a long period of duration.

"Hello! How are you? Where have you been?" said Hopper in his hearty way, giving the New York pronunciation to the word "been."

"Please don't say 'bin' but 'been,'" pleaded the Boston person, plaintively. "Sorry, but I can't," pleaded the big fellow. "I never had a bean in my mouth in my life, not even in Boston."—The Bohemian.

In case of accident, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, sprains, bruises, etc., nothing will so quickly take away all pain and soreness as Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

What Could She Do? The Young Man—I wish to thank you, sir, for giving me your assistance in persuading your daughter to marry me.

The Old Man—Sir, I was violently opposed to the match.

The Young Man—I know it.—Cleveland Leader.

Dyspepsia and constipation are avoidable miseries—take Garfield Tea, Nature's Herb Laxative.

Hereafter all fish sold in Constantinople must be kept in shape packed with marble (which is cheap there), or with plaques of so-called Malta stone.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Files in 6 to 14 days or money returned.

A gun for throwing a lifeline to a wrecked vessel by the use of air compressed by hand is a recent English invention.

Save your hands, men and women; order our popular strong working gloves used by everybody, the pair Agents wanted everywhere. Richmond Glove Co., Box 44, Richmond, Va.

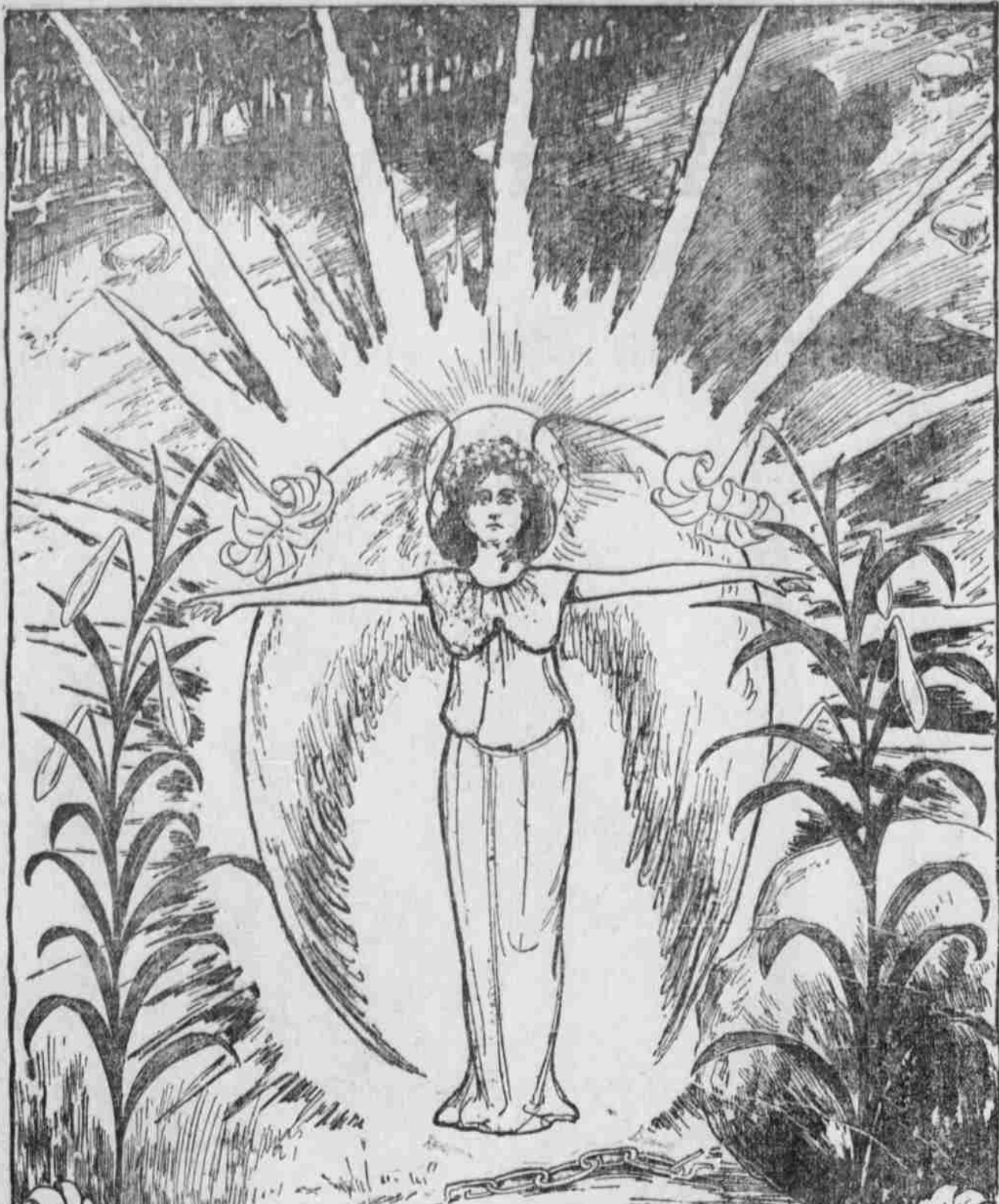
Africa leads in the matter of gold production and the United States is second.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Perfumes Used by Royalty. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has daily a pint of eau de cologne in her morning bath; Queen Victoria of Spain affects a mixture of iris and lavender on her handkerchiefs; Queen Helena of Italy prefers iris and heliotrope; the Dowager Queen of Italy and Queen Amelia of Portugal are devotees of sweet violets, but the Empress of Russia leads the way, as she spends no less than \$20,000 a year on perfumery in Paris alone. In respect of violata she requires that they shall be plucked just at sunset. And when the boxes reach St. Petersburg they are first sent to be examined lest they might conceal a bomb or some deadly poison.



EASTER MORNING.



Upon that Blessed Sabbath morn
When dawn was blushing into day,
The Angel of the Lord appeared
And rolled the ponderous stone away.

The Heavenly Choir burst forth in song
Of vanquished death, and sins forgiven—
Praise ye His name, O ransomed man!
Rejoice, Rejoice, for Christ has risen!

EASTER BELLS.

Chime upon golden chime,
How the rapt echoes climb
At the blest Easter-time!
What say the innumerable bells
Unto the hearkening hills and listening dells?

New birth! new birth!
Life after death and death!
Renaissance upon earth!

Chime on harmonic chime,
How the clear echoes climb
At the dear Easter-time!
To man what message tells
The rapture of the intermingling bells?
New birth! new birth!
All hearts attuned to mirth;
And Christ-love upon earth!
—Harper's Bazar.

A PLEA FOR BUNNY.

The Rabbit, Like Santa Claus, is Threatened by Moderation. Now that certain clubs and organizations are trying to bring about a general vote to serve Santa Claus with notice to quit it looks as though the Easter bunny would be sent hopping after him.

There's something sad in all this attack upon the legends of childhood days. Even the good old prayer, "Now I lay me," which most of us are sentimental enough to believe can never be improved upon, is inveighed against, the charge being that one line of it is full of "the bugaboo of death" and the rest of it "too utterly childish."

The Easter bunny seems harmless enough, and the interest of the children is so wonderful—the anxiety for fear that some stupid grown-up may come along and shut the window down tight, instead of leaving the necessary crack for the bunny to creep in through, and the breathless rush to suspect the nests which have been so mysteriously built in odd corners.

Wonderful eggs are in those nests—pink and lavender, blue and red, and chocolate for the best of all and a generous lot of little sugar eggs, the kind that are speckled all over, filling in odd corners.

Children aren't always deceived by these legends, and the deceit isn't the kind that does harm any more than a bit of poetry does a grown-up. It's a treat to the imagination, and a child's imagination craves its treats as surely as we older children do.

Leave your window "on a crack" the night before Easter if there's a child in the house and provide yourself with plenty of eggs to help the bunny as you helped Santa Claus. It's the days which some mystical personage indulges that are the bright particular memories in later years.—St. Louis Star.

returned, and as the doors swing open a great chorus of voices fills the air with the chant, "Christ is risen!" The priests file in with upturned faces and singing lips, each bearing a lighted taper. Fire is quickly communicated to the candles of the supplicating throng. In a twinkling the church is ablaze with light and incense, where only darkness and silence had been before.

With which sage observation Mr. Bryan betook himself to the burnishing of the hose cart as a relief to his overcharged emotions.

All was true. Since the day Tom Brennan tore his manly heart out in bidding an eternal farewell to the beautiful girl who renounced him for her vocation the big fellow had never been the same.

All women were like shadows to him. He had loved one truly, devotedly, and he had been forced to give her up to heaven. He could never love another.

Tom never noticed women. He simply went about his business of saving property and lives as if there were nothing else in the universe for a big, handsome, athletic fellow.

Often as he lay in his bunk at the engine house, as he rode tempestuously through the crowded streets, as he fought the flames, he repeated to himself the last words he had said to his beloved: "I love you, Maggie, darlin'. I would live for you or I would die for you, and since you bid me tear out my heart I must do it."

The Easter morning dawned—the very Easter on which Tom had hoped to lead his sweetheart to the altar. He thought of her as he roused from his dreams of her sweet face. Life was over for him, he said. He saw again the crowded church, the white-robed novices. He smelled the incense, he heard the roll of the organ, the solemn voice of the priest. He shivered and, turning, buried his face in his pillow.

Suddenly the alarm roused him. He listened. He sprang from his bunk and a moment later was down the pole and in his place on the track. His face was like the face of the dead. As he in a dream he heard the cry, "Where is it?" and the answer from a dozen lusty throats, "The convent!"

The convent and the orphan's home adjoining were ablaze. It was evident at a glance that the buildings were doomed. The main business was to save the sisters and the children.

The bravery of the nuns and their proteges was only second to that of the magnificent fellows who fought for the lives of these helpless people. Every one recalls the amazing fortitude and courage displayed at this frightful hour.

The children had been well drilled for just such a moment of peril, and nobly did they now obey their instructors. Such deeds of heroism as were done that bitter morning are never lost. Their memory remains as an eternal inspiration.

Tom Brennan thrust a ladder up to a window of the dormitory just beneath the huge gilded cross that surmounted the roof of the convent.

LOOKS LIKE USUAL EASTER "REIGN."



EASTER GLADNESS.

Mary to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and rib perfume—
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plentiful flood—
For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
Thought too often unperceived,
Came his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved,
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
When her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Just before she thought Him dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice,
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.
—John Newton.

TOM GROGAN'S EASTER

By Edith Sessions Tupper

"Gee, Tom's in luck!" said Larry Finn as he watched two of the prettiest girls in the ward sail by the engine house and give Tom Brennan, the handsomest fireman of hook and ladder company No. —, a perfect fusillade of eye admiration.

"To the devil wid Tom!" said Dooley Bryan, shrugging his brawny shoulders in downright disgust. "He don't be human. What ails him? O dunno—all the gurrils in the parish crazy over his black eyes an' he not noticin' them!"

"Was he always so?" inquired Larry. "He was," returned Dooley, "ever since Maggie Harrigan tuk the veil."

"Oho!" said Larry. "They were engaged," said Dooley, enraptured with himself as a gossip, "when Maggie got the vocation. It was near killin' Tom, but av course he could do nothin'."

"He couldn't?" said Larry. "Why didn't he carry her off?"

"Murder, ye divil, phwat ye be sayin'? 'Tis the bride of heaven she is. It's ashamed av you Oim av, ye baste. No; poor Tom had to submit, but he's never been the same. O' suppose now," concluded Mr. Bryan meditatively, "if wan av them members av the Four Hundred were to come by and give Tom the glad eye he'd never encourage her. 'Tis strange that the nuts all fall to the toothless devils."

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Tom Brennan thrust a ladder up to a window of the dormitory just beneath the huge gilded cross that surmounted the roof of the convent.

In this window, serene, calm, her lips moving in prayer, stood a sweet faced sister, holding in her arms a tiny crippled boy. So symbolic was the attitude of this holy woman that not one Irish heart in the vast crowd below failed to respond.

"It is Sister Mary Beatrice!" moaned the mother wren. She knelt upon the bare ground and crossed herself.

When Tom Brennan, his face blackened with smoke and his eyes blazing with heroic excitement, reached the window Sister Mary Beatrice looked steadfastly at him with her old sweet smile, the smile he had loved.

He held out his arms.

"The child first, Tom," she said as she laid the little boy on the broad breast of the fireman.

A mighty shout went up from the crowd below. All had seen that sublime act. All realized what it meant. A dozen hands reached the child, and Tom Brennan turned back up the ladder.

He lifted Sister Mary Beatrice from the window.

For one instant he held her on, his heart.

Then as the frenzied spectators groaned and cursed and prayed the convent walls swung in.

And at the foot of the cross Tom Brennan died for his "Maggie darlin'."—New York Herald.

An Easter Message.
It was a sad Easter for Mrs. Farnham. Three times since the lilies last blossomed had death come to her house. Her mother, her husband and her boy had filled her heart. Lacking them, it was empty, and it ached with a strange, perplexed grief, a confused question as to the purpose of her life, which now seemed to her a shrunk and withered thing.

She went to church on Easter morning because her beautiful house was intolerable to her, rather than because she expected to find comfort. The masses of white flowers, with the suggestiveness of their heavy fragrance, carried her back to the funerals of the last year. The familiar words of the service sounded like mockery to her.

"Let us keep the feast"; "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive"; "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." One by one she caught at the phrases, only to find each was powerless to help her.

The hymn was no better:

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won!

For her the strife was just beginning and defeat instead of victory seemed her fate. She could not lift herself out of her personal woe far enough to apply the words to anything but herself.

She left the church, avoiding speech with anyone, and with her heart like ice in her bosom, she took an electric car toward her desolate home.

A half-block before her house was reached the car stopped with a suddenness which startled the passengers. Mrs. Farnham got off thinking that she would walk the few remaining steps; but she saw the motorman with a white face raising a small boy in his arms from under the fender of the car. The little fellow was unconscious, and there was an ugly bruise on his temple and a deep cut on his neck.

Before Mrs. Farnham realized what she was doing the child was carried into her house, and she was enlisted with the doctors in a fight for his life. For a week the issue was doubtful. Consciousness flickered and wavered, but would not come back. Meantime Mrs. Farnham had learned that the boy was nobody's child. He had sold papers since he was hardly more than a baby. He had lived wherever he could find a shelter, and eaten whatever he could get. The fact of his home was something he had never experienced. The grieving woman forgot her grief in her devotion to the waif who had been cast at her door by the strange decree of what we call accident.

The day came when the boy's heavy eyelids lifted, and his childish curiosity at his surroundings unloosed his tongue. To open to him the doors of new life was the most wonderful of joys for his foster-mother. After his long silence, it was as if he had come back from the dead. That he could talk and laugh and eat and love seemed like a proof of the power of life over death. Somehow, Mrs. Farnham came to believe that it was such a proof, and that it was sent to her in her desolation.

Out of the boy's almost fatal accident there was wrought for him the miracle of home and love, and the opportunity for an educated and useful manhood; and for the grieving woman the spring-time brought new hope as the lonely winter passed. By God's way, which is not our way, Easter spoke its old message of new life.—Youth's Companion.

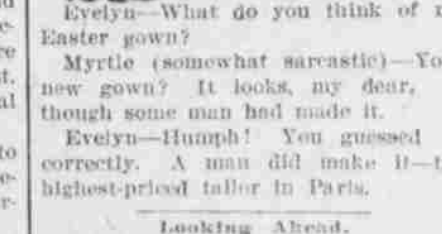
Changed Her Mind.



Evelyn—What do you think of my Easter gown?
Myrtle (somewhat sarcastic)—Your new gown? It looks my dear, as though some man had made it.

Evelyn—Humph! You guessed it correctly. A man did make it—the highest-priced tailor in Paris.

Looking Ahead.



Willie—I sold all my Easter eggs for seven cents, pa.
His Pa—Why so soon, Willie?
Willie—Huh! I've got to 'lect money for Fe'h o' July fireworks now.

Wonders of Science.

"In this compartment, ladies and gents," said the dime museum lecturer, "is a fine specimen of the wonderful animal known as the armadillo. I call your attention particularly to its hard, horny epidermis, or more properly its shell, which is invulnerable. The armadillo, when pursued by an enemy, immediately doubles itself up into the form of a perfect sphere, every square inch of which is protected by its armor, in which shape, ladies and gents, it was used by the caveman, or prehistoric progenitor of our race, in playing the game of baseball. Pass on now to the next cage, which contains the celebrated arithmohynchus, the missing link between the bird and the beast."

NEW VIGOR FOR BAD BACKS.

How to Make a Weak Back Better. Women who suffer with backache, bearing-down pain, dizziness, constant dull, tired feelings, will find hope in the advice of Mrs. M. Working, 313 Fulton Ave., Rochester, Ind., who says: "I suffered everything with pain in the back, too frequent passages of the kidney secretions, swelling of the ankles and a general feeling of weakness. I tried about everything said to be good for kidney trouble, but Don's Kidney Pills brought me the first real help, and three boxes cured me."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lost No Opportunity.

"Now that we're to be under civil service," said the crossroads postmaster, "and I may have to take an examination some day, I'd better be picking up all the information I can."

Thereupon he proceeded to read all the postal cards.—Chicago Tribune.

CHILD ATE CUTICURA.

Spread Whole Box of It on Crackers—Not the Least Injury Resulted—Thus Proven Pure and Sweet. A New York friend of Cuticura writes:

"My three year old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the stateroom and located a box of Graham crackers and a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutely pure, sweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to even the tenderest skin or youngest infant.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

Some Wedding Ring History.

To wedding rings there has been often attached a value even unto death. One of the smallest wedding rings of which there is record was that fitted to the finger of Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., who at the age of two years, was solemnly wedded amid much pomp and splendor to Francis I. of France, who had just attained the dignity of six months. Attending the little bride were her father and mother, Henry and Catherine of Aragon, and Marie of France, mother of the bridegroom. The bridegroom himself was not present at the ceremony, but his place was taken by Admiral Bonivet, who acted as proxy and placed upon the finger of the little princess a tiny wedding ring, set with a magnificent diamond. Cardinal Wolsey performed the ceremony, at which the whole court was present.

Though gold is the metal generally accepted for wedding rings, various other materials have done service in its stead. There is one story of an eloping bride, for whom a ring was improvised from her own leather glove. The church key has frequently done similar duty, and brass curtain rings have been many times substituted for a circlet of more valuable material.

By giving his wife a ring, a husband is supposed to take her fully into his confidence. The fact that the left hand has been chosen to wear it, signifies that as the left is weaker than the right, so is a wife subject to her husband, while the third finger has been selected because of an old superstition that from the third finger of the left hand runs a vein directly to the heart.

Just how the plain gold band came to be chosen as proper for wedding rings is not absolutely known. It has descended to us from early Anglo-Saxon times and probably was adopted because its simplicity made it most available as a uniform symbol.

SISTER'S TRICK.

But It All Came Out Right. How a Sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it."

"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine, but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more."

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eye, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a reason."

Look in pigs for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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