

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best of the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

The great Lick telescope will pick out a star so small that it would require 30,000 of them put together to be visible to the naked eye.

AWFUL EFFECT OF ECZEMA.

Covered with Yellow Sores—Grew Worse—Parents Discouraged—Cuticura Brought Relief.

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema, or that was what the doctor called it. We took her to three doctors, but by this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Doctor No. 3 said that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone. We were nearly discouraged, but I thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, and I purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me \$1, and in three days our daughter, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Of course it could not restore the eyesight, but if we had used Cuticura in time I am confident that it would have saved the eye. Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., Aug. 17, 1906."

Flurry.

First Broker—Any excitement on the street to-day? Second Broker—You bet! Sudden drop in copper. Trolley wire broke.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A Swelled Head.

A typical Englishwoman, when some one spoke the other day of a certain man having a "swelled head," looked dazed. "Really! You don't mean it!" cried the Englishwoman. "I'm very sorry." A day or so later the Englishwoman, happening to meet the wife of the man in question, observed that she was so sorry to hear that Mr. Blank was ill.

"But he isn't!" cried the wife. "He was never better in his life." "Is that so?" said the Englishwoman. "Why, what could Mrs. Dash have meant the other day when she said he was suffering from a swelled head?"

WORK WEAKENS THE KIDNEYS.

The Experience of Mr. Woods is the Experience of Thousands of Others. Bernard F. Woods, of Jackson street, Los Angeles, Md., says: "Hard work and heavy lifting weakened my kidneys."

"I was tired every morning, and my limbs ached and sore. Dizziness and headaches were frequent, and the kidney secretions much disordered. This continued for a year and a half, and I began to feel very nervous and weak. I bought a box of Foster-McMillan's Kidney Pills. Then I improved steadily, until cured, and naturally, I recommend them strongly."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Omissions of History.

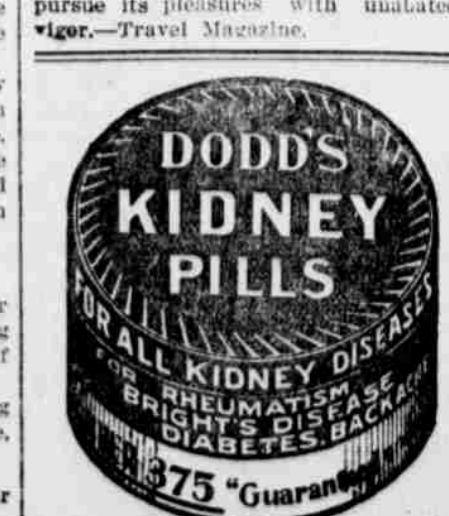
Hercules had slain the Erymanthean boar. "I hated to do it," he said, "but it was an actual necessity. We are absolutely out of meat!" Still, his stern features relaxed with a smile as he reflected that by doing his own slaughtering he had escaped the payment of tribute to the meat trust.

London theaters, music halls and concert halls provide seating accommodation for 827,000 people.

Land of Youth.

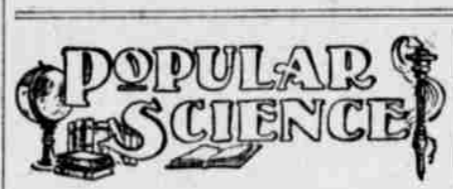
Old men are rare in California. This is almost literally true, but I mean men old in interests and activity. I recall in one middle western town five houses in a single block on whose porches sat ancient bearded men who gazed out at nothing, were interested in nothing, did nothing.

In California graybeards are there, but few, indeed, who sit in dreams. They are at work; not driven to it by the grim fear of want, but blitely, as young men, rejoicing that their race is not yet run. I recall at once a giant of 75 who still works and rides and plays with boyish relish. Life itself is old men's meat in California, and they pursue its pleasures with unaltered vigor.—Travel Magazine.



RAILROAD SURVEYORS' PERILOUS Foothold ON A CLIFF.

Did you ever stop to think what toll of flesh and blood is taken by civilization? Did it ever occur to you that every advance into the wilderness, every onward movement along the avenues of progress, every step taken for the uplifting of the human race or the addition of knowledge, is made only at the expense of human life? Engineering, exploration, experimentation, missions, travel—all are filled with peril, yet not one who is called to serve his fellow man in any profession involving safety holds back on that account. Courage is the one quality which has brought the human up out of the mire to a perfection almost godlike. It had its first exemplification when the doctrine of the survival of the fittest stirred primal man to deeds of valor, and as the progress of lifting out, if you will, continued through succeeding ages, it softened and took on new attributes, and so, when the goal toward which civilization set her face was reached—when the dawning equality of man proclaimed the doctrine of the survival of the fittest at an end—courage moved man to such prodigious tasks in her service that we may well stand amazed that he can do so much. The wilderness of the world is peopled with humble heroes who are daily encountering deadly peril for human advancement. With ax, perhaps, they are blazing the way through impenetrable forests; with chain and quadrant, they may be making slow and painful progress around dizzy cliffs and scaling perpendicular canyon walls to mark the way of the iron horse, the advance courier of civilization; with notebook in hand they may be pushing into the tangle of sunless woods in quest of knowledge for the enrichment of the race—wherever they are, and wherever they are, they are not the less heroes, because too often their achievements pass unnoticed. The man who crawls along his narrow log path swinging against the side of a precipice, that he may make the preliminary survey of a railroad that is to open a new country, is a figure to attract attention as much as a general commanding an army, and who shall say that he or his brothers are less courageous? The race owes much to these men. It owes more to the ax and the surveyor's chain than to the sword, and more to the unnamed heroes of civilization than to the greatest of its warriors. We do not memorialize them in monumental shafts, but the record of their deeds will stand far beyond the endurance of the hardest granite in Christendom.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.



A good deal of prominence is being given in the German press to the question of machine guns and their place in the German army, which is one of great and increasing importance. The German gun is capable of 600 shots a minute, but rarely delivers more than from 250 to 400. It has been proved that the fire of these guns is more accurate than infantry volley firing. The whole theory of machine guns, as understood in Germany, is that of massed effect. No single gun fire. Everything is reserved for a terrible hail when the attack is fully developed.

countered the so-called isothermal zone at an elevation of 9 miles, whereas all other observations indicate for this zone an elevation of slightly more than 6 miles. Reducing the barometric record in the same proportion would give for the greatest height attained about 11 1/2 miles. But even this is stupendous—more than twice the height of Mount Everest.

BENEFITS OF WALKING.

Some Things to be Taken into Consideration.

My walkers are required to take drafts of cool water while walking, not a long drink, but a short one, scarcely more than a double mouthful. Other rules can be summed up very simply, says a walking teacher in the New York Sun.

"Don't walk right after a meal and don't walk when you feel tired. Walk before meals and walk when you feel lively. Walking when one feels dull and lifeless will never assist one."

"Let your clothing be light, winter and summer."

"Vary your path when walking. There is no use walking for health or exercise unless the skin is prepared for it. The woman who does not take a daily dip or who is content with a warm bath and a morning of indolence will find that her walk does her little good. She must be brisk in her movements and must prepare her skin for outdoor exercise."

"Walkers get very tired because of the eye strain. They get tired in the head before they get tired in the feet. A man tips his hat over his eyes, but a woman pulls down her veil and walks on. A veil makes the head ache. Better wear a hat that shades the eyes well."

"Women seldom get the best results from their walking simply because they do not know enough to dress properly. The hat should be pinned so securely that it will stay on and the collar should be rather loose so that the neck muscles can do their work."

"Thin people should walk slowly in order to get good air and to gain weight. A slow walk with the clothing just comfortably adjusted will put fat on the walker, particularly if she will stop each hour and take a little luncheon."

"Walkers should learn to take plenty of muscle food. It will not fatten them, but it will give them endurance. Apples and almonds are ideal muscle foods and so are bananas, pears and red grapes. All fruits that ripen in the sun are good for the muscles."

With a Satiated Stomach. French tact is proverbial. A rather tiresome marriage came up yawning to the Prince de Ligne of the court of Louis XVI.

"That was exactly what I was going to say to you," observed the prince, suavely.

It takes a dry goods box philosopher to make a set speech.

had caused the change. A soldier's musket lay near him; he himself was pressed upon his breast, and one of them caught a snuffbox that glittered like silver. Dunwoody stooped, and removing the limbs, perceived the piece where the bullet had found a passage to his heart. The subject of his last care was a tin box, through which the fatal lead had gone; and the dying moments of the old man must have passed in drawing it from his bosom. Dunwoody opened it, and found a paper in which, to his astonishment, he read the following: "Circumstances of political importance, which involve the lives and fortunes of many, have hitherto kept secret what this paper now reveals. Harvey Birch has for years been a faithful and unrequited servant of his country. Though a man does not, may God reward him for his conduct! GEO. WASHINGTON."

It was the Spy of the Neutral Ground, who died as he had lived, devoted to his country, and a martyr to her liberties. (The End.)

TURKISH WIFE'S REVENGE.

She Would Not Permit a Division of Husband's Affections.

A Turkish subject who married an American man and lived in this country for six years has recently revisited the land of her birth. She has been describing for Appleton's Magazine some of her experiences. Here is one of them: "Chakende Hanum was the daughter of Nazim Pasha. She was educated in the western fashion. She was as beautiful as a houri and as good as Allah's own heart. She was given as a wife to Djamal Pasha, a young and dashing courtier. They were very much in love with each other, and he promised her that she should remain his first and only wife. Their marital life was blessed with two boys and one girl. Chakende grew more beautiful as happiness became her daily portion.

"One day when she was returning with her retinue from a visit she had made in Stambul, on the bridge of Galata and in a closed carriage she saw her husband in company with a foreign woman. That night when he came home she questioned him, and he only answered that the lady was a foreigner. Chakende Hanum understood that her husband did not wish to be asked any more questions. Early in the morning, however, she sent for her brother, and from him she learned what was generally known.

"She took a few of her slaves and went to her country place. She stayed there for several days, giving the situation her whole thought; then she came back to her husband. She told him that she knew the truth, that she had thought the matter over, and had decided to give him back his word as to her remaining his only wife. Thus he could marry the foreign lady." It was then that Djamal Pasha turned her from Allah. He laughed at her, and said that Mdile, Reboul of the French theatrical company was the kind of a woman that men loved but did not marry. Chakende Hanum said nothing, but that very same day went into her garden and plucked roses from a laurel tree. You know, young Hanum, what you can do with those roses?"

A silver ran down my back as I nodded.

"A few nights later, when Djamal Pasha was about to retire, Chakende Hanum prepared his sherbet for him. Her hand did not tremble, though her face was white as she handed it to him. It did not last long; Djamal Pasha died from an unexplained malady, but Chakende Hanum kept on plucking laurel roses daily. After a little while they put her in her little grave, too, five years ago."

We sat silent for a while. The moon had traveled fast and was now near the water, bridging the Bosphorus with her moonlight. The garden, the hills and the water changed with the changing slant of the rays and became more wondrously enchanting still, though that had not seemed possible before, and enthralled me with the fascination of the east—the east whose language and ways of dealing with right and wrong had been alien to me for six years.

No Changing the Log.

On a certain ship the mate was too fond of the cup that cheers. The captain did his utmost to break him of this habit, and everything else failing, told him that the next time he was drunk he would write it in the log, runs a story in Judge's Library. For a long time after this the mate stopped drinking, but one day he fell into his old habit. Thereupon the captain wrote the following entry in the log: "Aug. 12, 19—; 99 deg. north longitude, 70 deg. west latitude. Mate James is drunk to-day."

The mate begged him to take this off, saying that it would spoil his chances of ever being made captain of a ship. But the captain said: "It's true, isn't it?" "Yes, but—" replied the mate.

"Well," said the captain, "the record stands."

A few days later the mate had to write the entry. On looking over the log the amazed captain saw this entry: "Aug. 15, 19—; 80 deg. north longitude, 67 deg. west longitude. Capt. Smith is sober to-day."

He sent for the mate and demanded what he meant by such an entry, ordering him to take it off.

"Well," said the mate, "it's true, isn't it?" "Of course it's true!" roared the captain.

"Then the record stands," replied the mate.

Slaves Serve no Money. Perhaps the queerest money in the world is represented by the boy and girl slaves in Mohammedan Africa. One of these will buy two camels. It is a currency much favored, for it will carry itself, and increases in value like the best real estate.

Glad He's Living. Mrs. Crimsombek—This paper says a normal man breathes 20,000 times in the course of one day.

Mr. Crimsombek—Yes, my dear; that is his privilege while the women are talking.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE SPIRIT BY J. FENIMORE COOPER A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile of benevolence, and he grasped the hand of the peddler firmly.

"Now, indeed, I know you; and although the same reasons which have hitherto compelled me to expose your valuable life will still exist, and prevent my openly asserting your character, in private I can always be your friend; fail not to apply to me when in want of suffering, and so long as God giveth to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you, and peace once more smile upon our efforts, seek the rate of him whom you have so often met as Harper, and he will not blush to acknowledge you in his true character."

The officer stood for a few moments in the attitude of intense thought. He then drew to him the desk, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to the peddler.

"That Providence destined this country to some great and glorious fate I must believe, while I witness the patriotism that pervades the bosoms of her lowest citizens," he said. "It must be dreadful to me when you descend into the grave branded as a foe to liberty; but you already know the lives that would be sacrificed should your real character be revealed. It is impossible to do you justice now, but I fearlessly intrust you with this certificate; should we never meet again, it may be serviceable to your children."

"Children!" exclaimed the peddler, "can I give to a family the infamy of my name?"

The officer gazed at the strong emotion he exhibited with pain, and he made a slight movement toward the gold; but it was arrested by the expression of his companion's face. Harvey saw the intention, and shook his head as he continued, more mildly:

"It is, indeed, a treasure that your excellency gives me; it is safe, too. There are men living who could say that their life was nothing to me, compared to your secrets. The paper that I told you was lost, I swallowed when taken last by the Virginians. It was the only time I ever deceived your excellency, and it shall be the last; yes, this is, indeed, a treasure to me, perhaps," he continued, with a melancholy smile, "it may be known after my death who was my friend; but if it should not, there are none to grieve for me."

"Remember," said the officer, with strong emotion, "that in me you will always have a secret friend; but openly I cannot know you."

The armies of America and France were led by their illustrious commander against the enemy under Cornwallis, and terminated a campaign in triumph that had commenced in difficulties. Great Britain soon after became disgusted with the war; and the Independence of the States was acknowledged.

As years rolled by, it became a subject of pride among the different actors in the war, and their descendants, to boast of their efforts in the cause which had so bravely heaped so many blessings upon their country; but the name of Harvey Birch died away among the multitude of agents who were thought to have labored in secret against the rights of their countrymen. His image, however, was often present to the mind of the powerful chief, who also knew his true character; and he was led by their illustrious commander against the enemy under Cornwallis, and terminated a campaign in triumph that had commenced in difficulties.

CHAPTER XXVII. It was thirty-three years after the interview which we have just related that an American army was once more arrayed against the troops of England; but the scene was transferred from the banks of the Hudson to those of the Niagara.

The body of Washington had long lain mouldering in the tomb; but as time was fast obliterating the slight impressions of political enmity or personal envy, his name was hourly receiving new lustre, and his worth and integrity each moment became more visible, not only to his countrymen, but to the world. He was already, the acknowledged hero of an age of reason and truth; and many a young heart among those who formed the pride of our army in 1814, was glowing with the recollection of the one great name of America, and inwardly beating with the sanguine expectation of emulating, in some degree, its renown. In no one were these virtuous hopes more vivid than in the bosom of a young officer who stood on the table rock, contemplating the great cataract, on the evening of July 25 of that bloody year. There was another officer standing by the side of this favored youth; and both seemed to be gazing for the first time at the wonder of the western world. A profound silence was observed by each, until the companion of the officer that we have described suddenly started, and pointing eagerly with his sword into the abyss beneath, exclaimed: "See! What, on earth, is a man crossing in the very eddies of the cataract, and in a skiff no bigger than an eggshell."

"He has a knapsack—it is probably a soldier," returned the other. "Let us meet him at the ladder, Masson, and learn his tidings."

Some time was expended in reaching the spot where the adventurer was intercepted. Contrary to the expectations of the young soldiers, he proved to be a man far advanced in life, and evidently no follower of the camp. His years might be seventy, and they were indicated more by the thin hairs of silver that lay scattered over his wrinkled brow than by any apparent failure of his system. His dress was mean, and manifested the economy of its owner, by the number and nature of its repairs. On his back was a scantily furnished pack. A few words of salutation, and the old man inquired the news from the contending armies.

"We whipped the red-coats here the other day, among the grass on the Chippewa plains," said the one who was called Masson; "since when, we have been playing hide-and-go-seek with the ships."

"Perhaps you have a son among the soldiers," said his companion, with an air of kindness; "if so, tell me his name and regiment, and I will take you to him."

The old man shook his head, and, passing his hand over his silver locks, with an air of meek resignation, he answered: "No; I am alone in the world!"

"You should have added, Captain Dunwoody," cried his careless comrade, "if you could find either; for nearly half our army has marched down the road, and maybe, by this time, under the walls of Fort George, for anything that we know to the contrary."

The old man stopped suddenly, and looked earnestly from one of his companions to the other; the action being observed by the soldiers, they paused also. "Did I hear right?" the stranger uttered, raising his hand to screen his eyes from the rays of the setting sun; "what did he call you?"

"My name is Wharton Dunwoody," replied the youth, smiling.

The stranger motioned silently for him to remove his hat, which the youth did accordingly, and his fair hair blew aside like curls of silk, and opened the whole of his ingenious countenance to the inspection of the other.

"'Tis like our native land!" exclaimed the old man, with vehemence, "improving with time—God has blessed both."

"Why do you stare thus, Lieutenant Masson?" cried Captain Dunwoody, laughing a little; "you show more astonishment than when you descended into the grave branded as a foe to liberty; but you already know the lives that would be sacrificed should your real character be revealed. It is impossible to do you justice now, but I fearlessly intrust you with this certificate; should we never meet again, it may be serviceable to your children."

The extraordinary resemblance of the stranger's manner had passed away, but he listened to this speech with deep interest, while Dunwoody replied, a little gravely:

"Come, come, Tom, no jokes about my good aunt, I beg; she is kindness itself; and I have heard it whispered that her youth was not altogether happy."

"Why, as to rumor," said Masson, "there goes one that Col. Singleton offers himself to her regularly every Valentine's day; and there are some who add, that your old great-aunt helps his suit."

"Aunt, Jeanette!" said Dunwoody, laughing; "dear good soul, she thinks but little of marriage in any shape, I believe, since the death of Dr. Sitgreaves."

The conversation was interrupted by sudden and heavy explosions of artillery, which were immediately followed by continued volleys of small arms, and in a few minutes the air was filled with the tumult of a warm and well-contested battle.

The two soldiers hastened with expedition toward the camp, accompanied by their new acquaintance, Captain Dunwoody threw several friendly glances at the old man, who moved over the ground with astonishing energy for his years. In a short time they joined the regiment to which the officers belonged, when the captain, squeezing the stranger's hand, earnestly begged that he would make inquiries after him on the following morning, and that he might see him in his own tent. Here they separated.

Everything in the American camp announced an approaching struggle. At a distance of a few miles the sound of cannon and musketry was heard above the roar of the cataract. The troops were soon in motion. Night had set in before the reserve and irregulars reached the foot of Lundy's Lane, a road that diverged from the river and crossed a conical eminence, at no greater distance from the Niagara highway. The summit of this hill was crowned with the cannon of the British, and in the fat breast was the remnant of Scott's gallant brigade, which for a long time had held an unequal contest with distinguished bravery. A new line was interposed, and one column of the Americans directed to charge up the hill, parallel to the road. This column took the English in flank, and, bayoneting their artillerymen, gained possession of the camp. They were immediately joined by their comrades, and the enemy was swept from the hill. Repeated and bloody charges were made to recover the guns, but in all they were repulsed with slaughter. During the last of these struggles the order of the youthful captain urged him to lead his men some distance in advance, to scatter a daring party of the enemy. He succeeded, and in returning to the line missed his lieutenant from the station that he ought to have occupied. Soon after this repulse, which was the last, order were given to the shattered troops to retu to camp. The British were nowhere to be seen, and preparations were made to take in such of the wounded as could be moved. At this moment Wharton Dunwoody, impelled by affection for his friend, seized a lighted fuse, and taking two of his men, went himself in quest of his body, where he was supposed to have fallen. Masson was found on the side of the hill, but unable to walk from a fractured leg. Dunwoody saw and flew to the side of his comrade, exclaiming:

"Ah! dear Tom, I knew I should find you the nearest man to the enemy."

"Softly, softly; handle me tenderly," replied the lieutenant; "there is a brave fellow still nearer than myself. He rushed out of our smoke, near my platoon, to make a prisoner of some such thing, but, poor fellow, he never came back; there he lies just over the hillside. I have spoken to him several times, but I fancy he is past answering."

Dunwoody went to the spot, and to his astonishment beheld the aged stranger. "It is the old man!" cried the youth; "fit him, and let him be carried in; his bones shall rest on native soil."

The men approached to obey. He was lying on his back, with his face exposed to the glaring light of the fuse; his eyes were closed, as if in slumber; his lips, sunken with years, were slightly moved from their natural position, but it seemed more like a smile than a convulsion which

Mr. White—Tell me, Uncle Rufus, how did you feel when that savage catamount jumped on your back as you were coming through the woods in the dark and began to claw and rend you? Uncle Rufus Rank—Oh, well, sah, tell yo' what's a fact, thankee—I 'lowed 'twuz muh wife! Yo' see, I was u'gittin' home des a little bit antiquated fum de lodge o' de Cullud Knights and Shivyileers, and muh nacht' sp'ilon was dat de lady had got tired o' waitin' and come to meet me. If I'd organized dat 'twuz a catamount dat had me by de back, I 'veggin' I'd ub-be'n skeered plumb to death; but, thinkin' to muhself dat 'twuz nobody but muh wife, I des breshed de varmint aside, accordin' to muh custom, and come uh-goin' along home, happy in muh ignorance.—Puck.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and safe immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a Home of Swamp-Root, pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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WOULD BE A STERN PARENT.

Father Waits for Young Son to Come Home After 11 O'clock. He came into his study gently, "I hate to disturb you, dearie—" He looked up—"but it is after 11 and Dick has not come home yet—and—it is the second time this week he has stayed out. I did not wish to speak to you—but—" boy up 17—

"You talked. He was looking at her with a strange, fixed expression. "I understand. Leave him to me. I shall wait up until he comes in."

"Don't be harsh with him," she said pleadingly. "Oh, I am so sorry I told you! Remember, he has always been such a good boy—"

"My dear, you have nothing further to do with this. I must deal with my son in my own way; I request you not to interfere. You had better go quietly to your room. I ask you to do so—I want him to find me here when he sees fit to return to his home."

She retired with her mother heart anxiously beating and waited until the click of a latchkey sounded in the street door. She listened, trembling—ready to rush out—a penitent peacemaker. She heard:

"Dick, is that you?" "Yes, sir." "Is the dog in the hall?" "Yes, sir."

"Well—turn out the gas! Good-night!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Horrible Example.

"My dear," said Mrs. Strongmind, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall to-morrow evening."

"What for?" queried the meek and lowly other half of the combine. "I am to lecture on the 'Dark Side of Married Life,'" explained Mrs. S., "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustrations."—Chicago News.

Italy produces some of the strongest tobacco in the world, and she makes use of the crop herself.

BANISHED.

Coffee Finally Had to Go. The way some persons cling to coffee even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzle. But it is an easy matter to give them up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee."

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee, as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up."

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish, I asked for a taste."

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

"A girl friend of mine, one day, saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it."