

Particularly the Ladies.

Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but gently cleansing and sweetening to the system. Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used. It is perfectly safe at all times and dispels colds, headaches and the pains caused by indigestion and constipation so promptly and effectively that it is the one perfect family laxative which gives satisfaction to all and is recommended by millions of families who have used it and who have personal knowledge of its excellence.

Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which act unsatisfactorily. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

A man feels as ill at ease in a dry goods store as a woman does in a tobacco shop.

For liver and kidney troubles, nothing is quite so mild, pleasant and effective as Garfield Tea.

An Alarmist. "Jibcock is a very disquieting individual."

"Indeed he is. Jibcock seems to have been born with no other purpose in life than to yell 'Fire!'"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Evidence. "What makes you think our great public men don't work as hard as they used to?"

"By the photographs," replied Farmer Corntassel. "When I was a young fellow the big men in politics didn't take near as much time to get shaved and have their hair cut."

Conclusive Proof. "That expression, a 'human dynamo' fascinates me."

"It is very apt and vivid when applied to a man of boundless energy." "Tacklers must be a 'human dynamo.'"

"Why do you think so?" "No matter how cold the morning is, he leaps out of bed without ever stopping to think the matter over."

Modern Methods. The late A. Tennyson Dickens, during an interview in Chicago, condemned the war in Tripoli vehemently.

"Slavery," he said, with a bitter smile, "is now abolished. We no longer steal a people and sell them into bondage. No, no, indeed. We just steal their country and charge them so much for governing it that they have to work twice as hard as slaves to pay their taxes."

Papa's Past. Little Helen's mamma was discussing the drink question with a visitor and the child listened gravely to the conversation.

"Papa used to drink," she volunteered suddenly.

The visitor turned her head to conceal a smile, and mamma frowned and shook her head at the little one.

"Well, then," demanded Helen, "what was it he used to do?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Didn't Surprise Mrs. Flynn. Dennis Flynn, while returning from work, took refuge under a tree during a thunderstorm. The tree was struck by lightning and Dennis was blown some twenty feet away by the concussion and badly stunned.

A neighbor found Dennis and began the work of resuscitation; another hurried to the home of Dennis to inform Mrs. Flynn of the accident. Mrs. Flynn listened to the neighbor's account of the accident with mingled terror and joy, and when told that her husband was not much hurt and would soon be home, her pleasure was gratifying to behold.

"An Dennis was twenty feet away, did you say?" "About that, yes." "Oh, my Dennis always was quick on his feet," said Mrs. Flynn, with a proud shake of her head.

A WOMAN DOCTOR Was Quick to See That Coffee Poison Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning, and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuragic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and have suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110."

"I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day, a woman doctor advised me to drink Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned."

"So I began to drink Postum, and gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and am still gaining, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough, I expect, to get the coffee poison out of my system."

"Now that a few months have passed since I began to use Postum, I can gladly say that I never know what a neuragic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that relieved me."

"Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pigs.

Ever read the above letters? A new and improved Postum to them. They are genuine, true, and full of human goodness.

His Mother's Valentine

By E. L. HENDERSON

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

V. J. was a valentine. There could be no doubt about this. He was born on the 14th of February; his mother had named him Valentine, and he bore the outward semblance of one— one, moreover, of that offensive type popularly known as comic.

No one knew what V. J. Vincent, as he invariably signed himself, had suffered from this combination of circumstances. Hair of unmitigated red, a nose of unconventional length, inquiring ears and a dimpled chin were, he told himself, heavy enough burdens to bear, without the necessity of smiling cheerfully at the endless jokes to which he submitted on each recurring 14th of February. He had learned to accept the hair and ears and nose with resignation, but the dimples, perpetually laughing at the rest of his face, were still a sensitive point; and in a beardless era when fashion demanded glaring honesty in chins, a conspicuous one. He could only fall back on an unflinching sense of humor for support.

V. J.'s name was appropriate in more than one respect. In the lacrimated, cupid-adorned creations displayed in February, there is usually found, hidden under a heart-shaped leaf, a little apartment warm with sentiment. In V. J.'s being, there was a similar recess, but so cunningly concealed that few suspected its existence.

Its sentiment was, however, bubbling up on this particular morning of the 14th of February as he passed the Merrill home, bound officiously. He had hoped to see Marcia Dillon at the window. Instead, he caught a smile from her young cousin, Dana Merrill. Fortunately, he did not catch the remark that followed it: "Doesn't Val Vincent look like a comic valentine?"

"His face is rather an intelligent one for a comic valentine," responded Marcia. "He has good eyes." "Oh, yes, but eye-glasses are not becoming. I wonder if anything would be very becoming to Val?" laughed Dana.

"He has a fine forehead," Marcia spoke in the manner of one determined to see justice done to an unimproving subject.

"It's a high one, certainly, and improving right along. Actually, Marcia, and just then Dana opened the door and tossed into Marcia's lap a large envelope. "It came this afternoon while you were out," she explained. "I thought you had it."

"Who in the world is sending me a valentine of this sort?" exclaimed Marcia, picking up the filmy, fancy envelope. "Oh, I know. It's Dickey, Mrs. Ashton's little boy. I was over there yesterday, and he was valentine crazy. Don't you want to see it?"

V. J. leaned over as Marcia drew out the valentine; and then there fell a thick and sudden silence. From a setting of lace paper, rose-bud hearts and plump cupid, there looked up at him his own face, the familiar college caricature, beneath which in letters which seemed clamoring to be read, were the words:

"I am your valentine. Will you, sweet maiden, not be mine?"

Marcia's face was flushed and angry. "Those silly girls!" she exclaimed. "I do not think girls of that age—"

Her voice broke as she began to replace the valentine in its envelope.

V. J. put out a restraining hand and took the picture. "It looks to me," he observed, "as if St. Valentine has had some odds and ends left when he finished his yearly assortment and had thrown them together to save the scraps. An old fellow of his experience ought to know that an incongruous mixture of the comic and the sentimental is never successful."

But Marcia did not laugh. "I know all about that picture," she said indignantly. "Mrs. Ashton told me yesterday how happy it made your mother one Valentine's day. Given should be thoroughly ashamed of herself!"

To V. J. there was something wonderfully sweet and intimate in this mention of his mother by Marcia. Certain resolutions melted in its warmth. There was a moment's silence. Then, "I am waiting," he reminded.

Marcia looked up inquiringly.

"There is a question, you know. I couldn't ask it myself, but this young fellow has had the audacity to ask it for me. You haven't answered it yet."

And the answer must have been satisfactory, for V. J. never, as he had sworn to do, destroyed his mother's valentine. Something in a nature full of sentiment forbade his doing so.

Oratory of the Blood-Stirring Style Marked a Columbia University "Contest."

No little red schoolhouse in a country town of the middle west furnished a rarer sight than might have been witnessed at Earl Hall, Columbia university, one night recently, declares the Brooklyn Eagle. It was a genuine, live oratorical contest, such as stirs the blood of the "Demosthenes Debating Society of Bumbleville." All that was lacking was a great iron stove for heating purposes, into which from time to time thoughtful members would toss four-foot sticks of wood. On this occasion the heat was principally upon the stage.

The eight contestants had selected their own themes and presumably written their own addresses. These ran the gamut from an evening on Delarant theories of acting. The Roman gladiators had their Spartacus—for the night at least. Child labor was de-

nounced and one young man promised to become a future Brandeis in the reformative methods he propounded for railroads and other corporations.

"A Midnight Alarm" caught me, although its orator author did not get a prize. The \$50 went to an upstate student, who convinced the judges, far more than he did me, that "American Patriotism Is Not Waning."

Valuable Crucifix. Ten years ago a carved ivory crucifix was bought at a rag fair at Reus. On her death, soon after, the purchaser left the crucifix to her daughter, wife of the deputy, Senor Mayner. A visitor to the house offered Senora Mayner \$500 for it, but it was refused. An antiquarian, learning of the existence of the crucifix, offered \$75,000, but this, too, was declined. It is now known that the crucifix is one of the finest carvings of Leonardo da Vinci. An offer of \$125,000 from an American collector is now being considered.

grinning boy withdraw from the room. Then, "Confound the name, anyway!" he exclaimed.

At V. J.'s ever wavering in a deep sentiment of reverence for his mother it was when he thought of the name she had given him. At home there was a series of valentines, pictures taken on his successive birthdays, by which she had emphasized the name's absurdity. They ran up to thirteen, when the subject had rebelled. Then, after an interval, there was one more, sent from a distant college—a poorly finished, starting caricature of a youth in his teens, of which a fastidious regard for dress and a sentimental pose were conspicuous features. How delighted his mother had been with this particular valentine!

He arose and walked to a mirror. "It's a freak of a face," he declared, surveying his reflection sternly and critically. "It looks," he said, "as if it had repented at the last and tried to do something in the beauty line. Could anything be more harrowing and inharmonious! No sane girl could ever bring herself to the point of accepting the wearer of such a face." He would never make a fool of himself by asking it. No! The matter was settled definitely, finally and forever, he declared.

The role he was to play henceforth seemed, however, a tame and colorless one as he sat that evening in the Merrill library talking to Marcia. He delayed taking up the book they were reading together.

It had been a dangerous experiment, the reading of that book. An interest in it had led to regular meetings, during which Propinquity had been busy after the manner of that efficient ally of Cupid.

In V. J.'s case the mischief had been done before he reached chapter three. This was inevitable. Marcia was pretty. She had a merry face, with all sorts of charming little curves playing over it; and his heart leaped up toward the sense of humor it indicated. Then no one could look at her mouth and chin and not gain a hint as to her character. Sane, sweet and sensible were the adjectives those features spelled. But V. J. understood. For him there could be only frank friendship. He resolutely picked up the book for the closing chapters.

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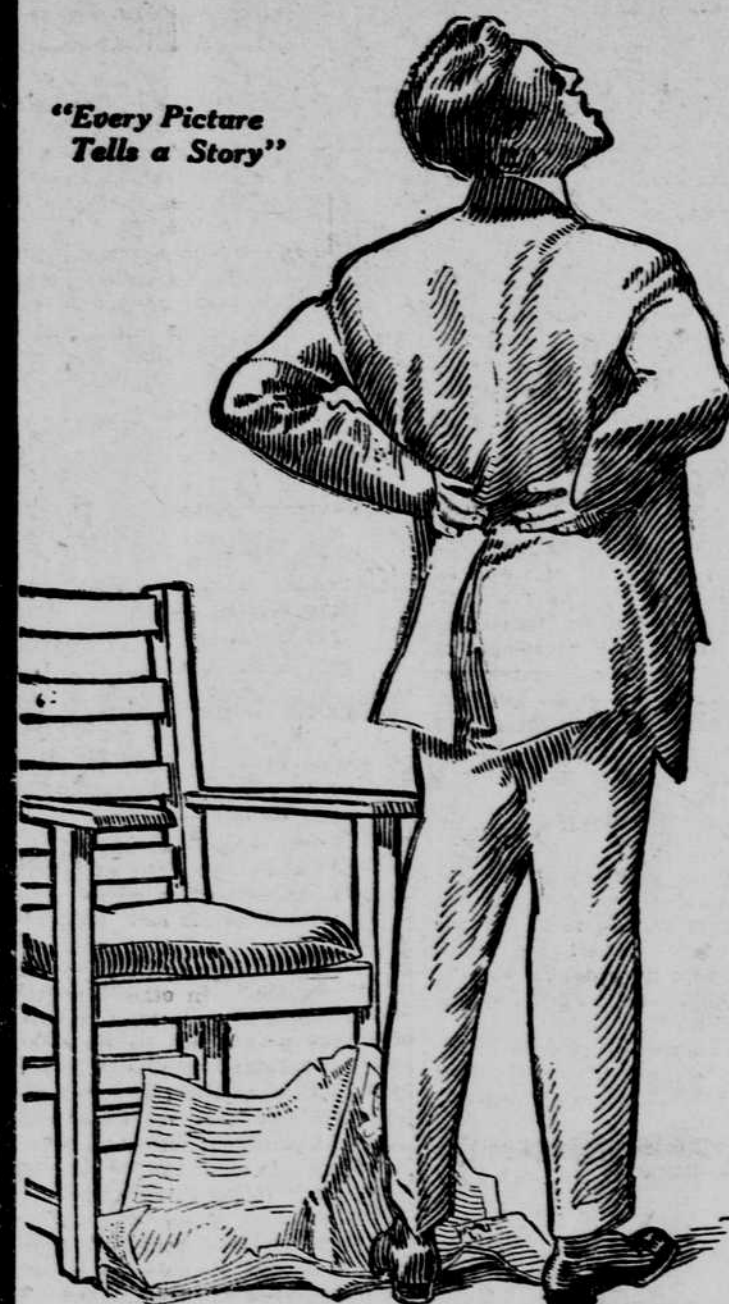
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IS THE PAIN THERE?

"Every Picture Tells a Story"





Then Your Kidneys May Be Weak and in Need of Quick Attention

Backache is enough cause to suspect the kidneys. The kidneys are in the small of the back. Congested kidneys swell and throb. The back naturally aches. It hurts to bend or stoop or to sit down.

Kidney trouble may come on all unnoticed. A cold, a chill, a fever, a strain or irregular habits may start it. While sick kidneys can be cured in the beginning, it is a serious matter when dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in.

Doan's Kidney Pills have made a reputation in the cure of backache, and kidney and bladder ills. The best proof is the testimony of the users. Here are two typical testimonials. Thirty thousand others are being published in the newspapers. A postage stamp will bring you reports of cases nearer home.

If you suspect your kidneys, get the best-recommended kidney remedy.

<p>MRS. MARY I. REMINGTON. A Resident of Gilroy, Cal. Cured of Serious Case at a Critical Period. "I suffered so severely from pain and soreness over my kidneys," says Mrs. Remington, "that it was a task for me to turn in bed. My kidneys acted very freely but secretions were retarded and scalded in passage. I was weak and much run down. After taking other remedies without benefit, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. I was going through the critical period of a woman's life at the time, and after using Doan's Kidney Pills there was a miraculous change for the better in my health."</p> 	<p>SHELDON SMITH. Prop. Arlington House, Woodland, Cal. Cured of Serious Case and Feels Like a Boy, Despite His 76 Years. "Three years ago I was almost helpless," said Mr. Smith, "Kidney secretions scalded terribly and obliged me to arise ten to twelve times a night. My left limb became so stiff and sore I could hardly walk—just hobbled around with a cane. I had almost every complaint that diseased kidneys produce and Doan's Kidney Pills cured them all. At the age of 76 I feel like a boy, and enjoy health and comfort. Can anyone wonder at my gratitude?"</p> 
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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
SOLD AT ALL STORES. 50 CENTS A BOX. FOSTER-MILBURN COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

WOMEN'S LEAP YEAR RIGHTS

In Scotland Years Ago They Were Recognized as Real, and Well Defined by Law.

Ancient, indeed, are the prerogatives that are accorded to women in leap year. They are so old that none can tell just how or when they originated. However, the ancient Scottish parliament gives us a date as well as a law upon which to hang the right of women to take the initiative in leap year, as convention forbids them to do in other years.

In the year 1228 this body passed a law which, in its quaint old English, expressly conferred on womankind the right to propose marriage in leap year. Here is the law, just as it was written in the parliamentary records:

"Ordonit that during ye reign of her maist blessed Maestie, ilka maiden, ladee of bath high and lowe estate, shale hae libertie to speak ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wyf, he shale bee mulet in ye sum of ane hundredty pundes, or less, as his estate may bee, except and always gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to another woman, then he shale be free."

Hands would crack open. "About two months ago my hands started to crack open and bleed, the skin would scale off, and the good flesh would burn and itch dreadfully. When my hands first started to get sore, there were small blisters like water blisters which formed. They itched dreadfully, it just seemed as though I could tear the skin all off. I would scratch them and the skin would peel off, and the flesh would be all red and crack open and bleed. It worried me very much, as I had never had anything the matter with my skin. I was so afraid I would have to give up my employment."

"My doctor said he didn't think it would amount to anything. But it kept getting worse. One day I saw a piece in one of the papers about a lady who had the same trouble with her hands. She had used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and was cured. I decided to try them, and my hands were all healed before I had used one cake of Cuticura Ointment. I am truly thankful for the good results from the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, for thanks to them I was cured, and did not have to lose a day from work. I have had no recurrence of the skin trouble." (Signed) Mrs. Mary E. Breig, 2522 Brown Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

A Poor Guesser. "Wedmore—Before I married, I learned to live on half my income. Singleton—And found that it was a wise step, eh?"

Wedmore—Yes, only a half was the wrong proportion—I should have made it an eighth.

Elegant Language. "A poet speaks of himself as a blind voyager across the bitter seas." "Perhaps an overindulgence in fancy food has given him an acute sensation of mal de mer."

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. 2c.

He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires and fears is more than a king—Milton.

Garfield Tea will keep the whole system in perfect condition.

Perhaps a rolling stone gathers no moss because it isn't on the level.

THE WINNER.

Comment of Boston Belle on Young Man's Conduct Was Icy in the Extreme.

General F. D. Grant, at a Washington birthday dinner in New York some years ago, told a story about a young Boston Tory.

"This Tory," he said, "fought during the Revolution neither on one side nor the other. He took a pleasure trip on the continent, and he didn't come back home again until the war was over."

"He was treated very coldly by society on his return, and this grieved his good old mother to the heart."

"The dear old lady tried to explain the matter one afternoon to a Boston belle."

"Naturally, as the head of the family," she said, "my son could not take part in the war. To him fell the duty, perhaps the more arduous duty, of protecting his mother and sisters and looking after the interests of the estate."

"Oh, madam," said the belle, with an icy smile, "you need not explain. I assure you, I'd have done exactly as your son did—I'm such a coward!"

Revised Version. Senator Panhead, discussing an eloquent speech that had been rather poorly reported, said:

"The report spoiled the speech. It was like old Hiram's Earwig's account of Daniel Webster's last will. Webster, you know, as he lay dying, uttered the profound and significant sentence, 'I still live.' Well, Hiram Earwig of Skeeter Beach said to a visitor from the city:

"Yawp, life's onsarnt. Wot wuz it that that New Englander said—Webster, I think? Yawp, it wuz General Dan Webster. He got off a good thing just afore he died. He riz up in bed an' says, says he:

"'I ain't dead yet!'"—Baltimore Sun.

Hard to Find. "Here are some verses entitled, 'The Road to Arcady.'"

"Pshaw! Almost any poet can tell the way to Arcady, but none of them ever gets there."

Probably the Truth. The druggist in a small town died, and his widow continued the business. A month later she arranged the window display so that it was very attractive. That week the town paper contained this item of news:

"Mr. Arthur Edwards, a prominent druggist of Higginsville, took in the sights of our city yesterday. He was very much interested in our druggist's attractive window."

His View. "Tell me about Spain, romantic Spain."

"Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."

Brags Considerably. "Has Biffels any favorite fiction?"

"Yes. And it's mostly about himself."

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Fortissimo.

When a certain Baltimore matron returned home one afternoon not so long ago the first sight her eyes beheld was a badly damaged youngster of hers. Little Bobby's forehead bore a bump almost the size of a doorknob.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the mother. "What has happened to Bobby?"

"Nuthin' much, mumm," explained the new nurse. "You told me, mumm, he might play on the piano if he wanted to. Well, mumm, wasn't while he was sliding on the top, he slid a bit too far, mumm; an' that accounts for the bump ye see, mumm."

Work Begets Work. George W. Perkins, the New York financier, was talking about the scarcity of the \$10,000 a year man—the man actually worth a \$10,000 salary.

"The advantage of the \$10,000 a year man," he said, "is not alone that he works splendidly—it is also that under him everybody else works splendidly. There's a Chinese proverb," he said, "that expresses exactly what I mean:

"If a farmer is diligent the soil will not be lazy."

Good Advice. "I will have my pound of flesh."

"Be a vegetarian instead, and take a peck of potatoes."

FREE</