

SYRUP OF FIGS

ELIXIR-SENNA

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS, AND HEADACHES DUE TO CONSTIPATION. BEST FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—YOUNG AND OLD. TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS—ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE. MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS ONE SIZE ONLY REGULAR PRICE 50¢ A BOTTLE

REMARKABLE PIECE OF LUCK

Some Men Would Lose Reputation for Veracity if They Told This as Mark Twain Told It.

Mark Twain was an inveterate smoker. He even smoked in bed, where he did much of his work. And speaking of his devotion to tobacco Septimus tells the following in the Rochester Post-Express: Mark Twain used to say that one of the most remarkable stories of luck ever told had to do with smoking. It was in Nevada days. He had been out prospecting in a wild and uninhabited country, a hundred miles from a village, when his matches were destroyed by water. He had no flint or tinderbox and no way of getting a light. So he went about six hours without a smoke. Then the smoker's insatiable hunger began to gnaw. "I was in agony," said Mark Twain, "and would have given hundreds of thousands of dollars for a light, when suddenly I looked down on the ground, and what do you think I saw? A match. Sure as I live, there is a place where I would have sworn no white man ever put his foot, was a large fat match, perfectly dry. I lighted my pipe and kept it going until I reached a white man's habitation. That was the greatest bit of luck that ever happened in my life." And the humorist would tell the story with the gravest of faces and without even so much as a twinkle in the eyes.

Children.

Listen to this opinion from David Starr Jordan:

"There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead, but there is always a chance that we can save a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and perfidy, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them."

Dodie Cheese.

Andrew Cartidge, while eating with appetite and courage last month the dishes cooked by the young girls of the Margaret Morrison school in Pittsburg, said:

"I have no fear before these experimental meals. He who has eaten in France learns to eat boldly.

"Think of the French cheeses alone!"

"Why, one afternoon in a restaurant in the Boulevard des Capucines, I heard a guest shout angrily:

"Walter, look here, this cheese is walking all over the table!"

"All have no fear, monsieur. It won't escape," the waiter replied. "If it goes too far, just call 'Jules, Jules!' It always answers to its name."

A Practical Discourse.

One stormy day the children were amusing themselves indoors, playing church. "Now, Florence," said Theodore, "I'll be the minister and tell you what you must do, and you'll be the people, and you must listen and do what I tell you." Climbing up on a chair, he began his sermon. "Florence, you must be a very good girl and do whatever your brother wants you to. If he wants your playthings, you must let him have them, and if you want any of his, you just let 'em alone."—Christian Herald.

Natural.

"And did your wife die a natural death?"

"Oh, yes. She was talking when she died."

Stoicly, a deep genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—Carlyle.


OLD HOME OF MARK HANNA

Houses in Georgia Where Senator Spent Winters, Scene of History Making Events.

Atlanta, Ga.—The members of the Hanna family who own places here are still devoted to Thomasville, and come out every winter, but the old house where Mark Hanna spent his winters here, where McKinley visited and where history was once made, is silent and deserted—untenanted for many years.

Had Mark Hanna lived, it is probable that he would have built a handsome country home near those of the other members of the Hanna colony here, for he thought there was no place to equal Thomasville.

The interest which his already centered around the old "Hanna house,"



Hanna's Georgia Home.

as it is known here, is as much connected with McKinley as with Hanna. When Mr. McKinley made his first visit to Thomasville it had begun to be rumored around generally that Mark Hanna was grooming him for the presidency, and, of course, there was a great deal of curiosity to see him. From the number of politicians who began dropping into Thomasville after his arrival, and the prominent newspaper men, like McClure of Philadelphia and McGill of Chicago, who thought the air of the piney woods what they needed that winter, the public soon caught on to the fact that there was "something doing" and the rumor was felt to be a certainty.

There were many important gatherings at the old house by day and by night, and things were done which were to affect the history of the nation. Plans were made and perfected and the McKinley campaign for the presidency fully mapped out, all of course, under the masterly guidance and leadership of Mark Hanna.

Only once since the death of Hanna has his old home been occupied, and that was by Judge Lynde Harrison of New York, a noted lawyer, who, like Hanna, McKinley and others that it once sheltered, has also passed to the great beyond. One almost wonders if there is a fatality connected with the place, and if that is why it remains unoccupied, as no one seems to care to live there, and real estate agents try in vain to rent it. Many tourists find only a closed up house, and through the glass of the once famous parlor the imagination might almost conjecture upon the forms of Hanna, McKinley and his delicate clinging wife, yet it is tenanted only by dust and memories.

KING GEORGE HER HUSBAND?

Daughter of Admiral Seymour, Said to Have Married New Ruler of England.

London.—Mrs. Trevelyan Nopier, daughter of Admiral Seymour, was said at one time to have been married to the duke of York, now George V. of England, and so strongly has the belief in such a ceremony been grounded that it still prevails.

The royal family considered it necessary, at the time, for the archbishop of Canterbury to issue a denial that any ecclesiastical obstacle existed to the duke of York's marriage to the princess of Teck, now Queen May.

Belief that there was a ceremony is not yet wholly dispelled, but certain laws regarding the marriage of people of royal blood would make it illegal, even if performed.

No History Repetition.

"My dear," said the man who had married his stenographer, "sit down, a while. I want to have a little business talk about your expenses."

"All right," replied the wife, "on condition that you do not begin the way you used to preface your business talks."

"How's that?" he asked surprised.

"What did I use to begin with?"

"Please come and take my dictation," she quoted.

A Line on Bjerkyns.

Lawson—What sort of a man is Bjerkyns, anyway?

Dunn—Well, his wife always goes with him when he buys a suit of clothes.

A Need for Them.

"There ought to be a humorist or two in every legislature."

"Why so?"

"Then there might not be so many jokers in the bills."



Mrs. Trevelyan Nopier.

and held out his hand. "Set right down, while I tie your boss."

She proved to be what Hanna called "folky." She cheerfully told her name, where she lived and everything that Hanna yearned to know.

"Was you goin' far?" she finally asked.

"I wasn't going anywhere in particular. I don't know how I came to spy this road; it was so shut in, I don't see how people find it."

"They don't," said Hanna, wistfully. "No one comes by but the grocery man once a week, the essence man every four weeks and once in a while the tin man. We like company, Phinny and I, and we like to have a game, too. We taught the tin man and the essence man to play casino and pedro, so they always stop; but the grocery man don't get the time. Once I stopped a stranger and called him in. We played with a dummy."

"I call that a hold up," laughed the girl.

"So it was," allowed Phineas, coming up the steps. "Miss—"

"Irene," she answered.

"That was my mother's name," he said, musingly.

"Can't you stay to supper?" pleaded Hanna. "We have it real early because we have dinner early."

"Thank you," replied the girl. "I should love to stay."

"You can telephone your folks," suggested Phineas. "We have a telephone."

"It won't be necessary. I often go for long rides."

So Phineas led the horse to the barn to feed, while Irene helped to set the table with blue-sprigged china and frail, small bowled spoons. Hanna made air-light biscuits. There was a square of golden honey with cream to match its hue. A silver cake basket was heaped with thick slices of gold and silver cake and strawberry preserves, pickles and fragrant tea completed the menu.

"I never ate such a delicious meal!" cried Irene, ecstatically.

"Pshaw, jest a bite!" scoffed Phineas.

But while they were making merry throughout the supper hour, clouds had been gathering, and a quick patter of raindrops took them all to the window. A storm was coming on in earnest, and in a few moments there was a terrific roar of thunder and the rain came down in torrents.

"It's in for an all night's storm," predicted Phineas.

"You will have to stay all night," said Hanna, gleefully.

"Yes; ten miles in this rain and the unknown roads would be too venturesome even for me," replied Irene, going to the telephone and informing her mother of her safekeeping.

Presently the telephone rang again. The message was for Irene.

"That wasn't your folks," chuckled Phineas, as she hung up the receiver. "How did you guess?"

Hospitality in a Nutshell

By BELLE MANIATES

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Huddled down among some tall, angular poplars in a valley between the high hills was a little white house with a lean-to at the rear and a big porch in front. Here had lived, for 48 years, a childless old couple. They thought that their little home which they had named "The Nutshell," the most beautiful place in the world, and their only lament was that so few persons "dropped in" or even passed by. Neighbors were remote, and their road was deserving of the appellation. It was not even a cross-road—hardly a lane—and the grass grew high between two faintly defined wagon ruts. Where it ended and turned into a crossroad, there was such a labyrinth of underbrush, brush and foliage from low-hanging, interlaced tree tops that the opening was completely hidden from view.

One afternoon as they sat on the porch—stump, Phineas called it—his wife, Hannah, stopped racking her head and listened.

"Some one's coming," she exclaimed, excitedly.

As she spoke a beautiful young woman on a shining black horse came into view.

"Like a picture," said Phineas, taking the pipe from his mouth.

The young lady looked admiringly at the little place and bestowed a friendly glance upon the old couple.

"I can't let her go by," gasped Hanna, as she started down the path. The rider reined in her horse.

"Wouldn't you like to stop a bit and have a drink of cold milk?"

Hanna spoke enticingly and appealingly. The answering smile was radiant.

"Indeed, I would," she replied, dismounting, "and may I have one of those rosy-cheeked apples I saw in the orchard?"

"You may have a bushel," emphatically asserted Phineas, as he stood up.

"Irene," she said, before he had dismounted, "these are the sweetest old people and this is the dearest place!"

"It is pretty," he admitted.

"Would you take it away from them—wreck their home—for just \$400?"

"Why, what can you mean, dear?"

"They say you hold a mortgage for that amount on the place and that you would foreclose at once."

"My dear Irene, I didn't even know that I owned this tiny place. I have so much property! My agent, Carter, attends to all the business. He probably wrote them and signed my name."

"You will let them renew it, please, Phinny?"

"Why, of course, Irene."

"For how long?"

"For—forever, if you wish, Irene."

"Come into the house," she said, joyfully. "The your horse first. You have to play several games of casino."

He followed her, somewhat dubious as to what was expected of him.

"Mrs. Hewston, I want to introduce Mr. Maxfield."

"Oh, he's come for—"

"No," smiled Irene. "he's come for me."

While Hanna was serving the buttermilk, Phineas came in and was introduced.

"You're the gentleman who holds the mortgage?"

"So it seems. I didn't know it until now, Irene told me."

"We may get a way to pay it," said Hanna, anxiously.

"What's the use?" said Phinny quickly. "You can renew it as often as you please. I'll explain it to my agent today. I would rather have a glass of this buttermilk every time I ride by here than the amount of the mortgage."

The flash of joy in Hannah's worn face was so reflected in Irene's eyes as she turned impulsively to him, that he gleaned hope for the answer to the question he meant to ask on the way home.

America is the country for nervousness owing to the strenuous life that most women lead in that country. Says a Yankee lady: "What must be done is to create a nerve reservoir and to fill it with nerve power to draw from. Suppose one is a teacher or a busy woman who comes home fagged, irritable and utterly nervous. The first thing to do is to lie down for half an hour or longer. This is the way to fill your reservoir. After you lie down relax every muscle and every nerve tension. Let go of everything. Let the bottom drop out. Let all annoying things drift right away from you. Do not think a thing. Make your mind a blank.

"Take deep, slow breaths, then after a while write these words mentally across a blank sheet of your mind: Power, force, strength in the reservoir, and they will flow into the reservoir and fill it. The spiritual atmosphere is full of these helpful forces. In this way the nerve strength will be renewed and a feeling of repose and peace will replace the irritable, unhappy and restless condition. Probably the patient will sleep, and on awakening find herself wonderfully recuperated and ready to see life once more through rose-tinted spectacles."—Woman's Life.

Franklin Aphorism.

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his trouble.—Franklin.

God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail.—Ruskin.

LAND IN CANADA

AN INVESTMENT

WORK IT, AND SECURE 20 PER CENT. ON THE EXPENDITURE.

Farm lands in Canada increased in value this Spring from fifteen to twenty per cent, and as a result of this increase thousands of those who have gone there within the past few years had had that much more value added to their holdings. There is proof here that as a field for investment there is nowhere to be found a more profitable one than in purchasing farm lands in Canada. And, as a field for occupation and working the farms there more satisfactory return is given. The crops are always sure and the prices are always good. With railroads entering and traversing all the settled parts, there are very few districts in which the farmer will be more than from ten to twelve miles from a railway station. Roads are good, and big loads are easily handled. The price of getting grain to the primary market is low on this account, and then in reaching the world's markets the railways have their rates controlled by the Government, and what may be considered a fair deal is certain. Good prices for all kinds of grain is the rule, and if the investor has made good money by the increased value given to his unworked land, it is not difficult to understand that the profit to the man who works his land is just that much more, and there will be no depreciation. The man who holds a free homestead of one hundred and sixty acres of land, which he got for \$10 as an entry fee, has land which at its lowest estimate is worth \$10 an acre—yes, \$15 an acre—the moment he has completed his three years' residence duties. It will continue to increase in value until its earning power gives a reasonable interest on a certain sum. That is, if he takes off the land fifteen to twenty dollars per acre clear profit each year, his land is worth to him, at a fair rate of interest, \$200 an acre. If he only realizes \$10 an acre clear profit, it is worth \$100 per acre. Now, thousands of farmers are duplicating these figures. The price of land in Canada today is much less than its realizing value. The fact that the fifty thousand Americans who went to Canada year before last were followed by one hundred thousand last year offers some evidence, and good evidence, too, that there is getting to be a pretty fair knowledge that money is to be made in Canada lands. As an investment money is to be made, but more by living upon the land, secured either by homestead or purchase. The one hundred thousand of last year will be one hundred and fifty thousand this year. These comprise people from every state in the Union, and it is just being realized the asset that awaits the homeseeker in Canada. The large numbers that have gone, though, makes no appreciable difference in the supply of land. There is still left vast quantities of the best of it. But the longer a delay is made in arriving at a decision, the price will advance proportionately, and the more desirable homesteads near the railway lines become more difficult to secure. The Government publishes interesting literature, which may be had on application to any of the agents whose offices are located at different points through the States, and they (the agents) will be pleased to assist in any way possible in the choice of location.

Aroused sporting instinct.

An Irish policeman who was also something of a sportsman, had been posted on a road near Dublin to catch the scorching motorist. Presently one came along at 20 miles an hour, and the policeman saw it pass without a sign. Next came a large motor traveling at 40 miles an hour, and the eyes of the guardian of the public brightened. And then one passed at the rate of a mile a minute. "Begorrah," said Pat, slapping his thigh, "that's the best of the lot."

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Get it free, solving feet and takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Always use it for Bruising in New shoes and for dancing parties. Sold everywhere. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Spoiling It.

"I've noticed that all unusually tall women are graceful."

"Thank you, Mr. Feathertop."

"Why, Miss Fiossle—aw—you're not unusually tall, you know."

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Crusts, Styes Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Druggists—Trial Size—5¢. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A Diplomat is a person who has acquired the art of declining to take "no" for an answer to a request for a favor.

A CERTAIN METHOD.

For curing chronic diarrhea and dysentery is by using Purgative (Perry Dancer). This medicine has secured the highest honors for over 20 years. See ad page.

Franklin Aphorism.

Drive by business; let not thy business drive thee.—Franklin.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, breaks a wind.

Does a cow become landed property when turned into a field?

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine or know your composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is just as good as Dr. Pierce's is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most precious possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 25-1910.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hathorn

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC

Prepared by

W. D. & H. C. LITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb -
Sassafras -
Licorice -
Sulphur -
Castor Oil -
Glycerine -
Syrup -
Sugar -
Water

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hathorn

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Cook in Comfort

You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives no outside heat. All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking—none in outside heating.

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.

Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. One wick with a cloth chain it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 3 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at hand, write for descriptive Circular to the nearest agency or to

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

Glorious Colorado

No one can say he has seen the world until he has seen "Colorado."

Write for the books that picture and describe it.

Electric block signals—dining car meals and service "Best in the World"

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Ask our personally conducted tours to Yellowstone National Park

For full information, tickets, etc., address

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.
Union Pacific R. R. Co.
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A grass widow can give reference—but she hardly ever does.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5¢ cigar better quality than most 10¢ cigars.

Nothing makes us richer than does not make us more thankful.

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IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY WESTERN NEWS-PAPER TRADING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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PLANTEN'S BLACK C & C OR CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN

AT DRUGGISTS, FRANKFURT, BY MAIL, SEND 5¢ TO PLANTEN, 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Big Assets

Four hundred thousand people take a CASCARET every night—and rise up in the morning and call them blessed. If you don't belong to this great crowd of CASCARET takers you are missing the greatest asset of your life.

CASCARET is a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Millions bear its name.

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ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC

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A Happy Day

Follows a breakfast that is pleasing and beautiful.

Post Toasties

Are pleasing and beautiful, and bring smiles of satisfaction to the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Popular Pkg. 10c.
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