

CONSTIPATION

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They act on the liver to stimulate its activity by gentle methods. They do not grip; they do not irritate; they do not weaken; they do not startle the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion, constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are thirty-two feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged, the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produces rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver complaint can expect to have a clear complexion, or enjoy good health.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weakening; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic. Price 25 cents.

FASHION HINTS



A natty and practical suit of gray linen is shown here. The skirt is box pleated and clears the ground easily. Self-covered buttons finish the coat, set in groups of three. The hat is rough black straw, and two gray unbleached feathers are held in place by a black rosette.

Feed Milk and Over Babies.
If babies had a vote the milk supply would be reformed. But babies are inarticulate and the slaughter goes on. Is there any reason why babies should die, asks Walter Weyl in Success Magazine—not occasionally, not now and then and here and there, but wholesale, like flies? We are so cruelly accustomed to the little coffin and the white hearse that we never look at the facts or ask ourselves the question. But is there any reason why babies should die?

Suppose you enter the house of a poor family and see a new-born babe in a corner of the room, and there near the fire, dozing over his slumberous pipe, the babe's great-grandfather, a rheumatic, asthmatic old man of ninety. The babe was born to-day, this very day, endowed with all its heritage of thousands of generations; the great-grandfather was born in 1819, when Monroe was President and Napoleon was alive. Crabbed age is frail, and yet the statisticians will prove to you that slim as are the chances of the very old, the babe is more likely than his great-grandfather to die in a year, and very much more likely to die within three months.

If the mother knew how great was the danger to her baby, she would hover over him more anxiously over the cradle. If she knew how often babies are slain by the milk of the city—if she knew, there wouldn't be so many slain.

THINK HARD.

It Pays to Think About Food.
The unthinking life and sickness lead often causes trouble and sickness, illustrated in the experience of a lady in Fond du Lac, Wis.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without breathing down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief.

"Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of my stomach and other ill attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time, and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. 'There's a Reason!'

"I like the delicious flavor of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions, it tastes similar to mild high grade coffee."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in page.

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

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND
Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.
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CHAPTER X.
Signs multiplied. When Charles and I returned to the house we found muddy footprints staining the dining-room floor and tracked across the kitchen. No intruders were to be seen, nor other evidence of their visit, but the mere fact that the sanctity of my home—hitherto always left open to the winds—had been invaded, angered me. I had Charles see that the house was securely locked hereafter whenever he left it in my absence.

Over the mantel in my den hung two muskets, out-of-date but still capable of boring holes in the atmosphere. My little army held a shotgun, for use in the marshes, and two revolvers, whose only use heretofore had been for target practice. I took them from the drawer and looked them over; they were ready for work when needed.

I sat on the porch, and considered the situation. Something was about to happen, something—I could not tell what—centered around this man who had mysteriously taken possession of the ship and proposed to offer combat on the sands. What he was or who he was I could not guess; speculation in these lines brought me immediately into blind alleys; but there was no doubt that in situation and character he was certainly the direct descendant of a more adventurous age. I was unmistakably drawn to him. I could see him as he stood on the beach, buffeted by the storm, gazing at the sea, with a look of defiance, and as he had stepped from the hatchway, hat in hand, bowing to Barbara Graham with the chivalrous manner of a cavalier, and again as he sat across the table from me, his slender hands ready to seize upon the pistols, his eyes, full of amusement and audacity, looking straight into mine. There was no doubt about it, the ship belonged to him by right of inheritance, and his arrival had brought me strange tidings. I thought over the matter a long time before I went to bed.

Early the next morning I took my dip in the sea, and was returning, clad in a bath-robe, when I caught sight of a man peering at me from the pines. I waved my hand, and he disappeared. As I was finishing dressing, a little later, I stepped out upon my balcony, and I saw the same man, much nearer now, gazing intently at the cottage. I hate spies, so I spoke somewhat angrily.

"Hi, there! What do you want?" I cried, beckoning to him.

He came forward rather sheepishly, and touched his hat.

"I was only taking a look at your house, sir."

"And is that what you were doing some twenty minutes ago?"

"Yes, sir; that's all I was doing."

"Are you an architect?" I demanded.

He wore a plain blue suit, with an old straw hat, and might have been almost anything.

He smiled. "No, I was merely looking about to see what there was to see. There wasn't any harm meant."

"There isn't any harm done, but, then, there isn't anything to see. I'm not very partial to sight-seers, especially when they hide behind trees. If there's any thing you want to ask me about, speak out."

He hesitated a moment. "A stranger—a tall man who speaks French—hasn't stopped at your house, has he?"

"No, he's a pal of yours?"

The man grinned. "No, exactly. Well, I won't trouble you any more. Good morning."

At breakfast I again cautioned Charles to remember that he knew nothing.

I could do no work in my present state of mind, so I slung my field-glasses over my shoulder and went to call on Duponcau. He was sitting at the cabin table, breakfasting on the remains of our last night's supper. My heart smote me.

"Why didn't you let me know? I could have brought you breakfast."

"It matters little; yesterday I obtained some food from a farmer, but that is too dangerous," he smiled. "I'm quite used to doing with little."

I sat down while he finished breakfast. After that we walked the short length of the cabin, Duponcau asking me a great many questions about the coast and the country inland. I told him what I could, and he seemed satisfied. When I decided to take my ease and paint on the cliff above the ship to paint, "I can keep a good lookout from here up on the farther beach," I said. "One can sweep it thoroughly from the cliff with a pair of glasses."

I settled down on the cliff, and for half an hour I gazed at everything but the scene in front of me. At the end of that time I looked up the distant beach with my glasses. Some one was sitting there, half way up. I studied the figure and decided that it was a woman, no other than Barbara Graham.

It is a curious quality. Sometimes it will not even at overnight. My one desire now was to have a few words with Miss Graham, so I left my easel as it stood, and went towards her.

She was half lying, half sitting, in the soft sand, some of which she had moulded into a cushion for her back, and a book lay open at her side, but she was not reading. She was gazing at the sea.

"What do you think of our pirate?"

She started, looked round at me, sat up, and clasped her knees with her hands. I sat down on the sand beside her.

"I was just thinking of him. I was thinking that I liked him tremendously."

"Naturally. He rescued you from a very disagreeable fellow."

"Yes," she agreed, without looking at me; "and a girl can never forget a debt of gratitude for that sort of thing."

"I must apologize," I said, "for my rudeness. Of course it was no business of mine whose portrait you had in your book."

"Of course not," she agreed; "although it happens that was just the reason why I put it there."

"Put what there?"

"Put Rodney's portrait in the pocket, and the locket where you would find it."

"You did? Why?"

"Oh, just to see what you would do—and you did it."

"Yes, I did," I admitted. "Then you're not—"

But she interrupted by turning to me.

"Monsieur Duponcau was as polite as he could be, and laughed at all my protests on the way home, but I think he was running into some danger on my account. I believe he has come to Alastair to hide."

(To be continued.)

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

There was no light; the Great Gods walked on earth That knew but changeless Day when man had birth. The first of men was Yama, and his bride Was Yami, first of women. Yama died; And Yami mourned; the gods could not ally The woe of her that waited, "He died to-day!"

"Not think," the Great Ones said, "her grief may cease; Let Night be made; the Dawn shall bring her peace." So Night was made. The Morrow turned not, But dawned in gold—and Yami was forgot. Whence came the word: "To-day is not To-morrow; And Days and Nights make all forget their sorrow."

—Arthur Golden.

BROKEN CONNECTION

"Two days' limit," said Willie Bates, as he looked doubtfully at the ticket. "Can I make it in that time?"

"Yes," and the agent pushed some change through the window and waited expectantly for the next man in the line. "We make close connections. Ten minutes' stop at Columbia and twenty at Charlotte for dinner. Jacksonville, sir? Nine ten," and Bates felt himself pushed unceremoniously aside by a portly man who was eager to change a bank note for the ticket which was being stamped.

"That's your train on the outside track," the agent called, warningly. "Better hurry."

As this advice was accentuated by a sharp "All aboard!" and a rush of a few belated passengers toward the outside track, Bates snatched up his hand bag and sprang forward.

"Whew! That was certainly close connection," he said grimly, as he swung himself on the rear of the moving train. "If I keep on at this rate I'll get through in time for the sale, and that will mean a thousand dollars in my pocket. Lucky I thought of it."

The parlor car was full, so he went on until he found a seat with a luggage rack, insolent hotel runner. Just across was a bright-looking woman in a plain traveling suit, and he glanced at her with sudden, half-recognized inquiry.

But a traveler is always running across faces that look familiar, and his attention was soon engrossed in wondering of the advances of the hotel runner. The train rushed on with the vehement, noisy impetuosity peculiar to southern trains, as though striving to give an impression of terrific speed; and the fine South Carolina dust sifted through the windows and spread thickly over the dingy plush seats, calling forth handkerchiefs and impatient exclamations from the passengers, and swirling now and then into angry clouds at the feeble onslaught of the train boy's broom. Once he noticed the woman of the opposite seat looking at him inquiringly as though she, too, was trying to recall something familiar. But when he turned to her she was gazing from the window.

At Columbia he spent the ten minutes in a forced defense of politics, and at Charlotte he was glad to leave his companion and join the rush toward the railroad restaurant. As a general thing he avoided such places; there was apt to be poor food and service, and not infrequently one was served so late that he could only snatch a few mouthfuls before it was time to hurry to the train.

But here he was agreeably disappointed, and when he went to the desk, near the door, to leave his seventy-five cents, it was with a feeling of satisfaction at not having been imposed upon.

Outside he looked at his watch; it still lacked five minutes of train time, so he walked leisurely down the platform, with the complacency of a man who has just had a good dinner, and who is perfectly satisfied with himself and the world.

As he turned to come back, he found himself face to face with the woman who had sat opposite him in the car. For a moment they gazed squarely into each other's eyes, they both started forward.

"Ain't you Willis Bates?" the woman asked eagerly. "I thought I knew you on the train."

"Yes, and you are—or was—Alice Durfee," Bates said, no less eagerly. "My! but I'm glad to meet you. Let me see—it's eighteen years since I left me see—it's eighteen years since I left the old village, and I haven't seen a soul from there since. How are they all—your mother, and Henry Taber, and my cousin, Bob Bates? Bob's the only kin I have, but he and I never did get on well together. Oh, I beg your pardon," hurriedly, "I forgot."

"My mother died ten years ago," she answered steadily. "After that I came South, and have only been back once since. Henry Taber had the post office the last I knew—and Bob—"

"There was a significant movement across the platform, and Bates glanced at his watch.

"It's time to get on board," he exclaimed. "We'll finish our talk in the car."

But she drew back.

"This isn't my train," she said. "I wait here two hours."

"Really?" with sudden dismay in his voice. "Why, I was counting on a good long talk. Is Bob—your husband—well?"

"He looked surprised.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered. "I have never married. I came South ten years ago in search of work, and have been teaching school ever since. But you'll miss your train."

It was already gliding down the platform, but he neither noticed it nor hearing warning. In his eyes was an expression of incredulous inquiry.

"Isn't Bob Bates—"

She motioned imperiously toward the train.

"You'll miss it," she cried again. Then her hands dropped to her side. "There, it is too late! Was it very important?" anxiously.

"Yes—no—that is, I guess so," he

test, and even tried to draw back, but her heart was with this man who had been so much to her youth, and who had returned, and in the end she entered the carriage with him and the door was again closed by the driver.

Two hours later this driver was standing on the platform of the station, watching the train rattle away toward Richmond. Not until it had disappeared did he climb back to his box and drive toward home. Bridget, his wife, was preparing supper when he came in from the stable.

"Oh, Pat," she called in sudden apprehension, "how come you so soon? Is it bad luck you've been havin' the day?"

"Troth, no, Biddy," catching her in his arms and swinging her about the room, and then slipping a crisp new ten dollar bill in her hand. "That's for the new clothes the childer made. Sure, an' it's an illigit day I've been havin'. Besides that, I've enough to pay the carriage rent an' the horses' feed."—Pennsylvania Grit.

LIVE FISH FOR GERMAN TABLES.

Now a Great Delicacy Is Conveyed Long Distances to Market.

There is one table delicacy the German epicure must have, and that is carp, and the carp, to be eaten in perfection, must be killed immediately before cooking. Saxony is noted for its carp, and in that kingdom the problem of conveying the living fish for long distances to remote markets has assumed considerable importance, says the London Chronicle. For several years past fresh water fish have been imported in casks of water from various points to the cities at some considerable expense. The living fish can be purchased daily in the markets of Dresden, Chemnitz and other cities, and are naturally preferred to fish transported in ice. Living sea fish are also transported to a less extent in salt water tanks. They are to be found thus far only in few of the larger cities. The desirability of providing cheaper means of transporting Saxon carp to distant points reached by fluvial routes has led to the introduction of ingeniously devised river craft for the purpose. They consist of scows sixty-five feet long and sixteen feet wide. The interior is divided by partitions into thirty compartments. In the bottom and sides of a scow, as well as in the inner partitions, cracks are left open so that when floating in a river there is a continual circulation of fresh water. The city of Hamburg demands very large quantities of carp, especially in the autumn, and this economical method of bringing the living fish from the remote breeding places does much to increase the demand. These craft made the first journey down the river during the month of September. How long will it be before fresh trout and salmon are brought to London in the same way?

BANKING IN WYOMING.

Checks Are Signed by Thumb Prints to Insure Identification.

Out in Cheyenne, Wyo., there is a bank which has depositors of so many different nationalities that it has found it necessary to require identification by some means other than a written signature, the Strand says. The bank officials have, therefore, made it a rule that its foreign depositors must sign their checks with the imprint of their right thumb in addition to their written signatures. Railroads in Wyoming have brought in as laborers hundreds of Asiatics, including Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, etc., which big coal mines around Cheyenne have imported many thousands of workmen from Southern Europe. Hundreds of these have made deposits with this bank, but are mostly unknown to the bank officials. Writing English but poorly, these depositors could scarcely ever duplicate their own signatures, and for the protection of the bank the officials were obliged to demand an additional identification. When a would-be depositor asks to open an account with that bank he places on file his written signature and at the same time the impress of his right thumb is filed. Afterward when a check from this man is received at the bank it must have the thumb print attached as well as the written signature, and this thumb print must, of course, correspond with that on file in the bank's records. The thumb-print system, it may be added, is the old Chinese method of identification.

President's Arrival at Church.

Mr. Taft's arrival in church is an interesting ceremony to witness, the Washington Post says. At his entrance the whole congregation rises and remains standing until he is seated, and when the services are finished it again stands until he has left the church, the conduct of those present being a willing and agreeable tribute to his office.

The President, by the way, will have at least one member of his cabinet with him at All Souls'—Attorney General Wickersham, whose wife when she was a resident of Washington was one of the leading factors of the church and a teacher in the Sunday school. There are a number of other notable people among the congregation over which Dr. Pierce presides. The late Senator Morrill of Vermont, from the time he came here, in the late '50s, until his death, was a worshiper at All Souls', and since his death his son, James S. Morrill, and his aunt, Miss Swan, occupy the pew that was his for more than a quarter of a century. Timothy Howe, who was the Postmaster General in President Grant's cabinet, was always a prominent figure in the Unitarian congregation, and his place has been taken by his daughter, Mrs. Enoch Totten, and her children. Among the other noted names on the parish register are those of the Willards, the Webbs, Wallaces and many others with whom this broad and catholic faith appeals.

Not Consummated.

"Madam, I will not consume your time with the tale of my misfortune—"

"No, and you'll not consume any of my provisions, either."—Houston Post.

There is nothing more amusing than the manner in which a man drops into social obscurity as soon as he gets married.



Teacher—What is the highest form of animal life? Scholar—The giraffe.

Stella—Does she accompany on the piano? Bella—No, she just sits in the audience and hums—Puck.

"A case of love at first sight, eh?"

"No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

"Do you really love me, George?"

"Didn't you give me this tie, dear?"

"Yes, love. Why?"

"Well, ain't I wearing it?"

"My dear, I saw a perfectly lovely flat this morning?"

"All right," replied her husband. "When do we move?"—Detroit Free Press.

"What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?"

"It's good. I understand he never goes fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

Tommy—Pop, what is a skeptic? Tommy's Pa—A skeptic, my son, is a person who doubts anything you are sure of.—Philadelphia Record.

"In a certain sense," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Whenever I go into a deal I hope for the best of it."—Washington Star.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

Caller—Nellie, is your mother in? Nellie—Mother is out shopping. Caller—When will she return, Nellie? Nellie (calling back)—Mamma, what shall I say now?—Short Stories.

"Is Jones an optimist?"

"Is he? He found a ticket advertising him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Secretary (writing advertisements)—Wanted, an intelligent young man, unmarried— Old Grouch—Leave out the "unmarried," you said "intelligent," didn't you?—Exchange.

Browning—What do you know about this poultry business, Greening? Is there any money in hens? Greening—You bet there is. I put all of \$50 in mine last winter. —Chicago Daily News.

"After all, this is a very small world," said the ready-made philosopher. "I gather from that remark," rejoined the precise person, "that you have not been compelled to figure much on railway or steamship fares."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Post—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish to have it inserted?—Cleveland Leader.

"When there is company here," said Mrs. Hewligus, after the caller had gone, "I wish you wouldn't make such pointed remarks about women's hats?"

"Pointed remarks?" exclaimed Mr. Hewligus; "why, I never talked more bluntly in my life."—Chicago Tribune.

He—So you favor woman suffrage? She—I certainly do. He—Well, in the last election, for instance, would you have voted for Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan? She—I would not have voted for either. When I vote I'll vote for a woman or not at all!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hallo, old man!" exclaimed Dudley, at the Literary Circle reception. "It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here."

"Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you see I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Punch.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you don't want to listen to my hard-luck story, do you?"

"Not a bit of it!"

"You relieve my mind. If you want to hear something worth while, you jes' gimme a chance to show what I kin do as an after-dinner speaker."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gramercy—If you want a nice hall rug why don't you get one of those tiger skins with the real head on it? Mrs. Gayboy—I never could use one of those things in my hall. You don't know how imaginative my husband is every time he comes home late.—Brooklyn Life.

Stage Struck—Is the manager in? Manager—He is out. Stage Struck—Funny. A gentleman at the entrance just told me that you are the manager. Manager—That's true enough, but I'm out, all the same. I'm out about fifteen hundred dollars on that last play I staged.—Boston Courier.

"I like my house all right," said Luschman, "except for one thing. I guess you'll have to fix that." "What is it?" asked the architect. "Several times lately I've nearly broken my neck reaching for another step at the head of the stairs when I got home late, so I guess you'd better put another step there."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Sister States.

Probably the sister States are: Miss Juri, the Misses Sipp, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Caille Fornia, Allie Wama, Louisa Anna, Della Ware and Minnie Sota.—Lettis Iowa Record.

It is nice in the books to have a masterful man for a hero, but such a man is called downright bossy by his neighbors in real life.

Every man has some particular sort of genius. If the time in which he lives makes a market for his genius he becomes great.



I WAIT HERE TWO HOURS.