

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.

POOR HUBBY!



Dick—That is Mrs. Gabber. She fell downstairs and bit her tongue in two. Harry—I feel sorry for her husband. She was a terror when she had only one tongue!

HEAD SOLID MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura Remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on his head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass, a running sore. It was awful, the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Plain City, Utah, Sept. 19, 1910. Send to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., for free Cuticura Book on the treatment of skin and scalp troubles.

Civic Rivalry.

Squire Durritt—We're goin' to have a newspaper in Lonselyville. Uncle Welby Gosh (of Drearyhurst)—Where are ye goin' to get it printed?

The Easier Way.

"Your wife and you seem to get along so beautifully together. Don't you ever have any differences of opinion?" "Oh, yes, every day, but I don't let her find it out."

Music Hall Losing Vogue.

Music halls have increased very little in the last few years. Some have gone back to drama. Others have been run partly with drama. Others have gone over to picture entertainments. The picture houses have immensely added to their own by new buildings.—London Stage.

The Point of View.

This is a true story. A certain belle was present at a recent Chopin recital. During the "March Funebre," her eyes glistened and her whole attitude of rapt attention was as if the music had entranced her very soul. Her whole face was expressive of admiration and intense interest. When the pianist had finished, the escort of Miss "Belle" turned to her and said: "How beautiful!" To which she replied: "Yes, indeed; doesn't it fit her exquisitely in the back? How much do you suppose it cost in Paris?"

A Generous Gift.

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete almanac. It contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases, in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to select character in physiology, astrology and birth month. It also tells about card reading, birth stones and their meanings, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It shows beauty culture, manicuring, hairdressing and measures and standards for women. In fact, it is a *Munyon Almanac*, that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people on the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable. It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the Munyon Remedy Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Repentance of Hartz

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service

It was sometime in the fall of 1859 that a stranger came trudging along the turnpike. He was short and fat. His round red face was covered with a stubby growth of blonde whiskers. He wore a broad flat blue cloth cap and a long brown linen duster a little out of season. A bundle tightly rolled in black oilcloth was strapped to his back. He stopped in the middle of the road. Looking about, his eyes rested upon a weather-beaten sign board upon which had once been painted the picture of a black bear resting upon its haunches. For more than a hundred years this sign board had been swinging to and fro as if beckoning and inviting passersby to enter the little inn that was standing some 15 or 20 feet back from the road. It took Mr. Herman Weisgarber several minutes to decipher the inscription beneath the faded picture. When he had succeeded, as he thought, he muttered audibly, "Dish ish de place. Der black bear was inn, and I shust myself vill walk in mit him."

Bracing up a little and stroking his chin he stepped with a lengthened stride into the little front room that served as an office for the Black Bear Inn. Here he found himself in the presence of a pleasant-faced woman who smiled coquettishly. He greeted her in his own tongue, in which she replied, and the conversation was now carried on briskly in the German language. It was a buxom widow on the one hand and a rascally counterfeiter on the other. He was a long-time rogue, but she was honest and unscrupulous. With her the world was good, with him it was dog eat dog and the devil take the hindmost. The widow Hartz was altogether too unsophisticated to penetrate the dark recesses of the hollow-hearted man that had by chance come suddenly into the affairs of her life. She judged him by her own heart and little dreamed of the misery so soon to follow her chance acquaintance with Herman Weisgarber.

Her husband had died about two years before. At this time her heart was centered on her son, a young man nearly twenty years of age. John Hartz, thanks to the training of his father, was honest and industrious. The Black Bear Inn and the little farm adjoining was a sacred inheritance from his paternal grandfather. The inn was now somewhat out of date, but was still doing its part towards furnishing the mother and son a living and a little to lay up for a rainy day. John's father had taught him to stand firmly for the right in all things.

Mr. Weisgarber's gray blue eyes were shining brightly beneath his overhanging brows as he stood explaining to the widow Hartz regarding himself. The word tramp, now so aptly applied to the tie-path tourist, had not been coined in that day and men of his like were little understood. He said he was just out on a pleasure tour and that he traveled on foot as a matter of choice. He was moving leisurely along that he might better enjoy the lovely scenery and pure mountain air. His words were well chosen and deeply impressive as he cautiously worked his way up to the point of offering to remain for a time and assist in the work about the inn and farm. He had a smooth tongue. The turn-pike, winding its way along up and down the sides, over and across the Allegheny mountains was then the popular highway for drovers and wagons upon their way to and fro between Eastern Pennsylvania and Pittsburg. The people along this route were principally Germans. Some of them could neither read nor speak English. They lived mainly on what they produced and had little occasion to spend their money. Almost anything that looked like money would pass. In those days much of the paper money in circulation was of the wild cat kind. Between the counterfeit and genuine issue there was but little choice. One passed from hand to hand almost as readily as the other.

Herman Weisgarber, as he called himself, had for many years been dodging about from place to place making a living by shoving the queer. Under pretence of his inability to understand the English language he was able to deceive the officers and escape arrest. It was always "Nicht-verstehe" with him. "He shust didn't know nothing 'bout paper monies."

To the widow Hartz he appeared a man of honor. She measured his character by her own and could see no farther. Six months had scarcely passed from the time she met him until he became her husband. When John Hartz came in contact with his step-father he was honest, and had he followed in the footsteps of his own father he would have remained so. It did not take long to prove that he was susceptible and easily drawn into ways that were dark and forbidding. Step by step he was led along and craftily initiated into the mysterious doings of counterfeiters.

One day a drover came along the pike with a long string of oxen and stopped at the Black Bear Inn, and engaged a pasture for his cattle over night. The drover was new in that part of the country, and for safety he handed his pocket book, containing several hundred dollars, to John Hartz for safe keeping. In the presence of Weisgarber. Shortly afterwards when the drover was out attending to his cattle, Weisgarber suggested the idea to John of changing the good money in the pocket book for an equal amount of counterfeit that he had on hand. John was easily persuaded. He thought his step-father knew best. In the morning the drover received his pocket book and proceeded to count its contents. He at once saw that the bills were of a different kind than those he had been carrying. He pulled a counterfeit detector from his pocket and examined them. Having satisfied himself that they were bad, he charged John with having substituted them. The accused man's face turned red and he began to stammer, but his step-father who was standing by, came at once to the front and commenced to talk in German to John. Turning to the drover he protested in badly broken English that the young man was honest and hadn't even opened the pocket book. Between the two the drover got a tongue lashing for his accusation that so completely upset him that he was none too sure that he ever had any money. He was now in a bad fix; a long way from



home with a pocket book full of counterfeit money as his only wherewithal to pay his expenses.

After everything had cooled down, Mr. Weisgarber, in a burst of generosity, was good enough to loan the drover one or two hundred dollars to pay his way until he could reach Strasburgh, a little town at the foot of the Three Brother mountains. The drover was silenced but not altogether convinced. His money was all right the day before, but he wasn't quite sure it was of the right stamp when he handed it over to the young man for safe keeping. Here was an exemplification of the little difference between the truth and a lie well stuck to. Time rolled on and John Hartz' career in crime became more and more firmly fixed.

One day the sheriff came with a warrant for the "Flying Dutchman," which meant Herman Weisgarber.

"Gott en Himmel! Vot ish dish?" he exclaimed. A long explanation ensued and the sheriff was greatly puzzled regarding his duty. He was convinced that the accused man was innocent, and he thought it might be a safe thing to leave him at his home and go back to the county seat and report before making the arrest. When he reached there he was told to return at once and bring his man. When he got back to the Black Bear Inn Mr. Weisgarber was out. He had saddled up and rode away and might not return for several days, perhaps never. But the good-natured sheriff didn't see it that way. He would come back again, or he might present himself voluntarily at the sheriff's office.

The mother had now experienced enough to satisfy her that she had made a great mistake and that she was tied to a bad man. Her life became a burden to her. One day she suddenly disappeared. After a long search she was found dead with a rope tightly drawn about her neck hanging to a stout hook in the smoke house. The scene was too much for

John. He now became dazed with fear and excitement. He left the home of his boyhood on foot and made his way to Philadelphia, where he chanced to meet his step-father who was a member of a gang of counterfeiters. John was easily persuaded and he suffered himself to be led along step by step until he was deep in the mire.

Our Civil war had brought a great change in the finances of the country. Wild cat banks had gone out of existence and a new kind of money was in use. There was a great deal of counterfeiting going on and John Hartz was one of the number engaged in it. Like the most of the men of his stamp he was unsuccessful in accumulating wealth.

A counterfeit beer stamp made its appearance in Philadelphia and I found it necessary to visit that city. The night was dark and stormy and it was about the portentous hour of 1:00 a. m., when ghosts are said to stalk abroad in ghastly white array, that four detectives left their comfortable quarters in the hotel with the expectation of making an important arrest. The man they sought was invisible during the day time and a difficult man to encounter at night. He had frequently been heard of but had seldom been seen by the government detectives. When the officers reached the appointed place they scattered and took up their positions where they would attract as little attention as possible. Their mysterious mission had been fully explained; a deal was expected to be pulled off. One of the detectives was rotund of person. He had, through one of the counterfeiting gang, been introduced as a beer dealer who said he was willing to take his business with bogus stamps, and he had bargained with one of the counterfeiters for five thousand counterfeit lager beer stamps, and was to receive them at a certain hour at a designated place.

When the man put in an appearance to make the delivery he was to be arrested. This individual, owing to the darkness of the night, was unable to see the detectives stationed about, and he walked with his carpet bag in

the slightest information. I had offered him his liberty and \$1,000 in money as an inducement, but he stubbornly refused. He seemed to have deluded himself into the idea that treachery among a gang of criminals was much worse than the unlawful deeds performed by them.

I learned from the prisoner that he had a family. When this was mentioned he shuddered a little. Coming to the conclusion that I could learn nothing from him I was ready to lock him up. Before doing this I suggested the idea of taking him to see his wife and children. Early in the morning I procured a carriage, and after a 20 minutes' drive we stopped in front of a large tenement house which we entered, ascending the stairs to the second floor.

Knocking at a door to our right we were after some delay admitted by a woman wearing a calico wrapper, and we entered the room which was dark and dismal as a tomb. Two or three broken chairs, a rickety table and a mattress spread upon the floor and covered with ragged quilts, constituted the furnishings. Peeping from beneath the tattered covering I saw the bright eyes and curly heads of two young children.

"Is this your home, Mr. Hartz?" I inquired.

"This is where I stay," he replied. I saw at once that I was up against a species of affliction for which I had no ready-made speech of condolence, and I was just a little embarrassed. There was a depth of seriousness in the affair that I had rarely met with. I was confronted with the genuine woes of humanity and at a loss for the moment to know just what to do or say. After deliberating a short time I came to the conclusion that it was best to explain all to his wife. She looked like an intelligent woman and I proceeded to acquaint her with the facts concerning her husband's arrest and the punishment that was sure to follow. I likewise pointed out the door through which he might escape. I demanded a clean breast without reserve. I was to know all the particulars in regard to the conspiracy, and he was to act in good faith and to assist the detectives in plans to capture the engraver and all others connected with the affair; besides, he was, if it became necessary, to go up on the witness stand and testify against his confederates. Counterfeiters as a general thing are treacherous towards one another when in a tight place; it is anything to save themselves. With John Hartz it was different; he preferred to sacrifice himself rather than to give away his confederates.

When the wife was made acquainted with the proposition that had been made to her husband she appealed to him in language that seemed irresistible.

He hung his head. There was an expression on his face that was indefinable. A fresh link in misery's chain had now reached his heart. The scene was absolutely painful and I soon saw that he was weakening. A man's character varies in accordance with the position in which he is placed. Criminals are human, like our selves, and if we would learn the dangers lurking in our pathway, we should know how they chance to stumble and fall. Some men are weaker and more prone to vice than others. There is a never-ending battle between right and wrong. I never yet found a man so bad that there was not something in his character upon which to base a hope. I never yet saw a man that was so good as to be free from danger. There is a thread of gold running through the character of the worst of men; and the difficulty is to reach it.

The prisoner's eyes fell and were filled with tears. We have no pity for the tears shed by criminals. They are deserved, but they are tears just the same, and sometimes come from a heart unjustly pierced. His wife now approached him and said, "Where is the money to come from to pay the rent for this miserable room we are living in? How am I to obtain food and clothing for our children when you are in the penitentiary?"

Accustomed as I was to scenes of this kind my heart was deeply touched and my hand went almost involuntarily to my pocket. I pulled out a roll of bills. It was the government's money. Peeling off five twenties, I handed them to the woman. "Take this, my good woman, I cannot save your husband, but I will give you something with which to supply your immediate wants. Buy these children some clothes."

I handed her an additional twenty. The counterfeiter and his wife stood looking earnestly into each other's faces. Both seemed well nigh broken-hearted. He stepped towards me as he said: "You are the only decent man I have ever seen in the detective business and I am going to tell you all about it."

I have seen crime in its many phases and have noted the effect of a long term of imprisonment upon men as they received their sentence, but John Hartz appeared as the most repentant criminal I had ever met. He had been caught red-handed and could have been easily convicted, but the result of his confession and assistance was many times more important to the government. It led to the breaking up, root and branch, of an extensive group of dangerous counterfeiters. The same was true of six others who were arrested with the evidence of their guilt in their hands. All were convicted and sentenced to serve various terms in the penitentiary.

My promise to Hartz was religiously kept. He was suffered to go at large. What became of him I am unable to say.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

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.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists, biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

WHEN SHAW WAS SECRETARY

Statesman Preferred Lunch of Apples In His Room to Dinner in Hotel Restaurant.

Leslie M. Shaw, formerly secretary of the treasury, is in Washington for a few days visiting his old friends at the capitol and in the departments.

"Shaw," said a cabinet officer, "was one of the mysteries of the Roosevelt administration. From the time he became secretary of the treasury until he went into the banking business we were unable to decide whether he was a second Russell Sage in the matter of personal expenditures. I ran across Shaw in a big western city, and for the sake of spending a pleasant evening together we got a suite of rooms at the same hotel.

"At lunch time I proposed that we go down to the dining room, but Mr. Shaw could not be induced. He said he thought he would eat in his room. Thereupon the secretary of the treasury opened up his traveling bag and extracted a couple of apples. He offered me one, but I declined and hastened to the restaurant.

"Cabinet officers who served with Shaw discovered that it was a regular habit with him to fill his bag with apples before starting on a journey."—Washington Times.

A Woman's Letter.

Women, it is generally admitted, write better letters than men.

M. Marcel Prevost has discovered the reason for this superiority. "The obvious meaning is never the one we should read into a woman's letter. There is always a veiled meaning. Woman makes use of a letter just as she employs a glance or a smile, in a way that is carefully thought out, and with an eye to effect. And, after all, her head? Does a woman's parol keep off the sun? Why, then, should a woman's letter serve to convey her real thoughts to the person addressed, just like the letters of some honest grocer, who writes, 'I send you five pounds of coffee,' because he really does send you five pounds of coffee."

Eve or Eva?

The first show that little Willie ever attended was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When he returned home after the play papa asked him how he liked the show. Willie said it was awful nice.

"Now, Willie, if you will be a good boy, I will take you to one next week," said papa. Little Willie and papa sat down in the orchestra circle. Willie seemed to enjoy the play very much. When they returned home Willie's mamma asked him how he liked the show? Willie replied: "It was a lot nicer than the first one I went to. What do you think, mamma?" "All the little Evas had on union suits."—Judge.

Down With 'Em.

Young Lord Fairfax, in a brilliant after-dinner speech at the club house in Tuxedo, praised women.

"Down with the misogynist," said Lord Fairfax. "Down with that cynical type of male brute who says with the Cornish fisherman: "Wimmen's like pilchards. When 'em's bad 'em's bad, and when 'em's good, 'em's only middlin'."

HONEST CONFESION

A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly admission of the fact.

A case in point is that of a practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all muchly advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter. "While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons.

"I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eructations (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does. "I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

"There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new use appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.