Distinguished Refugees. Among the distinguished men whe have sought refuge in the United

States from political oppression abroad were Talleyrand, whose subsequent career for brilliant achievement is without parallel in executive statesmanship; Joseph Bonaparte, elder brother of Napoleon, who lived at Bordentown, N. J.; Brillat-Savarin, author of the Philosophy of Food, who subsequently became an eminent judge in France; Tom Paine, author of the Rights of Man; Cobbett, the great political economist: Carl Schurz. Oswald Ottendorfer, founder of the New York Stants-Zeitung; Dr. Emil Pretorius, founder of the St. Louis Westliche Post; Gen. Franz Sigel, Thomas Francis Meagher, leader of the Irish Brigade in the civil war: Garbaldi, ODonovan Rossa, John Boyle O'Reilly, the eminent poet, and Moreau, the only rival that Napoleon feared.

To these names of distinguished men who sought the protection of American law against pursuit by their political enemies elsewhere may be added that of Porfirio Diaz, now president of Mexico, who was at New Orleans in July, 1875, with a reward of \$50,000 out for his apprehension.

Self-Possession. Mr. Kajones, who had happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see some body slip hastily off somebody else's

"Ah, Bennie," he observed, pleasant-Ry, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?" "Neither, papa," said Bessie, recov-

ering herself instantly; "George is my holding company—that's all."—Chicage

FASHION HINTS



A late model in a simple evening coat as a queer little cape-hood arrangement, nat would be nice for the girl of slender Fur collar, cuffs and tie ends, make ines. Fur collar, cults and tie ends, make a rich trimming, but heavy lace, or some-thing Persian in effect, would be equally for finishing the neck and sleeves.

CLEAR-HEADED.

Bend Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable. The chief bookkeeper in a large busimess house in one of our great Westorn cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, the entire exclusion of tea and cof-Coo. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach, My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon reme died, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble, I verily believe, for I am a well man to-day and have used no other remedy.

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my soffes-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me afnce I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."

"There's a Reason." Look in pkgs. for the little book,

The Road to Wellyllle" Ever read the shove letter? A sew one appears from time to time. by are gennine, true, and full of

m interest.

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER IX .- (Continued.)

bathing her temples.

rica; you'll-

The visit of Mr. Franz threw no new fight on the Wayne murder mysery. As to the disappearance of Bet-Lancey and of the Man-Aperilla nception. The police found themcives up against a polygonal enigma: he murder of Cerisse Wayne: ntity and whereabouts of Hamley tckleye; the unparalleled resemance between Mrs. Harcourt and Betty Lancey; and the appearance He says it is the nicest he ever atc." and disappearance of the Man-Aperilla -all surrounding the death of Mrs.

Larry Morris grew thin and gaunt as the days passed on, and no tidings ame from the missing Betty. Harcourt's wife had been taken to a sanitarium and Harcourt was held in jail pending her recovery and the clearance of the mystery. The copy of the letter Harcourt had made was pronounced by experts to be a disguised hand, and the signature of Harold Harcourt on the hotel register was found to be almost identical with the formation of the initials H. H. appended to the letters found among the effects of the dead Cerisse Wayne. Harcourt had killed Mrs. Wayne, other theorists held that Harold Harcourt and Hamley Hackleye were the same; others still, that Harcourt had been masquerading as Hackleye, and in that way explained the vanishing of Hackleye. This left still unaccounted for

the abduction of Betty and the mystery of the Man-Aperilla. Larry Morris persistently held to It that it was only right that an expedition should be fitted up and sent to Africa to see if there might be any further clews picked up there. His paper laughed at him, and one editor, who guessed the condition of Larry's heart, called him a "lovesick fool." Larry fumed until one night late in August he had a dream about Betty. He saw her in a jungle, amidst a horde of libyans and hideous black men. And she was standing there stretching out her hands to him. Her voice, thick with pain, called out to him, "Larry! Oh, Larry!" That settled Larry Morris. He threw up his job the very next my, and with Johnny Johnson in tow oft for New York. Five days later Larry had made a tie-up with a press yndicate to go to Africa, along with ohnny Johnson, and see what could be done towards tracing out that end of the tale. They had no charts, nothing but a few half obliterated postmarks torn from letters found in the

was pinning much faith. It was the mustard seed he hoped would move a handed her a little bell. mountain.

CHAPTER X. Betty Lancey came back to con sciousness and the world of things as mortals think they see them, with a most monstrous smell of sulphur choking her. As nearly as she could distinguish the room was filled with glass globes the circumference of a fairsized musk-melon, and every globe was a-twitter with lemon yellow or pale violet lights, bathing the room with

odd sputtered flashes. Realities reverted slowly. Betty rugated, later a floor, and eventually descried that she was nestling on a couch piled soft and easy with pungent pillows. Barely had she discerned these facts when a swaddled personage confronted her. It was tall in doubt.

"Ah, that is better," came the gutural comment, "do you wish more medicine?"

"No, indeed," she expostulated. "I didn't wish any in the first place. Why did you give it to me? Where am

The being answered with a shrug. "Pray, calm yourself, my dear Miss Lancey. I only trust the machinanot disturb you too much. Do be quiet Do not excite yourself unduly,"

"Oh, but who are you? Where are 1? And why?" asked Betty. "There's such a rushing in my head, such a sounding in my ears, and that swish and swash of water-what does it all mean? Am I delirious or dreaming? "You've been both," replied the fig-

"but you're better now, Well enough to go into the salon where you can rest far more comfortably than in here. As to who I am-well, you may call me Le Malheureux if you like-it suits me better than any other title, for I am the unhappiest in all the world! My baptismal name was Francis-Francis-the free-but freedom for me-never!"

The figure sunk in a heap. the sputterings of the electrical apparatuses Betty could distinguish the swiri of waves, and the suige of deep water. She tried to rise but was too weak, and reclined once more upor her pillows. Vainly she endeavored to recall what had passed before. Event after event raced through her brain She remembered dimly as a child traces back the progress of an evil dream the incidents of her last waking hours. The inquest of Cerisse Wayne the scene in the Directory Hotel, the quest for the papers, her attempt to interview the mysterious woman, and last of all that shuddering fright, that struggling embrace with a horrible furry being that held her in a grasp from which escape was impossi-

ble, endurance intolerable. She glanced at the heap of draperies by the side of the couch, watched the swing and sway of the room about her. and tried to gather her tortured senses together. Betty Lancey had never had any imagination, but she was possessed always with the poise of six men and the common sense of a dozen. She examined her hands carefully, and found them without scratch or bruise. She felt no soreness of body but a numb heaviness of brain, and a confused had told her that first morning. That medley of thought. She closed her eyes she had been very ill, Betty knew, and and again dropped into a numbress.

urging her to "have just another plece

of this steak, Betty, do." By her side was a small table, nextly spread with dainty linen, fragile chins, and exquisite silver, laden with

"That's right, child," maid the black woman, "open your eyes and you'll feel better. Open your lips, too, and taste this broth. It's so nice! I made it for Mrs. Wayne; the disappearance of you, just the way Mr. Francis likes it. Mention of "Mr. Francis" fetched to mind the shock of an earlier hour to Betty. She suffered herself to be fed which the negress did as gently as mother might. With reviving strengt Betty found her tongue again. She

questioned her servitor closely "Have I been sick or drugged?" "You've been very sick, my girl. Bu this sea voyage will put you right again. When you get back from Af

"From Africa?" shricked Betty. there? Oh, what has happened to he is."

"You're sailing straight for Africa it the most comfortable manner possi-Opinion was divided among various ble" answered the negrous "but as speculations and some thought that tell you, you'll be sent home well and anfo.

Betty sank back quieted and dutifully ate for the negress. When she had finished the black woman went away wrappings.

"My name is Tyoga," announced the negress, bluntly. Then she set about combing Betty's sadly tangled hair and wound the braids loosely around her fevered head. "I'm going to take you up on deck, now. Mr. Francis says ou need the air."

s if she had been a little girl, and bore her to the upper deck and placed her in a luxuriously arranged steamer

The glare of the sun on the water burt Betty's eyes terribly, but the salt sputterings of the electrical flashes was unbounded. The surface of the water was unwrinkled and sea and sky were joined without a visible seam at the juncture. The craft on which she the dearth of human companionship. ed her round with the blankets, and

"I shall be busy below," announced the negress, "but if you want me, ring."

Then she disappeared down a hatchway. Betty picked up the magazines listlessly and found in addition several current scientific journals in French nd in German, numerous of the lightand a San Franscisco daily of a date several days prior to the murder of Cerisse Wayne, The yacht, for such Betty termed it in the almo more accurate knowledge of the nature of the craft, made good time through made out a celling, domelike and cor- the water. Its soft motion, and the into a dream of wild unrest. Once it seemed to her that the Malheureus and gurbed in sombre swatchings that stood beside her, and then again Tyoleft the outlines of its great bulk all ga-she had hard shift to differentiate between them, both were so tall, so hulking, so sombre. Had she not heard

their voices in a guttural converse whose syllables she could not distinguish, she would have thought that the dual personality was but a trick of her rebellious fancy and that only ene person beside herself was aboard this yacht of enchantment or delirium. The golden day faded in a rainbow clash of scarlet and silver, jasper and jade, pink and purple and gold and green. Pale evening, star-shot and misty followed in its footsteps. At intervals Betty roused to be fed, only to

fall again into her dreams of things chaotic and things incomplete. Then when it grew the dark gray dusk, with a tight and shrivelled little quarter of a moon above them, Betty heard the twang and tinkle of a banjo beside her, and looking saw Le Malheureux, deep in the shadow, picking from the strings of the instrument melodies with all the heartbreak and all the soul-ache of the world within their

measures. As the night darkened the music grew more weird and from the hatchway joined in Tyoga's voice, deep rich, alluring as the jungles from whence she had come, and the yach sailed on and on to the south, with Betty fast asleep and all unconscious of the world-wide search for her, now paralleling the mystery of the murder of Cerisse Wayne.

CHAPTER XL One day Betty, tired of watching the cascope alip monotonously by, samoled putting her foot to the deck. The ouch of the timber wakened ambition within her, so the second foot slowly followed the first. Then Betty made another try, and found that she could stand erect-rather tottery, it was true. Then she tried to walk, but hardly had she gone half a dozen steps when

Tyoga was with her, "Careful, careful," smiled the ne gress. "Don't try too much, and be careful, mighty careful 'round this oat. This is a had boat, Missy, it

ought to fly the pirate flag." Betty shivered. She had grown to ike Tyoga, for the negress had been devotion itself in the services she had given to the young American girl. Taciturn and commanding, Betty had never been able to evoke from her either the object or the direction of their journey beyond what the negress that Le Malheureux was a physician of She awakened from dreams of a high skill she had shrewdly guessed to make men fit to live in it.—Sir meal at Le Roy's with Larry Morris Betty rarely saw him, never in a bright James Duckworth.

light, though when he played on deck of nights, as he always did, the magic, mystery and misery in the music made tears. It was the wall of a heart and Call to him, cry to him, of a soul in prison, and in despair. All | Fly to him, endeavors to elicit any information Bid him delay not! from her aurroundings having failed, Botty had rest med herself to the inevitable, postponed the finding of the answer and estimating her own enfeebled condition had not down to taking things as she found them, reveling in the salt and sweep of Nature and the sea-air and the willy-nilly voyage that

had fallen to her lot. Time and its reckoning had all been Betty, finding that the comptoneter of the days had slipped from her nind did not try to retain it. She merely rested and waited. But there Is enough for my sinning? were times, occusions and remarks This were the cost to me, that Tyoga and Le Malheureux both would offfines make that caused Betty to shiver, and forced her once more into a wonderment of the wherefore and

"Don't, Tyona!" she fretted now. iese riddles were still at their bassing a dozen appetizing viands. A negro "You make me so unhappy when you woman of hulking build was gently speak like that. I'm restless, anyway, and I want to be amused. Take mesome place!

The you want to go into my kitchsuggested Tyoga, humoring her, little girls like to mess in the If you want to you may go and make fudge." Tyour," asked Betty, "where did

Tell me, do. Your English is A shade of pain crossed the negress' e, and her features set in immobil-

get that wonderful education of

Do you want to go into the kitchshe repeated.

No," replied Betty, imperiously, "I ant to go see Le Malheureux. ion't like him, Tyoga, he repels me as much as if he were a horrid beast. But where and why and how am I going I feel sorry for him. Take me where

(To be continued.) RUSES OF SUFFRAGISTS.

Disguises Adopted to Attend a Liberal Meeting in London.

The precautions taken to exclude suffragists from the Liberal meeting at the Albert Hall recently were effectual, and came back with steamer rugs and the London Daily Graphic says. Two of three men who raised the cry of "Votes for women!" were unceremoniously thrown out.

A disguised suffragette attempted to got in. She came in the uniform of a telegraph boy. But a lynx-eyed male saw by the way her peak cap was Tall and strong as Betty once had polsed that the telegraph "boy" was een the glant negress picked her up only a young woman in disguise. Reallzing that she was recognized, the disguised one ran down the steps of the hall amid mingled cheers and jeers and drove away in a four wheeler.

It was fully expected that at the end breeze refreshed her and the relief of Thursday's suffragette meeting in from the smell of sulphur and the the hall some women would attempt to remain on the premises in readiness to disturb the Liberal demonstration. The reason for anticipating this was that a woman was discovered about 5 was sailing was the oddest Betty had o'clock on that afternoon-that is. ever seen. Not larger than a comfort- prior to the suffragettes' own displayable yacht, it was devoid of rigging, hidden in the organ. Many women machinery, or even sailors so far as had been admitted during the afterthe casual eye could note. All around noon, and she and the others who hid pervaded that uncanny silence born of themselves in the hall were supposed day, Franz & Co., but on these Larry with books close to Betty's side, tuckat considerable risk, for elaborate structural precaution had already been taken in view of a recent meeting to prevent any one from approaching the OFEBB.

Failure on the part of the woman to accomplish the feat in safety would have meant a drop of twenty feet into the seats of the orchestra. She came er American and English periodicals; out voluntarily when discovered-otherwise there was no room for a man

to get in to force her out. This one baying been found in the organ loft, the watcaman proceeded to search the whole building after the women's meeting was over. He found glare of the sun, sea and sky acted as two in a small corridor between the a gentle hypnotic and Betty, with a band room and the platform and one few final efforts for the retention of in a pay box at the entrance. The consciousness found herself slipping suffragettes allege that they followed

the man round covertly. Some hours later-about 5 o'clock ently it rallied and poured down a one morning-the watchman found an- flood of thrills that threatened her other woman in one of the boxes, hid- with extinction. den behind the curtains. He telephoned to the police to know what to do with her. They told him to let had put her the man found she had es- away. caped through a window.

Still another woman was found in a bubbled. "Our voices harmonized beaudark portion of the building, the credit tifully, in the clear air." for the discovery in this case being due to the dog which accompanies the were made for each other. Stella man on his rounds.

When taken out of their hiding dust. Some had bags of food. Recently the manager of the hall,

with a large staff of assistants, went nic grounds, too." over the huge building thoroughly, A wicked inspiration filled Ned with right up to the crown of the roof. Nobody was found, but special men were placed on the doors leading to the roof in order to prevent any unauthorized person from ascending.

During the afternoon the stewards engaged for the Liberal meeting arrived, and before that the management had made another tour of the lower part of the building especially under the stalls in the area and the balcony, where any number of women could hide and make themselves heard throughout the hall by a megaphone. It seems the women had offered as

Business Is Business. Count (to the matrimonial agent)-One other point. I am living out of

the country; my intended must be

shipped to me. Are your terms f. o. b. Blatter. Tactful Tactics. Miss Saphron-Do you sell anythina

to restore the complexion? Chemist-Restore! You mean pre serve, miss. (Deal to the amount of 17s 6d immediately executed.)-London Tatler.

Step by Step. I believe in improving environments, but when we have made the world fit for men to live in we shall still need A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

her heart throb and her eyes fill with I am a woman-therefore I may no

Then when he comes to me. I must sit quiet: Still or a Stone All silent and veld. Crush and defy it!

Should I grow bold, Say one dear thing to him, All my life fling to him, Cling to him-What to atone

This were my winning That he were lost to me. Not as a lover At last if he part from me.

Tearing my heart from me.

Hurt beyond cure-

Then must I hold me. In myself fold me. Lest be discover: Showing no sign to him By look of mine to him What he has been to me-How my heart turns to him,

Follows him, yearns to him,

Pity me, lean to me, Thou God above met -Richard Watson Gilder.

Prays him to love me.

The Day of the Slave

"The idea of expecting anyone to be serious to-day!" she mocked, mis- a stone wherewith to display her acchievously. "Why all Nature is sim- curacy of aim and punish him. ply hilarious! Riotous birds, frolicking-

"Nature go hang!" he exploded. 'you're just choking me off. You all are blistering." ways find some excuse for not listen-

"Well, then, why insist upon expressing yourself as to the future? Why not be content and happy in the now?" settled. I shall be prepared to enjoy know." the 'now,' " he finished.

"Your confidence is amazing." "Certain doom is easier to bear than suspense," he asserted. "It's no use, Stella, the time has come and---"Hark! Hark! Hear that perfectly

wonderful bird song? Why, it's like a part of our new duet." She broke into a ringing carol which apparently silenced the bird, but pres-



"OH YOU-TOU WRETCH."

"Help me, Ned," she cried. Ned succumbed to her blandishments, as usual, his glumness fled, he her go, and she was turned out, as lifted up his voice with hers, and tothe others had been. Or rather she gether they produced such a volume of would have been turned out, but on re- melody that the bird, after another turning to the waiting room where he frantic overflow, gave it up and flew

"Wasn't it the funniest contest?"

"Our voices always harmonize; they

"Oh, yonder are stepping stones!" places the women presented a sorry she cried, running down the hill to sight, being covered with dirt and the stream. "Can't we cross here, and not tag the others away down to the bridge? We'd beat them to the pic

> exultation, if he could only stick it out. Objection was sure to add to her determination. "Looks deep in the channels each

> side of that big rock, and you can't jump the gaps, either.' 'Well, you can help me across," she said confidently.

"Oh, yes," he assented, "I can help you across easily. But I must put in but reminded himself that she deserved

In a few minutes he had swung her safely across to the large rock in the center of the stream; as he leaped to much as £200 for a seat at one night's it himself, the newly placed stone swayed and turned.

"Oh!" she cried, "It might have thrown us both in!" "That's so," he returned.

He hid a grin, as with the hooked

handle of her umbrella he helped it or do you pay the freight?-Fliegends into the deeper channel, where it settled to the bottom. Suddenly realizing the disadvantages of her position, Stella shivered, saying: "Let's hurry, Ned. I'm afraid

this rock will turn over, too." "Oh, no, it's solld," Ned stamped. "Good thing, too; I need firm footing for the jump; channel's wider on this side. Here goes!"

"Oh, I thought sure you'd fall in, Ned. Put in several more stones for me, those are so wide apart I don't believe I can get over.

"No, I don't think you can," Ned replied

"Well, then, hurry and get the

stones. "Yes, enough to build a bridge," Ned assented, regarding the building material indifferently.

"But you needn't build a bridge; three more will be enough, I'm sure.' "Or two, perhaps," Ned amended. "Why don't you put them in, then?"

she snapped, out of patience. "Oh, there's no hurry," stretched back on the grass. "Well, of all the- Maybe you think I like being a prisoner on a rock in

mid-ocean," she suggested sarcastical-"Maybe I think I like it." "Ned Holcomb! What on earth do

you mean?" "That's easy," Ned sprang up; "every dog has his day, likewise slave. This is the day of the slave."

"Oh, you-you wretch," she spluttered, not even pretending to misunderstand him, "But I'll show you I'm not so helpless as you imagine." She made a motion as if to attempt to leap. Ned smiled, repeating: "This is the

day of the slave. I am going to have a hearing-Stella, will-She clapped her hands over her ears and gazed at the treetops. Ned comnosed himself at ease on the grass. Stella boiled with indignation.

"I'll fling myself into the deepest water and drown if you don't help me off instantly!" she threatened, darkly. "Oh, you wouldn't drown. I'd pull you out and put you on the rock again

to dry. She stamped in vexation, the tilted heel glanced, she staggered and caught herself with an alacrity that belied her

threat. Ned remained inert and unconcerned. "I wish I had something to throw at you!" she stormed.

"You couldn't hit me, you know," he She thrust her bare arm to the el-

bow in the water, but failed to fish up "Ready to listen?" Ned laughed.

She disdained to answer. "This rock is as hot as-as Gibraltar. My feet She flouried about and studied the

back trail of stones. "I believe I could

jump it with my shoes off," she com-

mented, careful that he should hear. "Maybe," he returned. "You'd only When a certain important matter is get a good wetting if you fell in, you

"I should think you'd be ashamed of

yourself," she opined, after a sulky silence. "Oh, surely not now," he protested. I'm puffed with pride. I've instituted a rebellion-which took a lot of courage-and I've laid a siege which I mean to maintain until capitulation. It's only when I look back at my former abject condition that I blush."

"Certainly," Ned agreed. Silence for a space. Then she jerked her hat low, hid her face in her handkerchief and burst into sobs, quavering: "I never dreamed you'd treat me like this."

"I presume you expect to dictate the

terms of capitulation," she jeered.

Ned set his teeth, again reminding himself that she was an adept at simulation, "Better have my handkerchief." he offered: "that bit of lace is inadequate for such a shower." At length the young man raised to

an elbow and listened, a smile growing to a broad grin. "Our little drama is to have spectators," he mused. Stella listened an instant, then

prang up, crying vehemently: "Oh, h! You wouldn't dare to keep me sere till they come!"

"I'm in a daring mood; however, it rests with you." "But just imagine what they'll

think!" "I know what the fellows'll think. hear their cheers for the erstwhile spiritless slave. As for the girls, you can, perhaps, picture their thoughts and actions."

"Oh, please, Ned, please take me off. They'll laugh at me forever! Please, please, Ned!'

Ned choked, but replied firmly: "It cuts me to the heart to refuse you. Stella, but I must. I am determined to have my answer if the whole world stands gaping. Stella, will you marry

me?" Stella closed her lips stubbornly, Around the bend came lilts of song and merry whoops from the approaching party, as yet hidden by the woods. She made again as if to attempt the leap, faltered and shrank, then turned to her relentless jailer and nodded vio-

"I can't accept signs that may leave loopholes for evasion," Ned asserted; "I must have a plain, verbal answer-Stella, will you marry me?"

"Oh, yes, Ned, yes! Hurry! They'll be here in a minute!" "Marry me soon?"

"Yes, yes! Whenever you please! Hurry, Ned!" "All right, girlie," the stones flew into place, and as he swung her over Ned whispered, "Forgive me, dear; it was brutal."-New Orleans Times-Dem-

ocrat. Anecdotes Told of Wit.

When A. T. Stewart conceived the idea of setting up a coat of arms he went to W. R. Travers, the New York another stone first." He felt mean, wit, for advice. Mr. Travers suggest ed an employer rampant, chasing a lazy salesman with a yard-stick, and Mr. Stewart did not speak to him again for a month. This anecdote is probably as authentic as the other. which states that Mr. Stewart being extremely loquacious at a state banquet at Delmonico's, Mr. Travers silenced him by calling the length of the table: "Cash!"

> Acme of Real Stupidity. It is claimed that in his boyhood Shakespeare was so stupid that he did not know enough to come in out of the rain. Perhaps through this stupidity he got so wet that he became the great intellectual ocean whose waves touch the shores of all thought.

One of the (W) Right Kind. Maud-So your new beau possesse an airship, does he? What kind it is Ethel-The best kind possible-the heirship to about a million dollars-

No man is a coward who has been married more than once.

Boston Transcript.



wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy-Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna-when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Wason E. Coleman, Was

London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other. Every year sees about twenty miles of new streets added to it.

Knee to Ankle a Mass of Humor. "About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solld scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to expe-

rience it to knew what it is. "I tried all kinds of doctors and remedles but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill ma with hope only to break out again just as bad if not worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After taking the Cuticura Remedies for a little while I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cutieura Resolvent, in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends. W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 13, 1909."

Looks Down on Others. Fuddy-Yes, that's Curtwright over there. He's wen several aviation prizes, and consequently holds his head pretty high.

Duddy-Considers himself one of the aerostocracy, eh!-Boston Transcript. A Little Cold.

He caught a little cold-

He caught a little cold-

So the neighbors sadly said, As they gathered round his bed When they heard that he was dead

That was all

That was all. (Puck.) Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and

easily mix them in a large bottle. Conditional. The witness had sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "That is," he stipulated, "if that hook

nosed lawyer over there will let me de Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c. Objective Reform. The defendant had been found guilty of habitually getting drunk and beat-

'You'll not be guilty of indulging in the 'lick her' habit during the next two years, anyhow, you sorry specimen of manhood," said the judge. "Officer, remove the prisoner."

ing his wife.

HAVE YOU A COUGH, OR COLD? If so, take at once Allen's Lawy Deligion and w results. Simple, safe, affective. All dealers that prices—the, five, and it .50 bottles.

His Own Method. "Did you say you wanted to abolish our tyrannical system which enables persons who do little or nothing to exact tribute from hungry strugglers?" asked the chairman of the meeting. "That's what I said," answered the

Socialist orator, "and it got great applause." "Yes. But don't you say it again. Remember, you got your start in life from tips while you were waiter in a

restaurant."-Washington Star. Will Get It. "You should insist," said the doctor,

"on your boy's accustoming himself to cold baths." "I don't have to insist," answered the worried father. "He'll be out skating before the ice is an eighth of an inch thick."-Washington Star.

Not So Badly Off. "Kitty, think of the poor reindeer in the frozen north. They have to pay through the snow and ice to react their food, and then have nothing to

eat but moss" "Why, mamma, I just love Iceland